

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Sto... aroused when its citizens are curi- cated 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 Asey 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. Aware that someone, smoking Turkish tobacco, is listening, Asey has Pam announce a false hiding-place for the ambergris. Police arrive with Doc Cummings, who is the murderer is left handed. After Asey conceals Pam in his house the mysterious listener returns. Then someone knocks at the door.

Chapter Eight

Pleasant Young Man

DEFINITELY the young fellow did not belong to Hanson's outfit, nor could Asey recall ever seeing before that longish face, and the thick horn rimmed glasses. It was possible that he might be a messenger from Dr. Cummings—the doc was always commanding touring tourists to do his errands, and this one had the usual raw and untanned look of the newly arrived summer visitor.

Of course, Asey thought, there was the possibility that this fellow might be the prowler who had overheard Pam's story, and crawled ed off through the pines. The immaculateness of his white linen suit cried out that he couldn't have crawled through anything, let alone 100 yards of dusty pine grove. But that was no conclusive proof. He might have a car stuffed full of clean white linen suits for just such crawlings.

Asey swung the door open wide. "Mr. Mayo?" the young man smiled. A pleasant smile, Asey conceded, and a quiet, well bred sort of voice.

"I'm Mayo." "How do you do? My name is Carr. Timothy Carr. I'm a boarder at Octagon House."

"Yes," Asey said, in a tone that said perhaps he was Mr. Carr of Octagon House, and perhaps he was not.

"The police have been here to see you? And the doctor?" "They've been here."

"Asey's grudging taciturnity did not appear to bother Mr. Carr. "That's fine," he said, "because it'll save me any amount of explanations. Of course, as a matter of fact, I know quite well that they have been here. If I have to stand out here and yell through your splendid paneled door, it would distress me to have to yell, but on the other hand, I promised Mr. Frye. He spoke very quietly, but he obviously meant what he said. Asey grinned. "Come on in," he said, "an talk."

"Thank you. And I have a verbal message from Dr. Cummings, too," Timothy said as he followed Asey into the living room. "He'll be over shortly."

"If you'd told me that first," Asey said, "you'd have got in quicker."

"I know, but I'd have been entering under false pretenses," Carr said amiably, sitting down on the couch and watching Asey draw the window shades. "I do really want to talk with you about this affair, and the message was incidental. I was coming here anyway. And besides, I wanted to find out if you were as adamant about Octagon House, and I was as that policeman seemed to think. Gran and I—that is, my grandmother and I, we both decided you were faking, and now I'm sure you are. Gran's an old Asey Mayo fan, she reads every scrap she can find about you in the papers."

Allibid "WHAT did Hanson say?" Asey countered with another question.

Timothy Carr polished his glasses. "Hanson," he said, "probably has a heart of gold. He must have some redemptive features, and heaven knows his teeth aren't, or his brains. Look, to begin with, Aaron Frye is frantic. Naturally. Then Hanson set a copper over him, and forbade his stirring from Octagon House, which made him more frantic. Gran and I worried about him, and the only way we could calm him at all was to promise that we'd come to you and ask your help. Hanson said we couldn't go, but the doctor took our part, and gave me that message when Hanson was otherwise occupied."

He paused and pulled out a cigarette case. The initials, Asey noticed, did not stand for Timothy Carr, unless Mr. Carr spelled Timothy with a G and Carr with an M.

"What," Asey asked blandly, "d'you propose should be done about things—are those Turkish cigarettes that you're smoking?" "Won't you have one of the

Monday: News of Octagon House

olme filling station, they were on hand to prevent a hold-up. The officers, revolvers drawn, slipped up behind Edison E. Womack, 28, as he attempted to rob Merlyn Abee, the attendant.

seek Dam Approval WASHINGTON, June 6.—(AP) Congressional approval will be sought at this session for the \$23,700,000 Charles McNary bill today. The project would be part of the navigation, power and flood control program on the Columbia river.

Fall Kills FENDLETON, June 6.—(AP) Chas. Beem, 48, of Echo died today of a fractured skull received yesterday when he fell from a tree.

