

OCTAGON HOUSE

BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR

Chapter 47
Asey Finds Some Clues
 RODDY, Asey felt sure, had come to the garage after Marina's murder, and his plane wrecking and all the rest had inspired by his more or less justifiable fear that he would be arrested for the killing. He paid his hush money to Nettie because he was scared stiff.

Jack Lorne might have gone to Roddy's, he might have slunk through the woods near the Hepplewhites'. But it was Asey's guess that Lorne had been summoned on the phone by Roddy, and that he had immediately returned home when Roddy—probably already dead in the garage, or at least already there with someone else—failed to show up.

While he and the rest raced their heads off, chasing Jennings, rescuing troopers, pulling Aaron out of cellars, hunting gold keys—during all that, the murderer was laughing up his sleeve. Why shouldn't he? He'd covered his tracks as nicely as anyone could. He hadn't thrust any obstacles around that would trip him up later. He hadn't tried to thwart anyone. He hadn't left any clues.

But he must have left clues. You couldn't kill two people, ruin a mural, burn a barn, steal a gold key from a Congressman, draw from an artist, a knife from a back door—you couldn't begin to do all those things without slipping up somewhere.

Wearily, Asey forced his mind back to Friday night and the beginning of everything.

He had worked his way up to the barn burning when he heard two cars pull up in his driveway.

"Asey," he said, "I'm stuck. Did Cummings tell you about Lorne? Well, it won't work. It ought to, but—my God, you've got to believe him! Lorne claims that Roddy called him up and urged him to come over on a matter of great importance. Lorne didn't want to, he said, because he was busy working on a picture for someone's dining room—now, isn't that crazy?"

"Not," Asey returned. "If you've had many deals with Lorne, you know he's just the same."

"Roddy kept calling and calling. So Lorne went, at last. When Roddy didn't show up by the boat-house, where he said he'd be, why Lorne turned around and came home, and went back to work on his picture. That's his story, and I can't get him to change a thing, and honestly, Asey, I'm beginning to think that he's telling the truth! What do you think?"

"There's the matter of his drawing," Asey said. "Someone burned 'em, an' it wasn't Jennings. An' the mural. It's been painted out, you know. I think both of 'em have got something to do with this affair, an' I think Lorne's the last person to harm his own work."

Asey spread the photographs out on the kitchen table.

"These kids pabel," he said to Hanson, "are the things, I think. Now, let's see. This one here's all Pilgrims an' Indians an' history. Local faces. That's past history, I guess, an' this one's the future, with more local faces. Yup, here's Jennings as Industry Mending the Leaking Pipes of Civilization—"

"Look!"

"WHERE'S Pam Frye and her father?"

"They're in the main one," Asey said. "She's one of them tired-lookin' women that's stirrin' things in the kettle, an' he's either Time or the tax collector, floatin' on top. Oh, here's Peg Boone, on the history side. She's the Indian girl skinnin'—Hanson, what'n time is that critter she's skinnin'?"

"It might be almost anything," Hanson said. "It's got four front legs. She looks pretty good, compared to some of the other critters in that Pam Frye. There's the milkman, and here's the Portygee we ran in and some times for boot-legging—"

At the end of an hour, Hanson sighed.

"I can't make anything out of this," he said. "What a thing. Can you? Oh, don't tell me you're going to go through it all over again! Don't! Tell me more about the ambergris part of things. That ambergris gets me—"

"It gets me, too," Asey said. "Hanson, I wish we had Lorne here. I'd like to know for sure what was what and who was who."

"Lorne's out in the car with my fellows," Hanson said. "I'll bring him in."

Lorne's general annoyance, anger and irritation all characteristically gave way to pleasure at the excellence of the photographs.

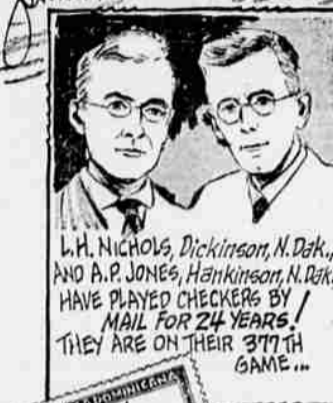
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



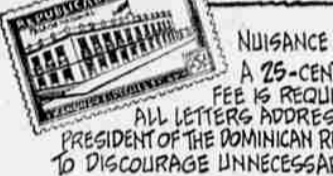
THE LONE WOLF!

