

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



...So far: Asey Mayo, Cape Coa detective, is investigating the murder of Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office murder has aroused Quannomet. She was killed by a left handed blow from her sister's knife, but Pam Frye is innocent, as well as Tim Carr who was once married to Marina. Then the barn is burned, and Asey, Tim, and Pam's father are knocked out. The problem confronting Asey is a \$50,000 lump of ambergris which Pam found the day of the murder and Aaron Frye hid in the barn. Asey is convinced the fire was set by someone who is after the ambergris, and that the lamp was not in the barn when it burned. With Tim, Asey is now looking for two missing troopers.

Chapter 32

Dune Island

WITHOUT apparently decreasing speed, Asey turned off on a sand road. Tim averted his eyes from the ruts. It was simpler not to look ahead in this particular case, he thought.

"Er—you intend to use the coupé, do you?" he inquired. "To sea hunt, I mean?"

Asey grinned.

"Oh, I know," Tim said hastily. "I know you're a director of Porter's automobile factory, and you're a pioneer automobilist—somehow I'd rather have liked to see you in goggles and dust coat, scorching along at eleven and a half—yes, Asey, I'm sure you know cars, and you seem to have a way with fate. But this is a city car. It can't swim. Not the teeniest bit. Sissy, I know, but there you are. How do you or anyone else sea hunt, by the way? What does one do? Stand on the beach and squint to leeward, or something?"

"You know the woods back of Octagon House," Asey began.

"Know them?" Tim said. "My dear man, Robinson Crusoe never knew his damn island the way I know those woods. I can truthfully say that, after last night, I know every nook and cranny, every last bit of poison ivy, I know it by heart. What about the woods?"

"Eventually," Asey said, "the woods come to the river. We didn't hunt that far. A salt river, it is, an' it runs off Wherry Pond. That's a salt pond."

Timothy stuck his head out the window and watched the wheels squashing gummily through the bog.

"O'Malley an' Shorty," Asey said, "met up with the biffer. Our pal, O' shrewdy was too shrewdy to be seen, an' I don't think O'Malley an' Shorty were in it. The biffer, an' I sort o' feel the cops must of got biffed. Cops ain't never so interested in a chase as they are in a chase where they got biffed, personally. A good smack seems to sort of inspire 'em. I think O'Malley an' Shorty chased our pal the biffer through the woods, an' along to the river, an' then I think they took to a boat."

"All in the same boat?" Tim asked.

"You must," Asey said, "have been an awful irritatin' boy, when young."

"It's my mathematical mind," Tim said. "I have to put every item in its place. The biffer took to a boat in the river, and the cops took to another, and followed. That right?"

"I think so," Asey said.

"You make things so simple and brief," Timothy said. "Like a news reel—no, I'm not being funny, I mean it. Didn't you ever notice the simplicity and clarity of the news reels? Say some dictator says something that shakes the world and sets international crises going left and right. This Means War. Civilization on Precipice. And just as you think about laying in a lot of canned milk and pemmican, then you go to the movies and see the news reel of the dictator making his statement, and it's just a man waving his arms around at a lot of heads. Simplicity itself—an' boring you!"

"Had much radio experience?" Asey asked drily.

"No, it's just my fluent way," Tim said. "It's—why do we stop?"

"This is where we get out an' walk. Take off your shoes."

boats here. She said so. Prob'ly others do, too. If you wanted to fly straight like a crow, you'd be able to shoot back to Octagon House over the tree top, 'n the swamp. We circled aroun' an' got here a lot quicker than we could of on foot. We're also nearer where we want to get to than if we started from the town wharf."

"I see," Tim said. "It was that swamp where I got in before I knew it, during our man hunt. Now, what about the troopers?"

"I think," Asey said, "they went down the river, followin' the biffer, an' then I think they got across the small end of the pond, an' into the channel current. An' then I think the tide intervened, an' took 'em out to sea. At least, as far as Dune Island."

"And what do we do?"

