

# THE CLOVE MOON

By MAX SALTmarsh

**The Characters**  
Hugo Stern, handsome author, living on the French Riviera.  
Archibald Lumsden, myself, Hugo's friend.  
Ottillie Willis, a beautiful American heiress.

Yesterday: The police (tipped off by Geiss) search the chateau, but Dunning saves me by taking the gun and Ege's letters. Later we tell Ottillie that the murdered girl was her sister.

## Chapter 17

### Ottillie's Story

"I KNEW IT," Ottillie said at last. "I knew it," she said at last. "I've been sure for a long time that something terrible would happen to her. That's why I was scared to ask you. Tell me about it, please."

And so I told her the story of Eve Monet's death, though with certain reservations for I did not speak of the letter, nor of the startling events of that morning and the part the ubiquitous Mr. Dunning had played in them. "I ought to warn you, though," I finished. "That the police here are convinced I had something to do with your sister's murder. You see, I can't give any reasonable explanation as to why she spoke to me."

She smiled at that, a pathetic little twist of the lips. "I could tell from the reason right off. There was a man that Melanie liked a lot—I guess she would have married him, only he was killed in an aeroplane crash last year—and you're the living image of him. She was in trouble of some sort, and she felt she could trust you."

She clinched her hands. "You're expecting me to do some weeping," she added, "but I've been steeling myself to face something of this sort, these last three months, and I won't crack up—not yet awhile." She looked from one to the other of us. "You've been so frank, and so wonderfully kind. I owe you some sort of explanation, and the best way is to tell you just how it happened. My sister, for the past year or so, had been acting as secretary to my uncle, and last February she complained of feeling poorly and arranged to go and stay with a school-friend in Santa Barbara. Six weeks passed, and her letters all said what a good time she was having and how she wasn't ready to come home yet awhile—and then one day I had a short note announcing her safe arrival. That was such a queer thing that I took a plane to California, and when I arrived I found she had never been to Santa Barbara at all. She'd left a lot of letters with her friends to be mailed at regular intervals—only, you see, the first one had got sort of misplaced."

Hugo was eyeing her closely, and even as he called a hovering waiter and ordered champagne cocktails, his gaze never left her face. "And the sequel?" he prompted. "Finding that your sister was not at Santa Barbara, what did you do then?"

"Why," she said uncertainly, "the obvious thing. I flew back to New York, told my uncle what had happened, and we started to try and find her. In his position it was easy for him to make private inquiries, and we soon discovered that she had sailed for Plymouth two days after she left home. She was traveling under her own name, and we traced her as far as London, but there—she spread out her hands—the trail was lost. My uncle asked Scotland Yard to help, and when they drew a blank we appealed to the Sureté, but the trouble was we couldn't risk a scandal, with my uncle's position. It all had to be done so secretly."

"Who Will Be Next?"

"AND just why," said Hugo quietly, "did you expect a scandal?"

"It was natural, wasn't it?" she retorted. "A young girl, the niece of a man like my uncle, leaves home for no reason, comes to Europe, vanishes! If I had had my way, I'd have let rip—tried all ways to find her—radio, the papers, everything—but my uncle couldn't think only of himself. He was putting through a big deal and he had to think of his business associates."

"And what did the Sureté do?" I asked.

"The Sureté," she answered, "after six months, reported that they had a clue. An unnamed girl, answering to my sister's description, had been seen at Dezeville with a man called Vladimir Rakovsky, but they lost track of them both, and when they found him again, in Italy, he was alone and denied ever having seen her. It was then that my uncle decided to send Pat O'Donnell across to look for her. We had known him a long time. He was working for the agency whose head was a friend of ours. He was kind and trustworthy."

She broke off and sipped thirstily at her cocktail. "I should have explained," she went on, "that last fall my uncle decided to come to the Riviera this summer for a short vacation. He had engaged rooms for us all at Cap d'Antibes, and we were to have sailed the first week in August; but then we suddenly got a cable from Pat, saying: 'On the trail. Come at once, and we came a week earlier than we had meant. We got here two days ago and have been waiting news from him ever since. I

can't think"—her lip suddenly trembled—"why he doesn't get in touch with us."

