

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



Chapter 46

'They've Got Him Cold'

"I SPOSE you could find someone willing to sit, an' go through the entire population of this town an' the surroundin' countryside," Asey went on, "an' find out where every man, chick an' child was from around seven-fifteen—that's about when Carveth first lost track of Roddy. Thought he'd just gone out on the terrace. Anyway, from seven-fifteen, on for the next half or three-quarters of an hour. An' even if you narrowed it down to seven—thirty to eight, you'd still have a lot of ground to cover."

"Seven—thirty to eight," Mrs. Carr said reflectively. "Dear me, how hard it is to remember things, even six hours later. Let's see—I was up trying to amuse Aaron, and getting radio programs for him on that strange battery set. Tim went to the village for cigarettes—we were running short. Peg went with him to get her car—she left it up town last night, you know, and they did all sorts of things to it, in that riot. Poured beer into the crank case, or the gas tank, or something. Pam was making jelly."

"What?"

"Yes, I thought it was a little too much, myself. But she said the currants wouldn't be any good tomorrow and after all the work she

crashed through and filled in the blank spaces.

Asey grinned. "After," he said, "the gold mine give out. Uh-huh. Wonder how she'll explain her speed in cashin' that check, an' the delay in tellin' about it. Prob'ly she'll bring in her pasture, an' how it dawned on her that Roddy didn't buy it, he was just payin' hush money, I see. So Roddy killed Marina, an' Lorne's the outraged husband."

"You haven't heard it all," Cummings said. "On Friday night, Marina went to a party. It began before that artist left, the one she was going to pose for when he came back. Marina'd got this posing job, and she was tickled to death, and did more than her share of drinking. I said she'd been drinking a lot, after I looked at her later that night. And Roddy breezed into this party a little after eight. Didn't stay more than half an hour, but while he was there, he and Marina had a fight. She wanted him to do something for her, and he said he wouldn't, and she said he would, and that he'd better, or words to that effect—I'm just giving you the barest outline."

Sure Of Two Things

Asey nodded. Translated, it meant that Marina had something on Roddy that would force him into staging the ambergis holdup on herself and Pam.



"And what," Pam asked, "has gone and happened now?"

went to in getting them, she wasn't going to have them go to waste—isn't New England amazing, Asey? It makes me feel I'm so plastic, and useless, and futile, and ineffective, I probably am. Anyway, Pam made jelly. I suppose it at least had the virtue of taking her mind off things—and particularly the ambergis. I do feel so badly about that!"

"So," Asey said, "do I. That's another item on my list. I got to find that."

"Find it? But my dear man, it was burned up—Pam said it was!"

"Wait," Asey said. "I think I hear the doc—it should be him. He was comin' right over from Roddy's."

Cummings came into the kitchen. "They didn't even think of Jennings, Asey," he said. "They pulled a fast one. And the hell of it is, they've got him cold. On ice."

whether he wanted to or not. He was convinced that a holdup had been Marina's plan.

Marina left around nine-thirty," the doctor said, "and Hanson figures that Roddy came back over here to the garage, waited till she came, and got her. There you are. They say that Roddy was sore at her taking that posing job, and that he'd found out she was playing around with someone else—Hanson has it all worked out. Plenty of motive, plenty of opportunity—Roddy didn't like Pam, so he used her knife. It all figures out very nicely."

"What's Hanson's notion of the plane crash?"

"Just like yours. He's been over and talked with that pilot, too!"

"And what," Pam said, as she came into the kitchen, "has gone and happened now? Something has, I can tell by your faces. She blinched when Mrs. Carr told her."

"Oh!" she said. "I—I can't believe it! Roddy—and Jack? Asey, is that so? Does—oh, of course! I means there's no hope left at all for the ambergis to turn up, now? Doesn't it?"