"Oh, we take a boat an' investigate," Asey said casually. "Here—here are Pam's, see 'em? The Fryin' Pam I, II, and III. One sailboat an' two sharpies. Chained an' locked to the moorin', but—uh-huh. There's two other boats that belong here, see? They b'long here an' here."

"The old trapper," Timothy said in a rapid monotone, "pointed dramatically to the oak leaves at the foot of the tree. Flying Cloud and his redskins, he hissed, have been here within the hour. Let's see. One was a tall boat with a black mustache, and the other was a short fat dory with a front tooth missing, and a slight limp—"

"For that," Asey said, smashing the lock on the Fryin' Pam III "you row. Get in, whippersnapper—but that chain on the oars—oh, give it to me! You get in an' row."

"The muscles on Carr's neck and shoulders," Timothy continued imperturbably, "stood out like those of some ancient Greek athlete about to meet his lion. Row, my boy, for dear old Quannomet."

"Shirt On A Stick

"YES," Asey said, "you can row, can't you? I seem to remember, now I think of it, I seem to recall seein' you row before. Single scull champ, wasn't you? Gold cup?"

"Oh," Tim said, suddenly very flustered and pink. "I used to row when I was a kid—an' it's your idea that the biffer is a native?"

Asey nodded. "Port your helm," he said. "Yup, I begun to think he was a native, last night. I also think he's the outcome of the rural Irish, an' I know he knows his way around this region. An' he had sense enough to know that he was licked on land, but there ain't many troopers you can't fox in a boat. He cut across here in the dark, an' he cut across here shore an' home to his mother. An' he let the tide take care of the troopers. Now, lean back an' let the current take you from here. In about 10 minutes we'll hit Dune Island."

Timothy was silent while they drifted.

"Asey," he said at last, "what's the story that Hanson and the rest of us don't know? It's something that concerns Pam, I'm sure, but Gran and I can't dope it out."

"Ord'narily," Asey said, "I'd tell you. In this particular case, I think it's nicer that you don't know."

"For nicer," Tim said, "read 'safer.' I see. Is Pam in any danger?"

"Anyone else might be," Asey said. "But Pam seems to have a happy kind of faculty of treatin' trials an' tribulations an' dangers like they was very ordinary things. I don't think Pam can be bluffed. An' at this stage of the game, I think the person that's dangerous to her prob'ly realizes that Pam knows no more than she does. Turn around, Tim, an' see what you think of Dune Island."

"I think," Timothy said, looking over his shoulder, "I think you've got something here, Mayo. D'you suppose that blue shirt on a stick is a signal?"

"Must be," Asey said. "The usual run of bathers that come out to Dune Island don't act as a bother with things like shirts. Put her ashore."

They found the two troopers sleeping at the foot of the center dune.

"A lovely sight," Tim said appreciatively, as he and Asey stared at the two recumbent figures. "A lovely sight. Sleep it is a gentle thing—is this what they call squandering the taxpayer's money? And where's their boat? Shall I wake them or will you?"

"Seems a pity," Asey said, and let out a bellow that brought both men to their feet.

"Sorry," he continued politely, "to disturb you, but where in the dickens have you been, an' how long do you intend to disrupt a murder case by your seaside snoozes?"

"Say," the shorter one said, "you're Asey Mayo, aren't you?"

"Well, say—what?"

"You," Asey said, "got who?"

"The guy that was prowling around Octagon House and the woods, and around there. The guy that knocked the two of us out. Boy, what a night! We're lucky to be here. But we got him, all right!"

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Who is it? 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.



"RED LETTER DAYS"
ORIGINALLY WERE SPECIAL CHURCH FESTIVAL DAYS, INDICATED IN EARLY PRAYER BOOKS WITH RED LETTERS!

A CUCKOO CLOCK—SET TO RUN PROPERLY IN CHICAGO WILL NOT KEEP TIME IN ATLANTA!
(Gravitational variations affect its pendulum...)

