

THE CLOUDED MOON

By MAX SALTmarsh
The Characters
Hugo Stern, handsome author, living on the French Riviera.
Archie Lumsden, myself, Hugo's friend.
Ottillie Wills, a beautiful American actress.

Yesterday, to investigate the Château la Vague I take a room there. Back at Hugo's, Dunning finds the murder gun planted in my bed.

Chapter 18 Breaking The Bad News

PENELOPE came flying "Monsieur!" she gasped. "The police!"
"Show them in," said Hugo gravely but even as he spoke, Dunning caught me by the arm.
"That letter from the girl—where is it? In your pocket?"
I nodded. The letter had never left my person since I had received it the night before, and now I pulled it out and showed it to him. He snatched it and thrust it into the pistol into one capacious pocket.
"I don't know which would be worst to have found on you—that or the gun," said he. "But never fear—you'll have them back shortly."

The large shape of the chief of police, with three uniformed gendarmes behind him, darkened the doorway "Monsieur," he said, with a formal bow to Hugo, and with so much dignity that I guessed he was feeling desperately uncomfortable. "I regret that it is my painful duty to make a search of your house. Information has been received—" He broke off suddenly. "Monsieur Dunning!" he exclaimed, startled. "One he expected to find you here!"
"Monsieur Thiers," said the big man solemnly, "each one of us must pursue his appointed task. I wish you better luck in yours that I've had in mine!" And with a stupefied sense of immense relief I saw him saunter across the courtyard and through the open gate. Next moment the sound of an aged motor starting up told me that the Fiat was bearing evidence that might have been my death-warrant away to Cannes.

Hugo was facing the commissaire with no very welcoming expression on his face. "I don't understand you, Thiers," he said sharply. "Are you trying to say you've got a search-warrant?"
The chief of police wriggled unhappily. "It is indeed so, Monsieur Stern," he agreed. "Certain information reached us this morning that made such a course inevitable, but it is a pure formality, I assure you." But his action belied his words, for as he spoke he turned suddenly to me and ran his hands over my body in a very workmanlike manner.

I was wearing nothing but a shirt and trousers, so that the inspection was both easy and short, and with a muttered word of apology and a visible reddening of the neck, he turned his attention to Hugo. "Thiers," said Hugo sternly, making, however, no attempt at resistance. "I warn you that this stupidity may have serious consequences for you. I have friends in Paris who will not be pleased to hear about it!"
The fat man set his jaw obstinately. "Monsieur," he said, with a certain dignity. "I am carrying out the orders of the examining magistrate. And besides," he added hopefully, "we have yet to search the house."

And search the house they did, with a thoroughness that filled me with a reluctant admiration. When it was over, Hugo moved to the front door and held it open.
"I shall just have time to catch the Paris mail," he remarked stonily, disregarding the commissaire's proffered hand. The fat man wiped his perspiring forehead. "Monsieur Stern," he said, unhappily, "will you not accept a truce for a little matter of a day or two? Give us time to find the real criminal, and perhaps then the letter will not be necessary?"
Hugo stared at him coldly, but the twitching of his mouth told me that he was secretly amused.
"On one condition," he said. "Tell us what it was that you expected to find, and who it was that told you you would find it."
"Monsieur," said the commissaire miserably, "we did not find the gun, therefore I can say nothing, and as for our informant—the friend of Monsieur le Juge, and I dare not mention his name." And having thus given a satisfactory answer on both heads, he ambled after his men out through the gate.

Introductions
AS THE Hispano pulled up on the little front of Juan-les-Pins, Hugo looked at his wrist-watch. "A quarter to twelve," he said. "Just time for a swim before Ottillie Wills shows up." He led the way along the boardwalk.
Taking off his robe and watch, he took a running jump into the water and I followed him, swimming out in his wake till we were clear of the crowd by the shore.
"Let's hope the lady will be late," said I, turning on my back and floating in luxurious idleness, but next moment I exclaimed:

