

# THE CLOUDED MOON

By MAX SALTSMARSH

**The Characters**  
Hugo Stern, handsome author, living on the French Riviera.  
Archie Lumsden, myself, Hugo's friend.  
René Geiss, a singularly unpleasant cartoonist.

Yesterday: Summoned to Palm Beach by O'Donnell, an American detective, Hugo and I see Eve Monet murdered while she is taking part in a mannequin show.

### Chapter Five

#### Death Of A Red-Haired Man

THE Chief of Police pulled out a notebook and scribbled while Hugo was speaking. Hugo told him that the blonde girl had approached us at the Carlton Bar, also that Geiss had spoken to us about her and mentioned the names of her friends.

"Vener, the banker?" Thiers pondered. "Now, where have I heard that name before? No matter. It will come to me. Baron Stahl I know, of course—the great financier. I fancy that he is staying now at Cap d'Antibes. Vladimir Rakovsky—no, that one is unknown to me. But one or other of them can doubtless tell us something about the girl."

He paused again, surveying us. "There is nothing else?" Hugo shook his head, but I sat up in my chair. "There is one point," I said. "You say the girl was murdered, in which I presume means shot, and in that case the pistol must have been fitted with a silencer, otherwise everyone would have heard the explosion. I know the noise a silencer makes, and just before the thing happened I heard such a sound, that might very well have been the shot, behind my back."

"And that is all, Monsieur?" "No," I said bluntly. "It isn't. As my friend has told you, I called for a doctor, and while I was doing so I saw two men leave the room hurriedly, one after the other. In fact, I added thoughtfully, "It looked to me as if one was pursuing the other."

"That is most interesting," said the fat man, but with a certain lack of enthusiasm. "These men—how were they dressed?" "I shrugged. "In black trousers and white mess-jackets. They might have been waiters or guests for all I could tell."

"But their faces?" he insisted. "You could identify them again?" "No," I said. "I couldn't. They had their backs to me, and beyond the fact that one was medium-sized and black-haired, and the other shorter and ginger-colored, I saw nothing to spot them by."

"That's the fellow," Geiss above, was signaling across the room, and for all I know he may be the one who skipped out after the shooting."

A curious muffled exclamation came from the tables across the dance-floor, signaling to someone on our side of the room."

He pursed his lips, frowning thoughtfully. "And you think it might have been the same man? Well, we can't discover if anyone left the building before orders were given to shut the doors. But meantime we will have Madame in."

He opened the outer door and gave a sharp order, and next moment a tall, handsome, middle-aged woman, a trifle mannish-looking in her tailored black satin suit, entered the room. She was pale and her mouth was grimly set, but otherwise she showed no sign of emotion.

Thiers bowed. "You are Madame Lilli Stefan?" he inquired. The woman inclined her head silently. "And this poor girl who has met so tragic an end—she was one of your assistants?"

**A Holoocaust?**  
"She was one of my assistants. For this time only," she said in a deep, rich contralto. "It was best, I think, if I explain exactly how it happened. The girl Eve was not one of my regular mannequins. She was suggested to me last spring by Baron Stahl. I had, unfortunately, no opening at the time, but I took her address with the promise to employ her when the occasion offered. Two days ago, when I was on the point of leaving for Cannes, one of my girls fell ill and I telephoned to this girl."

"The Parc Monceau?" said the chief of police, pondering finger on lip. "An expensive address, that! And her real name, madame?"

Mme. Stefan shrugged. "I know no more than you," she retorted. "Eve Monet was what she called herself."

The fat man got ponderously to his feet. "Madame," he said, with dignity, "I thank you."

A uniformed gendarme stood in the doorway, the same that had departed on his errand a short time before. His sallow face was pearly with sweat; his beady eyes sparkled with the pleasurable anticipation of one who bears startling news, the points of his moustache quivered. "Monsieur le Commissaire!" he said excitedly and stopped at sight of us. "One speaks?" he demanded dubiously.

"Yes, yes!" said his superior testily, and he went on with a rush. "I have demanded at the doors if any person was seen to leave the building just after the tragedy, and one has said to me that yes, two men had been seen, one black-

haired, the other red. They left hastily, one on the heels of the other, but there are many cars ranged outside, and the night is dark. It was not seen in what direction they went. I then demanded of the chauffeurs if any car had been taken from the ranks and was told no. No taxi had been engaged from among those waiting. He stopped and wiped his forehead with a gaudy cotton handkerchief. "But as I returned, by chance I observed something in the shrubbery—protruding from under a bush. I looked. It was a man's shoe. I looked farther, and behold, the body of a man! The red, Monsieur le Chef—lies there, shot through the heart!"

