

THE CLOUDED MOON

By MAX SALTSMARSH

The Characters
 Hugo Stern, handsome author, living on the French Riviera.
 Archie Lumsden, myself, his friend.
 Otilie Wills, beautiful American actress.

Yesterday, Otilie and I got out of Geiss's villa. Later she disappears.

Chapter 40 The Zero Hour

DUNNING lifted a large, white hand. "Just a minute. There are a few points to consider before we take any hasty step, and the first and most important is the safety of Virgoe Wills. We have pretty good authority for believing that this day will see the attempt on his life, and we know his death is the stake these gentlemen are playing for. Our first duty is to attend to his safety. Up to now, I'm happy to say, he is ignorant of his niece's disappearance, and I warn you that I shall resist, by force if need be, any attempt to alarm him about her. See here, son," he continued on a softer note, "if you go to the police about Otilie's vanishing, you'll have the whole circus, complete with elephants, dashing around here to interrogate him. Before you know where you are, the old man'll be out scouring the town for her, and how, in the name of all that's holy, are we going to keep an eye on him in the sort of free-for-all frolic that'll be filling the streets shortly?"

He was right, and I knew it, but nevertheless my whole soul recoiled from the thought of leaving the girl to her fate. She might be, but there was a charm, a courage, an innate honesty about her that made the thought of leaving her to Geiss completely unthinkable. Therefore, when Hugo spoke, I had already arranged myself mentally and physically on his side.

"I can't do it," he said, and his voice was tired. "You're right, Dunning, according to your lights—but you see, I love her and I've got to have a shot at finding her."

"I never suspected that. You go out and look for your girl, and take Archie along to help you. I'd come myself if I could, but you know how it is. I'll have my hand full, but there's two or three of my men hanging around, and I'll be glad to help me, and I guess we'll win out."

Hugo threw him a swift, grateful glance. "I won't forget that, Dunning," he said. "The sooner we find her, the sooner we'll be back to give you a hand, Archie. Are you ready?"

Champing at the bit to be gone, I rorted, must relieve, but even as I turned to follow him, I halted, stopped short in my tracks by the sight of a tall, rugged figure emerging from the lift. It was Virgoe Wills himself, and at sight of us he inclined his gray head in dignified salutation and came towards us.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "If you are waiting to see me, you are most welcome, but if by any chance you have a date with Otilie, I fear you'll be disappointed. Cassandra tells me she's feeling poorly this morning."

"Now, if that isn't too bad!" said Dunning with a spurious heartiness. "Here's Mr. Stern come with an invitation to you and Miss Otilie to spend the next two-three days with him and his sister at their chalet."

The old man bowed gravely. "We are much obliged to you, Mr. Stern," he said, "but Otilie, as you have just heard, is keeping her room—"

He broke off sharply, for another voice had sounded at his elbow, a fat, oily voice that I knew only too well.

"But no, monsieur!" it said. "You are mistaken. Mademoiselle Otilie, she is already out enjoying the braderie. Just one little moment ago I meet her, and she asks me to come and tell you to join her!"

I swung round and saw, with a mixture of stupefaction and dismay, the squat, obese figure of Baron Stahl standing at my elbow. For a moment we all stared at him in a dazed silence; then Hugo spoke.

"That's a lie!" he said sharply. "Miss Wills is in her room, suffering from a headache."

"It's Come At Last"

THE old man looked from one to the other of us, knitting his shaggy brows. For a moment, it seemed, he almost suspected that something was wrong—and then, as his eye lighted on Hugo, his face cleared. I knew only too well what he was thinking. Here was yet one more of his niece's victims, jealous that he had chosen another escort to show her round the fair.

"Well," he said slowly, "I guess the Baron should know what he's talking about. Here, you'll find Otilie's made that way—sudden decisions and impulsive actions, but she doesn't mean a mite of harm. If she wants me, though, I imagine I'd better be getting along. Where did you say she was walking, Baron? In the main street?"

"In the main street, yes!" the small, fat man assented with a triumphant glance at us. "I take you there right away, no?" But now it was Dunning's turn to protest.

"See here, Mr. Wills," he drawled, "there's a crush out there by now. It's scarcely the kind of spot

for Miss Otilie to be wandering around in. Why not let Mr. Stern and Mr. Lumsden here go along and bring her back?"

