

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Sleepy Quonomet on Cape Cou woke up with a bang when all its citizens are caricatured in the newspaper office mural. While inspecting the cause of the upheaval, Asey Mayo, homespun detective meets snapping Pamela Frye who lives in the old Octagon House. She tells him her brother-in-law, Jack Lorne, is the artist but that her sister Marina is the one responsible for the malicious trick. Asey has never heard more of Marina.

Chapter Two

Murder!

ONCE in the headlines, Quonomet stayed there. Those piercing optics, the Eyes of the Nation, focused themselves on the town. It became, as a Boston newspaper grudgingly admitted, a cynosure. In 24 hours, the average blindfolded resident of Walla Walla or El Paso could have navigated Quonomet's Main Street with greater ease than he could circle his own back yard. Aunt Nettie Hobbs, the Pickle Lime Lady, was Woman of the Week in three news magazines, banishing the budget and wars way back among the dandruff cares.



"What're you doin' here, child? What's wrong?"

The continued headlines of course, were not due to the post office, or even the mural. But like the Octagon House and the Pickle Lime Lady, they continued to provide an important and bizarre background. They were meant to refer to the incredible Background of These Startling Incidents.

The first incident which startled Asey Mayo happened in the bright moonlight at two o'clock that morning as he rowed back to his landing.

His mind occupied almost entirely with the new sailboat which he had just returned to her mooring, Asey didn't see the figure lurking in the shadows on his wharf until a hand reached out and grabbed the prow of his sharpie.

Shipping his oars, Asey jumped lightly onto the landing.

"What the—who—Pamela Frye, that ain't you?"

"Yes, Asey."

"What're you doin' here this time of night—look, child," Asey discovered that she was trembling from head to foot, "what's wrong?"

"Asey, you know today—you laughed about my always hunting ambergis, and I told you that I still did, and—"

"But God A'mighty, child, you ain't found some!"

"Asey, I have! I did, this afternoon, on Quonomet Point. A huge lump, it's 100 pounds, anyway."

"What! Asey did some rapid calculating. "That's more'n \$50,000 worth—no wonder you're quiverin'! I know what you want. Sure, I'll help you lug it to Boston, an' get it to the right place, an'—"

"But that's not what I've been waiting for, Asey. It's about me and Sister. She—"

"Your sister Marina? Oho," Asey said. "Did she find it with you?"

"No, but she helped me take it home. And tonight I went over to get it, and—Asey, she's been killed!"

"What?"

"Murdered. And they say I did it!"

"With My Knife?"

Asey stared for a long moment at her face, chalk white in the moonlight.

"Sit down, Pam," he said gently. "Here, on this clean drier, before you tremble yourself or into the water. Now," he made fast the sharpie, "tell me everything, just as short an' sweet as you can make it. Begin back with the ambergis—ambergis—honest, that amazes me more'n the rest."

"It's the rest that matters—"

that's the worst," Pam said. "Asey, they'll be after me now. Hunting me. It was my knife that killed her, you know, Jack Lorne recognized it. He knows it's my knife. There—there isn't any way out of it!"

"Pam Frye," Asey spoke almost in his quarterdeck voice, "snap out of it! You didn't kill her, did you?"

"Of course not! Of course I didn't! But," she added, honestly, "I've often wanted to. I wanted to this afternoon."

"There's a vast difference," Asey said, "between feelin' an urge to kill someone an' actually killin' 'em. You didn't kill her, don't worry."

"But I did want to, and it's my knife, and they think I did. They're hunting me now, probably. I heard them a thousand times while I waited in the last hour. Somebody's sure to come to you and tell you and ask your help, even though they don't know I'm here—Pam's voice broke. "They'll arrest me and—"

Asey held a match for her cigarette.

"In another half minute," he said, "I'm goin' to begin to wonder if you didn't kill her—Pam, I know you're all worked up, but you've got to quiet down an' tell me things. Until you do, we can't get

any place at all. Begin with the ambergis."

