

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

The Story So Far: Asey Mayo, Cope Cod detective, is investigating the murder of Marina Lorne, whose husband's post office mural has enraged Quonomet. She was killed by a left handed blow from the knife of her sister Pam Frye. Interested parties are: Tim Carr, once married to Marina; Roddy Strutt, whose alibiing plane crash was deliberate; Peggy Boone, an artist; Jennings, an iron plumber, and persons unknown who burned down the Frye's barn, bled Asey, Tim, and Pam's father, destroyed Jack Lorne's mural sketches and defaced the mural itself. Missing is a \$50,000 lump of ambergris belonging to Pam. Then Roddy disappears, and the biter turns out to be Jennings, who says he is very sorry.

Chapter 43

Asey Is Wrong

"BUT the barn burning, Jennings!" said Tim. "And the contents of the barn. You'll have quite a time before the Fries forgive you that—"

"How'd you know about the contents of the barn?" Asey asked sharply.

"Pam told me. She—"

"She did?" Asey sighed. "Has she told everyone? An' I give her credit for so much sense!"

"I think she was sensible," Tim said. "And anyway, the stuff's gone. But it'll take more than pipes

him, you believe every word he says! You don't seem to think it matters, what he did to me, and my drawings, and all you're in league with him—"

"Would you," Asey asked with a purr in his voice, "like another spankin'?" Would you?"

"Well," Lorne said, "well, why do you uphold him?"

"I don't! I'd figured what part the biffer played, an' I was right. I worried for fear he might really be after Roddy, but he's proved that's all Roddy an' Carveth, puttin' on an act. Now, Lorne, take the advice of the old Philistine, an' pipe down. Tim, what become of the trooper you brought over?"

"He's outside. I didn't know until he popped in," Timothy said, "that Jennings was here. I told the trooper to go outside and keep watch. He's there now, I suppose—"

"Who is he?"

"No one I ever saw before."

"That's a relief," Asey said. "If it was Shorty or O'Malley, Jennings might have his hands full. Coming over to see Pam an' Aaron?"

"Jennings squared his shoulders. "Uh-huh."

'Burry'

OVER at Octagon House, Pam greeted them wearily.

"Don't speak above a whisper," she said. "We just got Aaron asleep— I don't know if Cummings gave



"Pam, I did it. I'm awful sorry."

and a tiled bath to make Aaron and Pam forget. Why did you burn the barn, Jennings? Why didn't you burn two other barns?"

"But I didn't burn any!" Jennings said.

"Tim looked at Asey.

"Jennings hit you," Asey said, "an' then started for Lorne's. On the way he laid out the trooper— what'd you use, your bare fist?"

"I did on you. I used my billy on the others. My old M.P. billy."

"I see. Well, after the troopers, he came here an' smacked Aaron, didn't he?"

"He was 'round while the barn burned, though he may have been while the fire was bein' set, earlier."

"Tim raised his eyebrows.

"Then he came back again," Asey said, "and O'Malley and Shorty chased him, an' some time durin' the interval, him an' me had our set-to. If you really want to go into it, we can take a pad an' time it out. But that's the way it all happened, an' it all fits."

"I must have been out a long time," Tim said.

"Nope, when you consider what you got hit with, an' the stump you landed on. You got to remember you was copin' with the pride of Comp'ny B."

"I see," Tim sounded dubious. "But are you quite sure, Jennings, that you didn't fire the burn?"

"Puttin' On An Act"

"HONEST, I didn't. I smelled smoke later, but I thought it come from town. They'd been starting fires there. Asey, you believe me, don't you?"

"I'm inclined to," Asey said, "but I honestly don't know why. Just your winnin' personality, I guess. Now, I got to get along. Ill see you before I—"

"What about me?" Lorne asked. "Me, and my drawings, and my— my sufferings? And—"

"Just you consider them," Asey said, "the sufferin' of a true artist, an' thank God Jennings didn't do more than spank you."

"You defend the man!"

"I don't, but I know the part he played in this—"

"You defend him, you excuse

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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"WILD BILL" HUDSON, Akron, Ohio, test pilot, MADE 489 FLIGHTS IN A SINGLE DAY! HE AVERAGED 1 MINUTE, 48 SECONDS PER TRIP. — AUGUST, 1930 —

A CAT PATROL— IS MAINTAINED AT LE HAVRE, FRANCE, TO RID THE PORT OF RATS! SOME ARE TAKEN ON WORLD CRUISES TO FREE SHIPS OF VERMIN.

THE MONEY EATER! JOHN MYTTON, eccentric English sportsman, SPREAD 5-POUND NOTES ON BREAD AND ATE THEM! (1796-1834)

liver of fine wines, he daily consumed from four to six quarts of rare vintage.

The First New England Forty-one years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, Sir Francis Drake gave the name, "New Albion"—New England—to the Pacific Northwest coast of America!