"Devil take it, there she is!" And there, sure enough, she was, a slim, graceful creature in dark-blue pajamas, watching us from the water's edge.
We came out of the water at her feet, shaking ourselves like a couple of dripping spaniels and brushing the wet hair from our eyes and she laughed down at us, her black eyes dancing, a very gay and pretty sight.
"Never," she said, "have I seen such brawn and muscle outside the life-savers at Atlantic City! I am honored to be escorted by the two huskiest men on the beach. Gentlemen, the top of the morning to you!"
Hugo reddened. "Miss Wills," he began formally. "I have a good deal to say to you, and this beach is a trifle crowded. Will you try some lunch at the hotel café?"
She nodded cheerfully, falling into step between us as we made our way along the boardwalk. "But there's just one point," she observed. "You know my name but I don't know yours."
Hugo drew out a chair for her. "That's easily remedied," he answered, still with a certain constraint in his manner. "I am Hugo Stern, and this is my friend Archie Lumsden."

"I am honored," said Hugo gravely, "but I'm afraid our time is too short. Now, if you're ready, Miss Wills, I think we ought to get down to business."
"I'm a Moral Coward!"
[NONE] moment all the youth and gaiety drained from her face. She looked down, shading her eyes, and I noticed that the curling lashes that veiled them were chestnut-red and fiery-tipped like her hair. "You had better know at once," she said, very low, "that I'm a moral coward. I've been fooling up to now, putting off time, trying to avoid hearing what I was afraid to hear. But I guess I'll have to face it. Mr. Stern, where did you get that one-cent piece?"
Just a minute," said Hugo. His face, too, was white under the tan, and the lines of his jaw were set. "There are one or two names that I want to mention to you before we start any explanations. I am aware that you know Baron Stahl. But I should like to hear if you have met a certain Mr. Jenner, a banker, and a gentleman who calls himself Vladimir Rakovsky?"
She looked up at him quickly, a hint of fear in her eyes, and slowly inclined her head. "I have never met them," she answered, "but I know them by name."
"And Monsieur René Geiss?" pursued Hugo, his eyes never leaving her face. "You probably know him better as Shevr, the cartoonist."
"Shevr?" she echoed. "Why, of course I've heard of him, but I'm happy to say I've never met him, and I hope I never will. His work makes me sick!"
"And now one last name. Miss Wills, have you ever heard of Pat O'Donnell?"
At once light and color flashed back into her face. "Pat?" she cried. "Do you know him? Oh, where is he, Mr. Stern? Is he here in Juan-les-Pins?"
He shook his head. "We'll come to that later," he told her gently. "Now for the immediate business."
He pulled his wallet from the pocket of his bath-robe, extracted the one-cent piece, and laid it on the table between them, and at once she fumbled in the depths of her big blue satchel and produced its twin.
"I'll match you, Mr. Stern," she said with an attempt at a smile, but I saw that her lips were trembling. "My uncle gave these coins to my sister and me when we were little girls, as a reward for good conduct."
Hugo nodded slowly. "I'll match your story in turn," he said. "Your sister's coin was given to me by the waiter of a small café. It had been left there two days ago by a young lady calling herself Eve Monet. Miss Wills, does that name convey anything to you?"
She shook her head dumbly, her eyes turned suddenly to me. "I can't do it, Archie," he said harshly. "You must carry on."
I had no more liking than he for the task ahead, but to delay longer would be like leaving a dumb animal in torture. I leaned across the table and gripped her hands. "Miss Wills," I said, as gently as I could, "Eve Monet was the mannequin who was shot down by an unknown man at Palm Beach two nights ago, and we have reason to believe she was your sister."
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Tomorrow: Ottillie's story.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



