

# THE CLOUDED MOON

By MAX SALTMARSH

**The Characters**  
Archie Lumsden, myself, visitor to the French Riviera.  
Ottile Willa, beautiful American heiress.  
René Geiss, man behind a murder plot.

Yesterday: We intercept a message of the conspirators, but it contains only the mysterious word, "Amour!"

### Chapter 35

#### Breaking And Entering

OTTILE was supposed to meet me here at six-thirty. I told Dunning, "Do you realize it's almost seven thirty and that girl hasn't shown up yet?"

He groaned. "Let's call the hotel and see if they've any word of her there."

But when we got through to the Carlton, the reception clerk was politely definite. Miss Willa, he said, had not returned. Her uncle also had just gone out, but before he left he had been inquiring if anyone had seen his niece.

Dunning's face was grave as I told him the news. "I don't like it," said he, "not one little bit. If I knew the name of her friends at Monte Carlo, we could check up on when she left them, but we don't, so that's that. I've got a car here, and I'll drive out along the coast road and see if I can see anything of her. On the way I'll drop you at the Carlton and you can wait there till the old man gets back and I'll call him to call up Monaco."

I could think of no better plan, and so we set out. "And what about tomorrow?" I asked.

"The old man doesn't rise till eight, and they're not likely to try to do him in in his bed. You and Hugo be at the hotel by seven thirty, and at least we'll be wise to whatever's doing. I'll meet you in the lounge."

The reception clerk at the Carlton told me that Virgus Willa was still out, and I made my way back to the terrace to wait for the old man's return. Then I saw the uniformed figure of Cassandra Chubb threading her way toward me, with small regard for the people whose elbows she fogged in passing.

"Mr. Lumsden," she began without preamble. "Where's Ottile?"

"That's exactly what I want to know," I told her. "I'm waiting here for Mr. Willa, to get the name of the people at Monte Carlo she went to see."

She made a gesture of impatience. "I've already called the folks in Monte Carlo. She left there at five thirty!"

I whistled lugubriously. "Well," I said, "all the consolation we've got is that Mr. Dunning has gone out to look for her. Look here, you're a sensible girl. Keep around here—don't go to bed until she comes back, and when she does, or if you get word from her ring up the Chalet d'Amour."

"I will," she said, and then, with a sort of moan of anguish: "Land sakes! What will her uncle say when he hears all this?"

"Let's hope he won't have to hear it," said I. "Keep your chin up, Miss Chubb. Ottile's the sort of girl who'll always land on her feet." And with that I made my way towards the ramp.

But I was not to effect an escape so easily, for just as I reached the bar, a gaunt, gaudily clad figure rose from a solitary table and laid a hand on my arm. "You are in a hurry, my young friend?" said the voice of René Geiss.

**A Mad Idea**  
"GOOD Lord!" said I, staring at him. I had as nearly as possible asked him what he was doing there, when he should have been in Italy, but even as I caught the words back, he answered my unspoken question.

"I am spending a few days with a friend at San Lorenzo," he told me. "But I felt a sudden nostalgia for my pretty marionettes here. I shall return in an hour. The pastoral peace of the Italian countryside, meanwhile, will you not join me in a drink?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm clearing out to some place where there's a breath of fresher air. I don't like this wind."

He laughed genially. "Our mistral? Now me, I find it singularly invigorating. It even makes me feel a little light-headed."

"Why blame it on the wind?" I retorted rudely, and with a muttered goodbye I pushed past him. A sudden, mad idea had struck me. Geiss was on his own confession, going back to join Rakovsky. There would be no one in his villa, and Dunning had said our one hope of catching him was to find the man with which he had killed O'Donnell. I had one lot of queer things in my mind, but housebreaking was not numbered among them. Still, there was no harm in trying, and no harm done either if I failed.

I turned my steps towards the rue du Dragon, and as I did so I saw a fiery glow like a volcanic eruption. I halted for a moment, realizing that the mistral must be driving the flames down the valleys, for even as I looked, there came a great spurt of fire shooting up into the quiet sky. I counted one, two, three, separate outbreaks and moved on, thanking my stars that I did not live in the track of the flaming ruin that must be spreading over

the headland, and as I did so, I cannoned into a man.

"Good evening, Monsieur Lumsden," a voice said quietly, and I recognized Fleuriot.

"If you can call it a good evening," I retorted. "I find it a singularly unpleasant one myself." And I added, a trifle maliciously: "Have you got on the track of our friend the chasseur yet?"