"I Bawled!"

I FOUND it around five this afternoon," she made a valiant effort to pull herself together. "On Quonomet Point. I thought at first it was a lump of tallow—oh, Asey, after all these years, I couldn't believe it! There it was, staring me in the face. A chance to get away from that Godforsaken town, and that tumbledown rat trap of a house, to get Father away, to get places and do things—art school, everything. I just sat down and bawled."

Asey lit his pipe and waited for her tears to pass.

"To a certain extent, he thought he understood how the girl must have felt. That afternoon he had driven past Octagon House, as massive and ark-like as it had been when he first saw it years and years before. The sides facing the road were bravely painted, the lawns and the flower beds were well kept. Even the stiff-necked iron stag by the elm tree seemed to be doing his gallant best to bes up past tradition.

But the rear of the house was bare of paint, and the back porch sagged. The old octagon bar was warped to a circle that hovered uncertainly on rotted underpinnings. No electric wires, he noticed, ran to the house. That meat kerosene lamps and a hand pump and all the druggery that went with old time housework. And casual inquiry had brought forth the information that Pam Frye, a 23, lived there throughout the years supporting herself and her father, and somehow keeping the old place going. They were completely ignored by the bewitching Marina.

"I'm pulled together now," Pam said. "Asey, after I finished bawling, the problems involved suddenly burst on me. There I was, three miles up the beach. The tide was coming in, lickyety larrup! The ambergis was almost awash. I couldn't carry it, or even lift it, didn't dare leave it, to go back for a barrow, or a car, or anything. And I began to wonder what would happen if anyone came."

"(Gee-huh," Asey said. "It ain't like \$50,000 worth of stocks or bonds registered in your name. I you happened to meet someone who felt like claimin' it, an' if he happened to be bigger than you—sitting squarely on the head."

"You have," she said, "hit the spot."

"What happened to the ambergis?"

Continued Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



WOOD RIVER, Idaho, AT ONE POINT NARROWS FROM OVER 100 FEET WIDE AND 4 FEET DEEP TO 4 FEET WIDE AND 100 FEET DEEP! (Nephew Hailey)

"SUNNY SPAIN" -- HAS SPENT 67 OUT OF EVERY 100 YEARS AT WAR! NO OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD HAS SPENT SO MUCH TIME FIGHTING!

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

planned an advance on Spain proper an advance that was destined to resolve into a civil war of many months duration and to become entangled with many international aspects. In this manner, Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

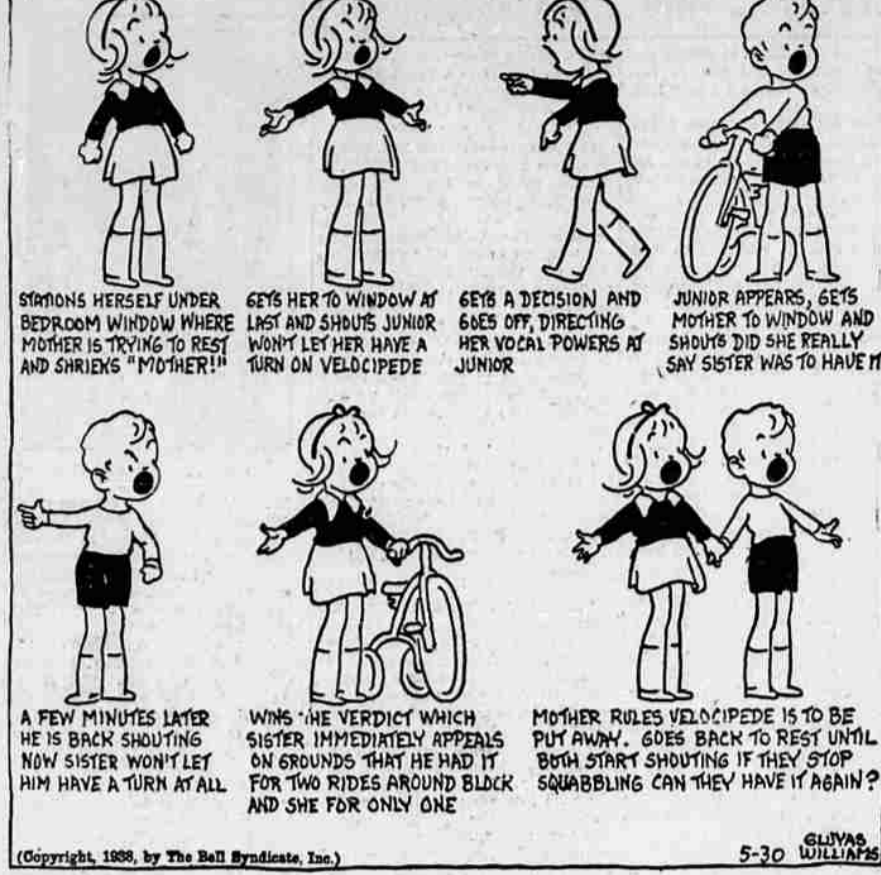
Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

