

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Colin Hunt, led to a tree, watches the Masked Man, who has wounded Joe Lazarre, who has wounded on the porch of a St. Lawrence river "fishing club" which really is a base for a gang of New York crooks under the notorious Mask. Colin had hoped to secure Lazarre's help against the Mask. Germaine Tremblay, supposedly left guarding Colin's launch, signals up to Colin, and releases him. The gang of hit-men which set the fire, under one Dollaire, is looting the power house nearby; Colin steals into the club and drags Lazarre to safety.

Chapter 27
COLIN ESCAPES
FIGURES came running round the side of the clubhouse—and, halting abruptly, gathered around Lazarre. There came then a medley of voices raised in exclamation and blasphemy. They all talked at once. The words reached Colin in disjointed snatches:

"... Kenniston's croaked out there. . . That makes two with Gregg. . . The cover's blown off the works. . . Ten spaces, maybe twenty, if we're caught. . . We got to beat it out of here before anyone comes nosing around. . . Get Lazarre down to the boat. . . Better save some of our clothes in there if we can. . . Wise up W.P. . . There'll be a glass wagon and no flowers coming to Dollaire for this. . . If we work fast enough we can get Lazarre across the border before the cops get their ear muffers off. . . Maybe he won't live. . . We ain't so bad. . . We got to give him a break anyhow. . . Maybe Dollaire and his schooner are still in the river. . . He didn't come that way, he went off through the woods toward Cap à l'Orange. . . That sneaking rat of a spy. . ."

Colin edged deeper in among the trees; then, moving cautiously, began to make his way back around the clearing. A hundred yards away, satisfied that between the crackling of the flames and the constant roar of the falls no sound he would then make could be heard, he quickened his pace, breaking into a run wherever it was possible to do so.

His one object now was to reach Germaine and get away before the power boat started down the river—for, dark as the shadows were, close in there against the bank, there was always the risk of the launch being seen. He did not want to be seen now; and above all he did not want Germaine to be seen. It would take fifteen minutes at the very least, he was certain, for the "members" to salvage what they could of their personal belongings, carry Lazarre down to the power boat, and get the power boat under way. Surely he could make the launch in much less time than that.

He made it in five.
Germaine had evidently heard him coming. She was standing up in the launch. The engine was running.
"Let's go!" He spoke nonchalantly—or thought he did—as he jumped in beside her.
She leaned forward and peered for an instant into his face.
"Sit down!" she commanded. "You look like a ghost. I'll handle the boat."

He did not protest. He had forgotten about his head. Rather queer that it should suddenly start throbbing again! He felt almost giddy.
"All right!" he said. "But step on it. The power boat will be along shortly—and it's moonlight."
"We'll keep out of the moon path," she answered. "If they haven't started yet, we'll be so far away they'll never see us."

THE launch spurred out from the bank. Colin dragged his hand in the water, and at moments surreptitiously bathed his head. There was no sign of the power boat. She had nursed the engine to top speed. The launch was cleaving the smooth water like an arrow.
Suppose Lazarre lived? Suppose Lazarre died? In either case Lazarre would no longer be here—or on the north shore. What was he to do? A thought flashed through his mind—startling him. He pondered it a moment. The germ of it grew—flourished. Like the next chapter! That ubiquitous analogy!
"Colin," she questioned anxiously, "are you really all right?"
"Absolutely!" he lied convincingly. "My wrists were a bit numb at first, of course, but they're as good as ever now. I'm perfectly fit, dear—"