He paused dramatically, looking from one to the other of us, an actor seeking applause, and he was not disappointed in his audience. Hugo whistled, I gasped, and the fat man swore, sharply and viciously, like the spit of a cat. "Sacré bleu!" he said. "But this ceases to be amusing. What have we here—a holoocaust?"

"I should rather say the murderer—escaping, finding himself pursued, and making short work of his pursuer," suggested Hugo mildly. "Archie"—he turned to me—"that must have been the ginger-headed bloke you spotted."

The chief of police gave him a quick stare. "That is possible," he agreed. "Messieurs, I must ask you to accompany me to view the corpse—the second corpse!"

"The casino opened a square, the sea-front, which touched the sea-front. The building was edged by a thick fringe of shrubbery, bordered by a grass verge, and half-way along it I saw dimly, by the light filtering through curtains, windows and most mercifully, uniformed figures standing on guard, with a second group of on-lookers halted inquisitively a little way off."

**"Very Interesting"**  
We made our way towards them with a majestic, official solemnity that I found profound, irritating, for every nerve in my body was tingling with the desire to see if I recognized the dead man, but at last we had reached the dimly formed shapes melded to right and left, and the gendarme who had brought the tidings flashed a powerful torch on something that lay on the dry earth.

The chief of police bent over it, then he crooked a finger at me, and I, in turn, stepped forward, bent down, and looked.

The man lay face-upwards on the ground, his sandy hair was matted, so that a lock fell across his forehead; his small, humorous face was pinched and drawn; his eyes were open, staring with a startled look at the night sky above him.

"Yes," I said straightening up. "That's the fellow," Geiss above, was signaling across the room, and for all I know he may be the one who skipped out after the shooting."

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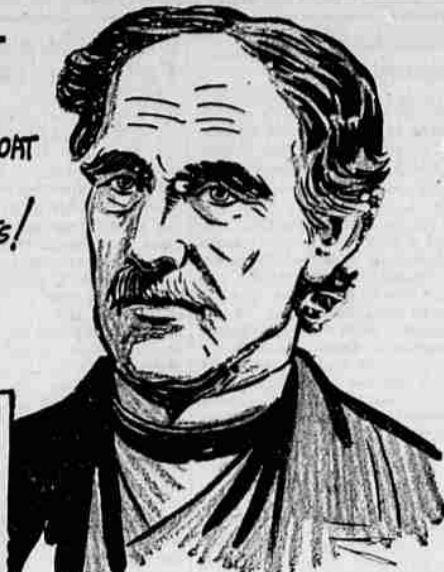
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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**JOSEPH FRANCIS--**  
FOUNDER OF THE U.S. LIFE SAVING SERVICE, INVENTED AN UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT AT 11, AND IN 81 YEARS SUPPLIED PRACTICALLY THE ENTIRE WORLD WITH LIFEBOATS! (1812-93)

**BEN MAGAVERN--**  
of Bridgman, Mich., USES A FULL-GROWN, 210-LB. MOUNTAIN LION FOR A RETRIEVER WHENEVER HE GOES RABBIT HUNTING!

**CATTAIL ROOTS WERE ONCE USED FOR MAKING FLOUR BY INDIANS OF VIRGINIA...**

**CARL FRICK!**  
HIT A BRASSIE SHOT INTO THE POCKET OF A SPECTATOR-- WITHOUT THE LATTER KNOWING IT!  
-Del Monte, Calif., May 15, 1938-

**Joseph Francis**  
Early in life Joseph Francis, Boston, Mass., inventor (1801-1893) carried the outline of a career he was destined to follow all through his life.

At 11, with no model nor precedent to guide him, Francis designed and built a non-sinkable lifeboat, its bow and stern cork-filled, which would float four men even when capsized.

Encouraged by its success, Francis designed more boats, many along revolutionary lines. In 1825 he built a lifeboat with cork in the bow and stern and air chambers along the sides—yet its bottom was perforated like a sieve!

He built a "knockdown" boat in three sections; a hydrogen lifeboat, having copper tubes in its interior, filled with the gas; and a life-launch for 75 persons. By 1841 all government vessels and most merchant ships sailing from the port of New York were equipped with his lifeboats. Within four years his boats saved over 2500 lives.