"LE BETE"—a savage killer-wolf, TERRORIZING ALL SOUTHERN FRANCE FOR 3 YEARS, KILLING 135 PERSONS! WITH 10,000 LIVRES ON HIS HEAD, THE ENTIRE FRENCH ARMY WAS ORGANIZED TO TRACK HIM DOWN... 50,000 MEN, 4000 DOGS JOINED THE HUNT! HE WAS CAPTURED SEPT. 20, 1765



L.H. NICHOLS, Dickinson, N. Dak., AND A.P. JONES, Hankinson, N. Dak., HAVE PLAYED CHECKERS BY MAIL FOR 24 YEARS! THEY ARE ON THEIR 37TH GAME...

BOTTLE MOUNTAIN -- 16 TIERS OF 5-GALLON WATER BOTTLES-- 6194 IN ALL -- WERE PILED IN THE YARD OF THE OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, AHOV, Ill.



NUISANCE STAMP-- A 25-CENT POSTAGE FEE IS REQUIRED ON ALL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC-- TO DISCOURAGE UNNECESSARY MAIL...

The Lone Wolf
 Like a ghost out of the night, a huge, lone wolf for nearly three years in the 1760s struck terror into the hearts of half a nation.

Silently, without warning, "La Bete" killed again and again. Up and down the Rhone Valley of France he ranged, leaving a trail of death 300 miles long and 100 miles wide—a district 20,000 square miles in extent!

La Bete's first killings in 1763 were limited to sheep, great numbers of them. After such massacres the huge footprints of a wolf were noticed. An attempt was made to capture the animal; the death of several men resulted.

The wolf's taste for human blood increased. He killed first the herdsmen, then the sheep. On March 7, 1765, every man in the Province of Langue-doc—20,000 in all—gathered at 30 chosen points and started a drive to enclose La Bete. Surrounded, he fought his way out, killing one man.

Noted hunters from every part of the world came to the Rhone to capture the famous animal, dead or alive. Simple peasants up and down the Rhone abandoned their farms lest they meet death at the fangs of this unholy terror.

Finally, on August 1, 1765, the Marquis de Euneval, a famous wolf-hunter, was dispatched by King Louis XV to organize the greatest wolf hunt in history. Four thousand dogs were collected, including 300 Great Danes, 300 Wolf Hounds and 200 Limousins.

The entire standing army of France was turned over to de Euneval—10,000 heavily armed soldiers. Farmers, professional hunters and curiosity seekers to the number of 40,000 were added.

The hunt went on for seven weeks, time and again La Bete was surrounded, only to escape. Finally, on September 30, 1765, the great wolf was shot by a soldier and impaled by another—but La Bete killed them both. The dogs held him to earth and finally La Bete was killed. The beast measured three feet high at his shoulders.

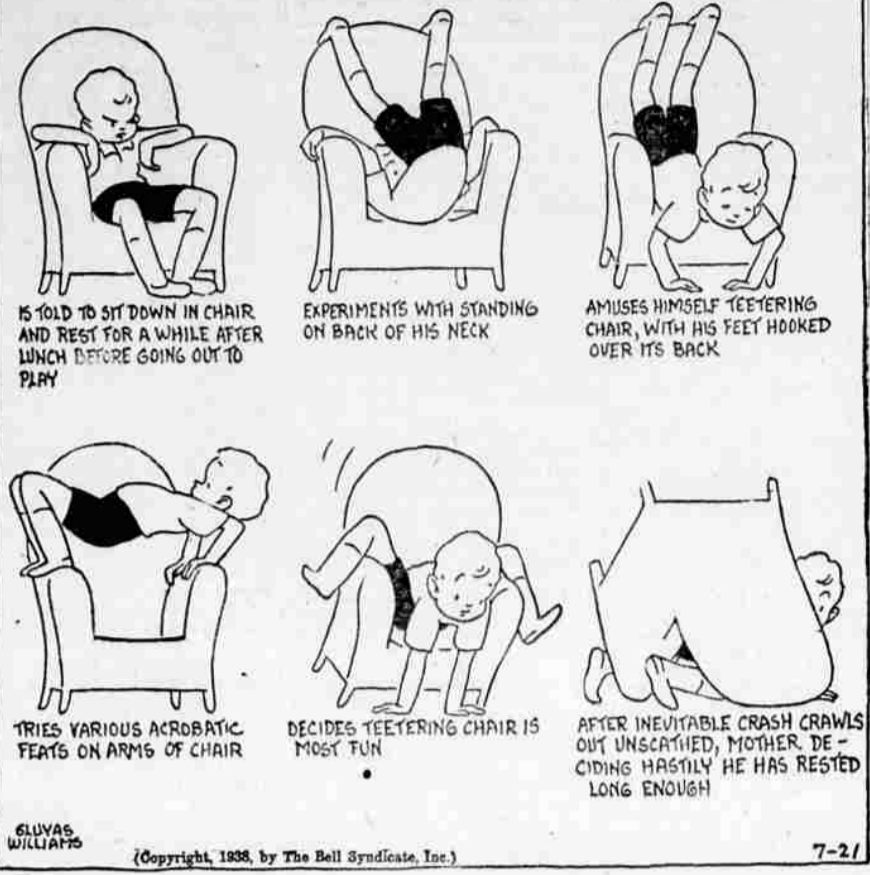
In all, the wolf killed over 135 people, says Ernest Thompson Seton, noted naturalist.

