

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 enraged Quanamet. She was killed by a left handed blow from the knife of her sister Pam Frye. Milling around the Frye Octagon House are agreeable Tim Carr, who was married to Marina, Jack Lorne, who thought he was her husband; Roddy Strutt, whose plane crashed the night of the murder; Aaron Frye, Pam's father; Peggy Boone, an artist; and persons unknown who smoke Turkish tobacco, burned down the barn, and bit a dog, Tim, Aaron and two troopers. Missing is a \$50,000 lump of ambergris belonging to Pam.

Chapter 34

Art For Art's Sake

IT was a perilous trip in the overloaded boat, and the current and Timothy had a vigorous battle all the way. Asey tied up the boat, shepherded the troopers to the car, and proceeded to drive the coupé back to Octagon House.

"Now," he said, as he got out of the car, "I want you to drive these fellows to Hanson, an' then bring your car back, please, an' leave it here for me. I want to see Jack Lorne, an' then I got an errand to do."



"Did your wife help you a lot?" asked Asey.

Jack was sitting in his studio before a littered table. He was dressed in crumpled green pajamas, and he hadn't yet bothered to shave off his accumulation of beard.

"Have you discovered," Asey asked him without any preamble, "whether or not anything got taken or disturbed here last evening by the person who socked Aaron?"

"Haven't looked," Jack told him with a yawn. "I wouldn't know, anyway. Marina kept everything in order, in the portfolios. I never bother with stuff like that. Say, come see what I've got planned for Senator Hemmingwell's dining room wall. Marina didn't like my first sketch, but I did another last night. He held out a sketch, and Asey looked at it.

"Mmmm," Asey said. "What's that in the corner, the fatted calf, or the Senator himself?"

Lorne snatched the drawing from his hand and started off on a shrill tirade.

Asey listened appreciatively as he wandered around the studio, peering into portfolios and lifting the lids from the countless cardboard boxes that served as files.

Probably the boy thought that this display was temperamental. Dr. Cummings would diagnose it as what happened when a man didn't get enough sleep and plenty of good, hearty food—including a good, hot breakfast. Personally, Asey thought the outburst was temper. Just peevish, ornery bad temper, with a little childish tantrum thrown in.

Asey crossed over to the fireplace and looked into it reflectively, and then he resumed his steady pacing around the room. There was not, he thought, much sense in telling Jack Lorne.

Lorne would find out soon enough that whoever had bitted Aaron Frye had also removed the contents of all those portfolios and boxes. Removed them, and neatly burned them up.

Original ideas

"THAT'S art!" Jack wound up, thumping the table with his fist. "That's art!"

"Just so," Asey said soothingly. "Just so, I don't doubt it a bit. Tell me, did your wife help you a lot?"

"Well, she helped," Lorne admitted grudgingly. "Not a lot, but she used to have some ideas."

"She never went in seriously for drawing or painting, did she?" Asey asked.

Jack laughed. "Oh no. Of course she did have a certain amount of

talent, but she never did anything about it. Never wanted anyone to know about it, either. Always hid away by herself when she worked."

"I see," Asey said. "She helped in your early plans with rough sketches. Always different. I suppose all her ideas were original?"

"But of course they were!"

So Jack Lorne didn't know that Marina had swiped Tim Carr's sketches. And if she had swiped Tim's, she might well have swiped others.

Any tool should have been up to guess what Marina had been up to. Of course, Jack Lorne had always trusted Marina. Why should he have suspected that her ideas were not always original? A brighter person would have caught on, but Lorne had admitted that he was not bright. And he certainly was not!

"Where are your sketches of the mural?" Asey asked suddenly. "Got 'em here?"

Lorne waved a hand toward the corner. "In the portfolios there," he said. "But why not go see the mural itself?"

"Today is Sunday," Asey pointed out. "The post office is closed. Whose idea was it to stick in the natives?"

"Marina's," Jack said. "It was fun. She knew 'em all so well. Some of them are sore, but that

doesn't matter. They'll get over it."