On June 17, 1579, his ship, the "Golden Hind," dropped anchor in Drake's Bay, California, to repair a leak. A lone emissary from shore visited the ship and, after a long unintelligible oration, presented Drake with a bunch of feathers. In return, Drake gave the Indian a battered hat.

Believing the gift of feathers to be a sign of submission, Drake annexed the Pacific Coast in the name of Queen Elizabeth, calling the land "New Albion."

Strange as it seems, when Drake told the Queen personally of his conquest, she refused to accept the land as part of the British Empire! She reasoned that it would do no good to claim the territory as no men were available to be garrisoned there.

Thus did Drake's claim to the Pacific Coast, along with that of Rodriguez Cabrillo, Portuguese explorer who had visited the region in 1542, pass into oblivion. England later regretted the fact that she did not seriously consider Drake's claim.

Tomorrow: How monkeys helped England retain Gibraltar!

Hitler Praises Franco — BERLIN, July 18.—(AP)— Chancellor Adolf Hitler today telegraphed his congratulations to Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco on the occasion of the second anniversary Monday of the Spanish civil war.

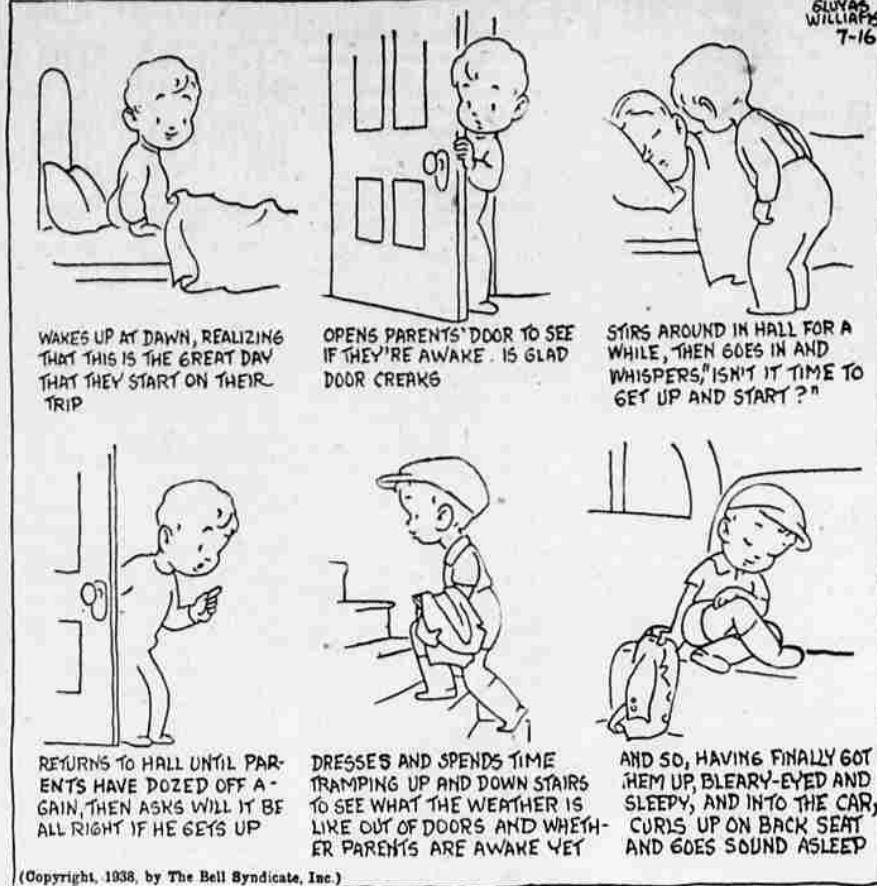
was "alone responsible for conditions and vast expenditures under his administration."

"If there is no grass growing in the streets of America, it is because it has been trampled down by 13,000,000 people looking for work," he said.

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SCIENCE ENLISTED FOR GROWTH AID TO YOUNG MIDGET

SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—Science here is attempting to develop a potential midget into a man of nearly normal size and the first results have been encouraging.

The case is that of John Irman, an 11-year-old boy who is no larger than a child of 4.

The point to be decided during the present stage of observation is whether his failure to develop is due to malnutrition or to functional disturbances of the endocrine glands, which are held responsible for the development of both midgets and giants.

The case was called to the attention of specialists of the Hospital of the University of California in a "very indirect manner.

Several weeks ago, residents of Alameda where the boy lives, complained to the health authorities that the little child apparently was not getting enough to eat. Investigation was made, but from the mother's recital of the failure of her little boy to grow, the specialists were inclined to believe that the trouble lay rather with his endocrine glands than with nutrition.

The boy has been removed to the county hospital and if adequate observation proves the correctness of the diagnosis, an effort will be made by hormone and glandular treatment to make him develop into a normal sized boy and man.

According to local specialists, if the treatment is undertaken, it will be one of the first and most interesting in medical annals since the importance of the endocrine glands and their hormones has been discovered.

ECONOMIC BLAME PLACED ON F.D.R.

NEWPORT, N. Y., July 18.—(AP)— John D. M. Hamilton, Republican