but just lazy, willing to let you do the work."
"Did"—she hesitated—"Lazarre—did you?"
"Yes," he answered. "I got him out without much difficulty. But I'm afraid he's in rather bad shape—which isn't so good."
"Tell me about it," she said; "tell me everything—when you feel like talking."
"I'll tell you now," he said. "He told me—in detail—except that he made no mention of a gun butt that had crashed against his skull. It took a long time. They had rounded the point, and were heading for Cap à l'Orange when he had made an end of it."
"We needn't worry about the power boat any more, no matter where it is," she said irrelevantly. "They'll head straight across for the Caspé shore." Then, pertinently: "But what was it that has been going on down there underneath the power house? What was in those little bundles you saw Dollaire's men carrying away?"
He shook his head.
"I don't know," he said. "I wish I did; but, after all, no matter what it was, it doesn't alter things one iota so far as you and I are concerned." His lips drew into a straight line. "The Mask still forbids our banners."
"What are you going to do now Colin? What are we going to do?"
He sat motionless for a moment, then he struck a match and looked at his watch.
"You'll be back home and in bed by half-past three—not later anyway than four. No one will know, no one is to know, that you've been near the club. That's the first thing. If you get pulled into this, so do I—in which case if I know the Mask at all you'll mourn a husband-to-be."
"Colin!" she cried out poignantly. "Don't say that!"
"It's absolutely true," he said; "but it isn't as cowardly as it sounds. If the Mask doesn't get a look at my cards, I think I've got more than a fair chance of winning the last hand—and that means our happiness, dear."
"Ethically, perhaps, we may be momentarily compounding a felony by not speaking right out in meeting, but that does not mean that Dollaire will not get his deserts in due course—or the others either. I promised you that the other night. But the Mask is at the bottom of all this, and he comes first. Do you agree?"
Her hand closed over his.

"Yes," she said; "but what are you going to do, Colin?"
"I'm going back by the Bonaventure tomorrow."
"Colin!"
"If Lazarre lives, he'll eventually land up in New York. And meanwhile there's—the Wine Press."
"But you do not know what that is, or where it is, or anything about it."
"I know it's in New York; and that, if it isn't actually the Mask's headquarters, it's at least where his orders come from. I'll find it."
"But, Colin," her voice was breaking—"he knows you. You said so yourself. You'll be recognized, and—"
"Not this time," said Colin quietly. "I'll see to that."
"But how?"
"I don't know yet. But don't worry, dear—there are four days in which to figure that out before I even reach Quebec."
She made no immediate reply. She devoted herself to the engine. Later she opened the locker beneath their seats.
"Coffee and sandwiches," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "We must keep a lookout for Dollaire's schooner at the cape, mustn't we?"
"He'll be away long before we get there," Colin answered. "Germaine, dear, it'll all come out right."

She nestled close to him.
"Oh, Colin," she whispered, "I'm terribly, terribly afraid. Isn't—isn't there some other way?"
His arms were around her.
"It's the one chance—for both of us," he answered buoyantly. "We'll win. You'll see."
It was four o'clock in the morning when they reached Cap à l'Orange. There were no lights in the village. No one was awake.

Germaine came into the launch tomorrow.

Phil Sharp, for the past two and a half years superintendent at the airport here, left Sunday morning for Los Angeles, where he has been promoted to the position of field manager at the United Airport. W. L. Campbell, formerly of Oakland, has taken the position at the Medford port of field manager.

"Sanny" the little dog who has been Mr. Sharp's companion at the port for over a year, and who always has a welcoming bark for callers at the local air station, was shipped by train Saturday to Seattle, to make his new home with William Sharp, brother of the local man.

NEW FALL DRESSES, \$3.95 to \$12.45. Swaggar Suits and Coats, \$13.45 to \$24.95. Hats, 95c and up. New Fall Shoes moderately priced. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX. "The store that saves you money."

roll has resulted from application of the National Recovery Act in Salem. William P. Ellis, "general" of NRA operations here stated.
A survey directed by Ellis showed that 292 persons have received full-time employment here this month. 135 have received part-time work and 81 have received seasonal employment. Also many salary increases were reported in compliance with the NRA minimum wage scale.

Alaska's mining school at Fairbanks has attracted students from Washington and Oregon, a distance of more than 3,000 miles.
Systematic terracing of hills in north Louisiana to prevent soil erosion is planned by the state extension service.

