

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

Chapter One The Missing Man

ALTHOUGH the woman in black seemed as calm and composed as ever, she had chosen the chair standing with its back to the light. The Police Commissioner eyed her thoughtfully as she spoke.

"You have, then, no further news of my husband?"

"None, I am sorry to say."

The tall handsome young man with the sullen eyes threw his hat down on the table with an angry gesture.

"Why did you send for us, then?" he demanded.

Commissioner Davies looked up at him. "I wanted to discuss the matter with you, Mr. Murchison," he replied. "All of you have impressed upon me the fact that you do not want any publicity in connection with the Professor's—your brother's—disappearance. Frankly, we have come to the end of our resources, and in my opinion it is time to make use of the press. I feel sure that a judiciously worded account of the affair would bring results."

Duncan Murchison scowled. His sister-in-law tapped nervously with those shining long finger nails on the arm of her chair. It was the third member of the group who answered.

"We have explained our position in regard to the matter of publicity many times, Commissioner Davies," he said gently. "Surely with an efficient police force and matters as they are, it is not necessary to the world. He holds a high position in our University."

The Commissioner moved. "I see all that," he assented. "But I have no further choice in the matter. If you insist that we have no publicity then the police are herewith through with the case."

The anger smoldering in Duncan Murchison burst forth. "I have always understood," he said savagely, "that the police were for the purpose of safeguarding the public. I did not understand that they gave up a case so easily."

"We have spent six weeks on this, Mr. Murchison. We have combed the city, searched the resorts, questioned train crews, garages, and following your clue, every laboratory within several hundred miles. We can do no more. Of course the matter is still on the books, and if anything turns up we shall act on it, but all active searching must cease. Other matters are piling up for us."

"I suppose there is nothing we can do but accept your ultimatum," Professor Devoe said regretfully.

The Commissioner turned to Mrs. Murchison suddenly. "By the way, there is a matter I want to understand more fully. You said your husband had very little money the night he disappeared. Can you tell me if he possessed any valuables upon which he might have realized?"

She stared at him. "Nothing but his watch," she replied slowly.

"You mean, on his person. We went into that thoroughly. I mean now, valuables stored away, bonds, something of that sort."

She shook her head positively. "He had no bonds," she replied.

"Nor anything else?"

"It is certain he had nothing," she betrayed her Gallic origin by an expressive shrug of a slim shoulder. "Nothing of any value except the money in his bank account and the things at our house."

Davies traced patterns on his desk blotter. "Neither of you men, you, Professor Devoe, or you, Mr. Murchison, — neither of you are aware of anything of that sort?"

Devoe frowned thoughtfully. "I am sure his wife is right, or she would not speak so decidedly," he replied.

"I don't know anything about it," Murchison said, shortly.

"Yes, Do you know him?"

"No," Forrester frowned. "Can't you find him?"

"No. He's walked off the map. Not a trace. And it strikes me that there's something damn funny about it."

"What?"

"Well—what are you frowning about, John? You know something



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"Well—what are you frowning about, John? You know something

tion, Davies turned and went toward the office of the District Attorney.

'Cruel Experiments'

JOHN FORRESTER was sitting behind the big desk in his office, his lower lip between his finger and thumb, whistling "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" between his teeth. As the Commissioner knocked on the open door he looked up absently, muttered "Come in," and went on with his whistling.

"Is it," the Commissioner inquired gently, "graft in the home office or the state of the city golf course?"

Forrester blinked, frowned and regarded his friend from beneath shaggy brows. "Ye're being frivolous," he said sternly.

Davies took the words as an invitation and dropped into the chair in front of the desk. "I merely wanted to know how busy you were," he explained. "I want to talk to you."

The District Attorney pushed to one side a heap of papers and settled himself comfortably with his hands locked over his middle. "I wasn't what you might call busy," he replied. "I was sitting thinking what a remarkable boy my son Michael is, and what a fine wife he's taken to himself."

The Commissioner snorted. "There was a twinkle in Forrester's eye. "And what's on your mind this fine morning, then?" he asked.