"It's a damned shame about that Pam," Cummings said. "I'm awfully sorry about it. I'd sort of hoped that with the mural, and this place—what do the papers call it? The Incredible Background to these Starting Events—well, I'd hoped that Asey would delve into the incredible background, and pick up one clew from the mural, say, and one from this place."

"You been readin' books," Asey said gloomily. "That's your trouble."

"And then I thought," Cummings continued, "that he'd twitch the ambergis out of thin air for you. But—well, it can't be helped. I suppose. Coming home, Asey? I'll drive you over."

"Up," Asey said. "I guess so."

Over in his own home, he sat down in the kitchen rocker and lighted his pipe.

All this rippin' and tearing around he'd done since Friday, and where was he? The whole business had been just as headlong and breathless as a ride on a roller coaster—and where was he now? He was right smack back at the entrance again.

There were just two things of which he was certain: that Roddy had not killed Marina, and that Jack had not killed Roddy.

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Asey thinks about clews, tomorrow.

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 CHURCH THAT STRUCK OIL!
THE METHODIST COMMUNITY CHURCH, Santa Fe Springs, Cal., SUPPORTS ITSELF WITH OIL ROYALTIES FROM A WELL DRILLED ON ITS PROPERTY

A LETTER RECEIVED BY DITLEV D. THAAANUM, Honolulu, T. H., WAS CARRIED FOR 62 YEARS IN A COAT POCKET OF HIS FATHER IN DENMARK, BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED AND MAILED! (1876-1938)

SURF-RIDING ON PILLOW SLIPS— IS THE LATEST SPORT AT SANTA MONICA, CAL. SWIMMERS WET AND INFLATE THEM, SEAL THE OPEN END AND RIDE ASHORE ON THE WAVES!



THE MAPLE LEAF— Canada's national emblem, WAS SELECTED BECAUSE OF ITS ROLE IN CAMOUFLAGING THE BRITISH REDCOATS DURING THE WAR OF 1812!

7-21-38 McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Maple-Leaf Emblem

Because they once played an important military role for British soldiers in the War of 1812, maple leaves were selected as the national emblem of Canada.

When the English were fighting the French in the north woods their scarlet jackets made an easy target for the enemy. Consequently, they slit their tunics and inserted sprays of maple leaves to camouflage themselves, enabling them to advance undisturbed.

Fifty years later the British government placed the device of three maple leaves of the regimental color of a Canadian corps called the Prince of Wales regiment.

The three maple leaves appear on the arms of the provinces of Quebec

and Ontario, as well as on that of the Dominion of Canada, and it was the badge of the Canadian forces during the World War.

Church That Struck Oil

When, some 40 years ago, the Methodist Community church of Santa Fe Springs, Cal., located on the site it still occupies today, little did the good church fathers realize they were standing over one of the world's richest oil pools.

Not until 1923, when oil was discovered in that area, was the value of the property known. At first the church elders were opposed to disturbing the sacred ground for commercial exploitation, but later they consented to permit drilling.

Royalties began to flow in; the

church's treasury increased to fabulous sums for its size. Today it has no debt and a steady income from the oil royalties speaks well for its future.

Pillow-Surfing

Looking for something new in the way of beach sport, swimmers at Santa Monica, Cal., have found thrills in riding the waves on pillow slips.

They first wet them, then whirl them around their heads to inflate them. A rubber band is slipped over the end and the rude "surf-board" is good for several rides before the air leaks out.

Tomorrow: The wolf that terrorized a nation!

NAME NEW OFFICERS ECONOMY LUMBER CO.

Withdrawal of Ralph O. Stephenson as a stockholder in the Economy Lumber company was announced today.

Mr. Stephenson's stock has been acquired by the Overmyer family, the announcement said.

New officers were announced as follows: Capt. O. L. Overmyer, president; Mrs. Overmyer, vice-president; and G. A. Cottingham, secretary-treasurer.

Mr. Stephenson will continue with the company as sales manager, the announcement stated.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Paul Wants to Know!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Second Victim?