"Ottillie," I said hurriedly, "you've taken a big knock—now you must face a lesser one. O'Donnell was the second man to leave the casino last night. He was shot down trying to catch your sister's murderer."

She gasped, and every atom of color drained from her face. "Pat too?" she said tensely. "First Melanie, then him. Who will be the next?"

"To answer that," said Hugo quietly, "it would be a considerable help if you would explain just why your sister left home and what you know of the three men she was associating with."

For an instant she was silent, obviously fighting for self-control; then she looked up at him calmly. "I don't understand you," she said. "I've told you how it happened. I can't do more."

Hugo stood up abruptly. "In that case," he said, and though his voice was level I could hear that he was very angry, "there's no more to be said. If you will tell me where you left your car, I will bring it round for you. You know," he added reflectively, "you are a very foolish young woman. You have no reason to distrust me. You know who I am, and I have kept very little back from you."

She caught him up quickly. "Then you have kept something back?"

"Certainly," he answered gravely. "And I am very glad of it, for you shall now use that something to bargain with you. Miss Willis, we are no disinterested spectators. We are both of us, my friend and I, as deeply involved as you are—ne because your sister came to him for help, and I because I know O'Donnell. But if you refuse to put your cards on the table, I certainly see no reason why we should tell you the contents of your sister's letter."

Reunion

"LETTER!" she cried. "What letter?"

"The letter she wrote to Lumsden here, shortly before her death, but which he only received yesterday afternoon. There are some queer items of information in it. She speaks of something 'they' propose to do to a mysterious 'he' and warns this unknown 'he' not to persuade him to go back home. He broke off, eyeing her keenly. "Does that date interest you, Miss Willis, and the other details that I haven't mentioned?"

She stared up at him, wide-eyed, piteous. "I can't fight any longer," she said wildly. "I must see that letter. I'll tell you everything."

"But not just yet," I put in quickly. From where I sat, I faced the promenade, and at that moment I had seen, and noted its way through the pine boles towards us, a squat, podgy figure in white trousers and a lavender shirt—"Baron Stahl" on the way to break up the party."

She caught her breath at that, but before she had time to speak the fat man stood beside our table, a most unpleasant smile creasing his swarthy face. "Miss Willis," he said, and bowed jerkily. "I am so happy that I find you! Your uncle, he is so disturbed! He looks everywhere for you—he not find you nowhere, he ask everyone in the hotel. You come back with me now—no?"

Hugo turned slowly and faced the other.

"Baron," he said softly, "you arrive in the nick of time. Miss Willis has just accepted an invitation to have tea with my sister at our villa in Cannes, and we were debating how to let her uncle know her whereabouts. If you will give him a message we shall be most grateful."

Ottillie Willis was very silent as I drove her back to Cannes in her long, white roadster. Hugo kept the Hispano a comfortable twenty yards ahead of us, and from time to time I saw her eyes resting on the back of his head with a curious, reflective scrutiny.

"I asked you to take me along," she confided, "because I don't dare to be alone at the moment. Besides, I find that friend of yours a trifle terrifying. He's brilliant, of course, and terribly good-looking, but there's something relentless about him. When we're talking, I feel that I've got to be fighting the whole time to hold my own."

I, too, had the feeling that between her and Hugo a spiritual battle was imminent, the clash of two dominating personalities.

At the gates of the Chateau stood open. As we crossed the hall the sound of voices drifted from the living-room and my heart sank, for that resonant bass could come from only one jarynx that I knew, and I did not fancy that Hugo was at all in the mood for another encounter with Mr. Dunning.

Sure enough, as I opened the door, the gentleman himself came into view, reclining as before in Hugo's favorite chair, with Ada, primly upright on her tabouret, beside him.

"Well, Mr. Stern," he drawled, in his big, booming voice, "the wanderer has returned as you see."

He broke off, staring, and in that moment there was a sudden movement beside me.

