

THE CLOUTIER

By MAX SALTMARSH

The Characters
Hugo Stern, handsome author, living on the French Riviera.
Archie Lumsden, myself, his friend.
Ottile Willis, beautiful American heiress.

Yesterday, to prevent the murder of Virgile Willis, I plan a campaign. Hugo will investigate the word "Amour," from the dead girl's letter; I'm to investigate the Château la Vague, and Dunning will keep an eye on Geiss and two of his lieutenants in crime.

Chapter 21

The Château La Vague

THE "ea-party" drew to a close. At last, as the shadow of the cork tree lengthened on the terrace and a welcome breeze came up from the sea, Ottile stood up to go.

"Come along, Cuthbert," said she, "I'll give you a lift back to the hotel."

Dunning shook his head. "No, honey," he answered. "I mustn't be seen around with you, and I'd be glad if, when you shift to the Carlton, you would kindly warn your uncle that my face, to him, is a virgin country, without a recognizable landmark."

He took his lumbering way across the terrace, and a moment later Hugo and I escorted the girl to her car. She was still flushed and resentful, but as she settled in the driver's seat, a sudden, impish gleam flashed in her eye.

"Goodbye, Mr. Stern!" she said, offering him a hand which he accepted with extreme reluctance.

"You've taught me my place—I'll stay home, and sit on my eggs, but I won't promise what I'll hatch out of them."

The big white car shot away down the driveway, and I turned to Hugo. "Well," I inquired, "do you make of young America?"

"I think," said he, choosing his words deliberately, "that she is a very remarkable young woman. And with that he turned on his heel, and marched into the house."

I strolled off to do my packing; but as I passed the living-room, Hugo hailed me. "You're not going before dinner," said he. "Man, if you're right, and that woman suspects you, you're dead to think of eating in the hotel. You'll be finding chopped bamboo in your breakfast cereal. Live there, if you must, but take your meals here."

"I'll certainly be glad to do that after tonight," I told him, "but one dinner I must sit through down there. I've got to check over my fellow-guests."

He grunted. "Well, at least take one bag with you and leave the rest of your traps here. You may have to clear out in a hurry."

That was sound common sense, and accordingly I threw my shaving-ladle and a few garments into a suitcase, heaved it up and myself into the Hispano, and let him drive me down to the hotel. He left me at the gates, and I crossed the gravelled sweep and pushed open the big glass doors.

I found myself in a wide, tiled vestibule, running straight across the house to more glass doors, through which I glimpsed a broad terrace. To the right, through lofty arches, I saw a big sitting-hall, richly and soberly furnished, and I entered, from behind an office counter on the left there rose a dapper young man in a white coat that I took to be the chauffeur, who inquired, politely: "C'est Monsieur Loomisden, non? Your room awaits you," he added. "One moment, please!"

He touched a bell, and next instant a big, burly, aproned fellow in blue overalls appeared, possessed himself of my bag and led me up a broad staircase to another tiled corridor that seemed to run the whole length of the house. The place was cool and dignified. It might, from the look of it, have been the private house of some aristocratic but impoverished family, and for a moment a cold fear gripped me, for I felt convinced that I was following a wild-goose chase. But the Club des Sans Clubs met here; Geiss's strange visitor was the housekeeper, and furthermore she had undoubtedly recognized my name.

My room was small and bare, but adequately furnished, and I dressed in a hurry, to the extent of a clean white shirt and linen coat, and went down to dinner. The dining-room was long and lofty. The food was excellent. My fellow-guests offered no food for the imagination, for they consisted of a dozen stolid, middle-class French families. As I looked down the long, shadowed room I was conscious again of a profound misgiving. Suppose I had ridiculously overstepped myself in imagining that something of importance lay hidden here; suppose I was wasting my time while the real heart of the mystery lay snugly concealed miles away?

Disordered Imagination?
TWICE I saw the housekeeper pass across the corridor, and once she came inside the room and stood for a moment, watching the service; but she never looked my way. I was completely convinced that Jean-François's story had been the result of a disordered imagination.

The meal drew to a close and I stepped out on the terrace and lit a cigarette. A middle-aged, portly Frenchman in white shirt and loose alpaca trousers paused beside me.

"tained unusual intensity," they explained.

R. Hanson Weightman, veteran meteorologist, said hurricanes usually lose most of their swirling intensity and move at a comparatively slow pace as they sweep northward.

Weightman said this storm apparently jumped from Hatteras, N. C., into New England in about 12 hours. Ordinarily such a disturbance progresses at a rate of about 15 miles an hour but this one, the meteorologist said, traveled "unusually fast."

