

THE CLOUDED MOON

By MAX SALTMARSH

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

Yesterday Baron Stahl persuades Virgoe Willis to visit the festival. Despite our precautions an attempt is made on his life.

Chapter 41 Searching For Otilie

SUDDENLY there was a snarling growl, and from the blue of faces that hemmed us in, a huge, black shape hurtled through the air, straight at the killer's throat. There came a scream of terror, the report of a gun knocked skyward, and a horrid choking gurgle, and the man and the great, black dog, twisting and writhing on the ground.

A woman shrieked, a man shouted loudly, and the babel of noise rose to a frenzied roar. The hands that held me loosened their grip, and I flung myself down beside the struggling mass on the cobblestones.

"Lulu!" I yelled. "It's all right, old chap, I've got him. Let go!" and as I spoke, I caught at the beast's collar, striving to drag him off; but I might as well have tried to lose a tiger from his kill. The powerful jaws were locked tight in his victim's throat.

Finally, Lulu staggered to his feet and stared around him with glazed, bloodshot eyes.

If I stood up, also, turning with an uncontrollable shudder from the writhing, twitching body on the cobblestones, "A doctor! A doctor!" I shouted wildly. "Someone get a doctor!" A small, stout man in sober black pushed through the crowd and dropped on his knees. He laid a tentative finger on the torn throat, raising one drooping eyelid, and slowly shook his head.

"It is useless, Monsieur Lumsden," he said gravely, and as he spoke, I recognized him as Hugo's friend, Dr. Rique. This poor wretch will be dead before we get him into an ambulance. One cannot, unfortunately, apply a tourniquet to the neck!

I drew a long breath, half horror, half relief that the thing we had dreaded so long had come and gone, and I looked around me. I heard a familiar voice at my elbow.

"That animal," said Dunning slowly, "has a fine sense of justice. He's reformed his master when no one else could."

They were all there, clustered close around me—Virgoe Willis, immovable as a rock, his strong old face set and expressionless; Hugo, lips set, pale under his tan; and a little farther off a small, sobbing figure in rusty black—Penelope—with the end of a broken dog-leash still clutched in her hand.

Through the press came striding two stalwart, khaki-uniformed policemen. The dog looked up at me with anxious, red-rimmed eyes.

"It's all right, old man," I told him, answering his unspoken question. "You shan't suffer for this if I can help it."

The policemen were intelligent-looking lads, but this contingency seemed completely outside their accustomed routine, and I was thankful to see, following close on their heels, a large, pompous figure that I knew.

"Monsieur le Commissaire!" I saluted him with much relief, and he halted beside me.

"What is this?" he demanded, with a manful attempt at his official manner.

"The man tried to assassinate Mr. Virgoe Willis, but the dog got him just in time."

"It is he!" he muttered. The chasseur from the chateau, and the dog—

"—is the dog of Mr. Venner," I finished for him, "who saw his master killed and has taken revenge on the murderer. But see here, Monsieur le Commissaire. I added on a lower note, 'get us out of here as quickly as you can, there's a good fellow! This is no place for Mr. Willis after what has happened.'"

"The Yacht!"

He shook his head. "We lost him," he answered mournfully. "But the yacht! I cried wildly. 'The Rendezvous! He'll be on board by now, and she's got steam up all ready to sail. Monsieur Thiers, you've got to stop him!'"

"The Baron!" he echoed, aghast, clapping a fat hand to his forehead. "You do not accuse him, surely, of complicity in this crime?"

"I do," I said bluntly, and saw Virgoe Willis start and instantly control himself.

"But on what grounds?" said the plump man dazedly. "I cannot act unless I have something to go on."

"Grounds be hanged!" I cried. "We'll give you all the grounds you wish by tonight, but in the meantime stop that yacht from sailing!"

He shook his head dismally. "It will be difficult," he said mournfully. "I happen to know that she received her clearance papers last night, but still, I will try."

Virgoe Willis had all this time been watchfully silent, but now he moved impatiently, holding up a hand with the compelling gesture of a man used to ensuring silence when he wanted it.

"One moment," he said in his harsh old voice. "There have been a lot of extraordinary statements flying around, but the one fact that's troubling me is that my niece is mixed up in this rabble, and I'd be mighty glad if someone would go look for her and bring her here."

"Listen here, Mr. Willis," said Dunning coolly. "The one concern we all have at this moment is your safety, and the only place in Cannes I'm sure of is the Chalet d'Amour. Mr. Stern and Mr. Lumsden will stay behind and bring Otilie along just as soon as they can locate her, and meantime I'll come with you and tell you all you want to know on the way."

Hugo and I packed Virgoe Willis and Dunning into a taxi with the big black dog at their feet. "See you at the Carlton in an hour," Dunning breathed in my ear as I shut the door on him.

No Sign Of Otilie

"WELL," I said to Hugo as they drove off, "we haven't much money, but we do see life!"

He gave an impatient jerk of the head. "The Carlton?" he said sharply. "What are you standing there gaping for? We've got to see if the yacht has gone!"

He was completely right, and I followed him at a quick trot down through a maze of side-streets and out across the sun-scorched, deserted square to the quay.

"She's still there," he said.

There was no smoke coming from her single funnel, and as we came up to her at a more sober pace, I saw a singularly ill-favored sailor leaning against the roneed gangway.

