

OCTAGON HOUSE BY PHOEBE ATWOOD TAYLOR



Chapter 48 The Plot Thickens

A FEW minutes before nine that same morning, Asey slid his long Porter roadster up the Octagon House drive—so quietly that the woman standing by the back door didn't even turn her head.

With a grin, Asey recognized Nettie Hobbs in the trailing black dress she reserved for funerals, and doing good.

"I tell you," Nettie said shrilly, "it's some calves' foot jelly for poor dear Aaron—"

"You're mad," Nettie said, "because I thought you killed your sister. And if you want to know, I'm not at all sure that you didn't, so there!"

"Oh, come," Pam said. "Would you want to be even the stepmother of a murderer?"

Nettie switched around so quickly that she nearly tripped. Her eyes lighted on the roadster, and she stopped her flouncing-off-in-indignation act.

"Oh it's Mister Mayo!" she said, walking over. "Mister—Mister—oh." An odd expression came over her face.

"Yup," Asey said, fishing in his pocket "Mister Mayo. You can tell him by his car. When he has the car with him, Nettie, here's a nice shiny 60 cent piece and a nice shiny dime. Ordinarily I don't make no refunds, but this 60 cents has been burnin' holes in my pockets—"

He held out the money, but Nettie fled. Pam stroled out of the house.

he knew, if Aaron's clocks were right. "Just Peg—oh, who is it, Peg?" "Your plumber friend, Jennings," she said. "He wants to come in. I think you're about to have water laid on, from the looks of his truck."

Pam sighed, and went back to the door. Asey stroled after her. "Earl," Pam said, "I told you—"

"Mornin'," Jennings said blithely. "I'm a mite late, but somethin' come up that required me as a selectman. Somehow my two jobs always seem to be gettin' in each other's way. If I got a pipe to fix, then I got papers to sign, and if—"

"Earl," Pam said, "I told you yesterday that Aaron and I will forgive your bashing around. You were drunk, and you weren't responsible, and if you pay the doctor's bills, that's all right. But don't try me, Earl! Please don't rouse me! Because if I should begin to think of what you did in burning that barn—"

"I didn't, I keep telling you—"

"Then," Pam went on, "I might lose my temper, and it's a fiendish thing."

"Pam," Jennings said, "when you get to be able to relax in your new tiled tub, when you can loll around in the porcelain luxury—"

"The Octagonal Well A SEY bit his lip to keep the corners of his mouth from turning up into a broad grin. Jennings was doing well. He was almost doing too well. That lolling in the tub business was an obvious crib from his own conversation.

"You know perfectly well that it's silly to talk about tiled baths," Pam said. "We haven't water, and we can't afford electricity—"

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



A COW GAVE BIRTH TO A HEIFER CALF ON FEB. 4, 1932 FEB. 4, 1933 AND FEB. 4, 1934! (Owned by A.L. Dunagan, Tahoka, Texas)

GUS GAINEY, Dunn, North Carolina, negro, OWNED A CAR 17 YEARS YET ONLY DROVE IT 100 MILES!

THE 3 HIGHEST RANKS IN THE NAVY WERE CREATED BY CONGRESS TO HONOR THE SAME MAN-- DAVID G. FARRAGUT! (Rear Admiral - 1862; Vice Admiral - 1864; Admiral - 1866)

FRENZIED FINANCE! A JAZZ BAND WAS HIRED TO STOP A RUN ON A BANK-- in Davenport, Iowa, Sept. 30, 1931...

THE MUSIC SOOTHED THE FEARS OF THE DEPOSITORS WHO SOUGHT TO WITHDRAW THEIR FUNDS. MANY REDEPOSITED THEIR MONEY THEN AND THERE...

Music in a Bank The Union Savings Bank and Trust company of Davenport, Iowa, faced a crisis on September 30, 1931. Someone started a run on the bank.

Next morning the mob still clamored at the bank's windows. Then Fred Zabel, vice president of the institution, got an idea. Working on the assumption that "music hath charms" to soothe the disturbed temperaments, a jazz band was hired to play popular selections from the balcony.

Almost like magic the rhythmic strains took effect. The crowd relaxed. Customers tapped their feet on the marble floors—changed their minds and left the bank. Many actually re-deposited their money which they had just taken out!

Next morning found the Union Savings bank back on a normal operating basis; the music had completely swept aside the unreasonable fears of the public.

Seventeen years ago Gus Gainey, Dunn, N. C., negro, bought an automobile for \$800 cash. The dealer, to close the bargain, threw in five gallons of gasoline.