San Jose, Cal.—(UP)—Miss Josephine Campagna, 21, who lost her voice a year ago during hysteria provoked by seeing her father fall from a walnut tree, recovered it as the result of a tonsillectomy. The attending physician believed the operation would release the contracted muscles of her throat and vocal cords.

Kills 37th Cougar. — (UP)—Marion Vincent, district cattleman, soon will be in the market for a new gun, or at least a new gun stock. He has notched his present one on the 37th time, for killing cougars and there is little room for cutting any more. His last mountain lion weighed 20 pounds.

REST PERIOD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS TOLD TO SIT DOWN IN CHAIR AND REST FOR A WHILE AFTER LUNCH BEFORE GOING OUT TO PLAY

EXPERIMENTS WITH STANDING ON BACK OF HIS NECK

AMUSES HIMSELF TEETERING CHAIR, WITH HIS FEET HOOKED OVER ITS BACK

TRIES VARIOUS ACROBATIC FEATS ON ARMS OF CHAIR

DECIDES TEETERING CHAIR IS MOST FUN

AFTER INEVITABLE CRASH CRAWLS OUT UNSCATHED, MOTHER DECIDING HASTILY HE HAS RESTED LONG ENOUGH

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 7-21

SMATTER POF

By O M PAYNE



POP, HOW COME HOLIDAYS?

WELL, SOME HOLIDAYS ARE TO COMMEMORATE THE BIRTHDAYS OF GREAT MEN, AND...

POP, WHY DIDN'T MORE GREAT MEN GET BORN SO WE COULD HAVE A WHOLE BUNCH OF HOLIDAYS?

HUH-HUH?

H-M-M, JUST A MINUTE?

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

"What'n book?"

"He's just laughin' at me," Jennie said amiably. "He used to have a phone on that line himself, Mr. Hanson, an' he listened just as much as anyone—say, it's kind of too bad about Roddy, ain't it?"

"Too bad what?" Asey asked, surprised at the sympathetic concern in her voice.

"Why, I don't know exactly how to say it," Jennie said, "but the first call I heard this mornin', it sort of seemed there might be been some-thing good to Roddy, after all. Seems like he'd been tryin' to do well, not exactly to reform, but kind of make an effort—"

"What kind of an effort?" Asey ignored Hanson's sign of embarrassment.

"Well, it seems that Saturday mornin', he went into the library—you know, the one that his father give the town? He'd never set foot in it before, an' Miss Perkins said that Roddy was a sign of embat-tered, like. He come in the library an' wanted a book."

"So he could read, could he?" Asey said.

"I think you're horrid, talkin' that way about the dead! He asked for that book, an' was just as grand as he wrot, and was just as nice as he could be. Left some money for a new encyclopedia, too. He said the one they had wasn't no good. An' he said he'd have the whalin' book rebound in leather with nice gold trimmings before he returned it—wasn't that nice of him?"

"Jennie," Asey said, "who built Octagon House?"

"Who? I don't know!"

Asey took her by the shoulders and propelled her to the phone.

