

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Quamnet is aroused when its citizens are caricatured in the post office mural. The next night the artist's wife, unscrupulous Marina Lorne, is murdered with her sister's knife. Pamela Frye appeals to Asay Mayo, Cape Cod detective, telling him she found \$50,000 worth of ambergris which Marina tried to claim and hid it after discovering Marina dead in the garage. Because Asay indicates that someone in the woods, smoking Turkish tobacco, is listening, the anonymous man's hiding place for the ambergris, Pam hides under the wharf as police arrive. They are sure Pam is the murderer, but Doctor Cummings steers it was done by a left handed person.

mp pocket. Actually neither Asay nor the girl had to be killed. Asay would be put out of business, and—well, if there were trouble with the girl—

Knock At The Door
 ASEY continued to finger the carving knife. It had on the whole a nice balance. He flexed his wrist, and then on sudden impulse hurled the knife at the bread board, hanging on the wall next to the window. Instinctively, the watcher ducked.

"Huh," Asay said to himself with quiet pride, watching the knife quiver in the exact center of the

Chapter Seven Danger

"AN FURTHERMORE," Asay continued tranquilly. "I'm sort of sick an' tired of doin' Hanson's work for him. He says this is clear as crystal, you say it ain't. Can't you compromise on the girl's husband? Honest, I'm sleepy, an' this don't move me much one way or the other. Kind of a commonplace murder, when you come right down to it. Girl stabbed. That's all there is to it. Girl stabbed. Now, if you had quintuplets hung in a row, or someone stood up against the mural an' mowed down with a machine gun, why that'd be different. But—girl stabbed!"

The doctor gaped at him. "Well, really," he said. "Really! If that's the way you feel—come on, Hanson. Let's battle it out to a finish—ouch! Owl! Asay, why can't you fix your damned wharf? I nearly broke my neck on that loose board!"

Asay watched them stride up the path—listened to the cars as they roared off in the direction of Quamnet.

"Okay, Pam," he said. "Come on out. Are you frozen?"

She swung herself up on the wharf. "No, the water's not so cold—Asay, why'd you do that? Why didn't you go over?"

"Because," Asay said, "I didn't want to leave you wanderin' round loose to catch pneumonia, or meet up with our fine feathered friend the listener, who ought to be comin' back pretty soon to find out more about the ambergris, I think. Hustle up to the house. We got things to think about."

Pam chuckled. "Now that the sheer terror is beginning to wear off," she said, "I'm almost enjoying myself. Cummings—ain't he an old lamb? I nearly giggled out loud when he yelled at that loose board—he really didn't trip, you know. He just yelled because he was sore at you, and he had to take it out some way."

"He yelled," Asay said, "because I punched him from the rear. He'll be back shortly, an' find out what's goin' on. The doc's got considerable more brains than most folks, includin' Hanson, suspect."

Unknown Watcher

UP IN his house, Asay unstrapped a suitcase and rummaged through it.

"Here," he said triumphantly, producing a pair of flannels. "I knew these was in the clean lot. They got shrunk so they're about your size, an' here's a shirt. An' a sweater I was bringin' home to Betsy Porter, but your need's greater'n hers. Unstairs, first left, there's a bathroom. Take a hot bath, please, an' a cold shower, an' I'll leave food in the bedroom next door. You stay up there while I do some organizin'."

There was cold roast beef in his refrigerator, potato salad and his custard pie—all donations from his cousin Syl's wife. With the deftness acquired from his earlier days at sea, when he was a cook, Asay dressed up a tray, brewed coffee, and concocted a hot toddy.

He never thought to pull down the shades in his kitchen, nor did it occur to him to look outside the window, where a figure watched with interest as Asay left with the heaped-up tray for Pam. Asay returned, sat down at the kitchen table and ate his own meal. At its conclusion, he toyed with the carving knife beside the platter of beef.

