

# The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

**SYNOPSIS:** Colin Hewitt must deliver a letter to Joe Lazare, who lives at a crook's hangout on the St. Lawrence that passes for a club. Colin hopes, with the letter, to secure Lou's aid against the Mask, a New York killer, intending to attack by Doltaire's schooner full of hi-jackers. Colin borrows Germaine Tremblay's motor boat for the journey. Germaine, who loves Colin, secretes herself aboard; he leaves her with the boat, but before he reaches the club he is slugged and tied by two of Doltaire's men.

**Chapter 24**  
**THE BATTLE BEGINS**  
GERMAINE! A moment of mental torment came and passed—replaced by a reassuring thought that flashed into his mind. The launch was well hidden in the shadows back there along the river, and it was not at all likely that any search would be made for it.

The only risk on this score was the chance of contact with, and recognition by, Larocque and Bolduc, but these two men here were not Larocque and Bolduc, and from what they had said he gathered that, having now been rendered innocuous, he would be left where he was, and that they were callously indifferent as to what became of him afterward. For the time being, then, at least, this meant safety for Germaine, thank God!

The gag in his mouth, distorting his lips and jaws, brought him brutal discomfort; his wrists felt numb where the belt was lashed around them. He strained a little at the lashing ineffectually; but otherwise he made no movement. His eyes fastened on the two men. They were standing within a foot or two of him. Both were armed with what looked like sawed-off shotguns—the butt of one of which he had no doubt, had crashed against his skull not so very long ago. They were silent now, saying nothing—waiting.

His eyes searched past the two men. The power house, which he could still see from where he lay, was, as Bouchard had said, only a few yards away from the club—perhaps forty at the outside. Trees, rising from the slope of the river bank, showed between the two buildings; but just beyond the power house there was an open space where there were no trees, and it seemed as though he could catch in the moonlight a glimpse of white, tumbling water.

There was no sign of any of the rest of Doltaire's men, nothing to indicate where they might be stationed, for, except for that single open space beyond the power house, the entire clearing was bordered by wooded land.

His glance rested on the two men again for an instant, and then, as though in a sort of premonitory fascination, his eyes fixed and held on the clubhouse in front of him. Details were of no consequence, but he found them registering themselves on his mind in an extraneous sort of way. What difference did it make that the club was built in the style of a bungalow, that it was roomy and large, that it had a veranda on at least the two sides that he could see, and that—

A low whistle came suddenly from somewhere near at hand. It was answered by one of the two men. A form came into view through the trees.

"That you, Paul?" demanded the voice of the man who had called himself Christophe.

"Sure!" replied the newcomer. "It's me for sure. You are all ready, you two, eh?"

"Hell!" It was Baptiste's voice this time, surly with complaint. "How much longer do we wait?"

The newcomer laughed in a sort of ugly mirth.

"Just long enough for me to tell you what you are to do—when you are through here. He has done well, Doltaire. He has—"

all down below in the power house, so you do not need any more men here. Bouchard is not sure, but he thinks there may be some way to get out of the power house from down below. So Doltaire is putting some of the boys on guard amongst the trees all the way down to the river on both sides of the power house. You understand, eh?"

"Sure!" approved Christophe tersely. "And then Doltaire and the rest smash in the power-house door, eh? What did I tell you, Baptiste? That Doltaire, there, he is like the fox!"

"Let Paul talk," grunted Baptiste. "He is not through yet!"

"No," said Paul. "Listen! When Doltaire and the rest of us creep up to the power house, and just as we rush the door, Doltaire will fire a shot or two. When they hear that, the two men in the clubhouse will come running out, and—"

"Damn!" Baptiste swore gruffly. "They will not run far!"

"That is the reason you are here," Paul chuckled evilly. "Very well, when you are sure they will not run far, you, Christophe, will go with the boys on guard amongst the trees on the right-hand side; and you, Baptiste, you will go to the left side. That is where we will need good shots if the rat trap has a hole in it. That's all in two or three minutes now—as soon as I get back to Doltaire—and then it will be a big night!"

The man was gone.

"I WILL take the one that comes out first," announced Baptiste gruffly.

"Good," agreed Christophe. "That is all right for me."

Colin's eyes roved in a hunted way around the clearing. Queer the shapes and movements that the trees took on in the moonlight! No, not trees! Those weren't trees—they were crouched forms of men moving swiftly out from the edge of the trees and heading towards the power house. There seemed to be a great many of them.