OLD MAN OF THE RING!
JEM MACE, old-time boxer, WAS HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF ENGLAND AT 59!
HE FOUGHT IN THE RING FOR 35 YEARS, LOST HIS TITLE TO CHARLIE MITCHELL IN 1890

LIEUTENANT WICKFIELD, Union Army Officer, WAS COMMANDED TO EAT A PUMPKIN PIE—BY GENERAL U.S. GRANT!
WICKFIELD, WITH FRIENDS, POSING AS GRANT AND HIS STAFF, HAD EATEN EVERYTHING IN A FARMHOUSE EXCEPT THE PIE

John Hix
7-5-38

Champ At 59
Prizefighters, generally speaking, are "through" in their thirties—if they last that long. With few exceptions, the champs of ring history have gone down under the telling blows of men younger than themselves.

One of these exceptions was old Jem Mace, heavyweight champion of England. At 24 he started a 35-year ring career in 1855 by whipping "Blasher Stock" in a 9-round decision.

Then, in 1890, Mace stepped into the ring against Charlie Mitchell. Mace was 59 years old, but he still laid claim to the heavyweight title of England he won first from Sam Hurst in 1861. Mace stepped out of the ring a loser, but left behind a memorable record of 35 years of fighting.

Grant's Pie Order
To impress the housewife, he represented his party as "General U. S. Grant and staff." The men virtually stripped the farm house of victuals. Only a delicious pumpkin pie remained; the men were all too full to eat it.

By coincidence, Grant himself the same day stopped at the same farm house—and found the cupboard bare, except for the pie. The housewife told the story of Wickfield's visit.

Cuckoo Clocks
It is a scientific fact that gravitational pull of the earth varies at different latitudes. Accordingly, the pendulum of a cuckoo clock set to run on time at one latitude would swing faster or slower at another, depending on the gravitational variation.

Tomorrow: The doughnut queen

UNIQUE LETTER SENT BY 'PINTO' COLVIG
JACKSONVILLE, July 5.—(Sp1)—A unique letter was received recently

by Miss Alice Hoels from "Pinto" Colvig, now connected with the Walt Disney motion picture studio in Hollywood, Calif. Colvig attended school here in his boyhood, later residing in Medford.

The front of the envelope was covered by pictures drawn by Colvig, depicting scenes in the old town as he remembered them. They in-

cluded the little old depot with Barnum's train, the "saloons and business buildings," and the old watering trough with a horse standing by it.

Those familiar with the town in pioneer days declare the picture to be amazingly true to life.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Disaster!
WHEN DID YOU BURN YOURSELF, JERRY?
HERE'S TH' FIRST-AID KIT!
IT, IT BURNED ME RIGHT AFTER I SHOOK HANDS WITH TOMMY!
GREAT GUNS!
W-W-W-HA! WHAT'S TH' MATTER, CHIEF?
IT'S ACID! JERRY GOT IT OFF TOMMY'S GLOVE!
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO FLAG TOMMY DOWN!
BUT TOMMY'S PLANE IS ON ITS COURSE ROARING TOWARD MIAMI!

memorable records of 35 years of fighting.

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CONVERSATION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS SETTLING FOR A SUNDAY MORNING SNOOZE WHEN JUNIOR CRAWLS INTO BED WITH HIM

TRIES TO GET BY WITH MERELY GRUNTING IN REPLY, BUT JUNIOR REPEATS THE QUESTION UNTIL HE HAS FORCED AN ANSWER

JUNIOR FINALLY RUNNING OUT OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES, THERE IS A MOMENT'S PEACE DURING WHICH FATHER DOZES OFF

AFTER A FEW SECONDS QUIET JUNIOR ASKS: "WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF YOU SAW ME DRIVING A FIRE-ENGINE DOWN THE STREET LICKETY-SPLIT?"

AFTER A MOMENT'S LULL JUNIOR ASKS WHAT WOULD MOTHER SAY? FATHER PRETENDS HE IS ASLEEP

WARMING UP TO THE SUBJECT JUNIOR ASKS WHAT GRANDMA WOULD SAY? UNCLE JOE? THE POSTMAN? COUSIN EFFIE? AUNT ELLA?