He looked at me oddly, falling into step beside me. "Not yet," he admitted. "I had hoped that you might have some suggestion to make as to his whereabouts."

"What a hope!" I retorted bitterly. "If the police can't find him, how can I?" And then, on a sudden impulse, I put a question in my turn. "I suppose," I said casually, "you don't happen to know what the word 'Amour' means?"

He pursed his lips, frowning thoughtfully. "'Amour,' that sounds like old French. To me, it is not a name, and I do not think it has to do with 'amour.' It is more likely an ancient form of 'armurier,' an armorer, and it may well be the name of some street where such a trade was once held. That would mean it is in an old town, not here, for a hundred years ago Cannes was but a fishing village Monaco, perhaps, or Antibes."

"Man," I said admiringly, almost wishing that, in spite of Dunning's advice, I had taken him into our confidence. "You've got a head on your shoulders. If there is such a street, do you think you can find it?"

"Naturally!" he retorted, and then added, looking at me keenly: "But if I succeed, what is my reward? Have you, on your side, no information you would like to give me?"

"Listen," I said, "if you can tell me what that word means—a phone message to the Chalet d'Amour will always reach me—I, on my side, will meet you this time tomorrow night and tell you everything I know."

He gave a funny, formal little bow. "It is a bargain," he acknowledged.

"It's a bargain," I echoed, and halted in my tracks. "This is where I turn off," and shaking him warmly by the hand, I swung off into the rue du Dragon.

**Strange Wilderness**  
I PAUSED, hesitating outside the villa gate. I had already ruled out the railings as unscalable but there still remained the alley at the side of the house. I turned quickly up the narrow passage.

It was not so dark here, for the night sky was clear overhead, and a faint glow showed where the moon would shortly rise. I crept down the lane, scanning the wall for some possible foothold and presently I found it—a hole, about a yard from the ground, where a great silver of flint had been recently dislodged.

I set my foot in it, gripped the top of the wall, and painfully hoisted myself to the top, and now I saw that the moon had already risen, for a great, lope-sided, amber soap-plate hung low over the house-top.

I swung both legs over the wall and dropped on all fours on a patch of rough gravel.

It was a strange wilderness of a place that I landed in, a place of pebbly half-light and menacing shadows, of dim tree-trunks that loomed suddenly up at one, or broken statues leaning down at one from the shade of some overgrown palm.

For the first time I had a clear view of the facade of the house, a two-storied structure, with a loggia over the porch, supported on either side by monstrous cupids. I liked the look of that loggia, and I liked still more the look of the sturdy, century-old wistaria that clung round the wall between the rugged stem, as thick around as a man's calf, looked as if it would stand a ton weight.

I gave it an experimental tug, found it as immovable as a rock, and set my foot on the lowest fork in another minute I had hooked one leg over the railing of the loggia and was peering across it through the open windows of a darkened room. There were long chairs on the loggia and a soft thick matting underfoot, and my rope-soled espadrilles made no sound as I tiptoed forward.

As my foot touched the sill, I stopped short, every nerve in my body tingling, for from within the room had come a frightened gasp. I stood there rooted to the spot, dimly conscious that to anyone inside the room, I must be clearly silhouetted against the night sky. And then, with a flooding relief that was almost ludicrous, I heard my name whispered, and the voice that spoke it was the voice of Ottile Willa.

"Archie," she breathed. "Archie Lumsden!"

Next minute she was beside me, clutching my arm, and even in the dim light I could see that she was badly scared.

"Archie!" she said again. "Oh, thank heaven you've come!"

"And how the deuce did you get here?" I asked, inwardly raging, for it was one thing to conduct a single-handed search of the house, and quite another to have a half-hysterical girl tagging at one's heels.

"By the same way as you did, I guess." She broke off, glancing fearfully over her shoulder. "But, for mercy's sake, be careful! He's in the house."

"Who?" I almost shouted, and she flung a slim hand over my mouth.

## APPLE CROP MORE THAN LAST YEAR IN OREGON, CLAIM

PORTLAND, Oct. 11. (AP)—The bureau of agricultural economics said yesterday Oregon's apple crop would be slightly more than the 1937 level and Washington's slightly less.

An estimate of 3,924,000 bushels was made on the Oregon crop, compared with 3,900,000 last year and a 10-year average of 4,590,000.

