The HIDDEN DOOR FRUIT SORTING BY FRANK L. PACKARD

HOUSE OF DEATH

shadows of the lane and, silent- that was decidedly daring in its ly now, made their way along it with Sergeant Mulvey in the lead.

Somewhere shead, Colin knew, was the rear of the Wine Prees and the alleyway that fanked Michael Barney's specious tobacco store, but it was so dark that he could scarcely see Sergeant Mulvey, "Before my time on the form in front of him—so dark, in fact, that when finally Sergeant Mulvey halted suddenly Colin bumped into him.

"When we wall cautioned Ser-His flashlight circled again, "How

It was much like last night, much like that other door—which could not be many yards away—only that tonight, instead of Buck O'Mara, the big shot of the Maak's murder to see plenty without being spot-squad, it was Detective Sergeant ted." Mulvey of the Homicide Bureau who acted as guide.

Sergeant Mulvey opened the door soundlessly and closed it behind them soundlessly—and then for a full minute they stood motionless,

Then Sergeant Mulvey spoke. "Kind of force of habit," he grunted, as the ray from his electric principles of the blackness, "even though I know there ain't anybody here." He will said Colin.

"Right!" said Colin.

"Right!" said Colin.

"The dashlight went out. thrust his wrist watch into the flare. "Twenty minutes yet. Lots of time for a look-see around."

would question the status of old ment now from Sergeant Mulvey Keppelstein as a miser of the first Just stillness and blackness every

By contrast, the mural decorations, untouched, obviously, except by age, since the days when the Wine Press had been in its prime, were indicrously grotesque, here a pointed jungle scene, there a group of nymphs dancing in the moonlight—above a rickety kitchen table! But house, as Sergeant Mulvey had said, did not look very promising—there was nothing to inspire confidence in the heliaf that the link the link. dence in the belief that the link becamed with these details. His flashlight poked persistently and inquisitively into cupboards and corners and out-of-the-way places.

Certainly the Mask himself was
not here. Sergeant Mulvey and he

There was only one room on the second floor, and Colin's eyes tollowed the round, white circle of light as Sergeant Mulvey's flashlight traveled from the threshold slowly traveled from the threshold slowly around it. The room ran the entire depth of the house and had once, it the contact between the Mask and his lieutenants was made. His brain was quite obvious, been the cabaret's combination dance floor, bar,

making the walls themselves were aderned with huge plaster casts, depicting scones even more fantastic than those painted on the walls of the rooms downstairs. The only windows in the room looked out on the street, and the shutters of these were tightly closed.

the street, and the shutters of these were tightly closed.

At the rear of the room and Antony and Cleopatra seemed to stretching across almost its entire breadth were the remains of a bar, it had ridden on a swell. His vision a decrepit and weebegone affair now, the mirrors above it streaked and bilstered until they were almost beyond recognition. There were no was tearing off his coat as he ran.

And now there came another

vey dublously. "It looks like this sort of shelf, waist high, strewn was just another way out, without with small pots and jars and tubes anybody knowing it, through Kep- in endless variety.

answered tersely, "why did Buck outer clothes were off now, the O'Mara use it last night—when he sandy hair was gone—and the back didn't have to? And tonight—there's of a short-cropped, black-haired nothing to prevent him from mak-ing a bolt down that private staircase. If he does that, of course, the only thing that's left for us to do then will be to go home and begin ened, amongst the rows of clothing. all over again.

"Well, we're here—and we'll see," returned Sergeant Mulvey crisply.

"Run your light along the wall over there again. Not so fast! There! Allowing for the stairs on

NIAN NAMED

MOLEY SUCCESSOR

G atale. The president also named clearer vice, as marshal for the nor thern district of California. VIRGINIAN NAMED

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20—(AP)—
President Rossevil ioday appointed
R. Walton Moore, former member of congress from Virginia, to succeed est area in the United States.



just about there." THEY stepped into the dark barge a la Antony and Cleopatra conception, and which floated on what had once doubtless been, in color, though calamitously faded now, a sunlit azure sea. It was about

"Here we are!" cautioned Ser- His flashlight circled again, "How about getting down behind that old packing case up there against the wall on this side near the bar? It's big enough all right. We'll be facing that trick door then, and'll be able

"All right," agreed Colin briefly. The flashlight pointing the way, they moved up the room, and lifting the dilapidated case out a little way from the wall crouched down behind it. Given anything to see, by peering around the ends of the case, or even with due caution over the top of it, the view would be

The flashlight went out.

It was inky black. Colin could not see an inch in front of him. And The rooms were comfortless, see an inch in front of him. And see an inch in front of him. And see an inch in front of him. And there was no sound—though he scarcely the bare necessities—no one giving them a single glance the other side of the wall. No move where around him.

not here. Sergeant Mulvey and he were unquestionably the only two "Nothing down here in the shape of any private wires or that sort of stuff," he announced finally, "unless they're damn well hidden."

"That trick door opens on the floor above," Colin reminded him.

"Yes, I know. Force of habit again.
"Well, let's go up,"

"The shape were unquestionably the only two because in the house. Surely by now lock O'Mara would have come if he were coming at all. Was this, after all, merely another exit and entrance sacred to the big shots—and Buck O'Mara in flight had chosen instead the private stairway?

and main dining room.

