

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Tuck, Michael's sprightly wife, begins to "wander" why they have come to the University. Snoopy Miss Lissey, Latin teacher and next-door neighbor, has aroused Tuck's suspicions.

Chapter Four The Dew And The Sun

MICHAEL threw back his head and laughed. "She paid no attention. 'Michael,' she said soberly, 'why shouldn't she want the son of the District Attorney to live out here?'"

"My darling," said Michael, "I think you had it right the first time when you brought up that little word 'imagination.' There's no reason on earth why my being the son of the District Attorney would make any difference. You just didn't like her—which I can understand—and she didn't like you, which I can also understand. Your hair is too much like melted sunlight, and you have too many dimples, and you're altogether too pretty for anything. Tuck, then, there's Bunny. Bunny is also a very nice looking girl, although, of course, not in your class. And as I know Miss Alice Lissey, the spectacle of feminine beauty always did go to her head."

"You're such a sweet thing, Michael," his wife told him, "and very poetic. You've been reading things, I'm afraid."

"No, I haven't. Don't be mean, Michael. I'm perfectly sure, just as sure as I'm sitting here, that she's angry we're here. And I want to know why. I was just wondering if there wouldn't be some reason for asking your father quite pointedly why he wanted us to come out here and live. I've got a queer feeling."

"What! Again?"

"Umhm. I smell mystery." Michael regarded her thoughtfully. "Tuck, actually, has nothing at all happened except this call from Miss Lissey, to put you into this mood?"

"Nothing at all. That is... not much."

"How much?"

"Well... it was while I was talking to Miss Lissey in the living room. Charlotte Jean came to the kitchen door and said someone wanted to see me... and I excused myself and went out. Charlotte Jean all fluttery, said there was a man in the study. A young man. I went through the dining room, and into the study, and there he was, a tall, young, nice looking chap with sullen blue eyes and dark wavy hair and nice clothes... and he was standing right close beside the front of the big desk... and Michael, I'm positive he straightened up when I went in and his face was all red."

"He'd probably been tying his shoe. What did he want?"

"I don't know what he wanted, but I know what he said he wanted. He said his name was Duncan Murchison, and that he'd lived here in this house a month ago, and he'd packed up rather hurriedly and he wondered if I'd found a book of his around the house anywhere—'The Outlines of Chemistry.' He was very nice but most embarrassed. And I said no, I was positive I hadn't seen it, so he went away."

was as catty as I could make it. She had said, you see, that campus families always went away between terms, as if it were a dreadful social error not to. So I asked her flatly why she hadn't gone away, and actually, Michael, she turned purple, and she mumbled and didn't answer my question. Why didn't she go?"

"Maybe she's teaching at night school, I know McCain and Deane are—they're in those two houses on the west side of the Horseshoe." "I bet she isn't. I bet she is just sticking around."

"Listen, wife of my bosom. 'Come, come, Bunny, back from her walk. Let's go and meet her. I am very fond of Bunny, but there's an ulterior motive in my suggestion. Do you see the gentleman with the wheelbarrow, coming up the path in front of her? That is James Jiggins, gardener. I am acquainted with him. He was a fix-quoted with him in the days of our youth. We will stroll along until his barrow stops us, and then we will proceed to ask him questions. I venture to say your smell of mystery will dissipate as the dew on morning meadows fleeth before the coming of the sun."

"We will," said Tuck, rising. "But it doesn't, Michael."

"What doesn't?"

"The dew," she said, as she started for the gate. "It fleeth after the coming of the sun."

Higgins Hedges

"TUCK," said Michael, a few minutes later, "allow me to present Mr. Higgins. Mr. Higgins, my wife."

The little man behind the barrow managed a bow which was about half between a duck and a curtsy. He wiped his hands nervously on his khaki breeks and muttered "Ow dy'e do, Mrs. Forrester. I'm sure, while a slow wave of scarlet mounted up the back of his neck and painted his ears richly."

"How do you do, Mr. Higgins?" Tuck smiled at him warmly, and he gulped.

"And the third member of our household," said Michael in the Grand Manner, as Bunny reached them. "Miss Temple, Mr. Higgins."

He ducked again, and now his hair was flax-white against the deep crimson of his skin. Bunny acknowledged the introduction in her low deep voice. "I've met Mr. Higgins already," she said. "Out on the river bank. You were getting leaf mold, weren't you?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss," he replied, and coughed behind his hand. "It's lovely out there," Bunny went on, turning to Tuck. "You must come out with me tomorrow. There's a place where you can sit on the edge of the bank and look right out across the river, just at the bend. It's miles wide."

Higgins wrinkled his brow. Michael spoke.