"I wish to speak to Baron Stahl," said Hugo abruptly, and the fellow shrugged.

"Then you are unfortunate, monsieur," he retorted. "Monsieur le Baron is not here."

I leaned back against the gangway rail and took out my cigarette-case. "See here, friend," I said, offering him one, "we want to see the Baron urgently, and we understood the yacht was sailing this morning."

He accepted a cigarette and tucked it behind his ear with a slightly softened expression. "She was sailing," he admitted. "But now she is not."

I looked at him and slowly and ostentatiously drew out my pocketbook, extracting a fifty-franc note.

"It is essential that we should get in touch with Monsieur le Baron," I said meaningfully, "or, failing him, with Monsieur Geiss."

His expression softened still more, as his finger closed on the note.

"The yacht is not sailing," he said, "because she cannot. There is trouble in the engine-room. When Monsieur Geiss came, early this morning, I told him as much. Monsieur le Baron knew already, yesterday evening, and I have not seen him since."

"But the young lady who accompanied Monsieur Geiss? What of her?" I asked.

He gaped at me, so genuinely startled that I knew it was the truth he spoke. "There was no young lady," he said. "Monsieur Geiss came alone, save for a half-witted creature who carried his suitcases."

I thanked him, adding a second fifty franc to the first, and slowly and heavily we took our way back to the town.

Suddenly an idea struck me. "The garage," I said. "We could hear if he took his car out, and which way he went."

Luck was with us, for the man in charge had personally run out Geiss's car for him that morning and helped to fill it up. It must have been, he thought, somewhere between six and seven, and the cartoonist had had another man with him, a shambling, down-at-heel fellow, carrying two bags. But there was no lady; of that he was certain.

We thanked him, rewarded him suitably, and turned our steps back towards the Carlton, Hugo grimly despairing, I for my part with a faint hope that Dunning might have news for us, but that hope died a swift and painful death at sight of the big man's face.

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Tomorrow: Fleuriot finds Amourth.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE GOOD SCOUT!
 MRS. BESSIE LARGENT, of the Chicago White Sox, WORLD'S ONLY WOMAN BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL SCOUT, IN 14 YEARS HAS TRAVELED OVER 840,000 MILES AND ATTENDED MORE THAN 2800 GAMES



ELEPHANTS USE THEIR TRUNKS IN CLIMBING!
 THEY TEST THE MOST SECURE FOOTING BEFORE GOING AHEAD

AN EARTHQUAKE--ADDED 102,000 SQUARE MILES OF TERRITORY TO CHILE'S COASTLINE!
 -1822-

Woman Baseball Scout
 Only woman big-league baseball scout in America is Mrs. Bessie Largent of the Chicago White Sox, who for 14 years has snooded around the minors for talent.

Wife of Roy Largent, chief scout for the White Sox, she gave up a musical career to follow baseball. A glance at the roster of more than 100 players who went to the big leagues on her recommendation testifies to her unusual ability.

"Some of my best prospects might be listed as Carl Reynolds, Art Shires,

Sandy Moore, Monty Stratton, Vern Kennedy, Rip Radcliffe, John Whitehead, and Luke Appling," says Mrs. Largent.

She often sees as many as four baseball games in a single day, averaging from 200 to 250 games each season. Recently Mrs. Largent acted as Chairman of the All-American Board of the Semi-Professional National Congress, which annually selects 16 semi-pro ball players from the 400,000 boys and young men who play on the nation's sandlots to compete at Wichita, Kansas.

HIGH TAX THREAT HALTS BUSINESS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—(AP)—The Chamber of Commerce of the United States said today the "threat of higher taxes and still higher taxes is a major deterrent to business progress."

In its bi-weekly survey, the organization of business men contended congress could relieve apprehension by setting up an orderly fiscal program designed to avoid further budgetary deficits.

This could be done, it added through the reduction of expenditures rather than through new and increased levies.

By correcting "obvious defects" in existing regulatory laws and by adopting a "more prudent" governmental fiscal policy, congress at its forthcoming session could make a positive contribution to enduring business recovery, the chamber declared.

PORTLAND, Oct. 17.—(AP)—Those nickels of Robert Sharpe's proved expensive. They cost the 27-year-old counterfeiter 3 1/2 years each in prison.

PORTLAND, Oct. 17.—(AP)—Franklin T. Griffith, president of the Portland Traction company, agreed today to withhold discontinuance of interurban service until next Wednesday after receiving a plea from employers.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Into the Arms of the Law!



BAGGAGE CARRIER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POT.

By O M PAYNE



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Back in the Running?

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Come Clean

By BOI HESS



NEW CONGRESS TO BE INDEPENDENT

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—(UP)—Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, D., Mont., said tonight that the senate will be "much more independent" during the next session of congress because of the "failure" of President Roosevelt's primary campaign against anti-New Deal Democrats.

In previous sessions of congress, Wheeler said, many senators "voted for New Deal propositions because they were afraid the president might come into their states and purge them."

"The purge failure demonstrated he can't do this," Wheeler said.

The senator predicted the job of Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley, D., Ky., "will be that much harder" under those circumstances.

"He will be able to lead the 100 per cent New Dealers, but he won't be able to lead the others," Wheeler said.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.