Knives. He knew all about knives. He had learned about knives in a series of installments over a long period of years, and from a strange and widely scattered assortment of people. There was that Jamaican cook and his razor sharp cutlery, and the danger of an Italian mate, and the stiletto of that Spaniard in Hong Kong. The Spaniard and Asay had got to be friends, later; he'd taught Asay a lot about knives, and knives needed knowing. Especially any fool could pull a trigger, but a new stabbing, such as this seemed to be—that took a bit of skill.

Asay balanced the carving knife. Somewhere around the house he had a jackknife with a six inch blade. For fun, he'd get it out. Probably he'd be no use with it. You had to keep in trim to play with knives.

The watcher outside stared intently, and fondled the gun in a



Instinctively, the watcher ducked.

soft pine board, "it must be like bicyclin'; You don't forget."

He wrenched the knife from the board, and standing in the far corner of the room, hurled it twice more. Both times it hit within a quarter of an inch of the center.

The watcher returned the gun to his pocket.

A few minutes later the knocker on Asay's front door sounded.

The insistence of that continued rat-a-tat did more than jerk Asay back from his reminiscences and his knife throwing; it made him keenly aware of his stupidity in shilly-shallying when he should have been indulging in a good dose of constructive and thoughtful planning.

"Fool!" Asay murmured to himself. "Dum fool, you even left the shades up!"

And anyone over two feet tall approaching that side door from the back of the house, might well have been watching him for the last 20 minutes. Asay gritted his teeth and summed up his own mental caliber in a few terse nautical phrases.

En route to the door, he detoured into a bedroom and rummaged in a traveling bag. Finally he brought forth his favorite Colt, the old single action Army forty-five, which he thrust into his belt. To think of it! To think that he could have sat there like a lump, fiddling with that knife! As if he hadn't a single care in the world.

The trail of reproachful murmurs accompanied him as he slid through the dark hallway; he would have greeted with merriment at that moment, any suggestion that his knife fiddling had probably saved his skin.

Snapping on the outside light he peered through the curtained side glass at the stranger who stood on the millstone doorstep.

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Tomorrow: The stranger is left hand and smokes Turkish tobacco

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

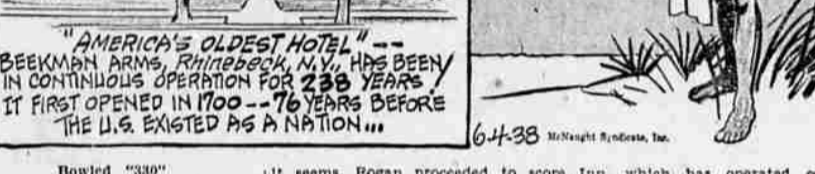
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A CORONER WAS ORIGINALLY A GUARDIAN OF THE ROYAL REVENUE IN 12TH-CENTURY ENGLAND...

BETTER THAN PERFECT!
 BILL ROGAN, Minneapolis bowler, ROLLED 330 IN AN OFFICIAL LEAGUE MATCH!
 (Under "A. B. C." rules)
 HE BOWLED A PERFECT GAME, THEN SCORED 30 POINTS IN THE ROLL-OFF FRAME WHEN HIS TEAM TIED THEIR OPPONENTS, TOTALING 330 POINTS!
 -Jan. 26, 1937-



SOUTH SEA KNIGHTS!
 NATIVES OF TINY NIAS ISLAND, FROM SUMATRA, CLAD THEMSELVES IN IRON ARMOR...



"AMERICA'S OLDEST HOTEL" -- BEEKMAN ARMS, RHINEBECK, N. Y., HAS BEEN IN CONTINUOUS OPERATION FOR 238 YEARS! IT FIRST OPENED IN 1700 -- 76 YEARS BEFORE THE U. S. EXISTED AS A NATION...

Bowler "330"
 Better than perfect—that is the way his friends describe Bill Rogan, Minneapolis bowler.

Origin of Coroner
 In its original meaning, a coroner had no part in conducting inquests. The term originated in 12th century England and designated an officer whose duty it was to record the pleas of the Crown in a county, and to guard the revenues arising therefrom.