COMES AWAKE AS JUNIOR ASKS WHAT WOULD HE SAY IF HE SAW HIM RIDING ON A TIGER? FATHER DECIDES IT'S TIME TO GET UP

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S'MATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE

YES, THAT IS THE PLANE FLYING OVER THE OCEAN TO BERMUDA

SOMEDAY, EVERYBODY WILL BE FLYING OVER THE OCEAN

OH! THEN WILL THEY DO AWAY WITH THE OCEAN?

OH, NO

THEN WHY WILL THEY LEAVE IT AROUND IF THEY DON'T USE IT?

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bluff Called!

By HAL FORREST

WHEN DID YOU BURN YOURSELF, JERRY?
HERE'S TH' FIRST-AID KIT!
IT, IT BURNED ME RIGHT AFTER I SHOOK HANDS WITH TOMMY!
GREAT GUNS!
W-W-W-HA! WHAT'S TH' MATTER, CHIEF?
IT'S ACID! JERRY GOT IT OFF TOMMY'S GLOVE!
QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO FLAG TOMMY DOWN!
BUT TOMMY'S PLANE IS ON ITS COURSE ROARING TOWARD MIAMI!

THE NEBBS—Registering with Steve

By EDWIN ALGER

YSEE HIM NOW, DON'T YA, POP?
YES, BUT I SEE SOMETHING ELSE THAT MAKES ME EVEN Madder!
... WHY, YES, I'M SECRETARY OF THE CHAMBER—
WELL, HERE'S MY CARD! HOW COME YOU FOLKS CALL A TURKEY MAMMOTH WHEN YOU DIDN'T BUY IT AT MY MAMMOTH TURKEY FARMS?
... WHAT'S THAT? DO WE RAISE BIRDS AS BIG AS THAT ONE? NO! THAT BIRD'S A FREAK!
THEN THAT'S JUST TOO BAD, MR. JIPPEM, BUT FREAK OR NOT HE REMAINS A MAMMOTH TURKEY!

SALEM WOMAN ELECTED LEADER OF ZONTA GROUP

By SOL HESS

ETHIOPIA? YES, I WAS ALL THROUGH THERE...AND HOT! I NEVER SHAVED THERE...JUST STUCK MY FACE IN THE SUN AND IT WOULD TAKE THE WHISKERS OFF JUST LIKE SINGING A CHICKEN

OH, NO!! WHAT'S THIS?... QUITE SOMETHING... SHE MUST HAVE LOST HER WAY GETTING IN HERE

MR. HART, MAY I HAVE THE SAME CORNER SUITE I ALWAYS GET? THANK YOU

JUST WHO IS THIS PARTY... MRS. ALLENTOWN SONJOHN!

OH, SHE'S A VERY WEALTHY WIDOW... COMES HERE FOR A REST AND THE WATER... SHE'S GOT A SWEET DISPOSITION AND A FLOCK OF DOUGH... RARELY FIND YOU IN ONE PERSON

SALEM WOMAN ELECTED LEADER OF ZONTA GROUP

BANFF, Alta., July 5.—(UP)—Mary Livermore Barrows of Boston, member of the Massachusetts state legislature, Saturday told 200 delegates to the Zonta International convention that woman's individuality was being endangered by discriminatory legislation.

Miss Barrows spoke shortly before the delegates elected Dr. Helen Pearce, of the English department of Williams College, Salem, Mass., president, and voted to oppose

restrictive legislation affecting women in business and the professions.

"Don't mind defeat, two, three or four times," Miss Barrows said. "Run for office, run for the city council, run for the school board, run for your life, for woman's individuality is endangered by discriminatory legislation while she sits back, unaware of what is happening."

A scholarship was voted in honor of Amelia Barhart. The fund will be available to women engineering students particularly interested in aeronautics.

Other officers elected were Mrs. May Meyers McElroy, Washington, D. C., attorney, first vice president; Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong, Cleveland, O., metal boxings manufacturer, second vice president; and Miss Ruth Gates, Evanston, Ill., banker, treasurer.

Equality of men and women in civil service without regard to marital status was set as an objective.

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