Spain set out to fulfill her destiny—67 years of warfare out of every 100! This strange destiny was discovered recently in an analysis of 902 years and 1,615 international disturbances in the past 2,500 years, conducted by Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard. Professor Sorokin found that the war interval for the 20th century reached a total of eight times greater than all the preceding centuries. Spain led with wars occurring during 67 per cent of the years of her history. Lowest was Germany, with 28 per cent of her years of history involved

COURT OF APPEAL By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STATIONS HERSELF UNDER BEDROOM WINDOW WHERE MOTHER IS TRYING TO REST AND SHRIENS "MOTHER!"

GETS HER TO WINDOW AT LAST AND SHOUTS JUNIOR WON'T LET HER HAVE A TURN ON VELOCIPED

GETS A DECISION AND GOES OFF, DIRECTING HER VOCAL POWERS AT JUNIOR

JUNIOR APPEARS, GETS MOTHER TO WINDOW AND SHOUTS DID SHE REALLY SAY SISTER WAS TO HAVE IT

A FEW MINUTES LATER HE IS BACK SHOUTING NOW SISTER WON'T LET HIM HAVE A TURN AT ALL

WINS THE VERDICT WHICH SISTER IMMEDIATELY APPEALS ON GROUNDS THAT HE HAD IT FOR TWO RIDES AROUND BLOCK AND SHE FOR ONLY ONE

MOTHER RULES VELOCIPED IS TO BE PUT AWAY. GOES BACK TO REST UNTIL BOTH START SHOUTING IF THEY STOP SQUABBLING CAN THEY HAVE IT AGAIN?

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

5-30 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SMATTER POI By O M PAYNE



POP, YOU SAY GOOD MORNING WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING?

YUP

AN YOU SAY GOOD MORNING WHEN YA FEEL GOOD AN' HAPPY, AN THA BIRDS ARE SINGING?

YUP

AN YOU SAY GOOD MORNING WHEN IT'S RAININ' AN' A STORMIN' AN' YA FEELIN' GOOD?

YUP

AN YA ALWAYS KNOW WHAT YA ARE SAYIN'?

HM-M

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

5-28

TALENT CLUB TO HOLD ANNUAL GUEST PARTY

TALENT, May 30.—(Sp)—Talent annual club will hold its annual guest party Wednesday, June 1 at 2 p. m. at the city hall. All ladies are invited, especially elderly ladies and strangers.

TOMORROW: The know-it-all' clock!

Dr. Hardy entered Columbia university at 12; at 14 he won a Phi Beta Kappa key; at 15 a Bachelor of Arts degree; at 16 a Master of Arts degree; at 18 a Bachelor of Theology degree, and at 20 a Doctor of Philosophy degree! The latest is his fifth.

MAN OF MANY DEGREES

In May of this year a degree of Master of Sacred Theology was handed the Reverend Dr. Edward R. Hardy, Jr., 26-year-old assistant priest at St. Andrews church, Astoria, Queens, New York.