Cuthbert, Virgoe Wills said dryly, "you'd mean, meaning, but you're not so bright as you'd like to be. There's nothing in the kind of innocent fun that's going on out there to offend Otilie. Lead the way, Baron," and with that he turned and stumped firmly out to the terrace.

We stood there, three angry, helpless men. Dunning's face was very anxious, and in the silence I heard him mutter, half to himself: "It's come—it's come at last."

"Leave it to me," said I, for an idea had struck me. I sprinted after the two receding figures.

"Mr. Wills," I said, a trifle breathlessly. "You won't mind if we come along with you? My friend Stern is rather anxious to have a word with your niece."

He halted, fixing his wise, shrewd old eyes on me.

"Mr. Lumsden, quite a number of young men have been anxious to have a word with Otilie in the past, and most times the result of that word has been a heart-ache for them and a scalp in the war-belt for her. I like your friend, and a man of his age takes a hurt harder."

"Mr. Wills," I answered soberly, lowering my voice to meet his, "hasn't it occurred to you that one day Otilie might get tired of scalp-collecting—I mean, prefer to acquire one permanent specimen and discard the others? Hugo's a fine chap. You wouldn't find a better nephew-in-law anywhere."

"Does Otilie like him that much?" And when I nodded, "Well, well," he said thoughtfully, "that takes a considerable weight off my mind, for he looks as if he could handle her." He turned to Hugo and Dunning and called tentatively a few feet away, "Gentlemen," he called genially, "string right along behind us, if you wish; and you, Baron, you won't mind joining them? Mr. Lumsden and I have certain matters of importance to discuss."

The Baron swallowed hard, gave me one swift, malevolent look, and turned, with a deferential bow, back to where the others waited.

I was gratified to see that Hugo and Dunning automatically formed up on either side of him, linking their arms in his in the friendliest way imaginable, and I was still more pleased that the old man had chosen me as his companion, for more than a year Vicksburg withstood attacks of the Union troops; attempts to skirt the town by canals were unavailing because of floods.

A general assault on May 22, 1863, headed by General Grant, brought no benefit and only increased the casualties. Union losses totaled 502 dead, 2,850 wounded, and 147 missing.

Early in 1862 steps were taken to fortify Vicksburg, Mississippi. For more than a year Vicksburg withstood attacks of the Union troops; attempts to skirt the town by canals were unavailing because of floods.

Thus the matter stood for several weeks; casualties on each side ran from 10 to 100 every day. Hunger began to tell on the Confederates; their men were weakening. Then the Union troops were stricken by a rampant stomach and intestinal ailment.

Camp doctors prescribed a plentiful diet of fresh fruit for the men, and as blackberries were plentiful in the region, the soldiers fell to picking and eating them.

In many places the berries grew thickest between the two lines. Strange as it seems, traces were declared on occasions so that both Union and Confederate soldiers might go out and pick berries without getting shot. These interludes were without antagonism or bloodshed.

On July 4, 1863, Confederate General Pemberton gave up the Vicksburg fort and the long siege ended.

ing. The Confederate loss was not more than 300.

The result of his attack convinced Grant that only a siege would be effective in taking Vicksburg. A 15-mile line was thrown around the fort from Haines' bluff to Warrenton, not more than 800 yards from the Confederate line.

Thus the matter stood for several weeks; casualties on each side ran from 10 to 100 every day. Hunger began to tell on the Confederates; their men were weakening. Then the Union troops were stricken by a rampant stomach and intestinal ailment.

Camp doctors prescribed a plentiful diet of fresh fruit for the men, and as blackberries were plentiful in the region, the soldiers fell to picking and eating them.

In many places the berries grew thickest between the two lines. Strange as it seems, traces were declared on occasions so that both Union and Confederate soldiers might go out and pick berries without getting shot. These interludes were without antagonism or bloodshed.

On July 4, 1863, Confederate General Pemberton gave up the Vicksburg fort and the long siege ended.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

BLACKBERRY INTERLUDE!
 THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG— Important Civil War engagement, WAS SEVERAL TIMES HALTED TO PERMIT BOTH UNION AND CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS TO PICK BLACKBERRIES!
 THEY WERE NEEDED TO CURE A RAMPANT STOMACH AILMENT...



