

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



...ory So Far: Asey Mayo, Cape
detective, is investigating yester-
day's murder of Marina Lorne, whose
husband's post office mural has aroused
Quantom. She was killed by a left-
handed blow from her sister's knife
and Pam Frye is suspected. Pam dis-
appears after hiding \$50,000 worth of
ambergis. Asey learns that Marina's
marriage to Jack Lorne was a fraud
because she was already married to
Tim Carr, boarder at the Frye's Octo-
gon House. She also played around
with Roddy Strutt, whose plane
crashed conveniently the night of the
murder. Before the eyes of Asey, Jack,
and Peggy Boone, an artist, the barn
burns down. Realizing the fire was
set by someone who wanted to dis-
cover the location of the ambergis,
Asey prouls around the woods. He
finds Tim knocked out, and then Tim
finds Asey knocked out. Pam's father
is missing.

Chapter 26

Menaces

"I DON'T like this," Tim said. "To
me this smacks of foul play.
What do you think?"
"We'll go back to the house,"
Asey said. "Most likely Aaron Frye
is there, safe and sound. If he ain't
here, he must be there. It's my idea
that the troopers followed you two,
and probably they escorted Aaron
back. Look, while we're on the top-
ic of foul play, what were you
hunting so hard in the Lorne
house, an' roundabout? An' why
did I get told so much folderl last
night?"
"A little bird," Tim did his best
to maintain his flippant tone, "tells
me you already know you do, don't
you? Timothy's Error, or The Blighted
Life. Who found the marriage lines
and that pretty note, you or Hanson?"

"Lorne."
"Poor Gran," Timothy said. "It
may sound like Galahad, or that
man with that hair shirt, but I'd
hoped it wouldn't happen, for her
sake. That's why you got that yarn.
There was a chance the stuff
wouldn't turn up. I hoped I'd find
it first. But if Lorne found it, well—
that's that. I didn't discover
until the clambake that Marina was
Frye's daughter, living virtu-
ally next door. We left the movies
early and drove around, wonder-
ing what to do. Then we came back
and found she'd been killed. I don't
know where we dropped. No one can
tell us I'm left handed. Marina
happened to hang onto some let-
ters I wrote her—well I'm as good
as electrocuted right now."

"Lorne burned your letters."
"He did?"
"Look," said Asey, "did you or
your grandmother kill the murderer?"
"On my word of honor," Tim-
othy said, "I didn't, and she didn't."
Asey nodded.
"You don't mean that you believe
me, do you?" Tim sounded
incredulous.

"Yup," Asey said. "For one thing,
I don't think you're the morning
person who'd swipe Pam's knife to do
your murderin' with. An' for an-
other thing, you're not the person
who biffed me, the one I played
hide an' seek with. An' I don't
think you biffed yourself. So—"
"You feel that our pal the bliffer,"
Tim said, "is the murderer?"
"If he ain't," Asey said grimly,
"then this little game has got more
complications than I like to con-
sider. Lorne," he added as they
came to the clearing behind the
ruins of the barn, "has your two
papers, but I shouldn't ask him for
em for a while. I'd wait."
"The barn!" Tim said. "My God,
where'd it go?"
"Bad mans," Asey told him with
a chuckle. "Burney-burn, zst, like
that."
"Did, did he?" Tim said. "The
soundedly pyromaniac. Demolish-
ing a relic like that. Thank
heaven, I took pictures of it the
minute I came. That's something.
It's the first octagonal barn I've
actually seen—you know, octo-
gonal barns were very sensible
thoughts, Asey. You could drive
your wagon in, and turn around.
Didn't have to back. Asey, where is
Pam?"
Asey shrugged.

Squirt of a Match

"FOR obvious reasons," Tim said,
"I've been soured on all fe-
males except Gran, for some time.
But I liked Pam. I think she's a
pretty swell girl. In fact, I'll go so
far as to say that she interests me
vastly. And I'm worried about her."
"Pam," Asey began, "can take
care."
"Of herself," Tim interrupted.
"Yes, I know. Gran's been singing
that refrain at intervals all day
long. But you and I got smacked
down, didn't we? And just suppose,
Comrade Mayo, that Pam can't
take care of herself. Suppose she
can't, and you don't find it out un-
til later. Or too late. Shan't you
feel just a wee bit silly?"
"Uh-huh," said Asey serenely.
"I should. But I'm bettin' my
money on Pam."
"You seem strangely convinced."
"I am," Asey told him. And he
was.

The squirt of a match in the sky-

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AUTOGRAPHED A SHIRT-CUFF OF CHARLES S. AMWAKE, Philadelphia, Pa., BECAUSE THE LATTER HAD MISSED SHAKING THE PRESIDENT'S HAND! —1909—

AUSTRALIAN DABCHICKS HOLD THEIR YOUNG UNDER THEIR WINGS WHEN THEY DIVE!



GRASS IS WORSHIPED BY THE MASAI, a tribe of Kenya, Africa. THEY HOLD IT MORE SACRED THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH!