"I wouldn't advise you to sit there, Bunny. Unless you want a sudden bath. The bank looks safe, but it crumbles. Doesn't it, Jim?"

"Yes, Mr. Forrester, that it does."

"We lost a good bonfire that way years ago," Michael went on. "Built it too close to the edge and it slid in, edge and all. Of course I'm sure, while a slow wave of scarlet mounted up the back of his neck and painted his ears richly."

Higgins obviously followed his train of thought. "They ain't what they was in yore time, Mr. Forrester."

"No," Michael assented hastily "all the good things of life must pass, Jim. We must be resigned."

"Hm," Bunny said dryly. Her gray eyes danced.

"By the way, Jim," Michael broke in quickly before she could say "whose house are we occupying?"

Jim blinked his pale little eyes rapidly. "Begg'n' yer pardon, sir?"

"Who so kindly went away and left us a house?"

On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS Where to Find Them on the Dial: Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640; Los Angeles, KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco, KGW, 620; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KNX, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 936; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake, KGW, Big Town, KOIN, KNX.

9:00—Martin's Orch. KEX; Tuesday Night Party, KOIN, KNX; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Hour, KGO. 9:30—Messner's Orch. KGO, KEX; Battle of the Saxes, KPO, KGW; KFI, We, the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KJR. 10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL, Madriguera's Orch. KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN. 10:30—Poster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunder's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 11:00—Bavazza's Orch., KPO, KFI, This Moving World, KEX; Dance Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW. Wednesday 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX; KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; War-Ing's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI. 5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Music for Listening, KGO, KEX, KJR. 5:45—Reporting, KNX, KOIN; Organist, KGO, KEX; Drama, KEX. 6:00—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Musical Soiree, KFI, KGW; Safety First, KPO. 6:30—Drama, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR; Cosches Convention, KGO. 7:00—Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kay Kyster, KPO, KGW, KFI; Magnolia Blossoms, KGO, KJR, KEX. 7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Adventures, KGO, KJR. 8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO; Breez-

QUICK RECOVERY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AS TIME APPROACHES TO GET READY FOR PIANO LESSON, BEGINS TO COMPLAIN OF ACHE, PAINS AND GREAT WEARINESS



MOTHER BEING UNIMPRESSED, SITS UP, GROANING, PROTESTING HE'S SCARCELY ABLE TO MOVE



DRAWS HIMSELF UP, STEP BY STEP, REMARKING SHE'LL FEEL SORRY IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIM



PAUSES AS TELEPHONE RINGS. PIANO TEACHER REPORTS A BAD COLD AND POSTPONES LESSON



IS OUT OF THE HOUSE HEADING FOR FOOTBALL FIELD IN TWO SECONDS FLAT, CALLING HE FEELS BETTER ALL OF A SUDDEN

QUICK RECOVERY

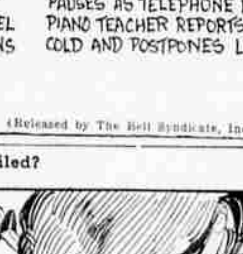
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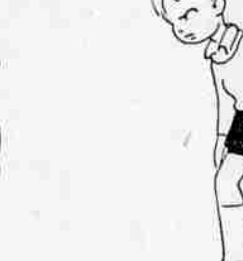
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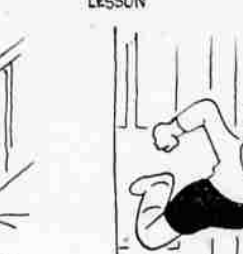
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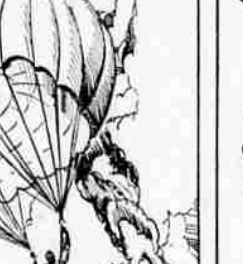
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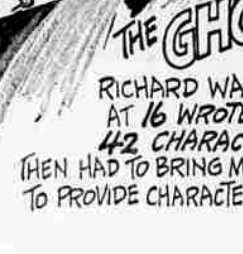
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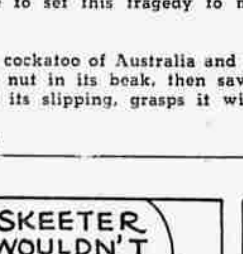
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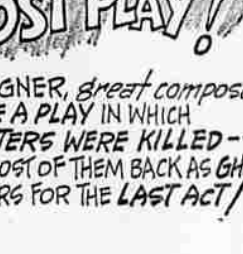
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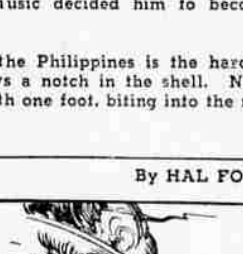
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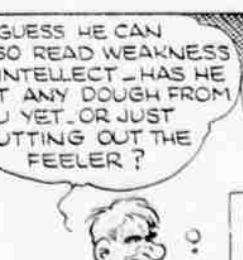
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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

THE GREAT BLACK COCKATOO—SANG THROUGH THE HARD SHELL OF KANARY-NUTS WITH ITS CHISEL-LIKE LOWER JAW...