"Cuthbert!" cried Ottillie Willis, "Cuthbert, have you heard what they've done to her?" and in a flash she was across the room and had thrown herself into his arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

(Copyright 1938 Max Saltmarsh)

Tomorrow: We make a bargain.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**DR. W. F. CARVER--**  
Famous "Wild West" sharpshooter  
BROKE 60,000 GLASS-BALL PIGEONS  
IN 6 DAYS SHOOTING!  
-1870's-

"MY! THEY'RE ALL GIANTS!"  
PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON UNWITTINGLY NAMED THE NEW YORK GIANTS WITH THIS COMMENT, ON SEEING THEM PLAY AT WASHINGTON... THE NAME STUCK... -1890's-

**"Dead Eye" Carver**  
Wild pigeons, in the 1870's, were beginning to make their disappearance throughout North America. The scarcity resulted in agitation against pigeon shooting as a sport. Consequently, artificial birds were manufactured to satisfy the needs of such sharpshooters as Dr. W. F. Carver, of New Haven, Connecticut, who advertised himself as "World Champion Rifle Shot."  
Another of the early target gunners to adopt the new, artificial pheasant, was Captain Adam Bogardus, who broke 1,000 of them in one hour 41 minutes in an exhibition in New York in March, 1877. Carver rose to the height of sportsmanship and challenged Bogardus to one of history's strangest shooting matches. He wanted to break 10,000 balls a day for six days straight. Bogardus evidently thought this was too much; he declined "Doc" Carver's offer. Carver, however, went ahead and turned the trick. Sixty thousand glass balls shattered before the blast of his shotgun in six consecutive days—six! Carver's shoulder was black and blue for days. Giants Named  
Strange as it seems, a President named a baseball club—the New York Giants. When the New York club visited Washington in the 1890's, President Benjamin Harrison was on hand to greet the men. Awed by their size, Harrison exclaimed, "My! They're all Giants! Since that date the team has been known as the Giants. Tomorrow: Do polar bears live at both poles?"

**THE BEETLE FAMILY--**  
(Coleoptera)  
CONTAINS 180,000 KNOWN SPECIES...  
"Dead Eye" Carver  
Wild pigeons, in the 1870's, were beginning to make their disappearance throughout North America. The scarcity resulted in agitation against pigeon shooting as a sport. Consequently, artificial birds were manufactured to satisfy the needs of such sharpshooters as Dr. W. F. Carver, of New Haven, Connecticut, who advertised himself as "World Champion Rifle Shot."  
Another of the early target gunners to adopt the new, artificial pheasant, was Captain Adam Bogardus, who broke 1,000 of them in one hour 41 minutes in an exhibition in New York in March, 1877. Carver rose to the height of sportsmanship and challenged Bogardus to one of history's strangest shooting matches. He wanted to break 10,000 balls a day for six days straight. Bogardus evidently thought this was too much; he declined "Doc" Carver's offer. Carver, however, went ahead and turned the trick. Sixty thousand glass balls shattered before the blast of his shotgun in six consecutive days—six! Carver's shoulder was black and blue for days. Giants Named  
Strange as it seems, a President named a baseball club—the New York Giants. When the New York club visited Washington in the 1890's, President Benjamin Harrison was on hand to greet the men. Awed by their size, Harrison exclaimed, "My! They're all Giants! Since that date the team has been known as the Giants. Tomorrow: Do polar bears live at both poles?"

