

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

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Chapter 43 COLIN'S FEINT

"THAT'S fine, Buck," he said gratefully. "I'll be as good as ever by daylight."

"Sure, you will," agreed Buck O'Mara. "Do you want me to get Barney and carry you down, or do you think you can make it yourself?"

"I'm still on my feet," said Colin with a forced grin. "Leave it to me—I can make it."

"All right, then," said Buck O'Mara. "Come along."

Colin moved forward unsteadily, reeling slightly at times, but supported by Buck O'Mara, traversed the hall and descended the stairs. And here, as they crossed the lower

"Shut up!" roared Buck O'Mara. "Strut your stuff, and let's have a look at the arm."

The woman, evidently on the point of making a sharp rejoinder, but contenting herself with a scowl instead, produced a pair of scissors, cut away the old bandage, and washed the wound. Colin lay back with half-closed eyes.

"No; it ain't so bad," pronounced Buck O'Mara judiciously. "It's the blood you've lost, Clarkie. You'll be okay after a few hours' quiet and a bit of sleep. He's going to park here for the rest of the night. Mrs. Barney."

"If you say so!" grunted Mrs. Barney as she began to put on a fresh bandage. "That's your business!"

Colin heard a door close at the rear. That was Barney, of course leaving on his errand to Spinelli. Buck O'Mara swung on his heel.

"I'll get that telephone call through," he said, and left the room. Colin heard him go into the tobacco shop—obviously to the telephone booth there.

"Some day, sonny," prophesied Mrs. Barney acidly, "a bandage ain't going to do you any good!"

"You said it, mother!" Colin returned with a thin smile.

Mrs. Barney gathered up the basin



Colin fumbled with the bandage.

hall and entered the parlor, Buck O'Mara shouted for Barney. A sleepy voice answered from somewhere in the rear.

"Come in here," Buck O'Mara ordered, as he turned on the light. "And tell your old woman to bring a basin of water and some cloths."

With Buck O'Mara's help Colin got his coat off, and for the second time that night rolled up his blood-soaked shirt sleeve. He slumped down on the horsehair sofa as Barney, barefooted and in his night-shirt, entered the room.

The wizened little red-haired man blinked in the light, rubbed his eyes—and stared at Colin.

"It's a Clarkie Lunn!" he exclaimed. "Cripes! What's the matter?"

"What's the matter doesn't matter!" Buck O'Mara rapped out sharply. "What matters is that you know Spinelli when you see him—don't you?"

"Of course I know Spinelli. He's been here often enough, hasn't he?" Buck O'Mara thrust out the envelope in his hand.

"Well, then, get your clothes on, and take this over to his joint on the double hop. There's a car waiting down the block. They probably wouldn't let you in, so I'll telephone him to meet you outside. Don't give it to anybody but Spinelli himself. And when you get back here, report to me. I'll be up in Number one room. Beat it—quick!"

Buck O'Mara lighted a cigarette. Colin began to tumble with the bandage on his arm.

"Better let it alone, Clarkie," advised Buck O'Mara with a short laugh. "Here's your nurse."

Colin looked up. A tall, angular woman of perhaps sixty, clad in a not overly clean kimono and carrying a basin in her hand, was advancing toward him. Not an alluring face—wrinkled, hard black eyes, thin tight lips. He saw her glance at his arm, then she slapped the basin down on the table and turned to Buck O'Mara.

"I wish you'd take your dirty work where it belongs, Buck O'Mara!" she said tartly. "This ain't any hospital, and I ain't any nurse!"

Roosevelt's recovery program is far-reaching.

A fast launch, widely known in this district as a rum-runner, hove to in the bay here while the crew went ashore in search of relaxation.

Parked conspicuously in the window of the wheelhouse was a red, white and blue sign bearing the inscription: "NRA—we do our part."

Antelope

ANTELOPE, Sept. 15.—(Sp.)—Antelope Literary club met September 8. New officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Ina Stanley, president; W. E. Davies, secretary; Jack Wood, B. K. Riggs and John C. Greb were appointed program committee.

Mrs. John C. Greb visited Mrs. Helen Culbertson September 9. Mrs. Velma Wood announces that it will be impossible for her to entertain the ladies' social September 19, so the club will not meet again until October 19, the place to be announced at a later date.

spent the week-end September first with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Culbertson of Antelope. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bigham entertained a few friends and relatives the evening of September 7 in honor of their little daughter's birthday. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hatfield were in Medford September 9, shopping. Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Spencer and Mrs.

Mittlesstead of Eagle Point were callers in the Antelope district last week for H. R. A. signers. It is hoped that our district responded 100 per cent. We must back our President if we expect relief from the depression. Antelope school opened September 4 with 20 pupils enrolled. Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Riggs and children, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Balze and

children, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Balze and some spent September 10 at the Ashland park. Allowing tomato pulp to ferment in the process of saving seed helps control the spread of bacterial canker, says the United States department of agriculture.

Twenty-nine states, the District of Columbia and 10 foreign countries sent students to Marquette university, Milwaukee, during the last school year. The "fire lands survey" in early Ohio was a section reserved for Connecticut settlers as compensation for their losses at the hands of British raiders.

S'MATTER POP—

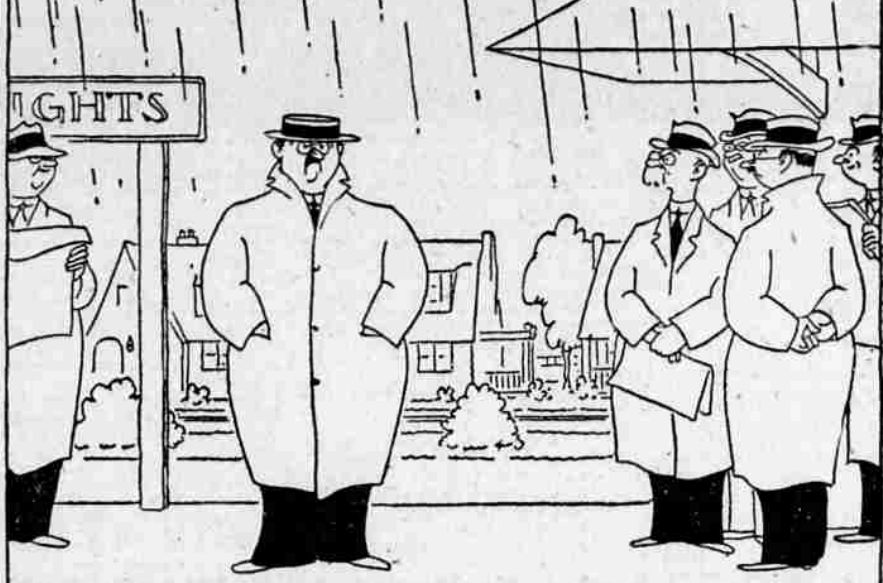
By C. M. PAYNE



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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IN SPITE OF THE UNSEASONABLY COLD WEATHER AND ALTHOUGH THE STRAW-HAT SEASON IS OVER, FRED PERLEY HAS HAD TO GO ON WEARING HIS STRAW, BECAUSE HIS WIFE IS AWAY ON A VISIT AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE SHE PUT AWAY HIS FELT HAT

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By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tense Moments



BOUND TO WIN—What's Doug Silver Up To?

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—It Just Ain't Right

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



RUM-RUNNER CLAIMS TO BE NRA BOOSTER

AVAILON, CATALINA ISLAND, Cal. Sept.—(UP)—The power of President



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