

THE CLOUDED MOON

By MAX SALTMARSH

The Characters
Hugo Stern, handsome author, living on the French Riviera.
Archibald Lumsden, myself, his friend.
René Geiss, head of a murder conspiracy.

Yesterday: The jupe acquits me of complicity in the crimes, and learns that I suspect Geiss. Fleuriot asks to talk to me.

Chapter 34 Mr. Noah More

FLEURIOT was waiting for me outside the police station in his small, battered Renault.
"May I return to the chalet?" I asked him, "after I pick up my things at the hotel?"
"Assuredly," said he politely. "Although, in view of the valuable evidence you can give, I trust you are not thinking of leaving Cannes for the present?"
"Not until this business is finally cleared up," I assured him.
"Monsieur Lumsden, that last remark of yours appears to argue a special interest in the case—an interest that I cannot feel to be wholly impersonal."
"Perhaps you're right," I agreed reluctantly.
"You do not wish, perhaps, to discuss your reasons for such an interest? Well, I will respect your reticence. I will ask no questions—save this one, and here I speak not as a police official but as man to man. Monsieur Lumsden, ignoring the two earlier crimes and considering only the last one—if you were in my position, knowing what I know and nothing more—whom would you suspect of the murder of Monsieur Verner?"
"I think," I said slowly, "that I'd keep a pretty close eye on the chauffeur."

He drew a deep breath. "I fancy," he commented dryly, "that the sooner we arrive at the Château la Vague, the better."
It was a bare minute later that we pulled up at the gates, but though it was not yet nine o'clock, the big house was completely dark. The man from Marseille strode to the office counter and rang the bell, and a moment later the housekeeper appeared.
"The chauffeur, mademoiselle," Fleuriot said abruptly. "Have the goodness to call him. I wish for a word with him."

She started at that. "I am sorry, but he is not here. With the guests gone, there was no more work for him. I paid him his wages and he left this evening."
"You let him go?" he echoed. "And where to, may one ask? What address did he leave with you?"
She shrugged expressively. "He left no address. Why should he, and why should I ask for one? He had only been here a day, and the jupe d'instruction had already questioned him. He," and she flashed a vicious glance at me, "he was not suspect!"
"So, he was not suspect?" Fleuriot snarled back at her. "That is enchanting! And you, one supposes, mademoiselle, are not suspect either?" He swung round on me. "Monsieur Lumsden, I had intended to conduct you to the chalet, but I regret that is now impossible. I have too much to attend to."

"Don't worry about me," I told him. "I'll pack my bag and walk!" I did as I had said, but though it was a short enough way and the bag was light, I was uncommonly glad to see the chalet gates loom up beside me in the dusk. There was a family party assembled on the terrace, Ada and Dunning sitting side by side under the cork tree, and Hugo leaning over the balustrade.
The big dog, Lulu, lay at his feet, but at sight of me he rose and came across the terrace to meet me, wagging his tail, and as he did so Hugo hailed me with a joyful shout. Next minute there were all around me, welcoming, questioning, but after one look at me, Hugo caught me by the arm and dragged me to my room.
"It's bed for you, my lad," said he grimly, and shortly I was reclining comfortably on my narrow couch, a supper tray on my knees, with Hugo and Dunning sitting on either side, and Ada, wide-eyed and breathless, leaning by the window, while I told my story between mouthfuls.

The Belgian Yacht
"I'M STILL waiting to hear what's happened to both of you," I ended.
Hugo sighed. "Nothing from my end," said he.
"I haven't broken such a lot of ice either," said Dunning. "Beyond seeing that I am not a lovebird, Geiss, Stahl, and Rakovsky haven't been up to any tricks. I've done nothing. Stahl has spent his time drinking on the Carlton terrace. Rakovsky hasn't stirred a foot outside his villa garden and Geiss, this morning moved over bag and baggage to join him. Apart from your valuable efforts, any credit for recent sleuthing goes to our young friend Jean-François. First and foremost, he has located the yacht."
I exclaimed at that. "The deuce he has!" and he nodded solemnly.
"She arrived in the harbor late last night, a seagoing boat, by name the *Rendezvous* sailing under the Belgian flag and carrying a crew of six; and her owner, strangely enough, is the hardy

mariner Baron Stahl. But the boy did more than locate her. He discovered that she was short of a cabin steward, and he got himself signed on the job. The engineer has orders to keep stern up, and the la" tells me the staterooms are all ready for occupation and there are sufficient victuals for a longish voyage."

