

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Asey Mayo, Cape Cod detective, is investigating the murder of Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office mural has aroused Quamnet. She was killed by a left handed blow from her sister's knife. Suspected Pam Frye disappears because someone who smokes Turkish tobacco is trying her to discover the whereabouts of \$50,000 worth of ambergris she found. Agreeable Tim Carr, boarder at the Frye's Octagon House, is left handed, smokes Turkish tobacco, and hated Marina. And Roddy Strutt, who is drinking, crash looks deliberate, is offering a reward for the murderer. Asey decides to locate Pam's ambergris and make sure it is safe.

Chapter 19

Asey Putties The Windows
Asey backed his truck into a driveway, and finally managed to maneuver along to a lane leading to the network of back roads. After plowing interminably through sandy ruts, he at last turned off on a road which eventually wound past Octagon House and the Lorne cottage.

An amazingly small group, a mere handful, waited outside the barred wire barrier. For the most part, they looked like local people. Asey leaned out and inquired what had become of the tourists. The man shrugged. "I don't know. I guess they're up town. They don't seem to care much

"For gosh sakes," the trooper said warily. "Go putty your damned windows and shut your face! Hey—hey, Ding!" He yelled to still another trooper who was just entering the house. "This guy's going to putty the windows. He's all right. He's harmless."

"Huh," Asey said, trying to sound badly ruffled. "It sure takes you fellers a long time to make your minds up!"

Swinging the putty pail and scripping the putty knife, he made a slow and searching circuit of the house. The cellar windows were large four-paned things, and they needed putty just about as badly as he thought they could. He could pry practically any sill down, or until someone got suspicious and sent him away.

From what he could gather by peering through the windows, the cellar floor plan was a strange and wonderful thing. The wall apparently ran diagonally through the place, slicing the octagon and leaving visible two triangular small rooms, two rectangles—slightly bashed—and two hybrid rooms that seemed to have at least six walls apiece. He rather hated to contemplate what happened in the middle of the place, beyond his line of vision. He strongly suspected that there was a circular staircase to the first floor, at the very least.

'A Lovely Idea'

The trooper stopped him as he started a second trip about the outside.



The policeman barred Asey's way.

about the murder, or the mural either. They're just out for a good time."

"Then I guess," Asey said, "I can get this loom dumped. I been tryin' all day to dump it here, an' they wouldn't let me."

The policeman at the barrier, overhearing Asey's remark, announced that he couldn't dump it now, either.

"I'd like to know why," Asey said crossly. "Pam Frye ordered this loom, an' I've brought it, an' I can't waste any more time cartin' it around, an' I need my truck. I can't see how I'm goin' to hurt anyone, just dumpin' a little loom, an' doin' some work I been paid to do."

He spoke loudly enough for everyone to hear, and the group promptly took his side. What harm was a little loom, if a man needed his truck? They discussed the situation with gusto until the officer bowed to public opinion and let Asey through.

Asey shoved half the loom into a neat pile by the back porch, while another trooper watched him suspiciously.

"Now," Asey put down his shovel, "now, mister, I want to see Aaron Frye. Ask him—"

"You can't."

"Well, then, you go ask him what windows he wants me to begin puttin' putty on first, mister. I got work to do."

"You can't see Frye, and you can't do any work around here," the trooper said. "Beat it!"

"If you're going to putty, brother," he said, "you putty. Hear me? Putty!"

Asey sighed plaintively. "Looky here," he said, "some of these windows needs putty, more'n others does. How can I tell which needs it most, if you keep stoppin' an' interruptin' an' botherin' me so?"

"Get goin'!"

"All right," Asey said. "All right. I'll get goin'. No respect for a man's work, that's what's the matter with this world."

He made his way to the triangular furnace room window and removed all the putty from one pane with such deft celerity as to remove also whatever suspicions the trooper might have been entertaining. Then he proceeded to putty, with infinite care.

A slight noise in the first floor window above temporarily disconcerted him. He looked up to find the greenest parrot he had ever seen staring down at him fixedly from a perch in a cage. On the window sill lay Emma Goldman, surveying him with a skeptical eye.

"Emma," he heard Mrs. Carr's voice as she entered the room. "Emma, must you park under that bird? Can't you just be a good cat, and sit, and relax, and breathe the nice air? You cannot get that parrot, and don't you try. She'll snap at you. Toots, you're the worst parrot I ever saw—if you don't like Emma, why don't you let her know it?"

"They enjoy this refined skrimshing," Tim said, and closed the door. "Well, on the whole, what do you think of things, Gran?"

"I think, on the whole," she said, "that we have been sufficiently open and garrulous to allay suspicions. It was a lovely idea of yours, Timmy, and I give you full credit. You're masterly with details. I really thought so. The only real point is, where did she put it? Where, in God's name did the girl put it?"

Asey felt as though someone had hit him sharply between the eyes. "Where did she put it?" Mrs. Carr asked again.