TALENT CLUB TO HOLD ANNUAL GUEST PARTY

TALENT, May 30.—(Sp)—Talent annual club will hold its annual guest party Wednesday, June 1 at 2 p. m. at the city hall. All ladies are invited, especially elderly ladies and strangers.

TALENT CLUB TO HOLD ANNUAL GUEST PARTY

TALENT, May 30.—(Sp)—Talent annual club will hold its annual guest party Wednesday, June 1 at 2 p. m. at the city hall. All ladies are invited, especially elderly ladies and strangers.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bad News!



SIT DOWN TOMMY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

W-W-WHEE! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, CHIEF!

YES, AND THAT AMOUNT IS ON THE RED SIDE OF OUR BOOKS, SON!

YOU MEAN?

I MEAN THAT THREE-POINT IS CLOSER TO BEING BROKE THAN IT EVER HAS BEEN!

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

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Warning Coming?



WHILE BEN CARES FOR THE FLOCK ON THE FARM, RUSTY MCGURK IS IN THE VILLAGE OF WHIPPORWILL HOLLOW TO DRUM UP TURKEY BUSINESS IN ADVANCE— HIS FIRST STOP IS THE GENERAL STORE—

IF I CAN LAND THE STORE THAT MEANS A LOT O' ORDERS ON ACCOUNT O' THERE'S WHERE MOST OF THE FOLKS BUY STUFF NOW—

SON, YOU MAKE THEM TURKEYS SEEM LIKE THEY WAS BOTTLE-RAISED AN' HAND-FED! WELL, I'LL GAMBLE ON FIFTY OF 'EM!

GEE, THANKS, MR. SAXTON!

THERE'S THE YOUNG TRAMP WHO STRUCK ME FOR A JOB THE OTHER DAY, POP—

BETTER STOP AND WARN OLD SAXTON ABOUT HIM, WILFRED— WE EXPECT TO SELL HIM PLENTY TURKEYS, YOU KNOW—

GENERAL STORE, PROP. LOU SAXTON, PROP.

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

5-27

THE NEBBS—A Voice from the Grave

IT'S FROM A LAWYER— HE WRITES REPRESENTING MY BROTHER WHO IS ANXIOUS TO GET IN COMMUNICATION WITH ME

YOUR BROTHER, I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD— DIDN'T YOU TELL ME HE WAS DROWNED AT SEA?

SO I DID— I HAVEN'T HEARD HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM FOR OVER 30 YEARS— HIS FRONT NAME WAS STEPHEN— MOTHER CALLED HIM "ANGEL"

WHAT DO YOUR FATHER CALL HIM?

LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT— HE WAS A GREAT KID, WAS STEVE, AND DEPENDABLE— YOU COULD TRUST HIM WITH ANYTHING YOU WANTED TO GET RID OF!

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

5-28

6 MILLION CANS OF PRODUCE LOST

SACRAMENTO, May 30. (AP)—Six million cans of fruit and vegetables, including a large shipment destined for the United States navy, was almost totally destroyed late Saturday afternoon when flames swept the main warehouse of the Berco's Richards packing plant, one of the nation's largest.

MONTANA SCHOOL MOTTO DEPLORED

PORT COLLINS, Colo., May 30.—(AP)—Exception to the action of the McClave, Colo., high school in publishing in the commencement issue of its paper the banner headline "WPA, Here We Come," was taken by State Senator James B. Miller of Port Collins, in a commencement ad-

the company, tentatively estimated the loss at \$600,000, but said it could not be determined exactly until the heavy smoke cleared and an accounting made.

Both the building and the stock were "fully covered" by insurance, he said. It was Richards' belief spontaneous combustion caused the blaze.

Company officials called the warehouse stock at \$1,500,000.

Fire Chief M. S. Dumphy said he was doubtful if any of the stock could be saved, but that firemen had confined the flames from spreading to the remainder of the plant.

Tom Richards, general manager of