I whistled. "Planning a getaway, in case things go wrong?" I suggested, and he nodded.
"Precisely," said he, "but with Jean-François aboard, we shall get full and due warning. The boy has maintained contact with his friends at Geiss's—or rather did until last night."
He broke off to chuckle. "What happened was partly my fault," he confessed. "I sent a man along to make a few inquiries at the villa. My man represented himself to be a traveling salesman for sewing-machines, but unluckily at one period in his career he had been an agent of the *Sûreté*, and the precious pair recognized him. They fancied the police were on their tracks again, and last night they folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away, so that our dear friend René is now without a domestic staff, which is, I take it, why he has shifted himself across the frontier."

"A pity," I said.
"A pity in one way," he agreed, "but in another not without its brighter side, for the villa is now untenanted, and we'll never succeed in pinning the guilt on Mr. René Geiss until we've located the gun with which he shot poor Pat."
As they were leaving, Hugo said, "Stay where you are until you're rested. Tomorrow I'm going to try and find that *Amourie*, whatever it may be."

Ride In A Bus
ALL next day I followed Hugo's advice and dozed comfortably. At suppertime, Hugo telephoned. "No one seems to have heard of *Amourie* said he, and I've been over the coast with a fine tooth comb. If you take a bus down at nine thirty, I'll meet you for a drink at that big café in the Allées de la Liberté."

At ten minute past nine I was on the corner of the road hailing a passing bus. It was packed to the brim. I climbed the little step, wedged myself inside, and felt the door graze my back as it shut. Next minute we were off again on a wildly zigzagging course along a narrow cobbled street, when a man behind me pushed me rudely to one side, caught the door-lever, and threw it over, and at the same moment I felt an almighty shove, like the thrust of someone's knee.

In the small of my back. We were shifting round a house with a sharp angle as sharp as a knife-edge, and even as I pitched forward and outward, I seemed to hear the crack my head would give as it hit the wall; but as I fell, someone caught me by the leather belt about my middle and dragged me back in the very nick of time, and at the same moment the bus pulled up with a screaming of brakes.
The driver thrust his head round a couple of passengers and let out a very pretty flood of profanity. "Who is the madman who did that?"
I turned, for I had an even greater curiosity to see the individual who had so nearly precipitated me into eternity, and found myself staring into a vacant, dust-coloured face.

"Well," I said bitterly, "you nearly pulled it off that time. Mr. Noah More!" and saw his eyes travel slowly round to me, as if he found it difficult to focus them.
"You know me?" he said. "That is, of course, not my real name, but it is strange, all the same, that you should know it."
His gaze wandered, and he brought it back to my face with a visible effort. "I am sorry this has happened," he said vaguely. "I assure you it was not intentional on my part—I merely wished to get out."

Next minute he was in the roadway, hastening, with his queer shuffling tread, up a side-street. The driver swung the door to and I stepped out, my forehead significantly "Imbecile!" said he, and out down his foot on the gas, but as he did so, a voice spoke from behind me.
"Not an imbecile!" it said, speaking in English, but with the gentle singsong of the Levant.

I turned and saw, standing just behind me, one of the innumerable Arab carpet-sellers of the Riviera, a dark-skinned, gentle-eyed creature, in crimson fez and flowing draperies, his gaudy merchandise piled on one arm.
"Was it you who pulled me back?" I asked, a conscience-stricken because, in the flurry of the moment, I had forgotten to look for the man who had undoubtedly saved my life.
He nodded slowly and raised his lips to my ear. "Monsieur Dunning will be glad to hear it," he whispered with the ghost of a smile, and next moment, with a fine flourish he pulled up at the terminus by the town hall. As I scrambled out, I paused to look for him, but all I saw was a flutter of white draperies disappearing under the shadowy lime trees, and I turned my steps rather thoughtfully towards the Allées de la Liberté.

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Tomorrow: More conspirators.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



RUTH WATANABE, 20, U.S.C. Japanese student, RECEIVED ALL A's FOR 11 SEMESTERS! AT THE SAME TIME SHE GAVE 24 MUSIC LESSONS EACH WEEK AND HELPED OUT IN HER FATHER'S STORE...



VILLAGE OF THE DEAD-- NORTH STONINGTON, Conn., WITH A POPULATION OF ONLY 600-- HAS 98 CEMETERIES!



THE IRON HORSE! GILDER-- WON 4 RACES IN A SINGLE DAY! (August 14, 1901, Nurwillumbah Course, New South Wales, Australia) NO OTHER RACE HORSE EVER ACHIEVED THIS FEAT...

The Iron Horse
A record unparalleled in the history of horseracing is that set by Gilder, an Australian horse, in winning four races in a single day. The event took place August 14, 1901, at the Nurwillumbah Course, New South Wales.
Another horse—Little Red—won four races in less than 24 hours, running at New Orleans back in the 1870's by taking one in the afternoon and following up next day by sweeping the card of three races.