CAMPBELL TAKES HELM AT AIRPORT

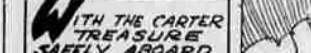
Phil Sharp, for the past two and a half years superintendent at the airport here, left Sunday morning for Los Angeles, where he has been promoted to the position of field manager at the United Airport. W. L. Campbell, formerly of Oakland, has taken the position at the Medford port of field manager.

"Sanny" the little dog who has been Mr. Sharp's companion at the port for over a year, and who always has a welcoming bark for callers at the local air station, was shipped by train Saturday to Seattle, to make his new home with William Sharp, brother of the local man.

NEW FALL DRESSES, \$3.95 to \$12.45. Swaggar Suits and Coats, \$13.45 to \$24.95. Hats, 95c and up. New Fall Shoes moderately priced. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX. "The store that saves you money."

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

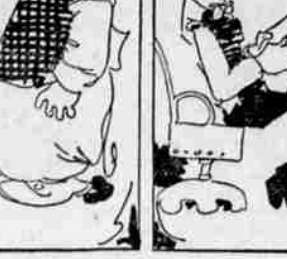
airport here, left Sunday morning for Los Angeles, where he has been promoted to the position of field manager at the United Airport. W. L. Campbell, formerly of Oakland, has taken the position at the Medford port of field manager.

"Sanny" the little dog who has been Mr. Sharp's companion at the port for over a year, and who always has a welcoming bark for callers at the local air station, was shipped by train Saturday to Seattle, to make his new home with William Sharp, brother of the local man.

NEW FALL DRESSES, \$3.95 to \$12.45. Swaggar Suits and Coats, \$13.45 to \$24.95. Hats, 95c and up. New Fall Shoes moderately priced. THE BAND BOX & SHOE BOX. "The store that saves you money."

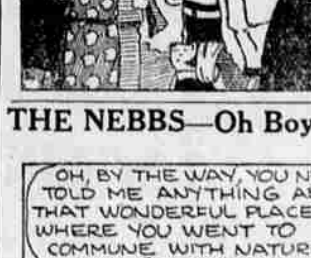
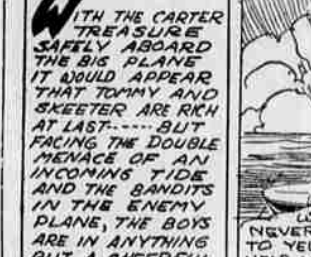
SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY CHOOSING HIS FLAVOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Copyright, 1933, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Isabella Has The Last Word



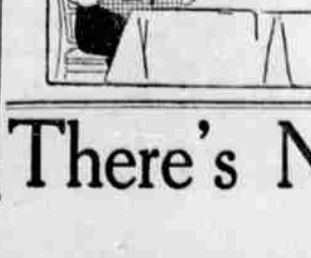
By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Jonathan's Turn To Roar!



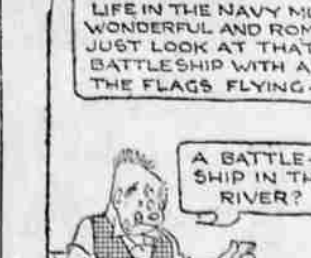
By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Oh Boy!



By SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

Portland Seeks Funds.
PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 28.—(AP)—General Charles H. Martin, Oregon congressman, was today asked by Mayor Joseph Carson and the city commissioners to represent the city at Portland at Washington, D. C., in a hearing before the national public works administration on the proposed \$3,750,000 front street market development project.

Wheat Pact Delayed
WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—(AP)—The department of agriculture said tonight details in connection with the London wheat agreement have not been completed delaying announcement of the acreage reduction plan for 1934.

Reid, Murdoch & Co., canners of the Monarch brand Bartlett pears, will be represented at Medford this season by Myron Root.
Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 698.
Dripping radiators repaired. Brill Metal Works.

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