

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 Quanonet. She was killed by a left handed blow from her sister's knife. Suspected Pam Frye disappears because someone who smokes Turkish tobacco is trailing her to discover the whereabouts of \$50,000 worth of ambergis she found. Agreeable Tim Carr, boarder at the Frye's Octagon House, is left handed, smokes Turkish tobacco, and hated Marina. And Roddy Strutt, whose alibiing plane crash looks deliberate, is offering a reward for the murderer. Asey goes to Octagon House to make sure Pam's ambergis is safely hidden. From an open window he hears Tim's grandmother ask him, "Where did the girl put it?"

Chapter 20

Enlightening Conversation

"I DON'T know," said Tim, "but by heaven I'm going to find it!"

"You will, Timmy. You will. I know you will. And I hope that you don't let grass grow under your feet when you do."

Timothy laughed. "When I find it," he said. "When—well, I'll act, all right."

"But there's still the chance," Mrs. Carr said, "that it'll come to light some other way, even if you do manage to find it first. You can't guess how many people she might have told. And then there's Asey Mayo to consider."

"Don't you think I know it?"

"He believed us last night. But if he finds one break in our story, Tim, he'll turn those blue eyes on us—oh, dear, I don't like to think about it. Get along, and keep hunting. Hanson doesn't suspect you, does he?"

"Hanson?" Tim said, "thinks I'm a perfect fool. It's the old Harold Lloyd influence, he thinks anyone with glasses like mine is a fool. Of course, he might have a brain wave. Very shortly it ought to occur to him that Pam Frye did not kill her sister, and then you can't predict where his fancy may turn. I've asked a lot of questions. And of course there's Aaron."

"Frye won't talk," Mrs. Carr spoke with assurance. He wouldn't dream of talking. Why should he? Everything was so awfully timely. We saved his skin, too."

"How about driving over and chatting with Comrade Mayo?" Tim suggested. "Shouldn't we continue this intense interest of ours in Right and Justice, and all?"

"I don't know. Too much, and he will suspect something. I wish he didn't seem to look at you as though he could read your private thoughts as well as your public utterances. That sort of calmly piercing gaze disgusts me so. It's so bland. Like Emma Goldman watching that parrot, or waiting for her fish to cool. Yes, Tim, I should feel far more at home with Asey Mayo if our relations were on a more honest foundation. If he finds out about the movie—"

"Gran, what ideas you have! We implanted that movie idea firmly, and after all, we went to the movies, didn't we?"

"We implanted the movie idea," Mrs. Carr admitted, "at least, you did. And we went to the movies. But that will hardly matter if Asey Mayo happens to find out that we left the movies long before the time Marina was killed. And I wouldn't put it past him to find out. Get Emma—she's itching to jump up to that cage. Such an inhuman parrot! Just beady staring and staring. I wish it would talk."

"Perhaps," Timothy said, "it's a mercy that it doesn't."

"Perhaps so. Let's go out and take a walk. All these police around make me nervous."

The Coal Bin

BEFORE Timothy picked up the cat, Asey ducked away and walked rapidly to the rear of the house.

"Say, mister," he said to the trooper, "I got to get into the cellar an' find—"

"You can't go in the cellar," "Mister," the note of desperation in Asey's voice was not entirely assumed. He could hear Timothy and Mrs. Carr approaching the rear porch. "Mister, Pam said she'd leave the sprigs in a box for me, an' I need 'em for this pane—"

"The what's in a box?"

"Sprigs," Asey said. "Flat headed nails, like. Ain't you ever reset glass? One of them pane's half out. I got to get sprigs."

"All right, get 'em. Do you know where they are?"

"In the furnace room," Asey said. "At least, that's where Pam said she leave 'em. Can I go in this door?"

He was through it before the trooper had time to answer.

The door opened directly into the hallway that diagonally sliced the octagonal cellar. He paused by the circular staircase that led to the first floor, and removed from his hip pocket a battered tin box of sprigs. He had about eight, or ten minutes, he decided, before the trooper would wander in. When he did come, Asey would have the box of sprigs at hand, ready to wave triumphantly under his nose.

In the meantime, he might see if Pam Frye had really hidden her ambergis in the cellar. There was an inside, built-in chute for coal attached to the window on which he had been working. Probably Pam had wheeled her barrow over from the Lorne's garage and dumped her ambergis, still covered with the tarpaulin, down the chute. Then, somehow, she had got it into the coal bin and covered it with coal.