Glass Nest
Just as up-to-date as any modern fireproof building is the strange robin's nest built near a glass plant in Newark, Ohio, from strands of fibrous glass that drift out of the plant's windows.
Each strand measures only 1-20th the diameter of a human hair, making the nest soft and warm. The fibrous material is manufactured for insulation purposes.
Other odd nests have been found in which the birds used for lining everything from 10-penny nails to snake skins, wire, fish bones, spider webs, and wool from a kitchen rug have been used. A thrush in Topeka, Kan., wore into her nest a

scribbled note reading: "Please leave a quart of milk."
All-A Student
Miss Ruth Watanabe, 20-year-old Japanese student at the University of Southern California Music School, for the past 11 semesters has received nothing but A's.
A Phi Beta Kappa, she won the Board Award for being the outstanding woman in her class and is a member of more than half a dozen other honorary scholastic societies.
Monday: The strange case of the U. S. S. De Kalb.

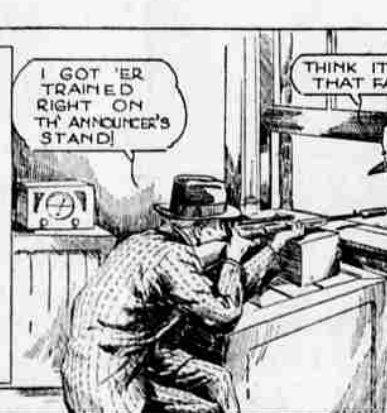
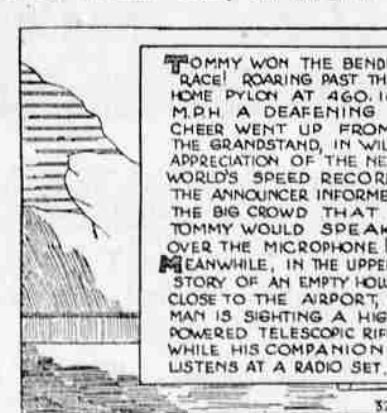
GIRL OF 22 SEES FOR FIRST TIME

LONDON.—(UP)—A young woman who has had the experience of receiving the gift of sight at the age of 22, after having been blind from

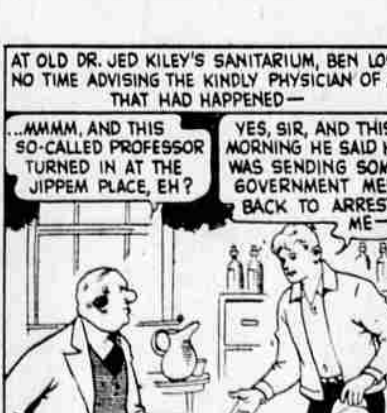
birth, has found that people do not look as happy as she thought.
The girl's reactions to life around her were related in the British Medical Journal by R. Coley, ophthalmic surgeon at a Bath hospital.
"On gradually obtaining her sight (after a series of operations) the first thing she noticed was the white apron of the nurse, then the red color of a dress," he wrote. "When she first saw a building it appeared as a dark object with no shape. After she got her glasses, buildings

looked huge, as she had no preconceived idea of this shape. She did not recognize a church, although she knew it had a tower or steeple, but this did not convey anything to her.
"At first she had no estimation of distance, and could not judge the position of objects in relation to herself. Cars seemed to be coming straight at her and persons to be walking into her.
"In going up stairs she could not judge the height of the steps, and fell when going up or down."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ready for the Kill!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dr. Kiley's Willing