Washington may expect 29,565,000 bushels, compared with 30,340,000 last year and 31,371,000 bushels for the 10-year average. The crop for both states was expected to be one of the

## SECRETY SHROUDS WITNESSES' NAMES IN TORTURE CASE

OLYMPIA, Oct. 11.—(AP)—Prosecutor Smith Troy named 79 persons today as witnesses for the prosecution in the Dr. Kent W. Berry kidnap-assault trial, scheduled for mid-November.

Those hoping through the list of witnesses to learn names of those who attended the Fourth of July party on Bud Bay, which resulted in the kidnaping and beating of Irving Baker, retired coast guard lieutenant, were disappointed.

Troy listed these witnesses as John and Jane Doe, and said their real names would not be revealed until they were called to take the witness stand.

Baker, now an automobile dealer, was taken from his Olympia home last August 19, driven to a gravel pit east of town and beaten and tortured and threatened with emasculation.

Dr. Berry admitted beating Baker, Troy said, but denied there was kidnaping involved. Baker was accused by the physician of "raping" Mrs. Berry. Also accused with Berry are Robert H. Smith, Brady dairyman; James Reddick, Olympia taxicab driver; and William K. McAloon, former Montesaano night marshal. All are held in lieu of \$25,000 bail.

## BOMBS HURLED ON ROAD TO JERICO

JERUSALEM, Oct. 11.—(AP)—Four bombs were thrown from the old city ramparts of Jerusalem today at a convoy of official motor cars in what was believed to be an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Ed-

ward Keith-Roach, British district commissioner for Jerusalem.

Two of the bombs exploded on the Jericho road, but none of the four cars was hit. Keith-Roach's car was accompanied by two military escort automobiles and a police armored car.

Keith-Roach, 53, has been commissioner for the Jerusalem district since 1931.

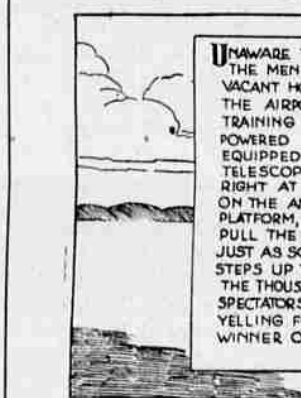
**Award Insulator Bid**  
PORTLAND, Oct. 11.—(AP)—Contracts totaling \$207,279.44 for 243,988 insulators to be used on 540 miles of electrical transmission lines in Oregon and Washington were awarded yesterday by J. D. Ross, Bonneville dam administrator.

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Monday: Strange visitors.

chief of the state he helped establish twenty years ago, explaining his continuance in office, in the face of the declared enmity of Adolf Hitler, would "constitute an obstacle" to revival of the dismembered republic.

He retired to his summer home at Seaside, Ore., south of Prineville, and withdrew from affairs of state. Brown University and the University of Chicago had invited him to lecture on teaching.

Phone 542 We'll mail away your refined City Sanitary Service

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**THRILLING MODEL AIRPLANES THAT REALLY GLIDE!**

BOEING "Flying Fortress" WINGSPAN 13 IN.

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These Air-Racer Earl Ortman's own gliding models! Big, realistic models of Army, Navy, and Transport planes! They come in brilliant colors— all ready to set up. No cutting or pasting.

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Kids are crazy about these model planes. Mothers are delighted to buy Allsweet to get the ready-to-set-up models. For this margarine is such a delicious spread for bread... saves so much on the food budget.