"See that?" Asey asked, "you go ring the twenty-one line, man by man. You find out, Jennie, who built the Octagon House! Hurry—"

"But—"

"If you find out," Asey said, "I'll do anything you want."

"Will you," Jennie asked, "put on some decent clothes before the reporters take pictures of you?"

"White flannels, an' a blue coat," Asey promised, "an' my best yachtin' cap. Now, get goin'. Don't ask questions now, Hanson. Wait'll we see if this turns out to be ambergris, at first. That is, he didn't know the value—"

"Who didn't?"

"Roddy," Asey said. "Then, after his plane crash, an' before he began flingin' money to Nettie, an' offerin' rewards, an' bein' so lavish—sure, he'd bind it in gold! Why not? He remembered his grandfather's book, see? About whalin', an' ambergris. Looked up ambergris in encyclopedias, too—man, don't you see? It was Roddy who moved that ambergris out of the barn. Roddy Strutt! Roddy found out by then how much the ambergris was worth! An' Roddy has his savin' streak—Roddy moved it! I knew there had to be another person, an' some reason, for his killin'—killed! Got someone, Jennie?"

"Well, if it don't beat all," Jennie said. "The line was busy—I thought it would be, it most always is. But Emmaline, up to the office—she hasn't gone home yet, she phoned her great-aunt for me."

"Who built Octagon House?"

"Earl Jennings' father, he built it. But I'm sure I don't know—"

"Hanson," Asey said happily, "here's where we start in our provin'!"

(Copyright, 1938, Phoebe Atwood Taylor)

Asey gets going, tomorrow.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Amos Sneade Gets an "Earful!"



I REFUSE TO HEY! DON'T YOU, DO THAT

WHY WASTE TIME TALKIN' TO THESE JASPERS? THEY TRIED TO KILL TOM, DIDN'T THEY?

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jason Falls!



NOW, HOLD ON, JIFFEY! YOU CAN'T SAY A WORD AGAINST BEN WEBSTER IN MY PRESENCE!

CERTAINLY NOT! HE'S ONE OF THE FINEST YOUNGSTERS I'VE EVER SET EYES ON!

I WISH, THOUGH, MR. JONES, THAT I COULD SAY AS MUCH FOR THE RED-HEADED UPSTART WHO'S FASTENED HIMSELF ON POOR BEN!

YES, YES! GO ON!

WHY, MR. JONES, THAT McGURK KID IS DYNAMITE! HE'LL RUIN YOU, BEN, YOUR FARM AND ANYTHING ELSE HE LAYS A HAND ON!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT!

THE NEBBES—He Hath a Way with Him



TELL ME, AND DON'T THINK ME IMPERTINENT, BUT WHAT RIGHT HAD YOU TO GET SO BEAUTIFUL?

STEVE, GIVE IT TO ME IN SMALL DOSES SO I CAN DIGEST IT

I'VE TRAVELED OVER MOST OF THIS WORLD AND THEN I CAME TO VISIT MY BROTHER AND HERE I FIND MY DREAM OF DREAMS—TO ME A MOST GORGEOUS CREATURE

I JUST PICKED A FOURLEAF CLOVER— I WONDER IF THERE'S REALLY ANY LUCK IN THAT?

DON'T PUT TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE IN VEGETATION!

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) (This story beg. Aug 12 & 19, 1938)

REPAIR CANAL BREAK

After 30 hours of steady labor, with 75 men constantly on the job, the bureau of reclamation at noon today completed repairs on a canal break, which since early Tuesday has left the 25,000-acre Tule lake division of the Klamath reclamation project without irrigation water in the midst of the summer's worst hot spell.

In spite of the record speed with which the emergency repair job was handled, it will be a full week from the time of the break before water once again courses over Tule lake's sun-scalded fields.

Closing time for 1938 Late to Clear Ads is 1:30 p. m.

CHURCH SERVICE WILL BID DURHAM FAREWELL

The union church service in the city park next Sunday at 8:30 p. m. will take the nature of a farewell to adjutant G. R. Durham of the Salvation Army, who will leave the city during the coming week. Dr. Sherman I. Divine, president of the Medford Ministers' association, will preside.

Must be furnished by the Salvation Army. Major C. C. Purvis, Eugene Thorndike, president of the Chamber of Commerce, Rev. Joseph Knotts and Adjutant Durham will deliver his farewell address to Medford. A large attendance is expected.

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