

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Colin Hewitt, the writer, has witnessed murder and crime of all sorts. He has posed for weeks as a crook in an effort to track down the Mask, New York underworld boss. He just has come from spending the night in the Mask's headquarters, where he had pretended to be overcome by loss of blood from a superficial wound received on a hi-jacking expedition. And he has discovered the hidden door that in its turn hides, he is sure, the secret of the Mask. Now he is making a rendezvous with his friend, Detective Sergeant Mulvey.

Chapter 45 FRIENDS MEET

THERE was a pause, then Sergeant Mulvey spoke crisply: "Where are you? Uptown or thereabouts?" "Yes," Colin returned. "All right, I'll fix it. Go over to the Cranway-Stratton. One more coming or going in that lobby'll be lost in the shuffle. Don't register. Ask the room clerk for the key to 608-A. That ain't the key you'll get, but it'll be the key to the right room. Go up to the room and wait for me. I'll be right along. Get it?" "Yes," said Colin laconically as he hung up the receiver.

And fifteen minutes later, having followed out Sergeant Mulvey's directions, he found himself the occupant of a large, pleasant "room with bath" on the second floor of the Cranway-Stratton. He pulled an easy chair into a position across the room facing the door and at down to wait.

He had come to the point, he realized, where he could no longer play a lone hand—a fact which in itself afforded him intense relief. He needed help now. Police help—the sort that Detective Sergeant Mulvey has, at his command. That had been the basis of the plan he had evolved last night.

He lighted a cigarette. There did not seem to be a flaw anywhere in the plan. He had gone over it in detail by a dozen times. He went over it again now. It ought to work if Tim Mulvey picked the right man, and Tim Mulvey could be depended upon to do that. It was—

There was a perfunctory knock as the door opened. Detective Sergeant Mulvey stepped briskly across the threshold—and came to an abrupt stop. Then with a suddenly set face, he shut the door behind him and planted his sturdy shoulders bullishly against it.

"Who the hell are you?" he rapped out. Colin got up from his chair and held out his hand.

"Coming from you, that's a compliment, Tim," he laughed, "and don't say you wouldn't have known me—because you didn't. Incidentally, at the present moment, I'm Clark Lunn—all except the voice." "Well, I'll be damned!" gasped Sergeant Mulvey as he caught Colin's hand in a hearty grip. "What's the big idea?"

"How'd you work this sort of thing?" Colin countered as he waved his hand around the room.

Sergeant Mulvey grinned. "By special request from the police," he said, and his grin widened. "The gag's so old it ought to make a hit in one of your books if that's what you're thinking about! I just got the right number coming in, and the door desk up here's been tipped off. Nobody knows who's got the room, and there's nothing, to tie us up together. You can talk your head off, and for as long as you like."

"All right," said Colin. "Lock the door then, and sit down."

SERGEANT MULVEY complied. "Shoot!" he invited, as Colin also seated himself. "It looks like you'd got something to say. What's it about?"

Colin did not answer instantly. It was not only a long story, and he hardly knew where to begin—but he had just noticed with some inward misgivings that Detective Sergeant Mulvey's left jaw was angrily red and swollen!

"Well!" prodded Sergeant Mulvey. "Shake it loose. What's it about?"

you wouldn't believe it, Tim. My description of the Mask would be that he'd borrowed an invisible cloak from Satan and then had gone to work to show Satan how it was done.

"I don't know how long ago he began, but long enough so that he's swinging a mob today in every line of criminal activity there's any big money in. It may interest you to know, for instance, that the counterfeiting plant down on the St. Lawrence we were all reading so much about a little while ago was one of his rackets."

"What makes you think so?" demanded Sergeant Mulvey bluntly. "Not think, Tim," corrected Colin gently. "I was one of those 'also present' on the night the place was hi-jacked and Kenniston was bumped off."

"What!" ejaculated Sergeant Mulvey incredulously. "Then perhaps you know who did it?" "Yes; it was a man named Dollaire."

"Who's Dollaire?" "A run-runner from St. Pierre." "That's worth knowing!" Sergeant Mulvey sucked in a breath sharply. "I'll make a note of that!" "I wouldn't bother if I were you," advised Colin confidentially. "He was hi-jacked in turn outside the twelve-mile limit here last night, and his crew put 'em in the spot, and his schooner sunk."

Sergeant Mulvey stared. "How in God's name do you do that?" he rapped. "I was there," said Colin. "My God!" Sergeant Mulvey's hand roved helplessly through his hair. "I don't get you! How did you come to be there?"