A Question of Caraway Seeds

"CAN you think of any one person in town who was more annoyed about the mural than any other person?"

Jack laughed. "Oh, Pam was hopping. So was Aaron. And Peg, and Roddy and Nettie—and the minister, and the plumber, and—say, I wish he'd get over here and fix that tank! They were all of them sore. Everyone in it. Some of them threatened to beat me up!"

"It's just this lack of appreciation for true art," Asey said blandly. "You shouldn't worry."

Timothy Carr met him as he strode back to the Frye's. "The car's ready for you."

"Good," Asey said. "If anyone wants me, I'll be over in the Pochet hospital."

"What's the matter with you, or are you just visiting a sick friend?"

"Visitin'," Asey said. "So long."

Timothy shook his head as he watched the little car scud down the drive.

"Don't look so unhappy," Pam said, coming up behind him. "Asey leads a charmed life, and he probably will bring the car back safely. He always does. Did he tell you all about the great ambergris loss?"

"What are ambergris?" Tim asked. "And tell me, do you like steak and kidney pie?"

"No. Didn't he tell you?" Pam asked. "How about caraway seeds?"

"They make me sick," Pam said. "But what's that got to do with—"

"I never," Tim said, "could think of marrying a woman with a passion for caraway seeds, and steak and kidney pie. Singly or together. It's one of those vital points I like to get settled at the start."

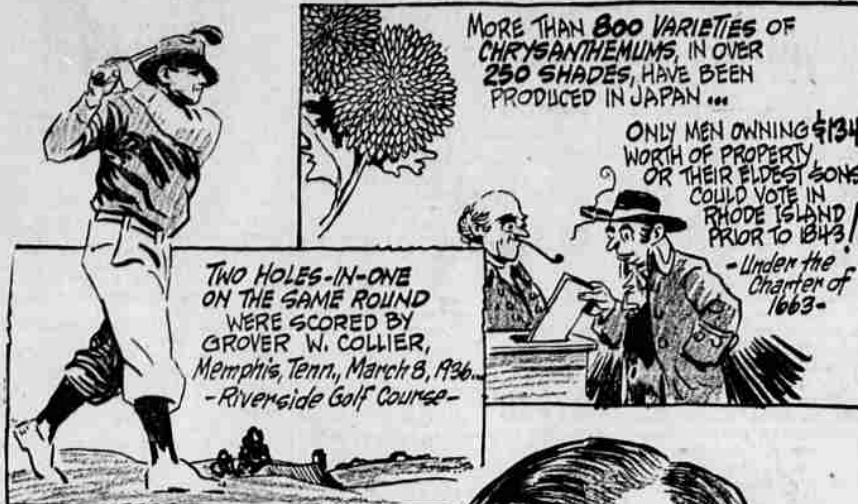
"Oh, you do, do you?" Pam said. "She hated herself for turning red, and not being able to frame a proper retort, with just the proper amount of pay flattery in it. The sort of easy and successful retort Marina could always make, to Pam's deep envy."

"Oh, you do, do you?" she said again, mentally cursing her inability to say anything else. Compared with what Marina would have said, she sounded like a coy housemaid. Looked like one, too. Pam thought, suddenly conscious of her kitchen apron. And her hands. Dishpan hands of the first water.

