

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Colin Reilly has gone to a mysterious "club" on the St. Lawrence, to work as a "member." Joe Lasarre, of an attack by his lockers under Captain Dollaire. Colin hopes for Lasarre's aid against the Mask, New York killer. It is too late: Dollaire sacks the club, Lasarre is badly wounded, and Colin manages to drag him at the last moment from the burning "clubhouse." He tells Germaine Tremblay, his fiancée, that he must return to New York, even though the Mask has marked him for death.

"Sure!" Butch had said. "There's nothing to it. I can fix that for you. When you hit New York even that dick pal of yours down at the Homestead Joint would give you the stony stare. There's a guy right here that I've pulled a lot of deals with that'll make you wonder who you're looking at every time you lamp a mirror."

And so Papa Goyette had created Clarke Lunn. The thought of Papa Goyette brought a smile. Papa Goyette was a stumpy, calculating little Frenchman, by profession a costumer, by nature a crook. He paid no income tax on what he received from the rentals of costumes for private theatricals and that sort of thing, for such returns were genuinely meager; and he kept no books to exploit the profits he made through the vast quantity of stolen goods that passed through his hands.

Papa Goyette was clever. As a costumer he knew his business, and was highly spoken of in that respect. If he eked out a bare living thereby, he was cheerfully optimistic, and did not complain!

THE transformation had taken place in the ultra-strict privacy of one of Papa Goyette's ingeniously contrived back rooms. It had been eminently successful. At its conclu-

Chapter 28

ALIAS CLARKE LUNN

It was getting late—almost time to start out on the "from twelve to before daylight" rounds again. Colin, pacing up and down the room that he had occupied since his return to New York, halted abruptly and stared moodily at the calendar on the wall. The second of August. It was just a month to the day since he had left Cap A'Orange.



Papa Goyette's "masterpiece"

rual and sinister expression. A quite well-dressed individual, though! One Clarke Lunn, alias—oh, well, like Reddy Turner, Clarke Lunn had many other aliases on tap!

Colin smiled caustically—so did the reflection. Not a nice face—but a work of art! Yet the art of old Papa Goyette had availed nothing, and the weeks had gone by—fruitlessly.

He flung himself into a chair and lighted a cigarette. Worry showed in his knitted brow. What was he to do? Go on as he had been doing? The result had been nil—neither a break nor a lead nor a clue of any kind. It was becoming a bit difficult to keep on bolstering himself up with the hope that something was bound to turn up just around the next corner.

COULD he have done anything other than he had done? He had a feeling that perhaps unconsciously he had treated himself as though he was actually one of his own characters for whom he was plotting the way out from some ugly situation.

It was natural enough that his mind might have run in those channels. But, granting that were so, had he anywhere indulged an instinct for dramatic effect at the expense of bald reality, and thereby lost in any degree his sense of proportion?

He shook his head. The plan that he had mapped out for himself had seemed all right at the time. It seemed so now. But he had accomplished nothing. Perhaps, after all, he had slipped somewhere.

His mind searched back over the weeks that were gone. He had left the Bonaventure at Quebec and had returned to Boston. From there he had telephoned to Butch Connal. He had taken no chances of being seen with Butch in New York, for Reddy had been one of Butch Connal's gang. Butch had met him in Boston. He had told Butch much of what had happened, and he remembered Butch's answer when he had then explained what he wanted.

also Papa Goyette had rubbed his hands with delight. "There!" he had exclaimed. "It is my masterpiece. Look! You do not know yourself! No! But do not for get one little thing. It will not last all by itself. The hairs sprout. And from underneath the skin they come up with the old color. Very well. I will tell you of a friend of mine in New York who will take care of that, and the other little repairs that will be necessary."

"But be careful of that so-called little mustache! You understand? It is incomparable. It is as good as though you had had time to grow one. I, Papa Goyette, have never made anything before that could approach it. It is—what do you call it?—the singing note of the whole face. "It is not pleasant? No. But the cement that holds it changes the expression of the lips! You see? It is art! Yes, I, Papa Goyette, applaud myself!"

Colin swore softly under his breath. Damn the mustache! It had been the source of endless discomfort at first, but he was becoming used to it now.

From his chair Colin glanced again across the room at the mirror—and Clarke Lunn flashed him back a twisted grin. His own mother, had she been alive, as the trite expression had it, would not have recognized him.