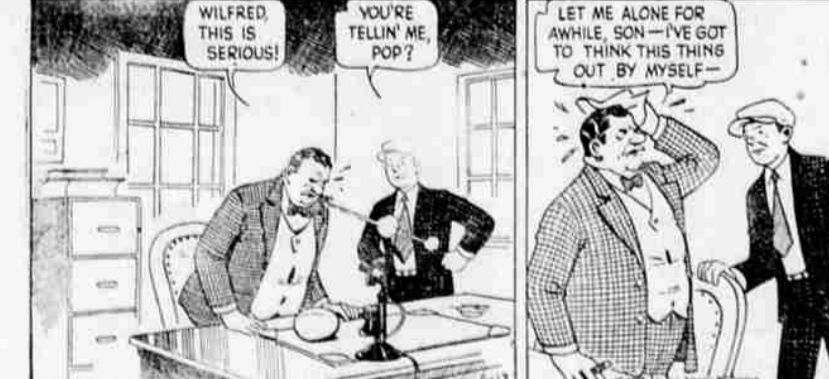
The Musical Explorer
"Drake, the Dragon," he was called by Spaniards, but Sir Francis had rhythm.
A bold navigator and a devil in a fight, Sir Francis, loved his music. So much, in fact, that he took along a whole orchestra when he sailed around the world in 1577-80. Drake had lost his fortune by backing an unsuccessful expedition of Sir John Hawkins against the Spaniards in 1567, and he decided that Spain should be taught a lesson.
In 1572 he began a private war against that country, sailing with three ships and 73 men to the Isthmus of Panama, where he captured two complete Spanish towns and considerable treasure. Then it was he earned the name of "The Dragon."
In 1577 he fitted out a small squadron of five vessels and started on his famous round-the-world voyage. Along the coasts of Peru and Chile he enjoyed himself sacking and burning Spanish towns.
On this trip Sir Francis thoughtfully took along a complete string orchestra; three years without music would not do. His expressed reason was "to astonish the savage tribes" he might encounter.
Again and again Drake sailed in expeditions against Spain, crippling that country's sea power in its own waters—a sport which he termed "singeing the King of Spain's beard." He sailed into Cadiz at one time and sank or burned 33 Spanish vessels, escaping unscathed.
Drake's life ended 1596 during his last expedition to the West Indies when he fell ill and died off Porto Bello, a town he had once burned.
Monday: How did the New York Giants get their name?

Strike Leaves Few Philadelphia Taxis
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Only a handful of taxicabs operated today in the nation's third largest city as 800 Yellow Cab company drivers on strike four weeks were joined by about 125 drivers of independent operators. This left but a few owner-driven cabs in operation. The men are demanding wage increases.
Jimmy Roosevelt Continues Improve
ROCHESTER, Minn., Sept. 17.—(AP)—The condition of James Roosevelt, the president's son, continued to improve today and his mother planned to leave this evening for Hyde Park, N. Y.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—(AP)—By proclamation of President Roosevelt September 25 will be Gold Star Mother's Day.
Lightweight picture hats for women and conventional styles for men are made from the net-like fibre found at the base of south Florida coconut trees.
The term Crocholoslovakia refers to two national groups of inhabitants, the Czechs and the Slovaks, both distinct branches of Slav origin.
Closing time for Too Late to Clarity Ads is 1:30 p. m.
Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Final Instructions!