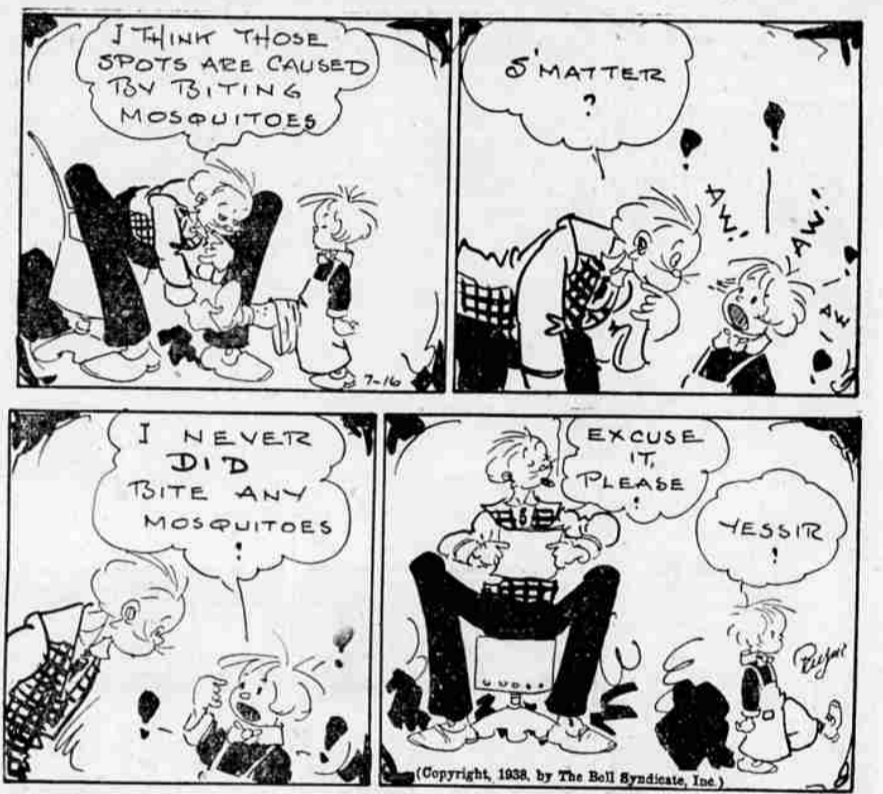
Happy Gainey drove and drove—until he ran out of gas. The speedometer showed 100 miles. Disgustedly, Gainey pushed the car under a shed and decided it was too much of a financial strain to keep it in gas.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WONDERING WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR JAM SANDWICH WHICH YOU PUT DOWN WHILE YOU WENT TO GET SOME MORE GINGER ALE, NOT KNOWING THAT UNCLE HORACE WOULD CHANGE HIS SEAT

3 MATTER POI By O M PAYNE



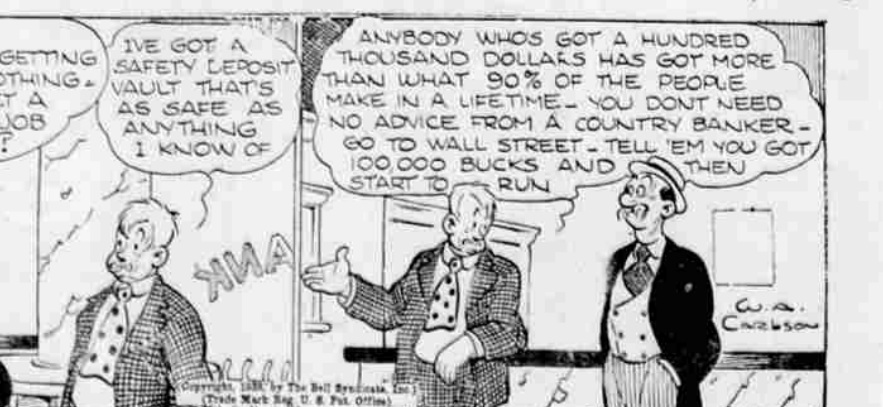
BY HAL FORRE



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEP



CANADA LAUNCHES FITNESS CAMPAIGN AS HEALTH BOOST

MONTREAL (UP)—An attempt to organize a Canada-wide "fitness" campaign similar to those in Great Britain and other European countries is to be made shortly by the National Fitness League of Canada.

and western Canada, lecturing on physical culture and establishing branches of the league in the larger centers.

THE NEBBS—Good Advice (?)



MR POTTS, YOUR BANK HERE WOULD BE A CREDIT TO ANY PLACE AND THEY TELL ME YOU ARE A SAFE, SHREWD BANKER WITH AN UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD INVESTMENTS

I'VE GOT ABOUT \$100,000 THAT'S GETTING LAZY DOING NOTHING— COULD YOU GET A GOOD SAFE JOB FOR THEM?

I'VE GOT A SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT THAT'S AS SAFE AS ANYTHING I KNOW OF

ANYBODY WHO'S GOT A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS HAS GOT MORE THAN WHAT 90% OF THE PEOPLE MAKE IN A LIFETIME— YOU DON'T NEED NO ADVICE FROM A COUNTRY BANKER— GO TO WALL STREET— TELL 'EM YOU GOT 100,000 BUCKS AND THEY START TO RUN

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