He was so positive that the ambergis would be in under the coal that it came as a shock to find that it wasn't.

Pam might, of course, have wheeled the barrow directly in the back door. The abnormally high door all would have presented a problem, but if she solved it, she might have left the ambergis in any one of the other rooms.

Asey began a cautious investigation. One of the rectangles was a laundry, with old-fashioned soapstone tubs. There was no trace of the ambergis there. The other odd rectangular room was fitted up as a workshop. Everything was in plain sight, and there were no closets or cubby holes in which to hide anything. The other triangle which matched the furnace room was empty except for an old churn and a mop. The two largest rooms, the peculiar six-sided things, were both jammed full of dusty furniture.

Nothing was big enough to hold the ambergis. The old trunks were far too small, and the lids were still opened from the organized search of Hanson's man for Pam Frye, the night before.

"You—oh, you in there!"

"Yup," Asey put on his gold rimmed glasses. "I found my sprigs. They—where are you? They was—oh, I thought you was that cop," he added as Aaron Frye walked up to him.

"Yes," Mr. Frye said. "Yes."

"I'm inco!"

HE stared searchingly at Asey, and Asey stared back at him. He had almost forgotten what a distinguished looking man Aaron was, with his massive head and white hair that somehow canceled his slight stoop. His grey flannel suit was old, but neat and well cut.

"Yes," Mr. Frye said, obviously puzzled as to what Asey was doing and who he was anyway, "what is going on? I'm sure Pam never mentioned anything about having the wings fixed, although the dear Lord knows they need it. I should have got to it myself—see here, if you're more reporters—"

He stopped uncertainly. If Asey thought, he had happened to be more reporters, he could get an interview from Aaron Frye without half trying. He could almost feel the man trying to decide whether to dig to the root of the situation himself, or to call in the trooper.

"The last time you seen me," Asey said, "was at your wife's mother's house. A fourth of July back, wasn't it, easy. I was teachin' your daughter to sail, around that time."

"Oh," Frye was obviously relieved, "you're—"

"Yup, but I'm inco," Asey told him. "Right now, I'm the man Pam hired to fix windows. I spoke to the guy she didn't tell you. She made a point of my comin' here this afternoon. Name of Nickerson."

"Why, I do remember now, Nickerson," Frye piven his cue, once he had been given his cue. "Yes, indeed, Nickerson. I wonder if you could fix my study window? The latch is very bothersome. In fact," he added as they walked down the hall to the door, "it's really beyond repair, but Pam said she was certain you could fix it if anyone could. Ah, Shorty," he spoke to the trooper, "it's Nickerson, you know quite all right, really. My daughter did tell me that he was coming but I forgot. I'm forgetful. Shorty knows how forgetful I am, too. He had to save the house from flames today when I absent-mindedly filled the oil stove tank with water. I can't think why. I never did before—it's all right if he fixes the latch on my window, isn't it, Shorty?"

"Sure, I guess so, Mr. Frye. Sure, all right. Go ahead. Hanson said no one was to come to see you, but he's gone till midnight."

In the book lined study at the front of the house, Aaron pulled up an old Morris chair and sat down.

"Where is she?"

Asey shook his head. "She was all right with me last night. Then she lit out. But I'm not worryin' about her, because I think she's one girl that can take of herself. I'm not worryin' a bit about her. Now look—how absent-minded are you?"

