

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY. Convinced that they have come to the University for a purpose and that Michael is holding out on her, Tuck decides to investigate. She invents a pretext for calling on Mrs. Murchison, who formerly lived in this house.

Chapter Seven

Feminine Curiosity
"I thought I left nothing in the house," said Mrs. Murchison. "Just this book," Tuck said. "I didn't perhaps it had belonged to your maid. But it had in it a lovely carved ivory bridge pencil for a marker, and I thought you might not like to lose it."

There was a tinge of hot color at the base of Mrs. Murchison's throat as she took "The Bartered Bride" from Tuck's hands. "Thank you, yes," she said.

"And this pipe," Tuck went on. "If your husband is as devoted to his old pipes as mine is..." she stopped.

Mrs. Murchison had dropped the book. Both hands were at her heart. She was staring at the pipe in Tuck's hand with some terrible surmise in her face.

"The pipe—he has had it studying in Germany."
"Then I'm glad I found it," Tuck said equably.

The woman looked up. "Where have you found it?" she said tensely. "It is never out of his hand."
"I found it in the little drawer just under the leaf for the type writer—in the big desk in the study, Mrs. Murchison," Tuck replied. "I am sorry if your husband has been searching for it."

She still held the pipe out but the woman did not touch it. Tuck glanced at her sharply.

The woman caught the glance. She moistened her dry lips and straightened her shoulders. "Thank you for it, then," she said more composedly. "I took it from Tuck's outstretched hand and tucked back. Tuck took the hint, said goodby and ran down the steps."

"Now, what's that all about?" she said to herself. The woman's attitude was certainly strange.

That afternoon, when Bunny came out from a half-day relieving at the office, she had something more to add to the picture.

Tuck, almost bursting to tell her of the events of the morning, had gone to the University to meet her and as they walked back through the dim green woodland path had told her of the affair of the pipe.

"She had a terribly frightened look, Bunny—surprised and frightened. Now why? Why should the sight of an old pipe your husband had left behind, even if he had had it ever since he was a student in Germany—why should that upset a woman so?"

"I don't think it was the pipe that upset her," Bunny said slowly. "I think it was the fact of your having it."

"What do you mean, Bunny?"
"Why—I thought I'd do a little sleuthing too. So I telephoned the University and asked for Dr. Murchison—she broke off suddenly, and looked at Tuck. 'You remember, Tuck, that Higgins was quite willing to tell where Mrs. Murchison was, and where the brother was, but when it came to Dr. Murchison himself he wiggled and squirmed.'"

"Yes—and Michael, right after he had finished saying that he didn't know a thing about the Murchisons, asked where Dr. Murchison was. How did he know Murchison was a doctor? That's what made me suspect Michael! Bunny—that's right. He's the man the mystery's about."

"My idea too."
"What did they say at the University?"
"Said he was off on a business trip and they didn't have his address. So I phoned his wife."
"Bunny—go on!"
"Well—Bunny stopped, pulled off her hat and lifted her face to the cool evening breeze—'Well—I thought I'd better be a little wary—so I said I was the Customs Office and had a box of books for Dr. Murchison and that there was duty on them!'"

"Go on, Bunny—I've exasperated."
"Yes, dear, and I asked for Dr. Murchison's address to notify him."
"And what did she say?"
"Well, she waited a little while before she answered me, and then she said she'd tell me herself."
"Oh," Tuck said disappointedly. "I thought maybe... I didn't know..."

"Me too," Bunny agreed. "But wait a minute, I said 'How soon can you let me know? Because if he doesn't clear them in a week we've got to send them back.'"
"Yes?"
"And she said, very slowly—'Send them back then, I cannot get an answer in a week.'"

Nocturnal Prowling
THAT night, failing to sleep late, Tuck dreamed of walking past a gigantic rock crusher, which rumbled menacingly and then fell suddenly across her feet when she struggled to disengage it she awoke to find Armstrong purring happily and digging his claws into the elderdown over her knees. She reached down, slapped his paws, patted his head and com-

herself to sleep again when a screech which wakened like a dash of ice water. What was the cat doing here? She remembered distinctly putting him out herself after all the doods and heroes were locked, and yet, here he was!

With a thumping heart she reached out cautiously and turned on the little lamp beside her bed. Michael was sleeping peacefully with his back turned, and she had to cross three feet of dark floor before she could waken him.

She put her hand tightly over his mouth. "Michael!"
He groaned.
"Michael! Wake up, quick!" She drew her feet up suddenly and knelt on the bed.

He turned an eye, scowled at her and opened one.
She grasped his shoulder and covered his mouth again. "Michael, you must get up quick," she whispered into his ear. "It's burglars! I'm scared!"

"Burglars!" he mumbled under his hand. The exclamation point was in his eyes.
"The cat's in, and we put him out!"
He pushed her hand away, and sat up. "He must have got in a window."