THE NEBBS—Oh, That's Different



WE KNOW THAT YOU WERE BEHIND THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO CRASH TOMMY, WITH THAT DEFECTIVE PROP YOUR HENCHMAN SOLD US!

IT'S A LIE! AND YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Second Victim?

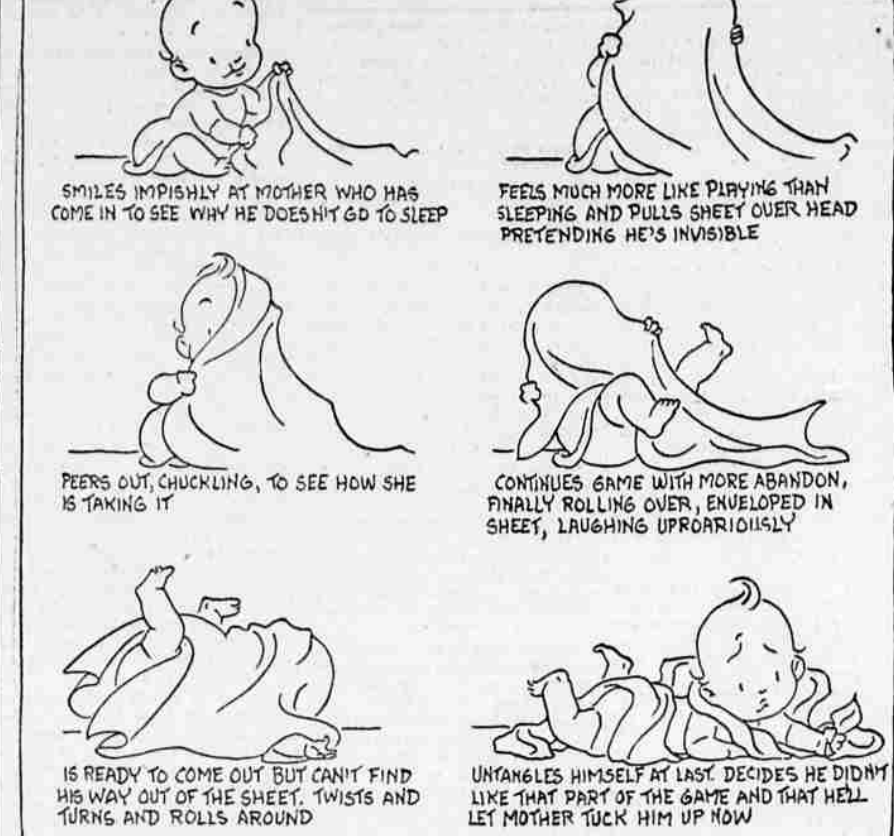


THE NEBBS—Oh, That's Different



HIDING By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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SMATTER POT By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



FISH FOR PROBE OF JIMMY'S INCOME

FOURKEEPER, N. Y., July 21.—(AP)—Rep. Hamilton Fish, Jr., (R-N. Y.), said in an address last night that the next congress "should insist upon a thorough and impartial investigation" of the income tax and insurance activities of James Roosevelt.

Fish denied that he and the president's son sought insurance from a utility company as contended in a recent magazine (Saturday Evening Post) article.

Fish sought unsuccessfully two years ago to have congress investigate James Roosevelt's income tax returns. Young Roosevelt is his father's secretary.

SOMETHING NEW IN MOVIE RIFTS

NEW YORK, July 21.—(AP)—Something new in broken Hollywood romances was expressed by Clifford Odets, playwright, when he returned from London yesterday aboard the French liner Champlain. He said his estrangement from Louise Bainer could not be described as amicable.

He did not say they parted "the best of friends."

To Miss Bainer's charge that he had a violent temper Odets replied: "In the relationship with women all men have a violent temper."

American men, he added, make the mistake of being too romantic and merry only for love. He said he prefers the point of view of Frenchmen