Tomorrow: The sick friend.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

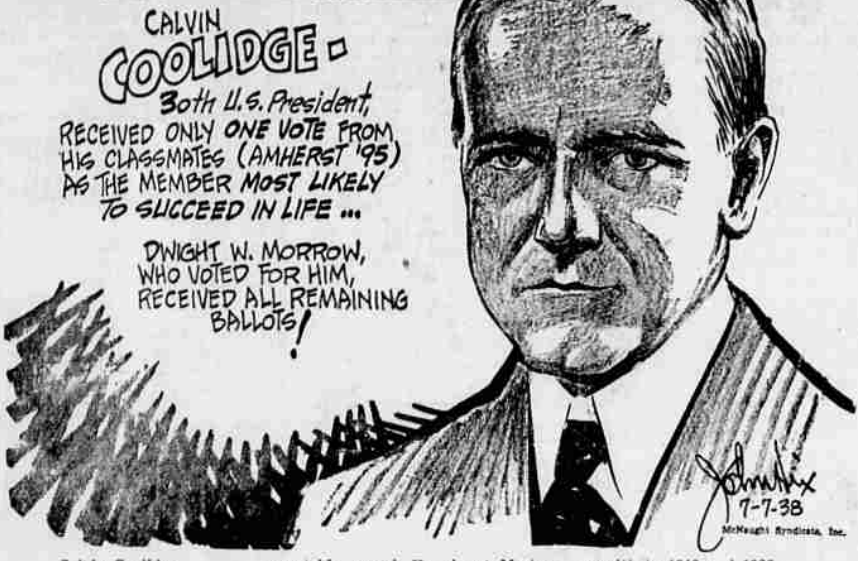
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TWO HOLES-IN-ONE ON THE GAME ROUND WERE SCORED BY GROVER W. COLLIER, Memphis, Tenn., March 8, 1936.—Riverside Golf Course—

MORE THAN 800 VARIETIES OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS, IN OVER 250 SHADES, HAVE BEEN PRODUCED IN JAPAN...

ONLY MEN OWNING \$134 WORTH OF PROPERTY OR THEIR ELDEST SONS, COULD VOTE IN RHODE ISLAND PRIOR TO 1843! —Under the Charter of 1663—



CALVIN COOLIDGE

Both U.S. President, RECEIVED ONLY ONE VOTE FROM HIS CLASSMATES (AMHERST '95) AS THE MEMBER MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED IN LIFE...

DWIGHT W. MORROW, WHO VOTED FOR HIM, RECEIVED ALL REMAINING BALLOTS!

Calvin Coolidge, Classmate at Amherst college, Massachusetts, in 1895 were Calvin Coolidge and Dwight W. Morrow, two boys whose lives were strangely interlocked in later life.

According to an old Amherst custom, the graduating class of '95 voted to select the member most likely to succeed in life. Morrow received all the votes—except the one he cast for his friend, Calvin.

Strange as it seems, the man Morrow placed his confidence in greatly helped him achieve his success. His classmates believed was inevitable for him. Coolidge, as president of the United States, appointed Morrow to the post of ambassador to Mexico. In this position Morrow made an

enviable record. He placed Mexican-American relations on a basis of cordiality unknown for many years, and removed the objectionable retroactive confederacy act relating to American oil rights.

In 1930 Morrow was a delegate to the London conference on naval disarmament, in the same year being elected to the U. S. senate from New Jersey. His daughter, Miss Anne Morrow, became the bride of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

Meanwhile, Coolidge, the man overlooked at Amherst by all but Morrow was making a creditable showing at the White House. He had risen to high position with rapid strides; from mayor of Northampton, Mass., to governorship of that common-

wealth in 1919 and 1920.

On March 4, 1921, he began a national career as vice-president of the United States under Warren G. Harding. On the latter's death, August 2, 1923, Coolidge was sworn in as president by his father, a Plymouth justice of the peace, at 2:30 in the morning of August 3.

His administration was marked by a period of industrial prosperity, reduced income taxes and, in its first three years, a reduction of national debt by more than \$2,000,000,000. He retired after serving five years as president, died on January 5, 1933.

Tomorrow: Has any man ever been known to walk from Asia to North America?

the city's north side when a grass fire swept over eight or ten square blocks in that section.

The flames came within 20 feet of the rear of six homes.