Grant Wins SCOTIA, Cal.—(UP)—A few of the reasons why Charles Beck won the log-backing championship of the California redwoods by sawing

ASTORIA INFANT SMOTHERS IN BED ASTORIA, Ore., June 6.—(AP)—Aldice Chase, 4-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Chase of Hammond, suffocated in her bed last night, the coroner's office reported today.

The parents found the baby lying face down with her nose buried in the bedding. She apparently had turned over in her sleep and had suffocated without waking.

Point Adams coast guardians were unable to resuscitate the child.

Hold-Up Thwarted PORTLAND, June 6.—(AP)—Because two detectives were suspicious of the actions of a man near a gas-

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 Immortal Fire Symbolic of the liberty his ancestors fought for in the American revolution, William Morris today carefully tends a small fire in the fireplace of his home, that has been burning for 147 years. When the going was toughest for America's colonial forces in their fight with England, one loyal Philadelphian almost alone saved the day by pouring three-fourths of his entire estate into the revolutionary war funds. That man was Robert Morris, "The Man Who Financed the Revolution." Morris lived to see his ideals of a free country come true—a free country that Morris' brother, John, faced happily with his bride, Sarah, one day in 1791. Pioneering into the mountains of North Carolina, the hardy couple cleared a section of land and built themselves a strong cabin. The cabin contained a cheery open-hearth fireplace. When their new home was completed, the couple built a fire in the fireplace and, kneeling before it, vowed never to let it go out. The fire was symbolic of all their dreams—of their love for their country and for each other. Throughout their lives the fire burned away—in year out. So, John died, but John continued to feed the everlasting flame of love and liberty. After John's, his grandson and his great-grandson, William Morris, continued to keep that flame alive. William Morris today is the sole survivor and caretaker of the fire. With great care he tends the blaze: during the day he covers the glowing embers with a layer of ashes so that it will not go out while he tends his chores. At night he uncovers the fire and stirs it up into a blaze, throwing on more wood. "Then I sit down before it with my dog," says Morris, "and I can see in the flames my mother and father, my grandparents, and great grandparents who started it burning 147 years ago. I'll keep it going as long as I live, but I'm 77 years old and have no children, so I guess the fire and I'll be going out together." Tomorrow: The International Soldier. Many vague words, according to Fred W. Orth, visual education authority. The only solution, he believes, is education by the film, which brings to the student reality and objectivity first and words afterward. It is estimated that 20,000 years have elapsed since the close of the glacial period.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Stunned!



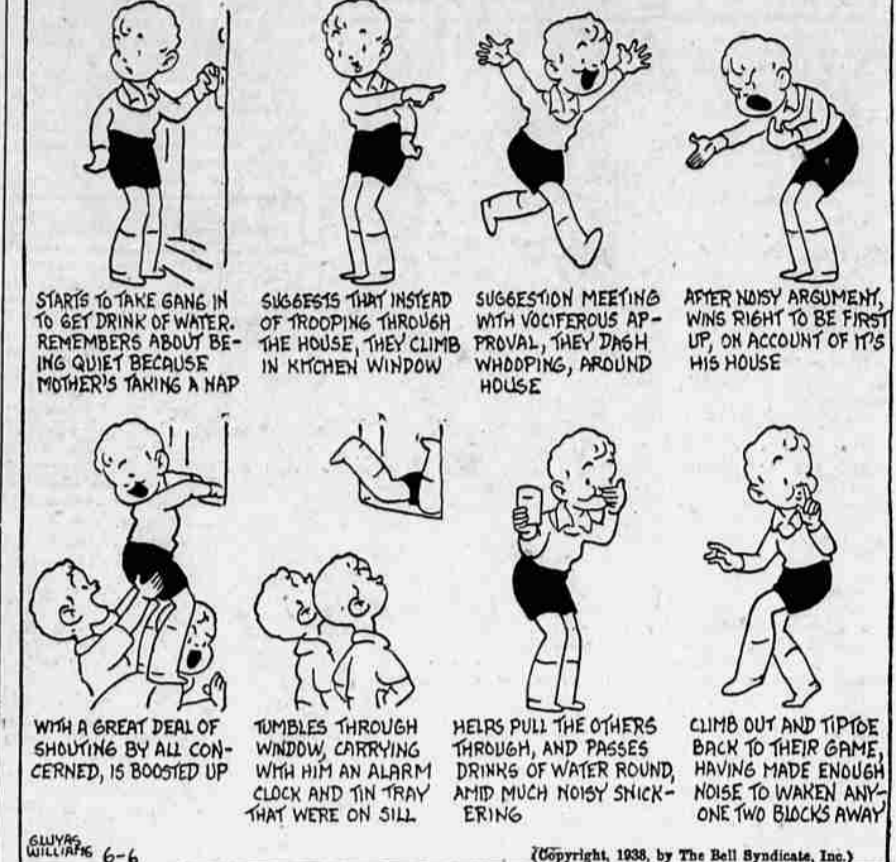
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Licked Yet!



