

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Captain Dollaire, of the ram schooner *Alouette*, attacked and wrecked the *St. Lawrence* near counterfeiting plant of the *Mask*. New York underworld ear. To avenge the *Mask* three men have gone aboard the *Alouette* and Long Island to murder the crew and captain, and with the help of their gang, to steal the liquor. One is Buck O'Mara, the *Mask's* lieutenant; another Benny Malone, gangster, and the third the famous writer, Colin Hewitt, disguised as Charlie Lunn, crook. Colin is tracking down the *Mask*, who also is tracking down Colin. Dollaire suddenly declares the money offered for the liquor is counterfeit and covers his would-be murderers with his pistol.

Chapter 46 MURDER AFLOAT

DOLLAIRE was rocking on his feet, his face was contorted, his beetle brows a straight line, his jaw outthrust, his eyes like black, luminous pinpoints glistening through narrowed lids.

"So!" he flung out through twisted lips. "You think you fool me some more, eh? You think you make a monkey of Dollaire? So! I see the whole business now. You are friends with those fellows at the Riviere des Cascades, eh?—and that Helms Schwartz is a rat!

"You come here to laugh at Dollaire, and steal his cargo, eh? But

a gun on us, so I'll come across. That money's phony all right, and we had it in for you for what you did to some of our boys down the river, but you're not so hot even now. You don't get out of this unless I say so! but, as it stands, if you want a rain check on your own life I'll give it to you now, and we'll call it all off for tonight.

"A shot fired down here'll mean just one thing. It'll be the signal my mob is waiting for to come aboard and clean you up. If any of us three go out, you'll go out too. Don't kid yourself about that. But we're willing to walk out of here to the boats with our hands up and push off. What do you say? I'm not bluffing. I'm showing you my cards face up on the table. A royal straight flush, Dollaire. Take a look at it!"

Colin's brain was in riot as Dollaire stood there glaring, licking hungrily now at his lips. Would Buck O'Mara get away with this? Buck O'Mara was lying, of course—not as to what would follow on the heels of a shot being fired down here, for that was true, but as to the bargain he was offering Dollaire.

He had not the slightest intention of keeping his share of that bargain, even if Dollaire agreed—he was merely seizing upon what seemed to offer the only chance to escape



"You think you make a monkey of Dollaire?"

you do not know Dollaire. No! I will show you what Dollaire does to"—he broke into a torrent of vile French epithets—"skunks like you!"

Buck O'Mara shrugged his shoulders as Dollaire, with pointed gun, backed to the companionway.

"You're all wet, Dollaire," he said as patiently as though he were talking to a refractory child. "I don't know what you're yapping about. Better put that rod down, and come back here and talk it over."

Dollaire had backed nearly to the top of the companionway. He laughed now in a low, ugly way as, halting, he patted his revolver with his free hand.

"I talk with this now," he jeered through working lips. "Maybe once you go to church, eh? Maybe you remember some little prayer, eh? Well, for me, I do not think about that any more, but I have the good heart. I give you one minute, and then I count—not that nice fresh money—but one, two, three dead on the floor."

Dollaire meant it—of that there was no doubt in Colin's mind. Dollaire was in a maudlin rage—and Dollaire had the drop on them. Well, it was merely what Buck O'Mara had intended to do Dollaire!

from the immediate port in which he himself stood.

NO MATTER what happened here in the cabin, neither Dollaire nor one of his crew would escape tonight. That was certain. But would Dollaire fall for this? It meant his, Colin's, life, too. Would Dollaire—

"Bah!" jerked out Dollaire. "I take a look—and I laugh. It is like the money, your cards—they come from the same place! You got some boys on them boats, and they come out to fight, and steal my *Alouette*, eh? Well, me, I got big crew that fight plenty good. I show you! I fight with you first. When I shoot that is the signal, eh? Well, my fellows they hear that quick, too. So"—he grinned ferociously—"I give that signal—like this!"

There was a flash—and the roar of the report in the confined space dinned in Colin's ears. He was conscious that Buck O'Mara, anticipating the shot by a split second, had flung himself out of his chair to the floor.

But neither Benny Malone nor himself had been so prudent. Another crash—another report. What sounded like a deep sigh came from Benny Malone. Seconds that seemed to span eternity! Dollaire, like some great ape, was crouched there on the topmost step of the companionway, still firing down into the lighted cabin.

There was one chance, only one. Colin flung himself from the settee, leaped for the low-hung lamp that was scarcely two yards away, and brought it smashing down, a shattered thing upon the table.

"Good boy!" Buck O'Mara's voice called out—and from the floor came the flash now of Buck O'Mara's gun.