America's Oldest Hotel
 Publication in Strange As It Seems last March of the record of Bennington, Vermont's Walloomsac Inn, which has operated continuously for 174 years, drew forth several challenges by proprietors of other old establishments claiming longer records.

advisory board of historians of the Texas centennial commission of control, took issue with the ceremonial leaders. He said he held a newspaper clipping describing another type of burial accorded the Alamo heroes, also under Seguin's directions.

Kemp, however, waived his objections to the ceremony but declared he was "positive the bones are not those of the Alamo heroes," and refused to participate.

When Kemp's commission planned to remove the bones of Boies Austin, father of Texas' founder, Stephen F. Austin, from Potosi, Mo., Missouri authorities objected and the proposal was temporarily abandoned.

Presidents of a score of students' unions of universities and colleges of Britain have issued a manifesto attacking the government for "complacency in the face of international barbarism."

More than 400 species of fish have been observed in the Mediterranean sea.

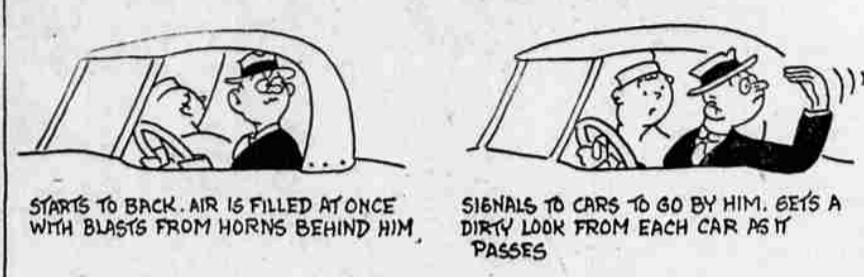
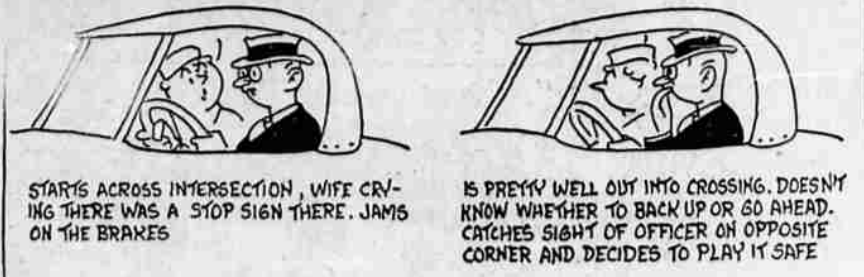
Monday: The immortal fire!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Competition . . . by Comet!



STOP AND ENTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-4 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER PO!
 By C. M. PAYNE



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Texas Is Perturbed By Dispute Over Bones Of Alamo Heroes

SAN ANTONIO, Texas—(UP)—Texas is wrapped in international problems involving its heroes.

Civil, military, church and state leaders are involved in a controversy that arose over a ceremony at the old Cathedral San Fernando here.

It all began several months ago when workmen renovating the cathedral altar floor unearthed a small pile of bones and fragments.

Recalling an account written by Capt. Jim Seguin, who commanded a company under Gen. Sam Houston at the Texas-liberating battle of San Jacinto, officials of the cathedral assumed they had ample proof that the bones found beneath the altar were those of Col. William B. Travis and the 180 heroes who died with him in the massacre of the Alamo.

But Seguin had written how, returning from the Texas revolutionary battles three months after the bloody Alamo incident, he found the charred bones of the victims in piles where Gen. Santa Anna of Mexico had ordered all the bodies burned. Seguin wrote that he gathered up the bones and interred them beneath the altar of San Fernando.

Upon that authority, the officials of the church recently staged a formal ceremony of reburial, in which army and state authorities participated and paid tributes to Travis, David Crockett, Col. James Bowie and many others who met death from the Mexicans' mad and steel.

L. W. Kemp, chairman of the

BEN WEBSTER'S CARRER—What a Sock!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBES—His Story

By SOL HESS



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