"You know perfectly well none of the downstairs windows are open. I'm sure there's somebody in the house!"
With a comical look of surrender he seized his dressing gown, thrust his feet into his slippers at the side of his bed, and started for the door.

He turned and frowned at her. "What are you coming for?"
"Do you expect me to stay here alone? I should say not! And don't make so much noise, Michael, they'll hear us."

"Tuck, you've let that fool kid put notions into your head," he said. Nevertheless he lowered his voice to a whisper as they went quietly down the wide staircase to the living room.

The Study
HE tried the front door opening of the little hall. It was locked. With Tuck at his heels he crossed the room and pushed at the glass door into the dining room; but they did not swing open at his touch as usual. He pushed. They were solid.

"What's the matter with the darn thing?" he muttered. "Turn on the light, Tuck."
But she did not obey. She leaned over and pressed her ear instead to the crack of the door, listening intently. Michael could not see her. She straightened up suddenly.

"It's the study," she whispered tensely. "They've locked this door on the other side, I know it."
"You can hear something?" he stared at her incredulously.
"Listen!"

He put his ear to the door. Silence. Then, not in the dining room, but in the study beyond it, he heard a small, subdued tapping which stopped, began again, and went steadily, stopped again.

Tuck clung to his arm, tightly. "There is someone, Michael!"
"It must be Bunny," he whispered.

"Of course it isn't Bunny. Don't be stodgy, Michael—what are we going to do?"
"I want to know what the devil this is all about," he said. He turned and ran softly up the front stair to the landing, then down the servant's stair to the kitchen. Tuck after him, like a little shadow. There was another glass door between the dining room and the study, and from the kitchen into the dining room.

That door was locked!
Michael wasted no time now, but dashed to the outside kitchen door. He turned the key in the lock and pulled the door open. Immediately the quiet of the night was shattered by a terrific metallic clatter and bang as some object that had been propped upon the door knob fell to the floor.

"Well, damn it!" Michael said bitterly.
He jumped from the edge of the porch and raced toward the corner of the house with Tuck still at his heels. The moon was going down and only the faintest gray light lay over the garden. The sundial stood out in the center, holding on its white surface a certain glimmer; as they reached the house that glimmer was for a moment obscured. It was as if a shadow passed before it and was gone. But Michael, intent only on the study door, did not notice.

That door, reached through the sun porch, was locked, but yielded instantly to Michael's touch. He swung it open and stepped back against the porch wall, holding Tuck beside him. Nothing happened.

"Of course he'd be gone," Michael said disgustedly. He peered off through the darkness.
"Michael, you mustn't go after him! It's no use—it's too dark out there, and you don't know where he's gone. He—he might have a gun, Michael!"

"It isn't any use, all right," Michael conceded grudgingly. He reached around the corner of the doorway and switched on the lights, waiting for a moment before he looked into the room. It was empty.

Continued Monday

On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS
Where to Find Them or the Dial
Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane
KGO, 730, San Francisco; KGW
620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle.
KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KOA, 430
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland;
KMO, 936, Seattle; KPO, 636, San
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake

Thursday
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO.
5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW, KFI.
6:00—Major Bowes, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1939, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Columbia Workshop, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Sports Pop-Offs, KXN, KOIN; Vocalists, KGO, News, KSL.
8:00—Fred Warwig, KPO, KGW, KFI; Cutler's Orch., KEX, KXN, KSL; Land, Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:15—Sam Hays, KXK; Cutler's Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:30—Symphony Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Backet, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KGO, KEX.
9:00—Strange as it Seems, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Adventures in Rhythm, KGO, KEX.

9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; Posella's Orch., KSL; Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KEX; Operetta Series, KXN, KOIN; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KSL, KXN; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN.
10:30—Bonos Orch., KXN; Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.
11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Dance Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KXN, KGW.

Friday
5:00—Fifth Quarter, KXN; Miller's Orch., KGW; Drama, KGO, KJR; Master Strings, KPO, News, KFI.
5:30—Drama, KPO, KFI, KGW; King's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Youth vs. Age, KGO, KJR, KEX.
6:00—Aurand's Orch., KOIN; Oboler's Plays, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sketch, KGO, KJR, KEX.
6:30—Maurice's Music, KGO; Prelude to Dusk, KPO, KFI, KGW; Rose and Ditmars, KOIN; News, KJR.
8:45—Saturday Night Serenade, KXN, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO.
7:00—Goodman's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Sports Huddle, KOIN, KXN; What's My Name, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.
8:00—Barn Dance, K O O KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KEX, KJR; Noble's Orch., KOIN, KXN.