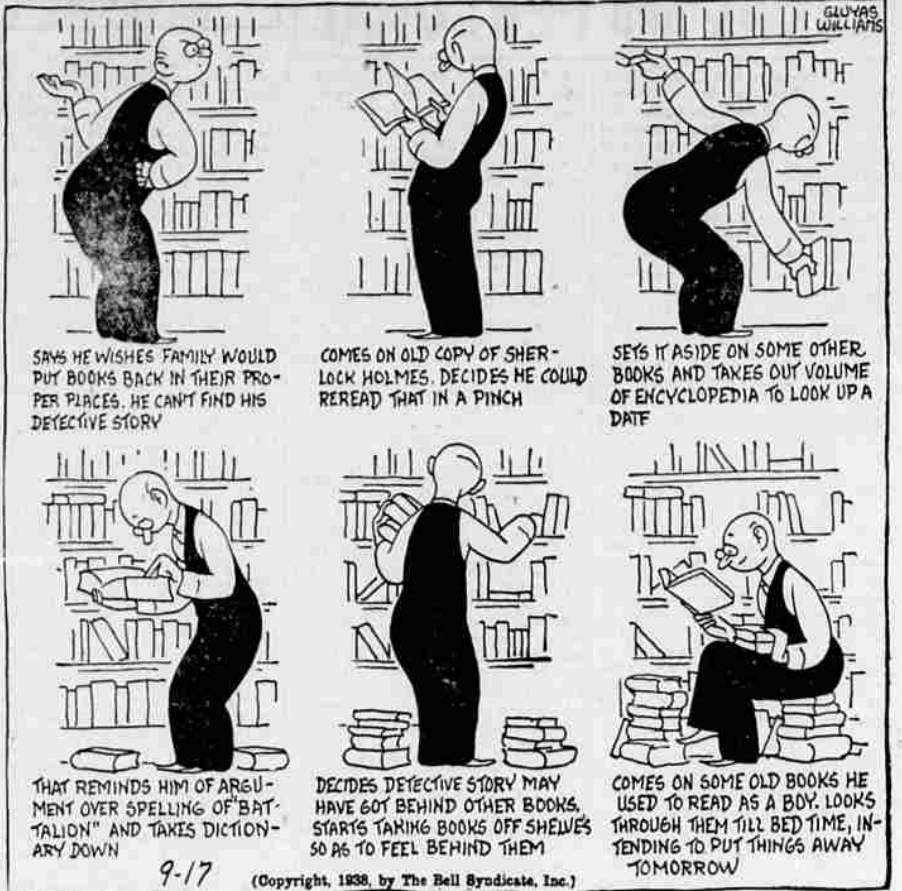
**RESUME BUILDING OUTDOOR TOILETS**  
The works progress administration office here today announced resumption of the construction of sanitary outdoor toilets in Jackson and Joseph counties where the flush type of toilet is not available. The project is being supervised by I. D. Compton.  
All labor is provided without cost in the erection of the sanitary toilets. The resident pays only for the materials. The materials are purchased at local lumber yards through the WPA and because of quantity, standardized purchases the cost is somewhat lower than would be the case if individual residents bought the materials themselves, Mr. Compton said. Average cost per unit is about \$23 to the home or farm owner, he stated.  
Anyone interested may make arrangements for the installation by telephoning Mr. Compton or C. D. Fies, resident engineer, at the WPA office here, Medford 1253.  
New Quiz Loans  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—(UP)—Officials of the joint congressional monopoly committee predicted tonight one of the highlights of the coming economic investigation would be an inquiry into the lagging construction industry.  
Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Happy Days!**  
MEANTIME, THE MONEY IS ROLLING IN ON BENI SALES ARE MOUNTING DAILY, BOTH IN EGGS AND NOW CHICKENS, ALSO—TWO BOYS, WITH THEIR GIANT PRODUCTS AND LOW PRICES, CONTROL THE TOWN'S POULTRY AND EGG BUSINESS—BUT STILL NO WORD FROM THE JIPPERS!  
RECKON IT'S MY TURN TO GO TO TOWN TODAY RUSTY—  
I'VE GOT TO DEPOSIT THIS MONEY IN THE BANK—  
YES, YES! GO ON—  
AND IN YOUR ABSENCE SIR, I SHALL ATTEND TO AFFAIRS HEAH!  
OKAY CRACKPOT! COME ON, BRIARSLIE!  
GEE, IF WE KEEP PILIN' UP THE DOUGH MAYBE I'LL GO HIGH HAT. I'LL CALL MYSELF ALGERNON MCGURK STEAD OF JUST RUSTY!

**THE NEBBS—You Made the Night Too Long**  
I NEVER KNEW THE NIGHT COULD BE SO MISERABLE AND LONG—I USED TO HOP INTO BED AND SAY, "NOW I LAY ME DOWN," AND THE MORNING CAME ALL TOO SOON  
NOW I CAN'T SLEEP—I CAN'T FIND A COOL SPOT ON MY PILLOW—I'VE GOT IT ROLLING AROUND LIKE A MILL WHEEL—NELLIE, WRITE ME A NICE LETTER SO I GET IT SOON!!  
I REMEMBER WHEN I USED TO GET MAD AT THE SUN FOR WAKING ME UP—NOW THE NIGHTS ARE SO LONG!!