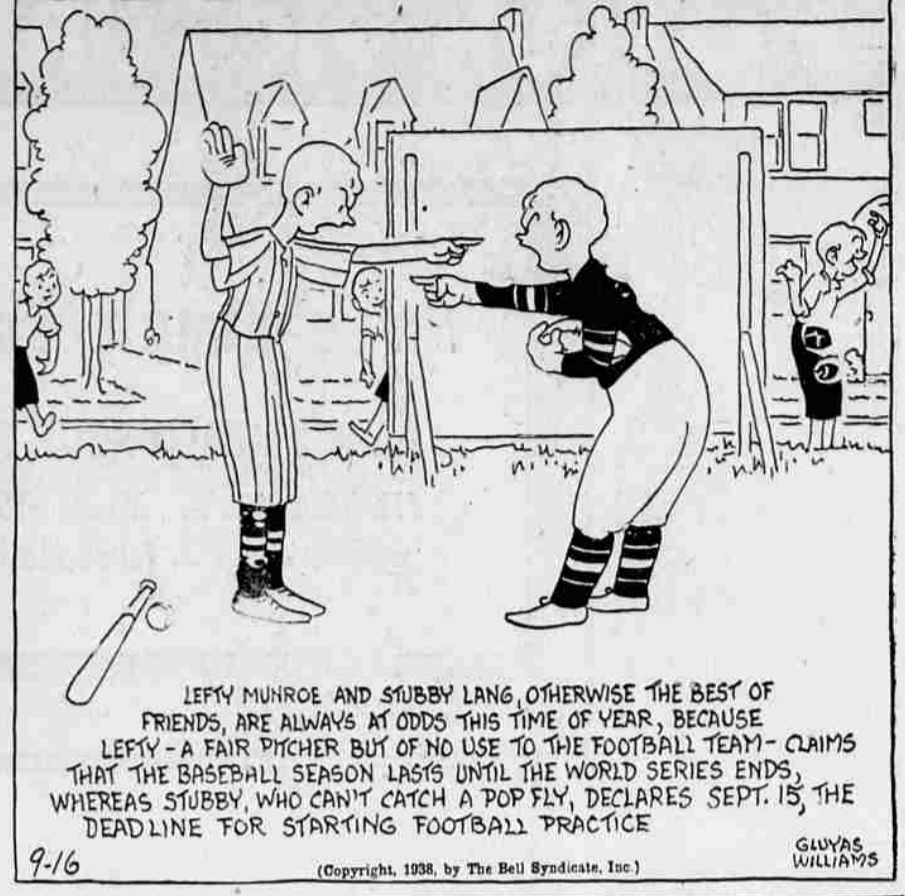
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Long Distance



THE NEBBES—The Wrong Letter



THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POI By O M PAYNE

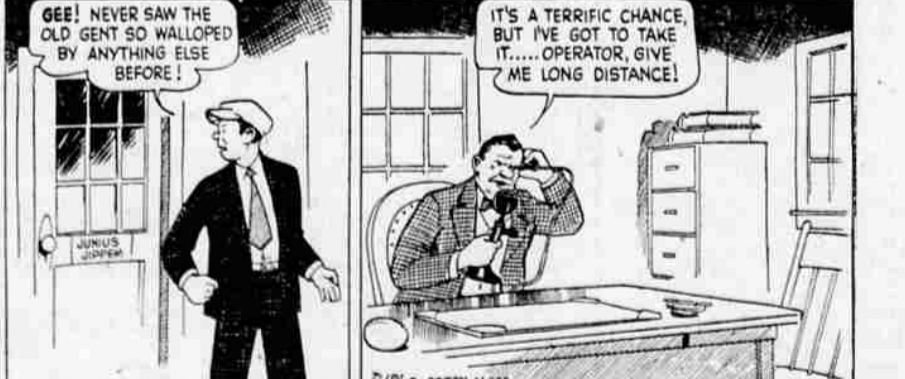


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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HERSH



Beef Thrower Sued For Heavy Damage

KLAMATH FALLS, Sept. 17.—(AP)—"Carelessly and negligently throwing a quarter of beef" at the plaintiff is the charge against J. A. Beeson in a \$50,000 damage suit filed by George Freid.

The incident, the complaint states, occurred in Chiloquin a year ago while Freid and Beeson were unloading a railway car. Freid claims the quarter of beef, weighing 170 pounds, knocked him to the ground, with the result that his back, right hip and pelvis were broken and he was permanently disabled.

CZECH EDITOR ARRESTED BY OFFICIALS OF VIENNA

VIENNA, Sept. 17.—(AP)—The managing editor of a Vienna Czech language newspaper and 13 other

Divorce Case Has Bitter Background

ALBANY, Sept. 17.—(AP)—Pooling ran so high between principals and their respective attorneys in a divorce case in circuit court here yesterday that officers stood bodily between the disputants.

Circuit Judge L. G. Lewelling awarded a divorce to Fannie H. Hills, Waterlook, from Charles Hills, gave her custody of two children and Hills of one.

Chief of Police Stellmachler said the village had taken sides in the dispute with the bitterness of a backwoods feud.

Beesha were arrested today on undisclosed charges.

The editor, Frederick Cepelka of the newspaper Videnski Noviny, also is secretary to the Czech minority in Vienna. Four of those arrested were later released.