But the companionway was empty now. The slam of the cabin door proclaimed the fact that Dollaire was gone.

THE end! Colin was conscious of strange mingling sensations and thoughts rushing in a flood upon him that he could not analyze. Bewilderment? Fear? Numb resignation? He saw Germaine—and she smiled wistfully at him.

He was alive, full of vitality at this instant—what would death be like the next? The muzzle of Dollaire's revolver was like a magnet from which one's eyes could not be fringed away. Would one both see the flash and hear the report? Which of the two, light or sound, traveled the faster? Was there—

He heard Buck O'Mara speaking again—but there was something sharp, imperative in O'Mara's voice now:

"Listen to me, Dollaire. You've got

Tomorrow sees the end of one Dollaire.

Tolo

TOLO, Sept. 12.—(Sp.)—Mrs. A. Stevens visited in Gold Hill recently with her daughter, Mrs. Josee Porco, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Tracy and their daughters, Ernestine and Ariene, and

Iris Gays Rush attended the 4-L picnic Labor day.

School opened Monday with an enrollment of 18 pupils.

Harry Hamora's left eye was painfully injured recently when a piece of wall plaster fell on him, necessitating a stitch in the eyeball. He is under the care of Dr. Thayer in Medford.

A fire in the "horse shoe" which

had gained considerable headway was brought under control by Copco and government employes Labor day.

Copco is repairing the river bridge at Gold Bay dam.

S. S. Tule underwent a minor operation on his throat Wednesday. It is hoped this will help in improving his general health, which has been poor for some time.

Mrs. Vera Richman of Upper Ex-

ans creek visited her mother, Mrs. Grace Kathan, and family recently.

Fishing at Diamond Lake this week are Johnny and Elythe Bohner, Carl and Ruth Hoyer of Central Point. They plan to kipper trout for winter use while there.

California has more airports and landing fields than any other state, 214.

Golf Ball 103 Years Old.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn.—(UP)—Geo. C. Paris isn't Scotch, but he has a golf ball that is reputed to be 103 years old. The ball, fore-runner of the modern ball, has a leather cover and is stuffed with feathers. Such balls were used until 1848, when the Gutts percha ball made its appearance. A good drive would carry it from 150 to 165 yards, it was said.

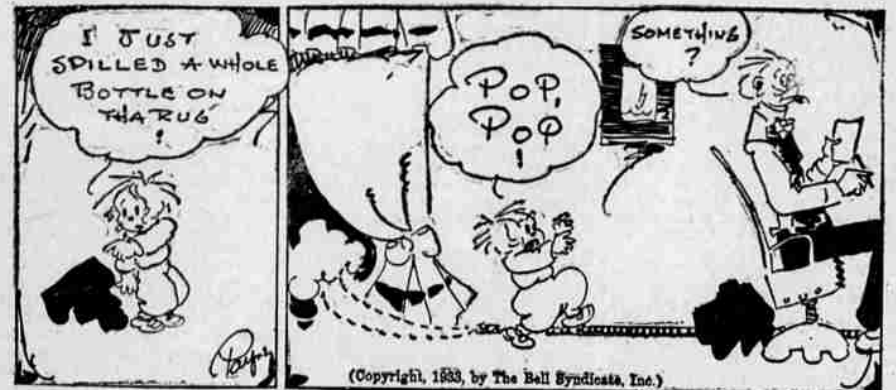
Blow Killed Boxing Referee.

WALLACE, Idaho—(UP)—A blow on the larynx by one of the boxers in a bout he was refereeing caused the death of George L. Kiepingler, 34. The blow caused a general infection that resulted in death.

The home of Schuyler Colfax, once vice-president of the United States, has been razed at South Bend, Ind.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



IN-BOUND CARS, RETURNING TO THE CITY AT THE END OF VACATION, MEET AN OUT-BOUND CAR SETTING OUT FOR A LATE HOLIDAY

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

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Ocean Takes Command

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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

BOUND TO WIN—Ben Takes Charge

By EDWIN ALGER



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

THE NEBBS—Those Were The Days

By SOL HESS



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

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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

Lilies Kill Honey Bees
BOISE, Idaho (AP)—Heavy mortality of honey bees on the Minidoka irrigation project in Idaho was traced by the government experiment station to a wild lily commonly known as "death onion," which is declared to be also poisonous to sheep and sometimes cattle.

Swimmer Finished Second.
FORT WORTH, Tex.—(UP)—Competition was not keen enough for Babe Dillard, young feminine swimming star, in her own sex, so she went over and entered the men's race in the annual city swimming meet. She finished only a few inches behind the masculine winner in the 400-yard dash.

JOIN UP!
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
WE DO OUR PART

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