Soon the entire shipping world was using Francis' lifeboats. He organized the American Shipwreck and Tumble society out of which grew the United States Life Saving Service.

One of Francis' most important and far-reaching inventions was a method of corrugating iron and other metal plates for use in shipbuilding. To this development originally intended to be used solely in building lifeboats is credited the birth of iron shipbuilding, one of the greatest steps in naval architecture.

**Lion-Retriever**  
"Jerry"—a 9-year-old 210-pound lion is the constant hunting companion of Ben Magavern of Bridgman, Michigan. Jerry will retrieve game without harming it, Magavern says.

Tomorrow: Where do men row boats with their legs?

### FARMER CHAMP KEEPS TITLE ANOTHER YEAR

WALLA WALLA, Sept. 5.—(P)—Will Loney, world's champion farmer retained his title Saturday by exciting in building a pig pen, harnessing a pair of horses and driving four of the animals through several maneuvers at the southeastern Washington fair.

### Rodeo Rained Out

LONGVIEW, Sept. 5.—(AP)—The second day's show of the Longview Labor Day rodeo was rained out yesterday when a heavy thunderstorm caused the arena to become so slippery it was unsafe for contestants or animals.

### LOGS KILL FATHER OF SONS GRID CAPTAIN

REEDSDALE, Sept. 5.—(P)—A cold deck of logs shifted yesterday and killed Al Esselstrom, 40, at the Bridgman logging camp on Smith river. His son, Al, was captain of the Southern Oregon Normal school football team at Asuland last season. The victim's widow and another son also survive.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Snoot's Henchmen Stop Jerry!



BETTY-LOU ARE YOU HURT?

3220

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sample



OH, I KNOW YOU—YOU'RE BEN WEBSTER, THE BOY WHO SELLS THE GREAT BIG TURKEYS

YES, I AM, MRS. DEMORELAND

AND THIS GIANT HEN'S EGG IS SOMETHING NEW WE'RE INTRODUCING—WON'T YOU TAKE THIS AS A PRESENT—TRY IT AND IF IT'S ALL RIGHT, TELL YOUR FRIENDS

MR. SAXTON WILL ALWAYS HAVE A SUPPLY OF THESE EGGS AND THE PRICE WILL BE VERY REASONABLE

DURNED IF THAT BOY DON'T KNOW THE FIRST LAW O' HONEST BUSINESS, MAKE GOOD FER FOLKS AN' FOLKS'LL MAKE GOOD FER YOU!

5-31

### THE NEBBS—A Mere Bag o' Shells



STEVE, YOU BETTER GO OUT AND TAKE A PEEK AT YOUR CAR—A GUY TAKING SOME CATTLE FOR A JOY RIDE SIDE-SWIPED ME, KNOCKED OFF THE RUNNING BOARD AND FENDER, PUT A BIG DENT IN THE BODY YOU COULD SLEEP IN!

STEVE, I FEEL TERRIBLE—AND TO THINK YOU WERE KIND ENOUGH TO LOAN HIM YOUR FINE CAR—I HAD A PRESENTMENT OF THIS!

YOU TALK LIKE IT WAS MY FAULT, EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE CHILD YOU'VE BEEN SAYING SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