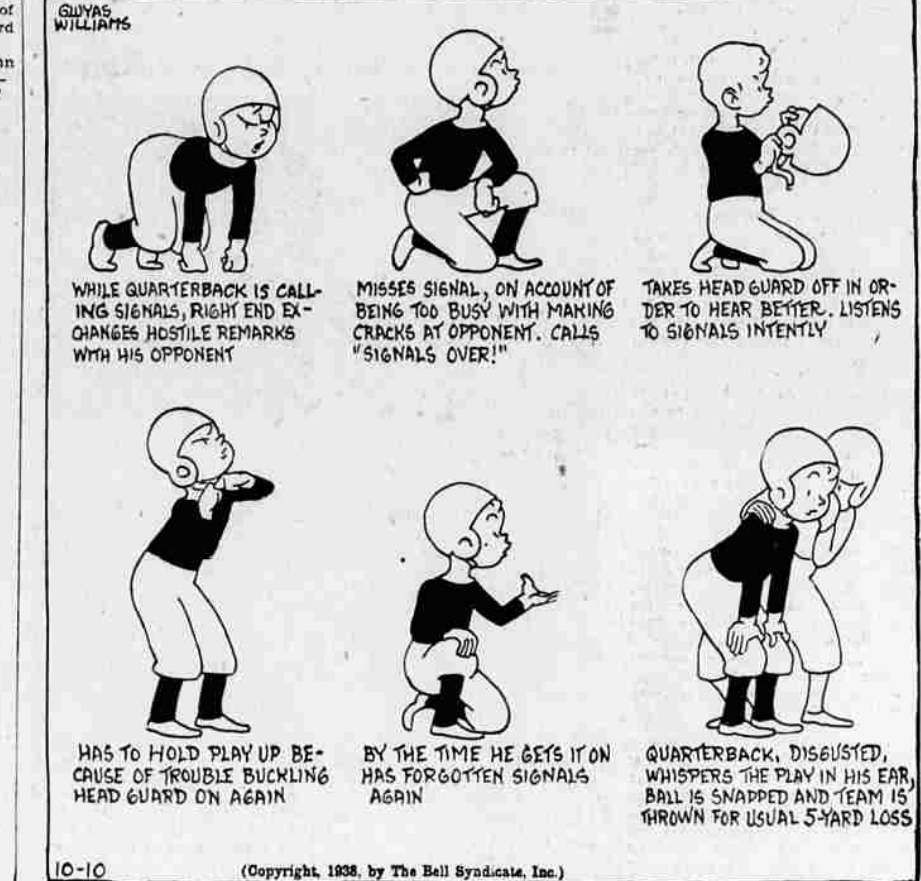
Even food experts have been fooled by this margarine

Many food experts have failed to tell Allsweet—the "Guest-Quality" margarine from spreads that cost more. Allsweet is so temptingly delicate and rich in flavor. Wholesome, too... made from American vegetable oil scientifically mixed with fresh, pasteurized skimmed milk. Taste Allsweet... get the model plane... today!

**Allsweet** OLDMARGARINE

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### SIGNALS



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WHILE QUARTERBACK IS CALLING SIGNALS, RIGHT END EXCHANGES HOSTILE REMARKS WITH HIS OPPONENT

MISSES SIGNAL, ON ACCOUNT OF BEING TOO BUSY WITH MAKING CRACKS AT OPPONENT. CALLS "SIGNALS OVER!"

TAKES HEAD GUARD OFF IN ORDER TO HEAR BETTER. LISTENS TO SIGNALS INTENTLY

HAS TO HOLD PLAY UP BECAUSE OF TROUBLE BUCKLING HEAD GUARD ON AGAIN

BY THE TIME HE GETS IT ON HAS FORGOTTEN SIGNALS AGAIN

QUARTERBACK, DISGUSTED, WHISPERS THE PLAY IN HIS EAR, BALL IS SNAPPED AND TEAM IS THROWN FOR USUAL 5-YARD LOSS

10-10 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

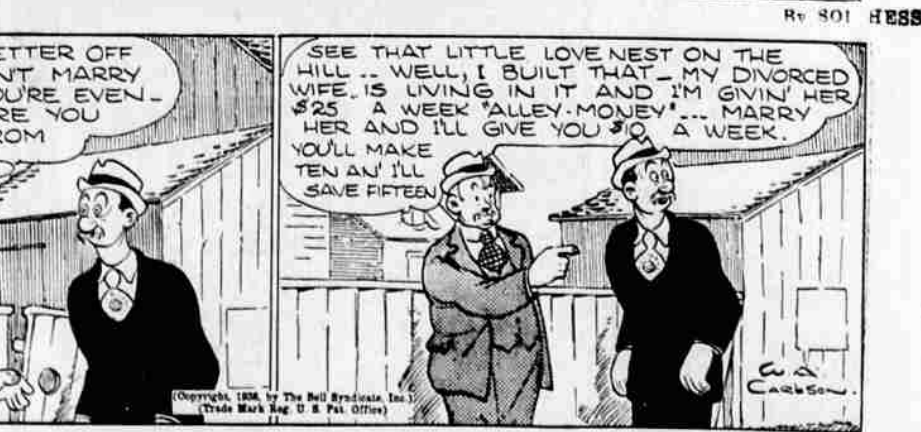
By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By EDWIN ALGER



By EDWIN ALGER

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**Allsweet** OLDMARGARINE

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**BENES WILL SEEK SCOT RECTORSHIP**  
LONDON, Oct. 11.—(AP)—It was announced officially today Eduard Benes, former president of Czechoslovakia, agreed to become the Scottish nationalist candidate for rector of Glasgow university in the election to be held next month.

Benes resigned last Wednesday as