## BOOK SHELVES

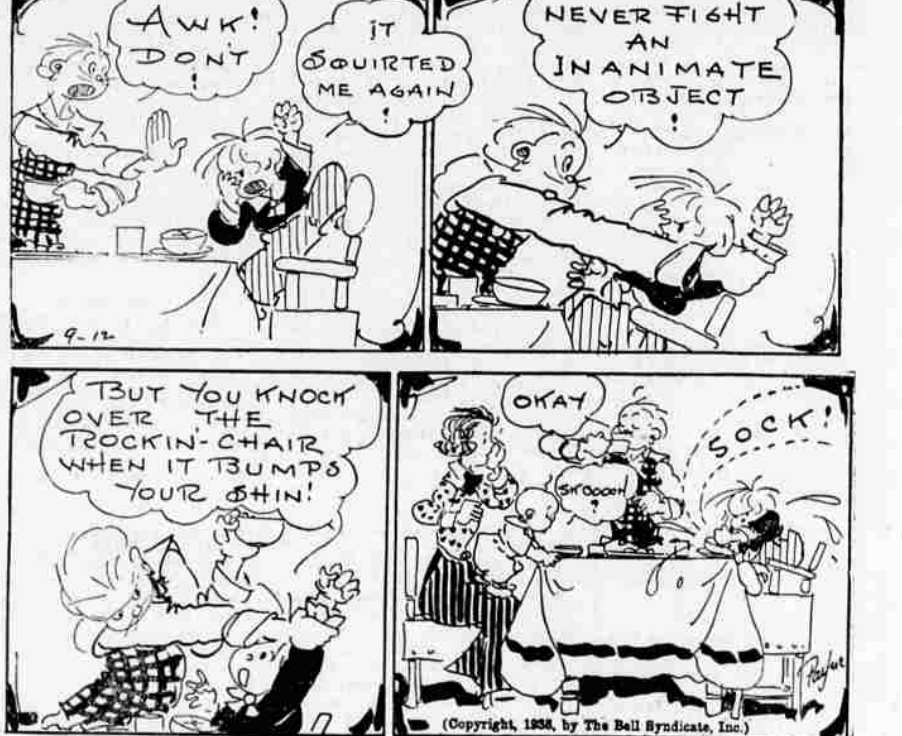
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THAT REMINDS HIM OF ARGUMENT OVER SPELLING OF "BATTALION" AND TAKES DICTIONARY DOWN  
DECIDES DETECTIVE STORY MAY HAVE GOT BEHIND OTHER BOOKS, STARTS TAKING BOOKS OFF SHELVES SO AS TO FEEL BEHIND THEM  
COMES ON SOME OLD BOOKS HE USED TO READ AS A BOY, LOOKS THROUGH THEM TILL BED TIME, INTENDING TO PUT THINGS AWAY TOMORROW  
9-17 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## S'MATTER POT

By C M PAYNE



9-12 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



9-13 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



9-16 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



9-16 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## STATE A.F.L. ASKS FAIR DEAL PACT

PORTLAND, Sept. 18.—(AP)—The State Federation of Labor advised all groups to join today in a "saner program of fair dealing" to encourage industrial peace.  
A statement issued by the executive board through D. E. Nickerson, who succeeded the late Ben T. Osborne as executive secretary, invited other in-

terests to confer on a program for economic stability.  
"No group can long prosper at the expense of other groups or at the expense of the general public," the state read.  
"Agriculture, industry and commerce should be meshed into a smooth-running machine in which each element performs its part. This condition can be achieved only by each group adopting an attitude of mutual understanding and a willingness to consider the rights and claims of other groups."  
"Labor stands committed to a policy of negotiation and consultation before resort to any act which may interrupt the free motion of the economic and industrial machine."

## By HAL FORREST



9-13 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



9-16 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



9-16 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)