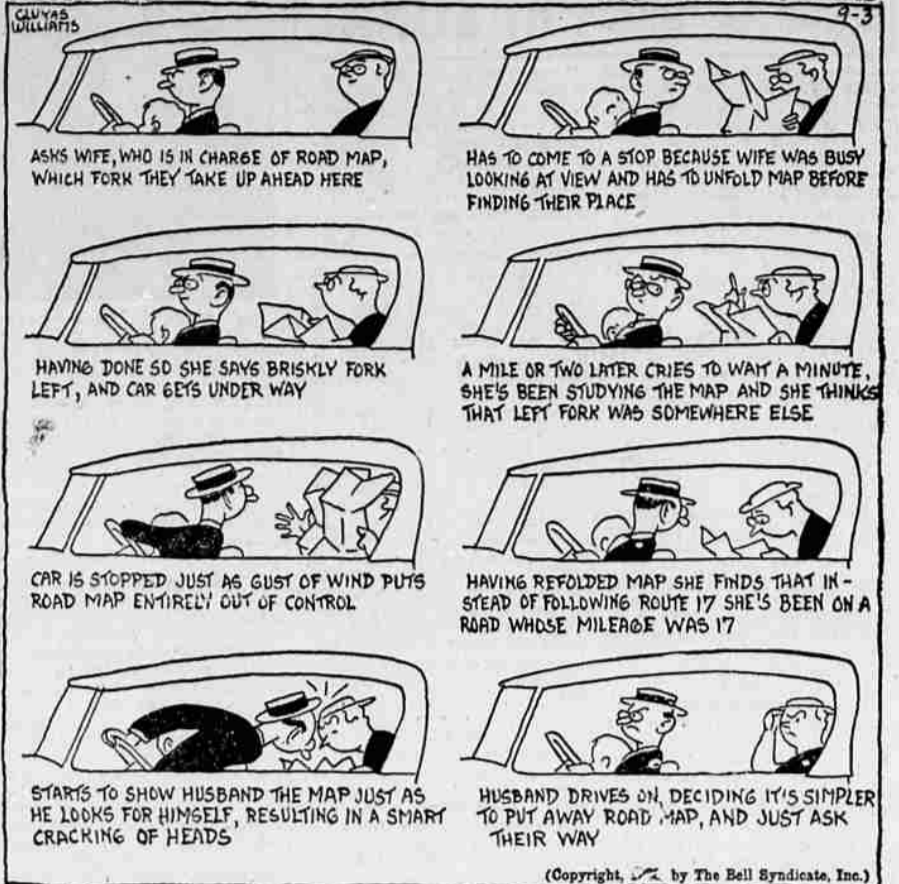
DON'T WORRY—SAMMY WASN'T HURT, THAT'S SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

THE CAR IS INSURED—IF IT WASN'T THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM SO DON'T BLAME SAMMY—EVERYTHING IS EVEN

ATTA BOY, STEVE, YOU AREN'T ONLY A BRICK—YOU'RE THE YARD WHERE THEY PRESS THEM!!

9-2

### ROAD MAP



ASKS WIFE, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF ROAD MAP, WHICH FORK THEY TAKE UP AHEAD HERE

HAS TO COME TO A STOP BECAUSE WIFE WAS BUSY LOOKING AT VIEW AND HAS TO UNFOLD MAP BEFORE FINDING THEIR PLACE

HAVING DONE SO SHE SAYS BRISKLY FORK LEFT, AND CAR GETS UNDER WAY

A MILE OR TWO LATER CRIES TO WAIT A MINUTE, SHE'S BEEN STUDYING THE MAP AND SHE THINKS THAT LEFT FORK WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE

CAR IS STOPPED JUST AS GUST OF WIND PUTS ROAD MAP ENTIRELY OUT OF CONTROL

HAVING REFOLED MAP SHE FINDS THAT INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING ROUTE 17 SHE'S BEEN ON A ROAD WHOSE MILEAGE WAS 17

STARTS TO SHOW HUSBAND THE MAP JUST AS HE LOOKS FOR HIMSELF, RESULTING IN A SMART CRACKING OF HEADS

HUSBAND DRIVES ON, DECIDING IT'S SIMPLER TO PUT AWAY ROAD MAP, AND JUST ASK THEIR WAY

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### MATTER POI



YOU TALK TOO MUCH! GO SIT OUTSIDE AWHILE

DO AS I TELL YOU

WHATCHA DOIN, AMTROSE

WHO, ME? OH, I'M MINDIN' MY KID BROTHER

WHAT YOU DO IN

YESSIR

8-27

WHO, ME? OH-H-H, I'M MINDIN' MY POP!

5KM64

### By HAL FORREST

### By EDWIN ALGER

### By SOL HESP

## HARRY C. EVANS, 84, PASSES IN HOQUIAM

Harry C. Evans, 84, for many years a resident of Medford, passed away August 24 at the home of his oldest daughter, Mrs. Bertha Hansen, in Hoquiam, Wash. Mr. Evans left Medford last March, soon after the death of his wife, Mrs. Leta Evans. Left to mourn the passing of their

father are three daughters and three sons, Mrs. Bertha Hansen and Mrs. Ethel Scott, both of Hoquiam, Wash., and Mrs. Eudora Bohert of Central Point; Harry and Ernest of Hoquiam, and Russell of Klamath Falls. Also 15 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Interment was in the pioneer cemetery at Humptulps, Wash., where Mr. Evans took up a homestead in 1889.

**WINDOW GLASS**—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows (reasonably) Trowbridge Cabinet Works.