Little alcoves, where tables for two, inviting tête-â-têtes, might bly and finally to thunder at his eartwo, inviting tête-â-têtes, might drums. In spite of himself, uneasines and misgivings were beginning the walls at irregular intervals while the walls themselves were been more than time enough by now.

furnishings whatever—just litters of and now there came another rubbish piled, or rather thrown, in heaps here and there about the Colin, peering around the edge of floor—a veritable catch-all—old the packing case, mechanically packing cases, chairs, and various rubbed his eyes. The bar was re pleces of furniture broken beyond volving upon itself-and now it pre

repair, and all now covered thick with dust.

It had become a huge wardrobe. Rows of clothing, wigs and hats hung there from end to end—and in the center, below a mirror, was a

pelstein's front or back door."

Colin shook his head stubbornly. Colin's heart and brain. His eyes "If that's all it amounts to," he swung back to O'Mara. O'Mara's head presented itself to view. He could not see the face.

on an inch-square checked suit of light fawn, and, hanging on a peg above it, a brilliant red tie and a Where would you say that hidden straw-colored wig. That was Heimle

> (Copyright, 1934, Frank L. Packard) Many mysteries are plain, tomor-row, to Colin

hour for fruit sorters has been established for the mid-Columbia districts of Oregon and Washington by 35 per cent of the women workers in a vote of the Hood River Traffic association and its affiliations in all districts, it was announced today.

Or their previous rulings applying a particular form in minimum for at least tricts of Oregon and Washington by 35 per cent of the women workers in districts it was announced today. BASIC PAY SET

Convers have declared they are unable to meet the higher wage request because of lack or assurance of more profitable returns.

HOOD RIVER, Ore., Sept. 20.—(AP)

A basic wage scale of 20 cents an which were asked for modifications.

valley ever put into effect between by the Luckenbach Gulf Steamship these sections was upheld today by the Luckenbach Gulf Steamship the interstate commerce commission. company, the Gulf Pacific line, and The commission refused to order a the Gulf Pacific Mail line, Ltd.

poods from Pacific coast ports thru The rate, 76 cents per 100 pounds the Panama canal to the affisialppi from 15 Pacific coast ports, was filed

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WASHINGTON. Sept. 20—(AP)—
The lowest freight rate on canned goods through the Panama canal.

**The will of the late Mrs. Mary Panny Scott of Miami, Fla., provided all rate to be applied on canned spoods through the Panama canal.

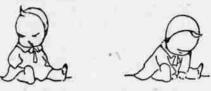
S'MATTER POP-By C. M. PAYNE





WEATHER CONFERENCE WAYES ON COUCH, ALL READY TO REALIZES ONE OF THOSE WEATHER

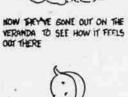
DISCUSSIONS HAS STARTED, MOTH-ER FEELING HIS LIGHTER CORT WOULD BE WARM ENOUGH SO OUT WONDERS WHAT THE



WISHES THEY'D HURRY UP AND HIS DATLY LOOK AT THE WORLD OUT THERE



FOR PHY'S SAKE, THEY'VE GOT SIDE-TRACKED ARGUING WHETHER IT'S BETTER FOR A CHILD TO BE WARM OR 100 COOL



ROOM WHO, WITHOUT KNOWING ANYTHING ABOUT IT, SAYS HE'S DRESSED RIGHT AS HE IS



WHILE GRANDING MAINTAINS

THERE'S A COLD WIND AND HE

OBEHT TO HAVE A SWEATER ON UNDERNEATH THIS COAT

THEY RETURN GRANDMA CLAIMING THAT ALTHOUGH IT'S WARM NOW, THE SUN WON'T STAY OUT



THEY APPEAL TO DADDY IN NEXT



OFF AT LAST, WITH A GOOD FIFTEEN MINUTES AND A LOT OF BREATH WASTED "

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN-"Where Ignorance Is Bliss-



THE NEBBS-Just A Big Man



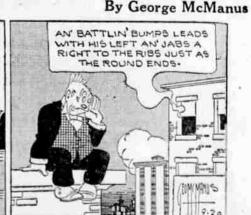
By SOL HESS

YES, I DID_THERE
AIN'T NOBODY AROUND
HERE WHEN YOU'RE AWAY
THAT COULD SAY A CHEERY.
WORD IE IT WAS PART OF YES, AND HE'S ACTIN' LIKE HE'S A
KING OR SOMETHIN' BIGGER _ THE
PITCHER AINT OUT YET AND HE THINKS
HE'S GOOD ___ I TOLD HIM RIGHTOUT,
"DON'T THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH _
"DON'T THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH _ HELLO EMMA, YOU'RE LOOKING FINE _ DID YOU MISS ME? AND I DON'T NO! YOU SUPPOSE YOU HEARD ABOUT MAX -ME? TELL DON'T HE'S GOT A BIG PICTURE TOTCIRCUS ONCE AND IN MARE I SAW AN ELEPHANT SKIPPING ROPE 9-20 GACIE

BRINGING UP FATHER







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