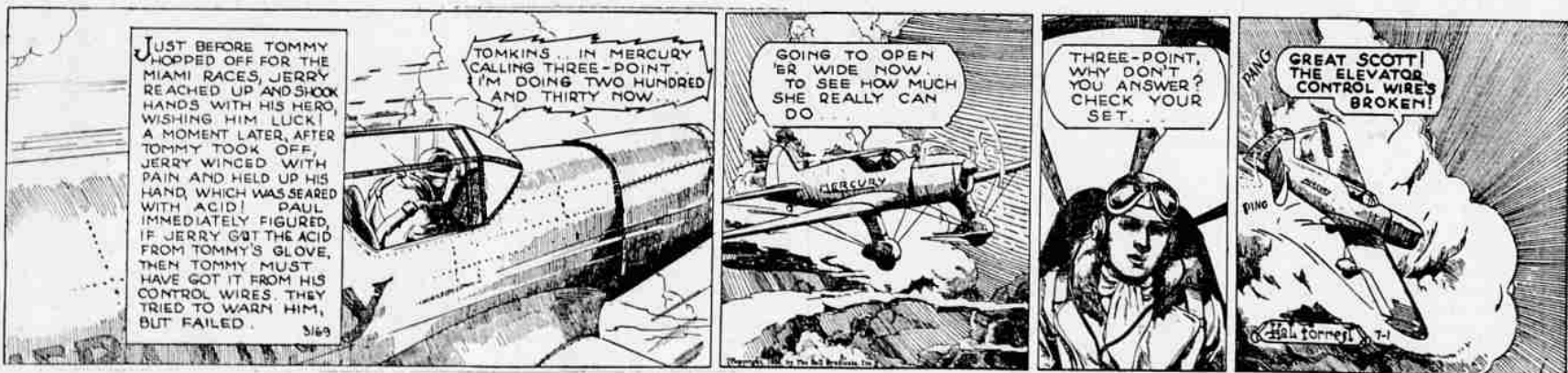
Two small boys, seen going up a small gulch down which the fire swept, are thought to have started it by playing with matches or firecrackers.

State Educators To Talk Courses

EUGENE, July 7.—(AP)—Educators of the state, gathering here July 10-13, will discuss the question of whether high school courses should be combined into unified programs or continued as separate and often unrelated term units.

Nationally known experts also will address the educators on views of the "core curriculum" question, as the problem is known, under the "core" system, a student taking history would study life of today in the light of historical background rather than take separate courses in "ancient history," "medieval history," or "modern history."

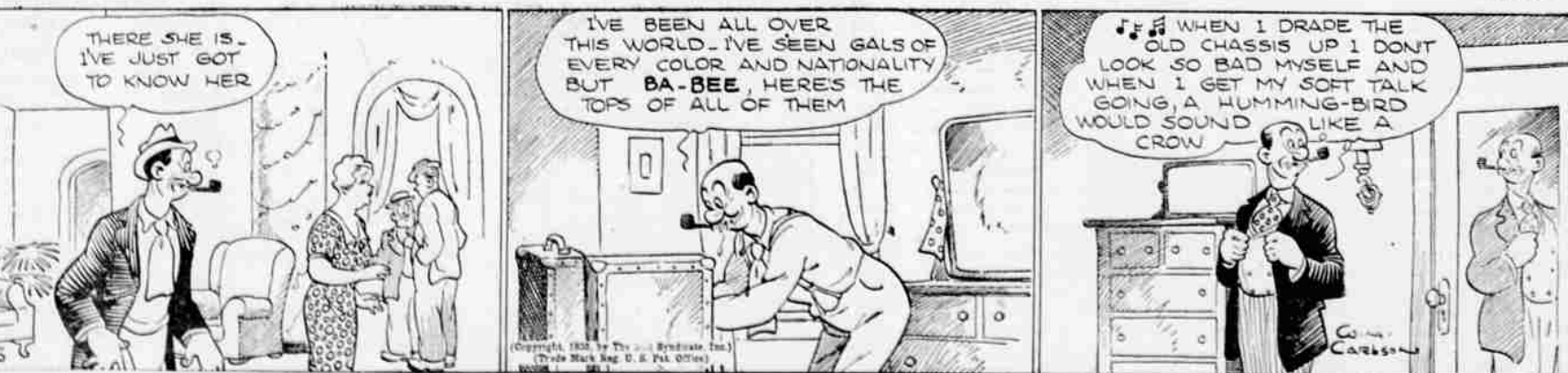
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Acid Eats Through!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dr. Jed Kiley's Surprise!