He nodded thoughtfully to himself. Papa Goyette, with the subsequent assistance of Papa Goyette's "friend" here in New York, had performed little short of a miracle. But he owed Papa Goyette far more than that. Papa Goyette had not only created Clarke Lunn, but Papa Goyette had oriented Clarke Lunn in New York.

It would have been unwise, to say the least of it, for Clarke Lunn, a newcomer, to throw in his lot openly with Butch Connal's gang. Colin and Butch had talked that over from every angle. Reddy had been a member of Butch Connal's gang.

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Colin reviews his efforts since leaving Canada, tomorrow.

LEGION COMMANDER URGES NRA BACKING

ROCKFORD, Ill., Aug. 29.—(AP)—The Illinois department of the American Legion in convention here was told today by National Commander Louis Johnson that it was the duty of every citizen, regardless of political allegiance, to support the government in its National Recovery program.

Johnson said, "Every decent man and woman must put a shoulder to the wheel and help bring our country out of the chaos that has engulfed it."

NEW FALL DRESSES, \$3.95 to \$12.45. Swagger 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." Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

CRATER LAUNCH TRIP TO PLEASE VISITORS

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Aug. 29.—(Special)—A new service for Crater Lake visitors inaugurated this week offers daily launch excursions around the lake, accompanied by the services of a member of the lake educational staff.

The launch follows the shoreline of the lake for an approximate distance of 25 miles and provides visitors with a complete comprehension of the size of the lake, not always realized by views from the rim. The park concession has a small charge of \$2 for the trip.

A few REAL BARGAINS in PIANOS at present low prices which can not be guaranteed after September first. BALDWIN PIANO SHOPPE, 26 So. Grape. Lilla M. Purucker. Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

S'MATTER POP—

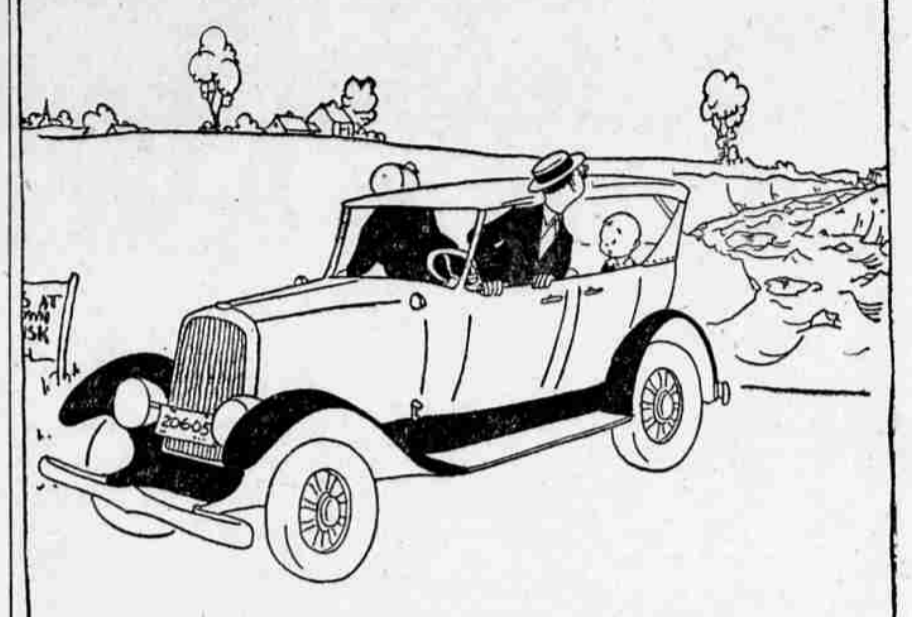
By C. M. PAYNE



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THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AT THE END OF TEN TOUGH MILES OF ROAD CONSTRUCTION, JUNIOR ANNOUNCES THAT HE DROPPED HIS NEW HAT OVERBOARD ABOUT TWO MILES BACK WHERE THE STEAM-SHOVEL WAS

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Jose Hopes For The Worst!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



HAL FORREST

BOUND TO WIN—Ben, The Peacemaker

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—The Fashion Plate

By SOL HESS



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



8-29

HOSS RETURNING FOR CENTRAL BOARD MEET

SALEM, Aug. 29.—(AP)—Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state, who has been absent from the capitol for several months for his health, will be in Salem for the regular monthly meeting of the board of control September 5, his offices here announced today.

Hoss will return the latter part of this week, it was announced but will not be in his offices until next Tuesday. Reports from Hoss stated he was feeling much improved.

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