The storm had been charted by the weather bureau for several days. At one time it was headed for the southeast coast. Later it turned turned northward and there was hope for a little most of the force of its

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—(AP)—Weather bureau officials said today the death-dealing storm which battered the northeastern coasting last night was more or less a meteorological freak.

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GALE THAT RAKED EAST COAST HELD WEATHER MISCHIEF

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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.



LEONARD EULER, BLIND 18th-century mathematician and astronomer, WON TWO AWARDS FROM THE PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES FOR A THEORY OF THE MOON'S MOTION!



LIVING COWCATCHERS-- 25 SHEEP DOGS ARE EMPLOYED BY ENGLAND'S GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY TO KEEP LIVE STOCK OFF THE TRACKS!

AGONY WAS ORIGINALLY A GREEK ATHLETIC CONTEST! (From the Greek, "AGONIA")

DUMMERSTON, Vermont, USED THE WRONG NAME FOR 184 YEARS! ORIGINALLY CHARTERED AS "FULLAM," IN 1753, THE NAME DUMMERSTON WAS ASSUMED BUT NOT CONFIRMED UNTIL 1937...



9-23-38

Town of False Name

Strange as it seems, citizens of Dummerston, Vermont, called their town by the wrong name for 184 years.

In the year 1753 the New England town was chartered under the official name of "Fullam," but for some strange reason that name was never used thereafter.

However, citizens of the town still referred to it as Dummerston, without going to the trouble of changing the name officially. Not until 1937—184 years after the town's first charter was granted—did the Legis-

lature confirm the name of Dummerston.

Leonard Euler, noted mathematician and scientist, lost his eyesight in his 50th year while a professor of mathematics at St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1766.

After the loss of his sight he won two prizes, in 1770 and 1772 offered by the Paris Academy of Sciences for a more perfect theory of the moon.

During the years of darkness he also wrote, "A New Theory of the

Live Cowcatchers

The Great Western Railway of Great Britain has on its payroll 25 sheep dogs.

Unusually intelligent, they are employed to keep the tracks clear of sheep or cattle that might wander onto the right-of-way. Several of the dogs in this company's service have as many as nine years to their credit.

cago debutante, shortly after noon today after an "elopement" flight from Chicago.

The simple ceremony was performed by Superior Judge Fred Witt at his home with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Crosby as attendants. Ted is an older brother.

The orchestra leader said he and his bride would have to return to Chicago, tonight by Northwest Airlines plane "to get back to the job."

Closing time for 10a Late to Classy Ads is 1:30 p. m.

CROONER'S KIN IS FINALLY WEDDED

SPOKANE, Sept. 23.—(AP)—Back in his boyhood home town, Bob Crosby, prominent swing band leader and brother of crooner Bing Crosby, married Miss Jane Audrey Kuhn, Chi-

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Aerial Murder!



AS SHOOT, FLYING THE COMET AND ALREADY THE LEAD, DELIBERATELY DROVE HIS SHIP IN FRONT OF THE JUPITER. AS THE SPEED PLANES REACHED THE PALMS PYLON, THE OTHER CRAFT WAVED AND TILTED CRAZILY IN THE BACK-WASH OF THE COMET. AS ITS PILOT FOUGHT LIKE A MADMAN TO REGAIN CONTROL, THE SILVER STREAK HAD TO RULL UP SHARPLY, GIVING TOMMY A WIDE MARGIN FOR 3RD PLACE.

THAT'S COULD BLOODED MURDER!

BUT THE PILOT OF THE JUPITER IS UNABLE TO BRING HIS SHIP UNDER CONTROL, AS IT SKIDS TOWARD THE GROUND, AND...

9-17

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Serious Stuff!



SSST, BEN! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME! AND AM I IN A JAM?

WHAT'S WRONG, RUSTY?

...N'THE GOV'MENT'S AFTER US! THE GUY'S IN THE HOUSE NOW—WANTS TO KNOW OUR METHODS IN RAISIN' GIANT TURKEYS, CHICKENS N' EGGS—WAIT, I GOT HIS CARD—

WHEW! PROF. A.A. ADIT, EH? DID YOU TELL HIM ANYTHING?

I TOLD HIM NOTHIN'!

WELL, LET'S GO IN AND SEE HIM—GEE, THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS, RUSTY—

I KNOW IT, BUT WHAT'S THE GOV'MENT PICKIN' ON US FOR?

THE NEBBES—Heavy-hearted Steve



AND TO THINK UNTIL I MET NELLIE I DIDN'T CARE FOR ANYBODY...