Lazarre! The abysmal irony of it! A chill horror gripped at his heart. He had not come here to warn Lazarre—he had come here to see Lazarre die. Over there—as Lazarre stepped out on the veranda, "X" marks the spot! Savagery tore at Colin's soul. What made him think of that? Like some reproduction of the scene where the butchery took place, and the body—

A shot rang out from the direction of the power house—another—and still another. Colin felt the blood drain from his face as his eyes fixed again on the front door of the clubhouse. He did not want to look, but he could not drag his eyes away now from that door.

Subconsciously he was aware that the two men had moved out into the clearing and subconsciously he was aware that there was movement, noise, turmoil in front of the power house—but his eyes, did not leave the clubhouse door.

The door was suddenly flung open. The light from the interior streamed out and made a path across the veranda. Framed in the doorway stood a tall, fair-haired man. Colin's brain became on the instant strangely clear, strangely incisive, as though it were something that was no part of himself, but was as a machine which, though it functioned with precision, was immune from emotion.

That was not Lazarre. That was Kenniston. Lazarre was dark. That was Lazarre standing there in his shirt sleeves on the threshold just behind Kenniston. And now Kenniston moved—out across the veranda toward the steps—and the roar of gunfire beat at Colin's eardrums.

He saw Kenniston spin halfway around, topple, then pitch head foremost down the steps and lie there motionless, his head on the bottom step, his feet stretched grotesquely upward to the edge of the veranda. He saw Lazarre's hand reach out to the jamb of the door as though snatching at it for support, then wriggle downward, while his body crumpled up on the threshold—and became an inert heap.

He saw two forms, that his impersonal brain told him were Christophe and Baptiste, run forward to examine their handiwork, evidently satisfied, separate, and one run one way and one run another across the clearing.

It was the end of the chase. The end of Lazarre. Colin closed his eyes.

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Hope comes to Colin, Monday.

# YOUNG KABEL WILL GIVE FIRST SERMON

Martin G. Kabele, son of Rev. Geo. P. Kabele, D. D., who will leave Kabele, shortly for the English Lutheran Theological Seminary at Chicago, Ill., to continue his preparation for the ministry, will preach his first sermon in his father's pulpit in Zion English Lutheran church, West Fourth street at Oakdale avenue next Sunday at the 11 a. m. service.

Dr. Kabele already has an older son in the ministry, Rev. David R. Kabele, pastor of the English Lutheran church at Wilmette, Ill., a north shore suburb of Chicago; and a son-in-law, Rev. Harry R. Allen, pastor of St. Paul's English Lutheran church, Seattle, Wash. Martin, who will make his first effort at preaching next Sunday, is his youngest son.

Almost 75 per cent of tax revenues in Kentucky are raised by state and local property taxes.

# S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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# STRESS NECESSITY PRE-SCHOOL TESTS

The county school superintendent's office issued another statement today, urging parents, who wish to enter children under six years of age in school this fall, to arrange for tests, which must be taken.

No child under six years of age will be entered in the county schools unless a test is taken and passed at the school superintendent's office in the county court house. Dates for the test are August 28 to September 2, inclusive. To make appointments, parents are asked to phone 1853. This order does not apply to Medford and Ashland schools.

Temple Shine Boys Nok NRA. TEMPLE, Tex.—(UP)—Shine boys were among the first to adopt an NRA code here. And, whether or not it exactly conformed to all the administration's recovery points the test are shoe shines went to 10 cents.

# TABLE MANNERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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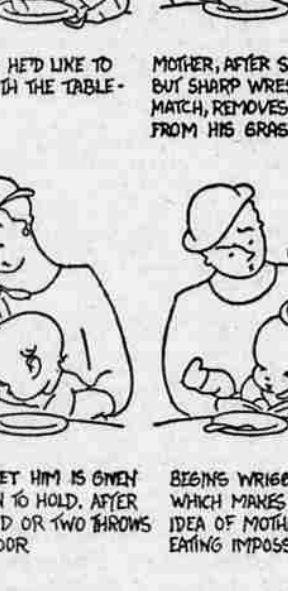
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## THREE HELD IN AUTO STEALING ACCUSATION

Three people from Washington, charged with transportation of a stolen car from that state into this one, were bound over to the federal grand jury, when they appeared before United States Commissioner Victor Tengwald here late yesterday. The three were Roberta Campbell, John S. Schofield and John Snyder. Bond for each was placed at \$1500 and the three ordered committed to the Multnomah county jail. They were arrested recently by state police.

Divorced After 59 Years. PITTSFIELD, Mass.—(UP)—Levin Young, of Adams, was granted a divorce recently from Emma Young, whom he married at Washington 59 years ago. He charged desertion.

## WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

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WE DO OUR PART

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