THE NEBBS—Fixing Up



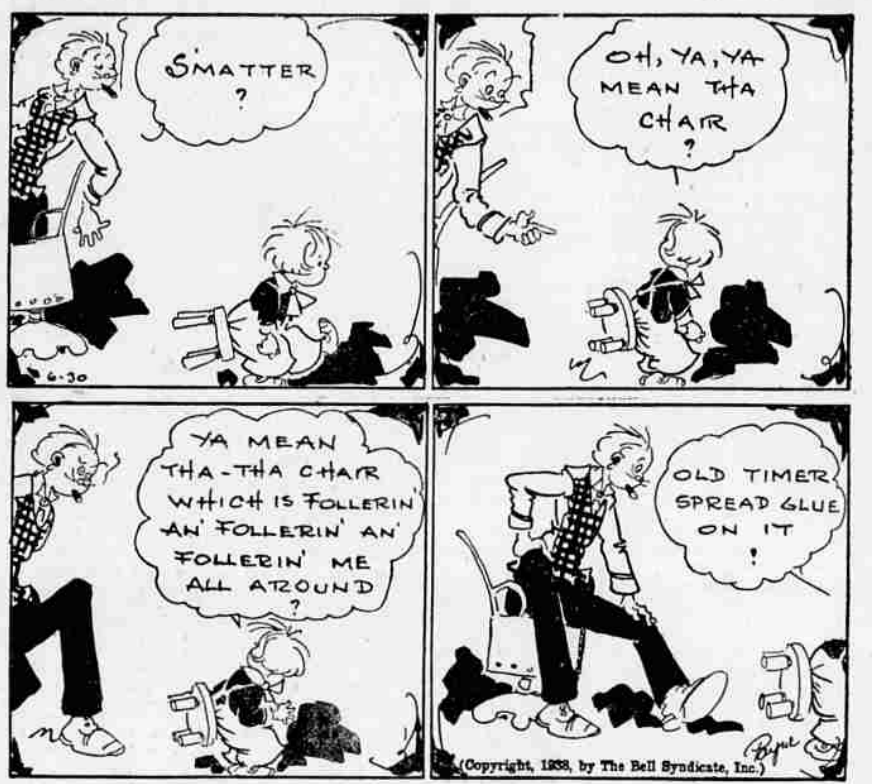
SETTING AN EXAMPLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POI

By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORRESTER

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

HUGE GRANITE ROCKS MARK JACKSONVILLE'S PIONEER CHURCHYARDS

JACKSONVILLE, July 7.—(AP).—A huge block of native granite has been placed on the premises of the old Methodist church here, and with a bronze plaque will serve as a monument to the church, established in 1854 and said to be the oldest in Oregon.

Assisted by Otto Niedermeyer, Jim Cantrell and E. H. McIntyre, the Rev. E. N. Mallory obtained two blocks of the granite at Bybee's bridge recently. One rock weighs 2000 pounds and the other weighs 2500 pounds.

On the rock in the Methodist churchyard will be placed a bronze plaque with the inscription, "Dedicated to the memory of Rev. Joseph S. Smith, the first pastor of this church, and others who helped to establish it in 1854." The Rev. Mallory plans to place a cement floor around the rock, and enclose it by a coping.

The other stone has been placed in the yard of the Presbyterian church, and will likewise be decorated by a bronze plaque inscribed with, "In memory of Father Williams and others who helped establish this church."

Unveiling of both rocks, with appropriate ceremonies, will be held in the near future.

PENDLETON MENACED BY HUGE GRASS FIRE

PENDLETON, July 7.—(AP).—Prompt action by the Pendleton fire department yesterday afternoon prevented serious damage to homes on