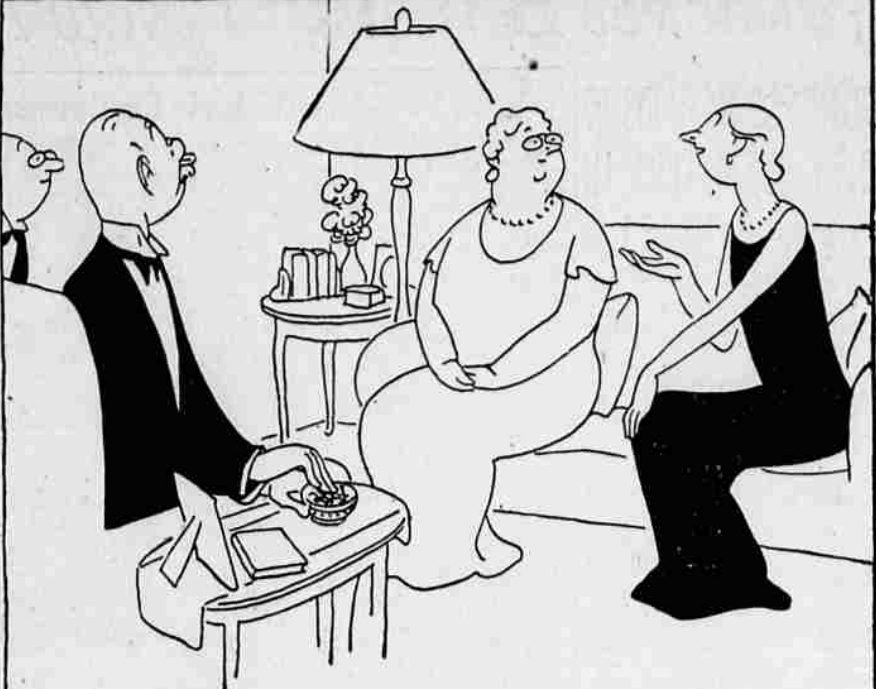


THE NEBBS—In for It



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AS YOU ARE TAMPING OUT YOUR CIGAR YOU HEAR YOUR HOSTESS TELLING ABOUT THE EXQUISITE BIT OF POTTERY SOMEONE BROUGHT HER FROM THE ORIENT AND WHAT A TIME SHE HAD BREAKING HER HUSBAND OF USING IT AS AN ASH TRAY

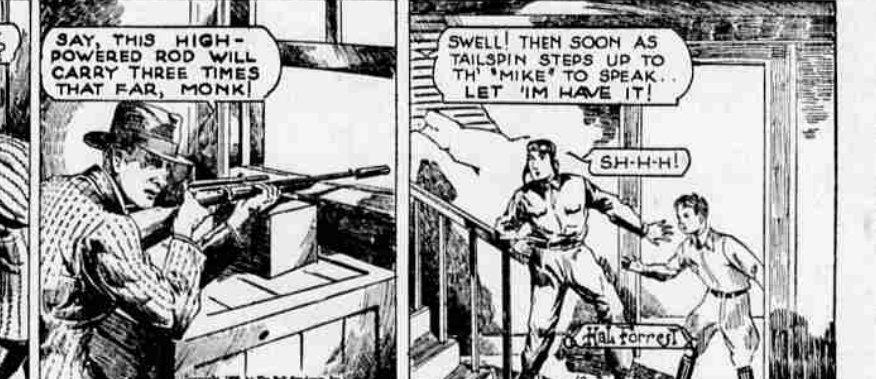
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S'MATTER POI R. C. M. PAYNE

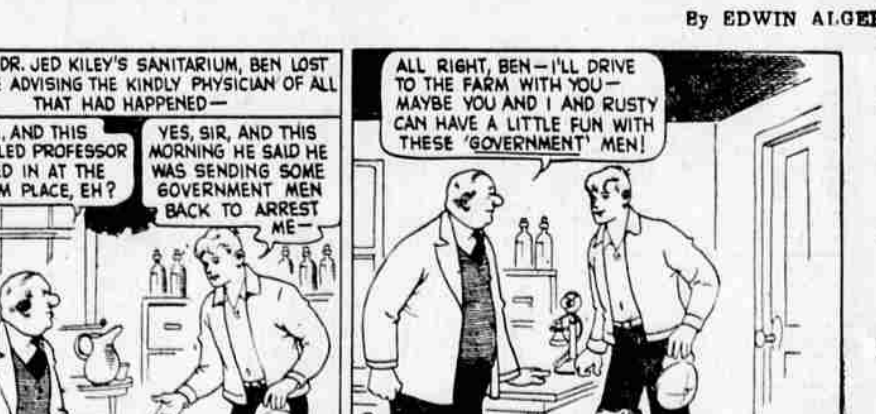


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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By BOI HESS

BOMB EXPLOSION IN JUDGE'S AUTO

SANTA ANA, Cal., Oct. 8.—(AP)—A crudely made bomb exploded in an automobile parked in front of the home of Superior Judge James L. Allen early today.
The judge, who is in charge of an Orange county grand jury inves-

tigation of a scurrilous political pamphlet circulated before the August 25 primaries, was conferring at the time with the owner of the car, Charles R. Moore, a Los Angeles detective hired to investigate the case. Chief of Police Floyd Howard immediately opened an investigation. He said the bomb, which set fire to the automobile, was made up of a large tin can filled with shot and a powerful explosive. It was ignited, he said, by a newspaper.
Judge Allen, who was the object of the attack in the pre-election pamphlet, told Chief Howard he recently had received death threats.