"Timothy sighed. "I don't know, Gran. All I'm sure of is that she hid it somewhere. No one's brought it to light yet, so it still must be here. It's got to be. And by heaven, I'm going to find it!"

"What are the Carrs up to? Continued tomorrow."

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



PILOT E. G. FULLERTON FLEW AN AIRPLANE 400 MILES WITH A HOME MADE PROPELLER—MADE FROM SLEIGH BOARDS HELD TOGETHER WITH MOOSE GLUE!
(Fort Simpson, N.W.T., to Peace River, Alta., Can., 1920)
THE SHIP HAD BEEN MAROONED WITH A DAMAGED "PROP" 1000 MILES FROM "CIVILIZATION!"

RAZOR BLADE ARTIST—HOWARD DANIELS, Redondo Beach, Cal., CARVES CARICATURES, WESTERN SCENES, ETC., IN WOOD, USING RAZOR BLADES FOR TOOLS! HE HAS CREATED 100 PICTURES IN ONE YEAR...



FRANK CORKERY, Philadelphia bowler, ROWED A PERFECT "300" GAME AFTER 40 YEARS OF TRYING!
—April, 1938—



MOOSE-GLUE PROPELLER
Pilot E. G. Fullerton, R. C. A. F., found himself in an embarrassing position when, in March, 1920, he was stranded 1,000 miles from civilization with a broken propeller, at Fort Simpson, N. W. T.

The ice had not yet gone out of the Mackenzie river; communication with Edmonton, Alta., would be impossible for months. There was nothing to do, Fullerton decided, but sit and wait for spring to come.

Then Walter Johnson, a Fort Simpson ex-cabinet maker, proposed a daring plan. He thought he could whittle a propeller—if he had the right kind of wood.

A search of the settlement disclosed a supply of sleigh boards, well seasoned, in a warehouse. A number of

these could be cut to shape and glued together—if glue were available.

Somebody suggested boiling down an old pile of moose hides. The trick worked; after days of working with crude tools, Johnson completed the propeller. Dramatically Pilot Fullerton fitted it to his ship.

A short test flight proved it was satisfactory: at 1,500 revolutions per minute it pulled the two-ton, metal, Junkers monoplane smoothly through the air.

Strange as it seems, Fullerton lifted his plane from the ice-covered Mackenzie river on April 21—only a few hours before the ice broke up—and soared away 400 miles to Bear lake, near the frontier town of Peace

River, Alberta, covering the distance in four hours with the odd moose-glued propeller!

Razor Blade Artist
One year ago Howard Daniels, artist of Redondo Beach, California, had "never carved so much as a toothpick." Today, strange as it seems, he has created a new field of art with almost unlimited possibilities.

Daniels carves pictures from pieces of driftwood, using as his only tools common safety razor blades—thereby solving the problem of what to do with them after shaving. He has created one hundred pieces so far, including portraits and caricatures of famous stage, screen and radio stars and scenes of western and mission life.

Cartridges Betray Hunter.
STANDISH, Mich. — (UP) — Four empty cartridges left beside an illegally killed fawn enabled conservation officers to run down the hunting violator two months after the season closed. Aided by ballistics experts, they traced the shells to Lewis Schemsky, Flint factory worker, who pleaded guilty.

Tea Party Tax Was Six Cents; Now British Are Paying Sixteen

BY PRESTON GROVER

WASHINGTON—Time flies, and it now develops that enemy airplanes can shake more taxes out of tea-drinkers than the old-time fear of British redcoats.

England recently raised its tax on tea from 12 cents a pound to 16 cents and while the English don't cheer it especially, they are paying it without threats of staging tea-parties such as added historical zest to our pre-revolutionary days.

The money, of course, is going to build up defenses for the British Isles, which right now are concerned over the prospect of having fleets of bombers come over from the continent.

Just for the sake of comparison it could be mentioned that the tax

which precipitated the Boston Tea Party was about six cents a pound barely less than a third of the tax the British now are levying upon themselves.

The fear of British redcoats was not enough to convince the "Anker" colonists they should pay the tax although to be sure the circumstances then were far different from those affecting the present British tax.

The complaint of the colonists was that the money was intended to help

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Determined

By HAL FORRESTER



FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY SEND A 3-CENT STAMP WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO: HAL FORRESTER, 2116 PAPER FOR SET OF MODEL PLANS OF THE DOUGLAS DST PLANE