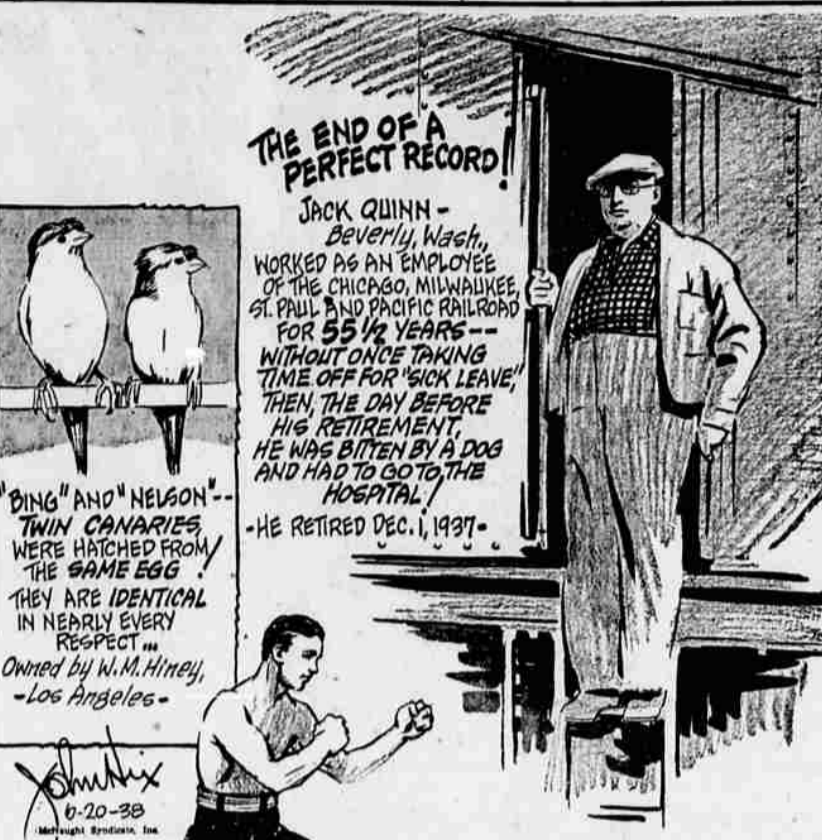
Frye smiled. "Terribly, sometimes. As I was today about that stove. More often, as Pam knows, it's a matter of policy. A very polite method of ignoring things I don't want to be bothered with. Particularly town affairs. But if there's something you want to tell me, and you're afraid I'll blurt it out—well, I think you may safely trust me."

"Have you any idea what Pam found on the beach yesterday afternoon?" Asey asked.

"Will Asey find the ambergis? Don't miss Monday's chapter."

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 END OF A PERFECT RECORD!

JACK QUINN -
Beverly, Wash.,
WORKED AS AN EMPLOYEE
OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE,
ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC RAILROAD
FOR 55 1/2 YEARS—
WITHOUT ONCE TAKING
TIME OFF FOR "SICK LEAVE,"
THEN, THE DAY BEFORE
HIS RETIREMENT,
HE WAS BITTEN BY A DOG
AND HAD TO GO TO THE
HOSPITAL!
—HE RETIRED DEC. 1, 1937—

"BING" AND "NELSON" -
TWIN CANARIES
WERE HATCHED FROM
THE SAME EGG!
THEY ARE IDENTICAL
IN NEARLY EVERY
RESPECT!!!
Owned by W. M. Hiney,
—Los Angeles—

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CHARLIE MITCHELL --
old-time boxer
HELD THE LIGHTWEIGHT, MIDDLEWEIGHT
AND HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIPS
OF ENGLAND!
HE HELD THE LATTER FROM 1882
TO 1894!!!

Almost Perfect Record

Here is one case when a dog bit a man—and it WAS news:

Jack D. Quinn of Beverly, Wash., up to November, 1937, had never missed a day's work because of sickness during the entire 55 1/2 years he worked for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific railroad.

Quinn prided himself on this record. He laid plans for his retirement on December 1—a retirement which was to be doubly honorable because of his splendid attendance record.

Then, as fate would have it, on November 30 he was confronted with a dog—a vicious dog. It bit him. Sad as it seems, Quinn spent that last day in the hospital instead of at work!

Quinn started with the road as a construction laborer in 1882 and made his first trip as a fireman in 1888. Next year he was promoted to locomotive engineer, in which position he served until his retirement.

Canary Twins

Just like two peas in a pod are "Bing" and "Nelson," twin canaries owned by William M. Hiney of Los Angeles. Strange as it seems, both birds were hatched from a single egg!

Both are males, yellow with the conspicuous tip knot inherited from the mother, a yellow warbler top knot. Since hatching last July they have grown up with amazingly similar idiosyncrasies.

"Nelson," however, has the song of his father, a Hartz Mountain roller, while "Bing" sings the song of a warbler. Strange as it seems, the only outward difference in appearance is in the birds' wings; "Bing's" left wing has dark feathers, while "Nelson's" right wing has dark. Hiney has refused offers as high as \$1000.00 for the pair.

3-In-One Champion

Charlie Mitchell won the heavyweight glove title of England in a competition in 1882 and retained it until his retirement in 1894, successfully defending it against John L. Sullivan in March, 1888, at Chantilly, France. Mitchell also held the light weight and middleweight title of England.