LEGS OF THE BLACK-WINGED STILT— native bird of La Camargue, France ARE BENT IN SITTING UNTIL ITS KNEES PROJECT BEYOND THE END OF ITS TAIL!

MERLE EGES— Salinas (Calif.) Union High halfback, IN LESS THAN 60 SECONDS FUMBLER THE OPENING KICKOFF ALLOWING MONTEREY TO SCORE, THEN RAN BACK A SECOND KICKOFF 85 YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN! —Armistice Day, 1936—



WINDMILL WITH 12 SALES— on the island of Kos, Aegean Sea

Blackberry Interlude
 Strategically important to the south during the Civil War was the closing of the Mississippi river to Union boats.

Early in 1862 steps were taken to fortify Vicksburg, Mississippi. For more than a year Vicksburg withstood attacks of the Union troops; attempts to skirt the town by canals were unavailing because of floods.

A general assault on May 22, 1863, headed by General Grant, brought no benefit and only increased the casualties. Union losses totaled 502 dead, 2,850 wounded, and 147 missing.

ing. The Confederate loss was not more than 300.

The result of his attack convinced Grant that only a siege would be effective in taking Vicksburg. A 15-mile line was thrown around the fort from Haines' bluff to Warrenton, not more than 800 yards from the Confederate line.

Thus the matter stood for several weeks; casualties on each side ran from 10 to 100 every day. Hunger began to tell on the Confederates; their men were weakening. Then the Union troops were stricken by a rampant stomach and intestinal ailment.

Camp doctors prescribed a plentiful diet of fresh fruit for the men, and as blackberries were plentiful in the region, the soldiers fell to picking and eating them.

In many places the berries grew thickest between the two lines. Strange as it seems, traces were declared on occasions so that both Union and Confederate soldiers might go out and pick berries without getting shot. These interludes were without antagonism or bloodshed.

On July 4, 1863, Confederate General Pemberton gave up the Vicksburg fort and the long siege ended.

ing. The Confederate loss was not more than 300.

The result of his attack convinced Grant that only a siege would be effective in taking Vicksburg. A 15-mile line was thrown around the fort from Haines' bluff to Warrenton, not more than 800 yards from the Confederate line.

Thus the matter stood for several weeks; casualties on each side ran from 10 to 100 every day. Hunger began to tell on the Confederates; their men were weakening. Then the Union troops were stricken by a rampant stomach and intestinal ailment.

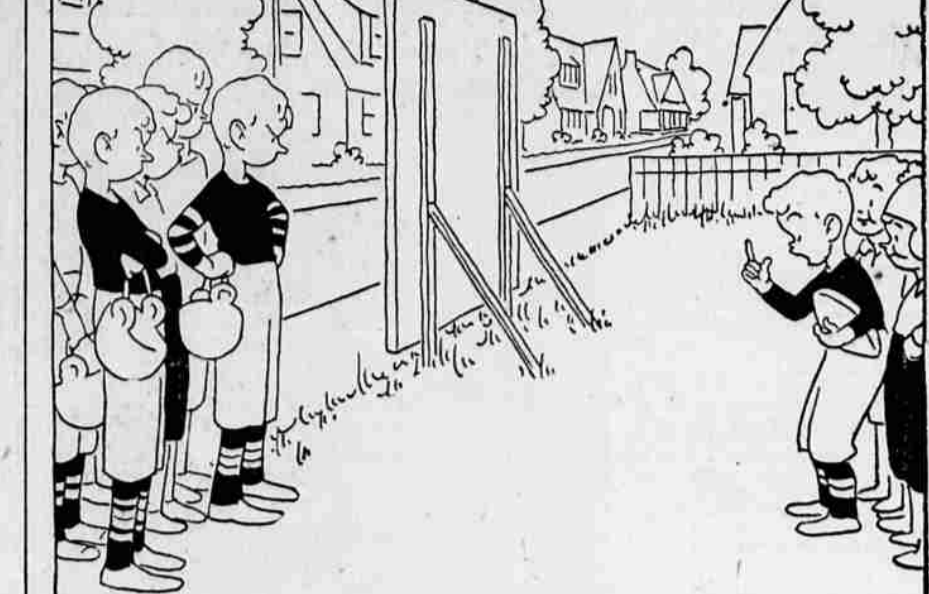
Camp doctors prescribed a plentiful diet of fresh fruit for the men, and as blackberries were plentiful in the region, the soldiers fell to picking and eating them.