Davies rubbed his chin. "Well, I was thinking what a smart boy your son Michael is," he said slyly.

"Humpf."

"It's true, much as I hate to admit it to you," his face was grave again. "I want to have a serious talk with you, John. Have you time?"

Forrester raised his brows. "There's nothing that won't wait. What's this that's serious?"

The Commissioner stared at the polished surface of the big desk as he spoke. "Did you happen to notice a disappearance on the case book some six weeks ago—a man named Murchison? A physiologist out at the University?"

Forrester shook his head. "Didn't see it. That wouldn't be Edgar Murchison, would it, Dr. Edgar Murchison?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"No," Forrester frowned. "Can't you find him?"

"No. He's walked off the map. Not a trace. And it strikes me that there's something damn funny about it."

"What?"

"Well—what are you frowning about, John? You know something

about him that's bothering you."

The District Attorney considered. "Isn't he the chap that got into trouble with the anti-vivisectionists?"

Davies stared at him. "Now that you mention it, I believe he is," he said slowly. "Didn't they say that he was carrying out cruel experiments at the University, or advocating that such experiments be allowed, or something of the sort?"

"Something like that. Don't remember much about it. They dropped it."

"Well, that's the man, Edgar Murchison. He's been missing since the day the University closed, and by Jove, we've combed the country for him. He's vanished."

"Lots of people vanish," Forrester eyed the Commissioner sharply.

"Yes. And their wives and relatives go into hysterics and pester us to death, and rant and rave."

"Doesn't Murchison's wife go into hysterics?"

"You've hit it. She does not."

"Start at the beginning, Davies."

"There isn't much to tell. You know that oval of houses out back of the University? They call it the Horseshoe." Forrester nodded. "The Murchisons lived in the big house at the curve of the oval. On the last afternoon of the term, Murchison walked home and shut himself in the study. His wife asked him to have tea with her in the living room, and he refused. Came out to dinner, preoccupied, went back to the study. At half past ten his wife went to the door and asked if he were going up to bed, and he was still busy. They have separate rooms, and she didn't know until morning that his bed hadn't been slept in. She hasn't seen him since. That's the story."

"Humpf. What did she think when he shut himself into the study?"

"Nothing in particular. She says it was common for him to do that when he was busy. Moody fellow, I think."

"Did he talk at dinner?"

"No."

"What did he say when she asked him if he were going to bed?"

"He said, 'Oh, leave me alone.' It seems to indicate a certain degree of preoccupation," the District Attorney said dryly. "What's the wife like?"

Davies considered. "She's Frenchy," he decided. "Small and pretty and dark. Smart, too."

"What does she think about it?"

Davies snorted again. "I haven't the least idea what she thinks. But she says he'll come back. They say it. Over and over."

(Continued Sunday morning.)

LATE ARMISTICE COST LIVES OF OREGON FIGHTERS

Gen. White Reveals Needless Loss in World War Because News Delayed

By Paul W. Harvey, Jr.

Salem, Nov. 10.—(P)—Twenty-one years ago tomorrow America laid down her arms after having fought to end all wars—but 3000 men, including some from Oregon, died needlessly after the fighting was supposed to have stopped at 11 a. m. on November 11, 1918.

Maj. Gen. George A. White, commanding general of the 41st division of the National Guard, including troops in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, told today how the American second army fought bitterly until 2:30 p. m. that day because it hadn't heard the war had ended.

Stopped Too Soon

General White, who then was a lieutenant colonel attached to Pershing's headquarters, said most of the allied officers wanted to continue the war until their armies entered Berlin.

"If we had signed the armistice in Berlin after capturing the city, there wouldn't be any war in Europe today," the general said.

He also told how thousands of troops left their trenches upon hearing of the false armistice of November 7. But they were ordered back immediately.

A statement that might be considered prophetic in the light of today's events, was made at 2:05 a. m. on Armistice Day by the German delegate at the armistice meeting in a railroad car in Compiegne forest.