Tomorrow: The human incubator!

Weather

Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday except local showers over Sierra. No change in temperature; modern northwest wind off coast.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday but fog on the coast; warmer in east portion Tuesday; moderate northerly wind off coast.

A Request

It has been requested of me to inform sufferers of hay-fever that Holford's Inhaler will prove a god-send to them; not only them but to anyone troubled with colds, catarrh, asthma sinus and all head, nose and throat diseases. You may purchase same at Wainwright's East Side Pharmacy, W. Krug.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

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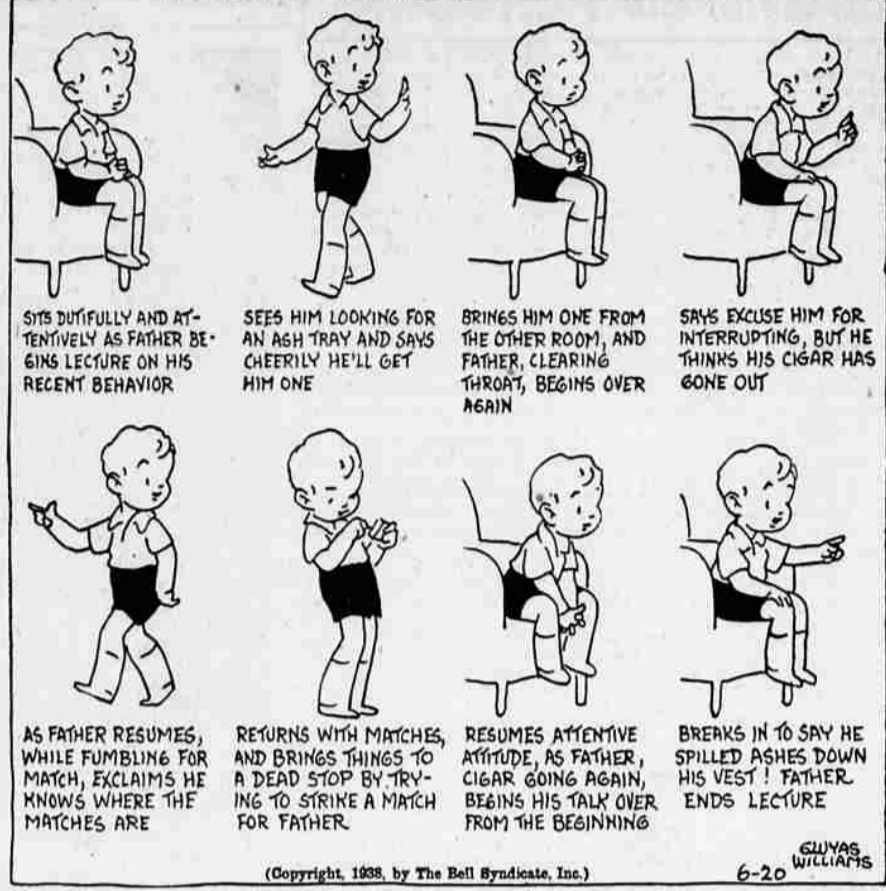
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THE NEBBES—Help Wanted



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Bit of Salt in Drinking Water Is Advised for Heat Sufferers

WASHINGTON (UP)—The Red Cross, in a bulletin just issued, advises heat sufferers to drink a light salt solution to prevent heat stroke and heat prostration.

"Common-sense precautions during periods of excessive heat may prevent prostration and heat stroke," said Harold F. Enlow, director of first aid and life saving for the Red Cross.

"Because excessive perspiration reduces the essential saline content of the blood stream, an excellent preventive measure during high temperature periods is the taking of a pinch of salt in a glass of water when thirsty."

Enlow also warned against confusing heat stroke with heat prostration.

"Heat stroke," he said, "is caused by exposure to heat—particularly the sun's rays. Heat prostration is caused by exposure to the sun's rays of indoor heat.

"Heat stroke symptoms are headache, red face, skin hot and dry, sweating, pulse strong and rapid, temperature very high, victims usually unconscious."

"Heat prostration symptoms are opposite in almost every way, Enlow pointed out.

"Prostration symptoms," he said, "are pale face, skin moist and cool with profuse perspiration, pulse weak, temperature low, victims often faint but seldom remain unconscious for more than a few minutes."

Enlow emphasized that remedies