In many places the berries grew thickest between the two lines. Strange as it seems, traces were declared on occasions so that both Union and Confederate soldiers might go out and pick berries without getting shot. These interludes were without antagonism or bloodshed.

On July 4, 1863, Confederate General Pemberton gave up the Vicksburg fort and the long siege ended.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE MIDGETS, WHO ARE USUALLY EJECTED FROM THE FIELD WHEN THE BIG BOYS WANT TO PLAY, WERE ABLE TO FINISH THEIR GAME THE OTHER DAY, BECAUSE LITTLE STANLEY PERRY HAD SECRETLY HIDDEN THE BIG BOYS' FOOTBALL, OF WHICH HIS BROTHER HAD CHARGE, THUS FORCING THEM TO COME TO TERMS IN ORDER TO BORROW THE MIDGETS' BALL

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 10-14

S'MATTER POT

By C M PAYNE



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

UNION DRIVE ON FORD ANNOUNCED

DETROIT, Oct. 15.—(AP)—The United Automobile Workers revealed today that it was preparing to intensify its campaign to unionize employees in all plants of the Ford Motor company.

Ford is the only major automobile manufacturing company which has not signed a contract with the Committee for Industrial Organization affiliate.

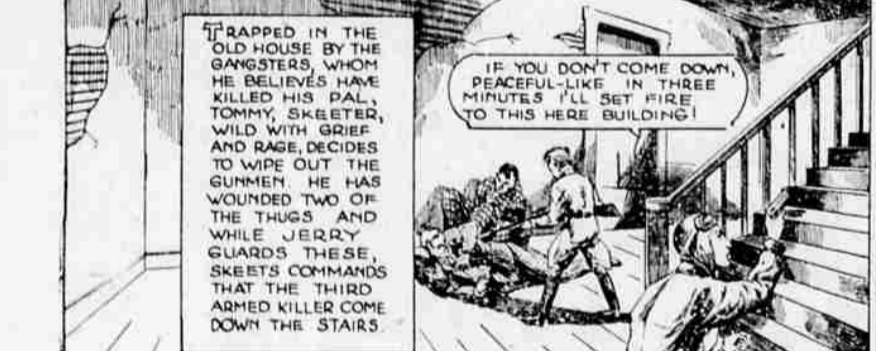
Back before the 1937 sit-down strikes in the automotive industry, Homer Martin, UAW international president, said the union's ultimate goal was the signing of contracts with all manufacturers of motor cars, parts and accessories.

Attempts of the union to pass out literature outside the main Ford plant in suburban Dearborn were rebuffed and the consequent injury of UAW members formed, in part, the basis of charges the UAW filed against the company with the national labor relations board.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Thowbridge Cabinet Works.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Police Arrive!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Reverse Action!



THE NEBBS—Yes, Yes, Go On



HUNT ACCIDENT—BULL ELK DIES

JEFFERSON, Oct. 15. (AP)—Frank C. Altred went hunting for deer near the Dutch creek station and accidentally killed a fine bull elk.

That would have been swell except that the elk season was closed.

He notified State Police Officer W. E. Francis and Sheriff C. J. D. Brown, who turned the meat over to

the relief committee.

Incidentally, they forwarded news of the mistake to the state game commission.

Pop-wows lose "Wow?"

CUSHING, Ore. — ("P") — Civilization has taken the "wow" out of Indian pop-wows, says Edgar L. Pricer of Cushing. Pricer, recently returned from a retreat "League of Nations" convention at Perkins, asserted that Indians are not going in much for war paint and tomahawks any more.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

HUNT ACCIDENT—BULL ELK DIES

JEFFERSON, Oct. 15. (AP)—Frank C. Altred went hunting for deer near the Dutch creek station and accidentally killed a fine bull elk.

That would have been swell except that the elk season was closed.

He notified State Police Officer W. E. Francis and Sheriff C. J. D. Brown, who turned the meat over to