The delegate, objecting to the severe terms which the allies had forced Germany to accept, said Germany "will preserve, in spite of every kind of violence, its liberty and unity. A nation of seventy millions suffers, but does not die."

Oregon Loss Heavy
Oregon contributed heavily to the world war, every one of her

36 counties having at least one soldier killed in action. Of the 44,166 Oregonians who enlisted, 1,768 served in battle, 1,100 were wounded, 367 were killed in action and 663 died of other causes.

Most of the Oregon troops didn't get to fight as a unit, as they were in the 41st division. This division, which was among the first to go overseas, was used as a replacement division, so the Oregon soldiers fought all over the front with other divisions.

The European war is having a favorable effect on the state-owned flax industry. An Ontario firm asked the industry to sell

it 5,000 pounds of flax seed at good prices so it can grow the flax and ship the fibre to Ireland to be made into linen.

The flax wouldn't compete with Oregon-grown flax. The purchase would be a measure to preserve Britain's wartime supplies, but the industry doesn't know yet if it can spare that much seed.

Officials of the state elections division think that defeat of the "ham and eggs" pension plan in California will mean the downfall of the movement in Oregon.

They said sponsors of the plan in this state having hopes of get-

ting the proposal on the ballot next November, already are having trouble getting signatures on their initiative petitions.

Capitol sidights: They are starting to repair the new capitol already. The pavement is broken in front of the building where the ground has settled.

Serpentine Victim

Albany, Ore., Nov. 10.—(P)—Frances Dickson, Albany high school senior, suffered a badly cut leg last night when he was hurled from a serpentine through a plate glass store window during a football rally.

YOU COMPARE!... That's all we ask!



HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

1. This fine whiskey is 4 years old, bottled in bond.
2. Produced from wholesome, sturdy grain, it is a straight whiskey—all whiskey.
3. It is 100 proof—stronger.

but you pay **\$1.35** FULL PINT!
*Average pint price in this State of 5 leading four year old bottled-in-bonds.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

1. This fine whiskey is 4 years old, not bottled in bond.
2. Produced from wholesome, sturdy grain, it is a straight whiskey—all whiskey.
3. It is 90 proof—milder.

you pay only **\$1.00** FULL PINT!
*This fine whiskey is identical with four year old bottled-in-bonds, except for proof.

OLD MR. BOSTON

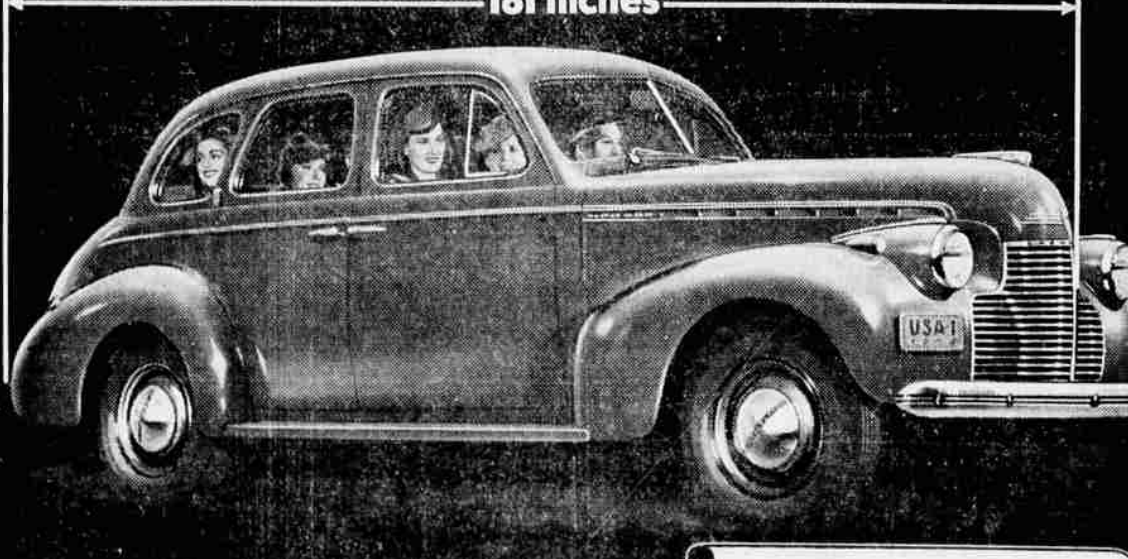
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ROGUE RIVER CHEVROLET