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Invitation

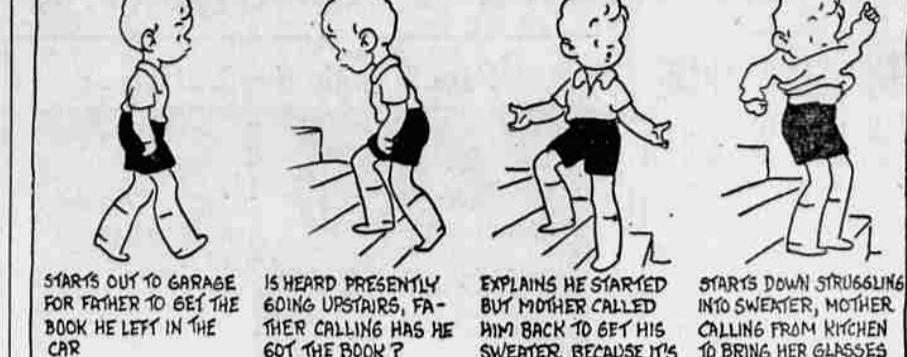
By EDWIN ALGER



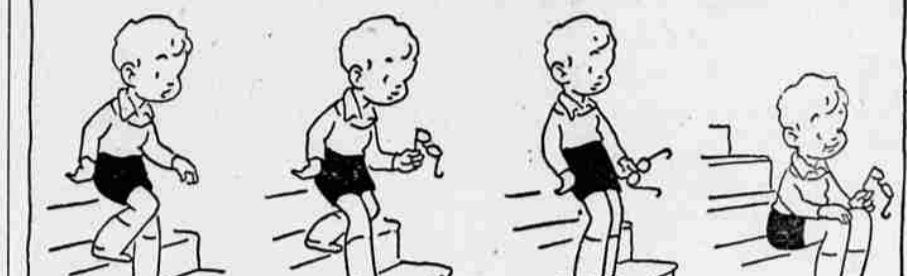
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DOUBLE ORDERS

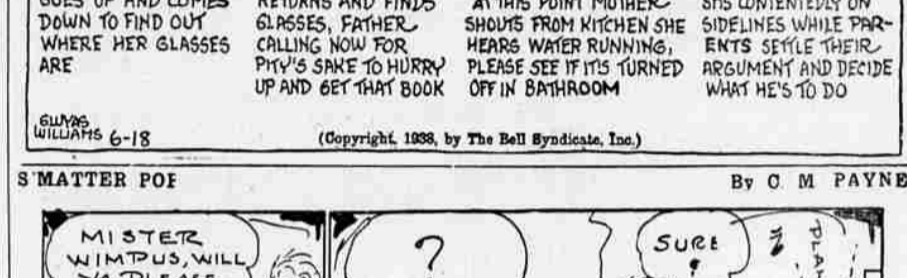
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STARTS OUT TO GARAGE FOR FATHER TO GET THE BOOK HE LEFT IN THE CAR



IS HEARD PRESENTLY GOING UPSTAIRS, FATHER CALLING HAS HE GOT THE BOOK?



EXPLAINS HE STARTED BUT MOTHER CALLED HIM BACK TO GET HIS SWEATER, BECAUSE IT'S SPRINKLING



STARTS DOWN STRUGGLING INTO SWEATER, MOTHER CALLING FROM KITCHEN TO BRING HER GLASSES DOWN WITH HIM



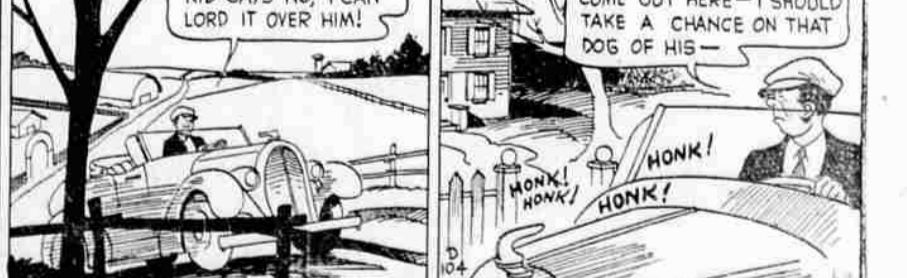
GOES UP AND COMES DOWN TO FIND OUT WHERE HER GLASSES ARE



RETURNS AND FINDS GLASSES, FATHER CALLING NOW FOR PHY'S SAKE TO HURRY UP AND GET THAT BOOK



AT THIS POINT MOTHER SHOUTS FROM KITCHEN SHE HEARS WATER RUNNING, PLEASE SEE IF IT'S TURNED OFF IN BATHROOM



SITS CONTENTEDLY ON SIDELINES WHILE PARENTS SETTLE THEIR ARGUMENT AND DECIDE WHAT HE'S TO DO

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 6-18 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE NEBBS—The Cat Out of the Bag

By SOL HER



Now what, folks? Is this long-lost brother who is accepting a brother's hospitality, going to 'horn' in on Aunt Ophelia's estate?

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YOU REMEMBER PA USED TO SAY YOU TOOK AFTER AUNT OPHELIA... GOOD-LOOKIN' AND DUMB, ONLY YOU WASN'T GOOD-LOOKIN'!

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I WENT THROUGH THE CEMETERY TODAY AND SHE'S BURIED SO MANY HUSBANDS THE HEAD STONES LOOK LIKE THE WHITE KEYS ON A PIANO... AND ALL MARKED 'BELOVED'



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