MR. NEBB... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

I KNOW YOUR BROTHER AND YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU COME OVER TO THE HOUSE SOMETIME

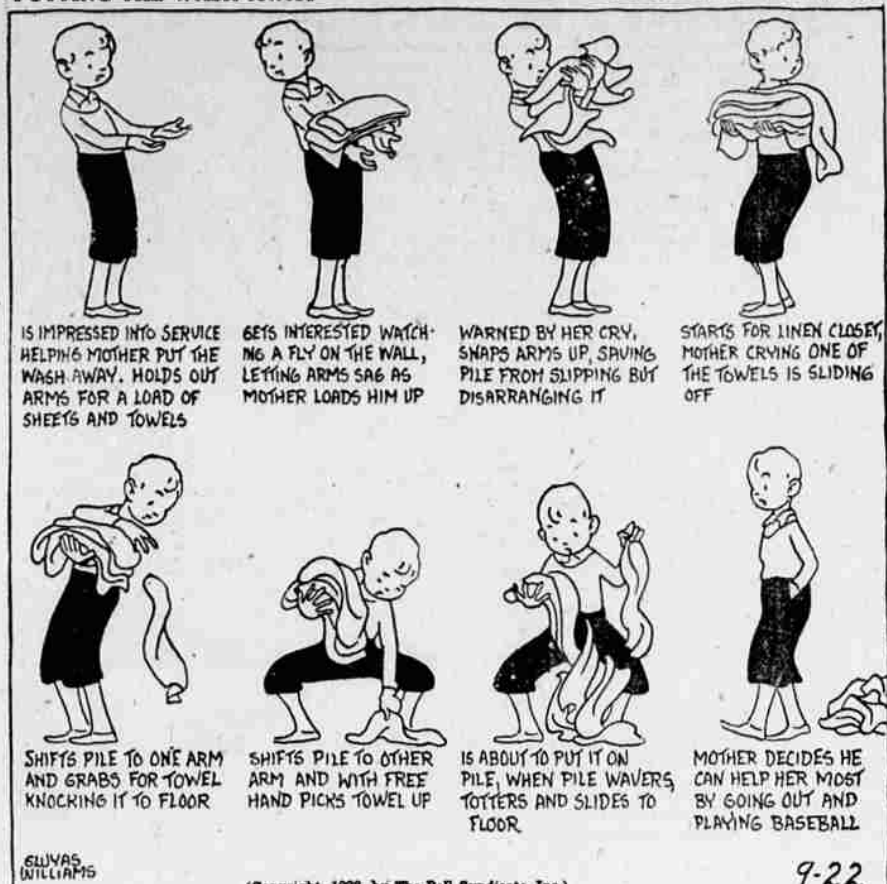
HOW ABOUT A CHICKEN DUMPLING DINNER?

LADY, THERE'S NOTHING YOU COULD OFFER ME MORE UNINTERESTING THAN FOOD... I'VE GOT LOVE INDIGESTION

9-21

PUTTING THE WASH AWAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS IMPRESSED INTO SERVICE HELPING MOTHER PUT THE WASH AWAY. HOLDS OUT ARMS FOR A LOAD OF SHEETS AND TOWELS

GETS INTERESTED WATCHING A FLY ON THE WALL, LETTING ARMS SAG AS MOTHER LOADS HIM UP

WARNED BY HER CRY, SNAPS ARMS UP, SAVING PILE FROM SLIPPING BUT DISARRANGING IT

STARTS FOR LINEN CLOSET, MOTHER CRYING ONE OF THE TOWELS IS SLIDING OFF

SHIFTS PILE TO ONE ARM AND GRABS FOR TOWEL KNOCKING IT TO FLOOR

SHIFTS PILE TO OTHER ARM AND WITH FREE HAND PICKS TOWEL UP

IS ABOUT TO PUT IT ON PILE, WHEN PILE WAVERS TOTTERS AND SLIDES TO FLOOR

MOTHER DECIDES HE CAN HELP HER MOST BY GOING OUT AND PLAYING BASEBALL

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9-22

S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



WHAT'S THAT?

OH-TI, YA MEAN THAT? OH-H, THAT'S A HAYSTACK!

9-16

WHEE! LET'S GO BACK AN' GET A NEEDLE AN' HAVE SOME FUN!

OKAY!

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By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBES—Heavy-hearted Steve



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I KNOW YOUR BROTHER AND YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU COME OVER TO THE HOUSE SOMETIME

HOW ABOUT A CHICKEN DUMPLING DINNER?

LADY, THERE'S NOTHING YOU COULD OFFER ME MORE UNINTERESTING THAN FOOD... I'VE GOT LOVE INDIGESTION

9-21

By SOL HESS