COLIN bent forward and touched Detective Sergeant Mulvey lightly on his swollen jaw.

"That's the reason—mainly," he said dryly. "And here's your artillery. I brought it along with me from my room." He reached into his pocket and tossed the gun into Detective Sergeant Mulvey's lap. "Sorry, Tim! I didn't know it was you at the time, but I would have had to do it anyway."

"Almighty Moses!" stammered Sergeant Mulvey. He picked up the gun and examined it as though suspicious of its identity, then, with a grunt of recognition, dropped it into his pocket. "So you're the bird that laid me out, are you?" he blustered. "I've been looking for him—hard. I could send you up the river for that! Aiding and abetting a man to escape arrest on a murder charge is penitentiary stuff, my bucko. Damn it!"—he fingered his jaw tenderly—"I'm telling you!"

Colin thrust out his wrists. "Bracelets, Tim?" he asked contently.

Detective Sergeant Mulvey coughed.

"Go to hell!" he retorted. "Got anything else to spring? You've done pretty good so far." "Yes—lots," said Colin soberly. "And, except for the reason, which I am not at liberty to tell you, that took me to Reddy's old room on the night you left my place, which reason in turn was the reason why I went down on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I'm going to give you the whole story right up to this minute. Now listen."

Sergeant Mulvey produced a cigar, bit off the end, and lighted it. "Go to it!" he urged. "I haven't forgotten that you said you had a line on the Mask."

And then, as briefly and concisely as he could, though interrupted by many a quick-fung question or comment from Sergeant Mulvey, Colin told the story of the weeks that had elapsed from the night he had paid the visit to Reddy's old room until the visit he had just made when he called up his listeners on the phone.

"There's the story," he ended; "and here's where you draw cards. I'm putting in an emergency call."

Detective Sergeant Mulvey jumped to his feet and began to pace excitedly up and down the room.

"Boy," he burst out, "I ain't got it all yet! I'm trying to make myself believe I ain't been dreaming! This'll bust New York wide open!"

"Yes," said Colin with a queer smile, "except that perhaps New York would like to know who the Mask is, and—well—just how he was caught."

Detective Sergeant Mulvey paused suddenly in his stride—then toppled down in his chair.

"You're right," he said. "I was counting the chickens, well!"

(Copyright, 1933, Frank L. Packard) Colin and Mulvey make a plan, tomorrow.

O. S. C. WILL OPEN SIXTY-SIXTH YEAR

CORVALLIS—Oregon State college, the oldest institution in the state of higher education, will be-

gin its sixty-sixth year of instruction Monday, September 18, when the class of 1937 registers for Freshman week.

Freshman week is held in advance of the starting of regular term, for which upper classmen will register Saturday, September 23, in order that the administration and faculty of the college may be free to give undivided attention to the needs of

the new students. It provides an opportunity for the freshmen to become oriented on the campus, to learn where different buildings and class rooms are, and to get acquainted with each other and with the faculty before the older students return.

The chief value of this preparatory week, however, in the opinion of Registrar E. B. Lemon, who or-

iginated the idea at Oregon State 11 years ago and has been in charge of the programs ever since, lies in the instruction and information imparted to the beginning students by some of the most experienced members of the faculty in lectures during the week.

Dr. U. G. Dubach, dean of men, in his lecture on "Comparative Values," during this week, for instance, will

take pains to give the freshmen a general idea of the proper relationship between the different phases of college life. H. T. Vance, professor of secretarial science, whose topic is "Budgeting," has had years of experience in teaching students how to use their time and money to best advantage. Dr. F. W. Part of the school of education, whose address is entitled "Study Hints," is the author of

a syllabus on how to study which is in general demand even by experienced students. Dr. Kate W. Jamison, dean of women, will talk on "College Spirit and Traditions." Dr. F. A. Gillilan of the school of pharmacy on "Student Activities," and Mr. Lemon on "College Procedure."

Union university at Jackson, Tenn., began its 99th session this fall.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



SUNDAY DINNER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Laughing Off A (Mis) Fortune

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Gathering Of The Clans

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Home, Sweet Home

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



ANNUAL ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATION PLANNED

Plans are being made by the Medford post of the American Legion for

the annual celebration of Armistice day, November 11, which falls on Saturday this year.

As usual the parade will be the big feature of the observance and a dance in the evening will top off the day. Commander L. C. Garlock of the local post is forming his committees for the day and will announce the names soon, he said today.

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