MARY AND IONA NIELSON, Leadore (Idaho) High School juniors, EACH HAVE TRAVELED AN AVERAGE OF 88 MILES DAILY FOR THE PAST 3 YEARS GOING TO AND COMING FROM SCHOOL...

6-27-38

Traveling School Girls

If the statement that "travel broadens one" means anything, Mary and Iona Nielson will certainly have had a broad education when they finish high school next year.

For the past three years these sisters have averaged 88 miles daily traveling from Leadore high school in Leadore, Idaho. Not only that, they have had to walk four miles daily in addition to the long school bus trip, as they live two miles from the end of the line.

During their freshman year they lived only 42 miles from school, but in their sophomore and junior years they had to go 96 miles a day to get their schooling.

All 70 students in Leadore high school, this past term, have averaged daily trips of 34.8 miles to and from school. The school bus runs parallel to the Continental Divide, only a few miles from it.

Shirt Cuff Autograph

When Charles S. Amwake, of Philadelphia, failed to meet and shake hands with President Theodore Roosevelt when he passed through that city in 1909, he wrote the president a letter.

"My sole ambition was to shake your hand," he said, "and now I ask in a most appealing manner to let me have your autograph on the enclosed cuff, nearest to the hand that didn't get shook when you came through Broad Street station."

He got the autograph.

Sacred Grass

Grass, to the Masai tribe of Kenya, Africa, is the most beautiful and sacred thing in the world. Their life is dependent upon it, and rain, which makes the grass grow, is given the same as God—360.

Masai natives use grass as a sign of peace, and a retreating enemy who holds up a tuft of it will not be killed by the pursuer, according to the tribe's strange code.

Tomorrow The Flute Fortune.

Wagner Creek

WAGNER CREEK, June 27—(Sp.)

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Boyd of Klamath Falls visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, June 18.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Walton and sons Darlo and Lee of Anderson, Calif., visited Mrs. Lella Lynch and family before driving on to Corvallis,

where Mr. Walton is going to attend summer session at O. S. C. Mrs. Walton will be remembered as Ena Davis before her marriage.

While George Kerby was driving his car home Tuesday evening the car caught fire in front of the Stigel home. The fire was extinguished before any damage was done.

W. J. Griffin drove down from Seattle, June 18 to join his wife and infant son, where they are visiting

her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Nunn-steel.

Mrs. Carrie Purvia and daughter, Geraldine, of Ashland visited Mrs. Lella Lynch, June 22.

Mrs. A. G. Hayes and Mrs. M. A. Doran registered their children, Wendell and Harry Hayes, Richard and Gerald Doran in the Medford baby clinic in Talent, June 22.

Phone 342. We'll haul away four refuse City Sanitary Service.

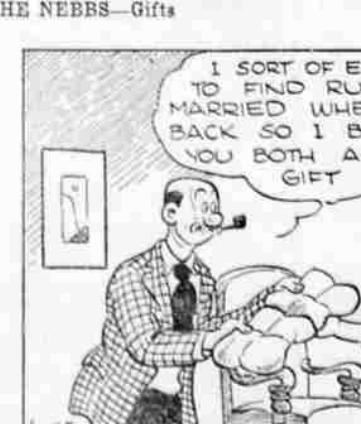
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Declines!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