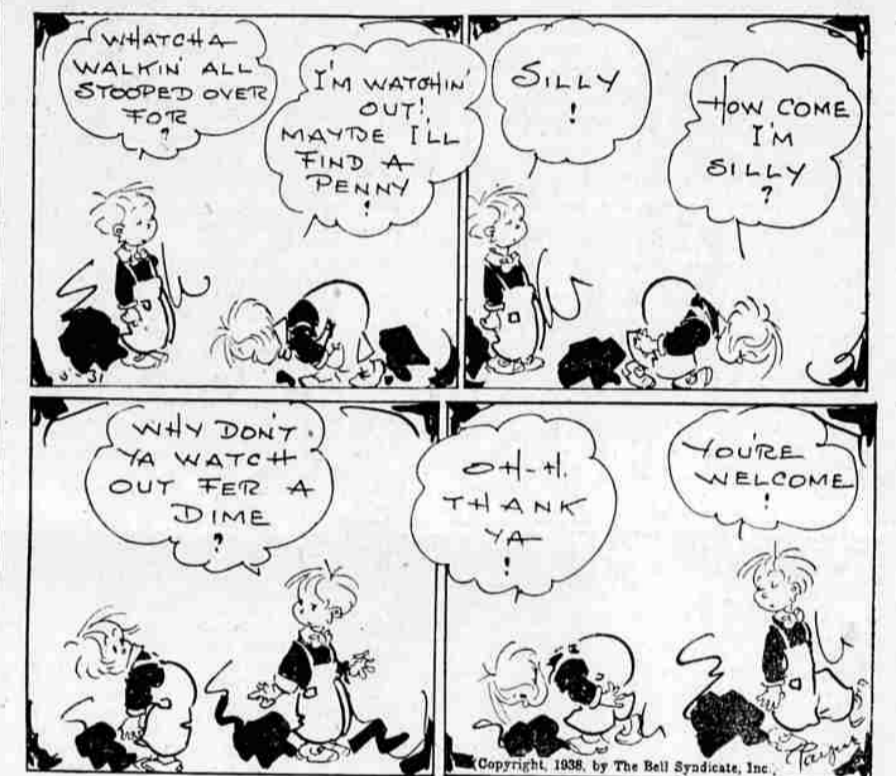
THE NEBBS—Steve Continues



QUIET By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



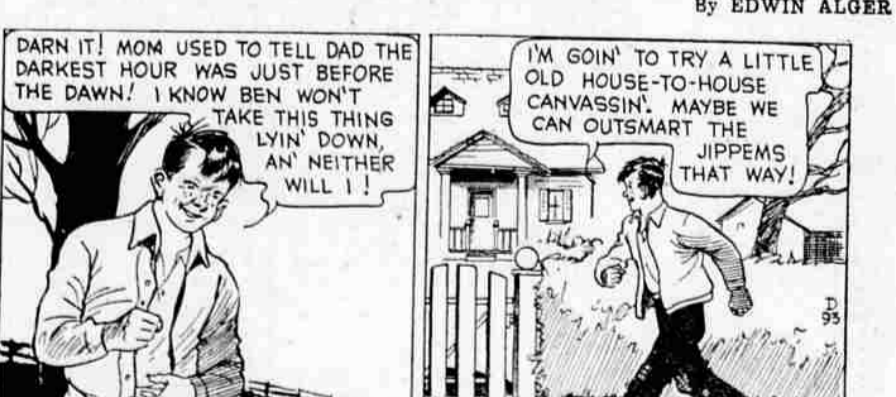
S MATTER POI By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



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