JOHN A. BAXTER AND JOHN B. BAXTER -- Unrelated, BOTH CUT THEIR LEFT HANDS CHOPPING WOOD, WENT TO THE SAME HOSPITAL AND GOT 3 STITCHES EACH -- ON THE SAME DAY! -- Portland, Ore., 1939-

FRENCH SOIL -- WAS USED TO BUILD ROADS AT NEWPORT NEWS, Virginia, U.S.A. (Brought from Brest as ballast by returning World War transports)

THE GHOST PLAY! RICHARD WAGNER, great composer, AT 16 WROTE A PLAY IN WHICH 42 CHARACTERS WERE KILLED -- THEN HAD TO BRING MOST OF THEM BACK AS GHOSTS TO PROVIDE CHARACTERS FOR THE LAST ACT!

THE GHOST PLAY Strange as it seems, Richard Wagner turned to music in an attempt to become a playwright. At 16, he wrote his first play, a tragedy, effecting the "murders" of 42 of the cast! At the fifth act, with not enough characters left to continue the play, he had most of the "deceased" return as ghosts. His desire to set this tragedy to music decided him to become a composer. NUTCRACKER BIRD Favorite food of the great black cockatoo of Australia and the Philippines is the hard-shell canary-nut. The bird steadies the nut in its beak, then saws a notch in the shell. Next it wraps the nut in a leaf to prevent its slipping, grasps it with one foot, biting into the notch, breaks away the shell with a nip. TOMORROW: Friends of Peace.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Who Bailed?

By HAL FORREST



THEY'VE COLLIDED! ... THAT WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?

By EDWIN ALGER



LOOK, TOMMY! SOMEBODY JUMPED!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?

By EDWIN ALGER



MAYBE IT'S YOUR PAL, SKEETER...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?

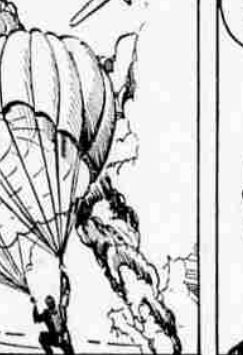
By EDWIN ALGER



SKEETER WOULDN'T BAIL OUT AND LEAVE LARRY BEHIND!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?

By EDWIN ALGER



HERE'S YOUR BRIEFCASE, MR. STEPCLOCK...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?

By EDWIN ALGER



AND HERE ARE SOME OF THE PAPERS THAT CAME OUT OF IT...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Proposition?

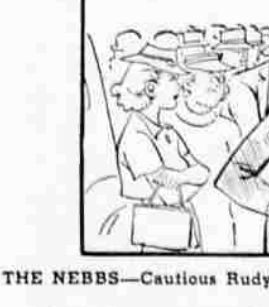
By EDWIN ALGER



NOW, YOU GO TO THE HOSPITAL, MR. BALLINGER...

THE NEBBS—Cautious Rudy

By SOL HESS



WELL, I UNRAVELED THE MYSTERY -- HE'S A CHEMIST AND HAS DISCOVERED A CONCENTRATED HORSEPOWER FUEL BEYOND ANYTHING KNOWN TO MAN AND IT HAS 40% MORE EFFICIENCY WHEN MIXED WITH THE CHEMICALS CONTAINED IN OUR NOXAGE WATER

THE NEBBS—Cautious Rudy

By SOL HESS



IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE TRANSPORTATION AND INDUSTRY. HE HAS TAKEN ME INTO HIS CONFIDENCE BECAUSE HE CAN READ CHARACTER AND KNOWS ME TO BE HONEST AND TRUSTWORTHY

THE NEBBS—Cautious Rudy

By SOL HESS



I GUESS HE CAN ALSO READ WEAKNESS OF INTELLECT -- HAS HE GOT ANY DOUGH FROM YOU YET, OR JUST PUTTING OUT THE FEELER?

THE NEBBS—Cautious Rudy

By SOL HESS



NOT A DIME, SMART GUY, AND HE WON'T GET A DIME UNLESS I CAN SEE IT COAXING TEN BUCKS BACK TO ME!

THE NEBBS—Cautious Rudy

By SOL HESS



LOOKOUT, BEN -- HE'S THE OIL GUY-