THE NEBBS—Gifts



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



THE NEBBS—Gifts



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



THE NEBBS—Gifts



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



THE NEBBS—Gifts



By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Plan



THE NEBBS—Gifts

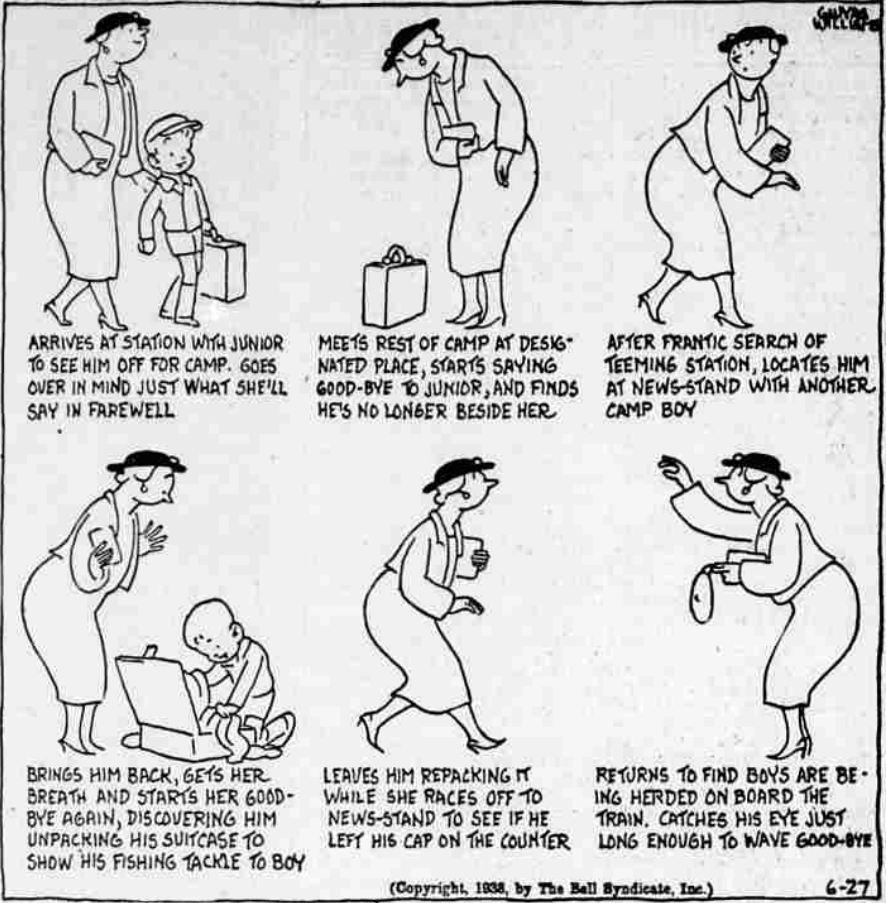


News of 4-H CLUBS

By Bryan Yorton
Antelope 4-H stock clubs met June 22 at the home of Maurice Davies, with 13 members present. Highlight of the meeting was the report of Alice Day on her trip to 4-H summer school at Corvallis. She told of classes in sewing, cooking, jelly-making and also classes in common courtesy. These, with swimming, parties and other forms of entertainment, made the trip sound so attractive that other members hope to go next year. Alice placed fourth in judging cooking. Mrs. Von der Heiden told the club of plans for a tour of Jackson and Josephine counties to be held in August. The tour was to have been held in July but due to the date conflicting with 4-H summer camp being held at Lake of the Woods the time was changed. Members going on the tour include Mrs. Hox ranches, hop yards, poultry farms and other places of interest. The tour will require three days and two nights, the nights being spent camping out.
The trailer scales which were made for the clubs of the county have arrived and Mr. Conrad is going to each community, weighing the club members' stock. He was in Antelope district June 23.
Congress made a trip to Klamath Falls June 21 to exchange Bennett and Ted Yorton's barren ewes for ewes with lambs.
Next meeting will be held at Dale High's July 12.
SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARANCE
Committee: Mrs. H. H. Hays
ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN

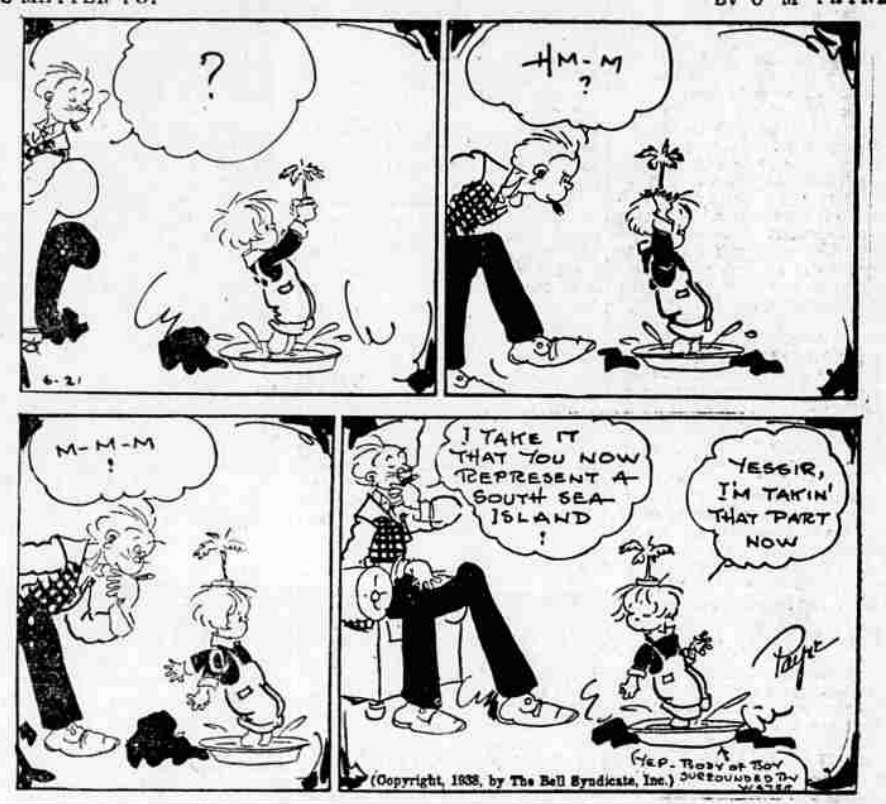
FAREWELL TO CAMP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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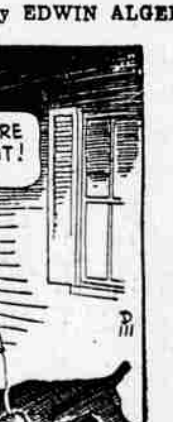
By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By BOL HESS