FINANCIAL TROUBLES OF NEIGHBOR STATES CITED BY SECY. SNELL

Eugene, Ore., Nov. 10.—(P)—Secretary of State Earl Snell told business men here Thursday that they should feel privileged to be doing business in this state. For comparison he offered

KMED Sat. 5:30 p.m.

You've Got a Date with Me Sat. Night!

Boy, Oh Boy, will we have fun! You an' me, listenin' to those 4 Oldsters and 4 Youngsters on our

"YOUTH vs AGE"

Quiz Show, tyin' their pore brains in knots! Get set to stage your own Contest alongside ours. See who has the right to crow in your family—Maw and Paw or the kids! Don't forget tonight.

Cal Tomney

KMED Sat. 5:30 p.m.

the financial worries of neighboring states. One has an overdraft of more than five million dollars in its general fund, Oregon, on the other hand, has a cash balance of five million dollars, the speaker declared.

The only matter bothering Oregon right now, he stated is the question of relief funds, although the difference there appears to be a matter of opinion.

"The state is spending \$77,000,000 for this biennium," he said. "That amount brings forcibly before us the necessity of economy and efficiency in government." He added that of the amount, \$17,000,000 is from direct taxation, the remainder from interest on taxes, fees, licenses and other incidentals.

Blasts Wreck Plant

Lodi, N. J., Nov. 10.—(P)—A series of six explosions followed by fire destroyed the Lodi chemical plant today. 15 minutes before its 10 employees were to report for work. No one was hurt. The plant melts down old film to recover silver nitrate.

Rail Veteran Dies

Tacoma, Wn., Nov. 10.—(P)—Jim Smalley, 76, veteran Northern Pacific railroad employee who gave up an executive position because engineering passenger trains fascinated him, died suddenly at his home here late yesterday.

Closing time for too late to classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

LAST MAN'S CLUB TO DINE TONIGHT

The Last Man's club of Jackson county will hold its annual banquet this evening at 7 o'clock at Hotel Holland. The club is composed of ex-service men who meet once a year on Armistice eve to drink a toast to their departed comrades. A bottle of cognac is dedicated to the "last man."

When a member answers the last roll call his place is set at the table with the glass turned down, the surviving member or "last man" at the final banquet will call the roll and then open the bottle of cognac and drink a toast to all the departed comrades. This is the fourth annual banquet since organizing. Commanders Fred Butler and H. James have since answered the last roll call. Miss Ruth Luy's Dancing Academy will furnish several specialty acts during the banquet.

Girl Suicides

Portland, Ore., Nov. 10.—(P)—An 18-year-old expectant mother, who was found dying Wednesday in her apartment, committed suicide by taking poison, Deputy Coroner Roy Crabtree said late night. She was known only as "Rita."

K. F. TAXI BUSINESS DUE FOR PROBING

Portland, Nov. 10.—(P)—Federal Judge James A. Fee decided today he would "like to learn something about the taxi business at Klamath Falls."

He requested the probation officer to investigate conditions when he examined the cases of Nelson L. Smith and Hoyle L. Weir. Klamath taxi drivers who pleaded guilty to sale of liquor to Indians.

The cases of John W. Perkins and Oscar Gray of Klamath Falls, who pleaded guilty to similar charges, were also referred to the probation officer.

Closing time for too late to classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

TURKEY DINNER ARMISTICE DAY AND SUNDAY

And All Trimmings Served Family Style 75c

We Cater to Banquets and Parties—Delicious Dinners All Week. ROGUE RIVER CAFE

North end of Shady Cove Bridge on Rogue River—21 miles from Medford on Crater Lake Highway