"TIME OUT"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-13



PLAY GOES THROUGH HIM FOR THIRTY-YARD GRIN
FEELS HIMSELF OVER, FINDS NOTHING RADICALLY WRONG BUT JUST DOESN'T FEEL SO GOOD
ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES THINKS A LITTLE REST WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA AND CALLS FEEBLY, "TIME OUT"
AS TEAM MATE'S COME UP TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG, CLUTCHES LEFT LEG AND GROANS
SUBMITS TO HAVING STOCKING ROLLED DOWN, EXPLAINING THAT IF THERE ISN'T ANY BRUISE IT'S PROBABLY HURT INSIDE
SEES ON FEET, GROANING, AND LIMPING AROUND, IN-ADVERTENTLY LUMPING ON WRONG LEG
ATTENTION BEING CALLED TO THIS, BECOMES VIOLENT, WANTING TO KNOW WHOSE LEGS IT IS, AND ANYWAY MAYBE BOTH LEGS ARE HURT
FORTUNATELY, PASSING FIRE ENGINE CREATES A DIVERSION. FOLLOWS AFTER IT, WITH THE OTHERS, AT TOP SPEED

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Startling Information!



YOU MEAN... THAT SKEET'S MILLIGAN DELIBERATELY CRASHED HIS PLANE INTO ALDEN'S... TO REMOVE HIM AS A RIVAL? WOW!... WHAT A STORY!
LOOKS THAT WAY TO ME!
I'M SORRY ABOUT DIRK GETTING SMASHED UP IN THAT CRASH, BEVERLY.
I CAN'T BELIEVE SKEETER WOULD BAIL OUT, LEAVING LARRY TRAPPED IN THAT SHIP... CARE A LOT FOR SKEETER, TOMMY.
BUT... I JUST TOLD YOU... DIRK'S HURT. BAD. MAYBE DYING... I THOUGHT YOU AND HE WERE...
THAT WAS JUST... A PRETENCE... I HAD TO BE NICE TO DIRK...
BECAUSE I LEARNED THAT DIRK WAS IN THE PAY OF THE MAN WHO PLANNED ALL THOSE FATAL CRASHES!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Doubts!



Y'WON'T TELL ME NOTHIN', EH? WELL, YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE HOSPITAL TO GEE MR. BALLINGER WITH ME, AIN'T YA?
NO, RUSTY, I CAN'T—
DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS... ANY MORE, I MEAN—I'M LEAVING TOWN—SEE YOU LATER—
NOPE, IT JEST CAN'T BE SO! NOT BEN! BUT WHAT'S SO MYSTERIOUS BETWEEN HIM AN' WARNER ALL OF A SUDDEN?
AN' WHY'S BEN LEAVIN' TOWN? WHY'S HE BEATIN' IT WHEN THE ELECTION'S LESS'N A WEEK AWAY?

THE NEBBS—Watch Your Step, Rudy!



THE ECCENTRIC IVAN EMBERT HAS PROMISED TO GIVE RUDY A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF HIS POWER PILL... TOMORROW IS THE DAY!
THIS FELLOW, IVAN EMBERT, AND I ARE SNEAKING OFF TO A QUIET PLACE WHERE HE'S GOING TO DEMONSTRATE HIS POWER PILLS. HE SAYS IT'S JUST LIKE TURNING A LOOSE HORSE LOOSE
LOOK OUT YOU DON'T GET RUN OVER. 1,000 HORSES ARE A LOT OF HORSES TO DODGE... THAT FELLOW IS A GOOF IF THERE EVER WAS ONE
I THINK HE'S GOOFY BUT I'M JUST HUMORING HIM. ACTING LIKE I'M INTERESTED
WHY DOES HE NEED HUMORING? ESPECIALLY BY YOU? YOU'RE JUST ONE OF MANY MEN IN THIS WORLD
ADMITTING HE'S NUTS, SUPPOSING THERE IS SOMETHING TO HIS CLAIM, IT'S NOT GOING TO HURT ME. ANY TIME TO FIND OUT... MOST TIMES GOOD KERNELS COME OUT OF NUTS
BUT THIS ONE LOOKS BAD... REMEMBER, YOU HAVE THE UNUSUAL FACULTY OF GETTING INTO TROUBLE, UNLESS YOU ENJOY IT HERE'S A GOOD CHANCE TO DETOUR

KLAMATH LEADS IN JOB FINDING

Portland, Nov. 17.—(P)—O-Klamath Falls office of the state employment service led all offices in the state during October, finding 2,740 jobs, most of which were in the potato fields. Ontario was second with 1,269 placements, mostly in the beet sugar industry. Portland and Albany were third and fourth with 1,133 and 770, respectively.

Job placements in other cities for the month included Hood River 593, Salem 298, Corvallis 339, Eugene 410, Roseburg 203, and Medford 236.

P.F.E. Will Spend More On Repairs

New York, Nov. 17.—(P)—Pacific Fruit Express Co., today announced approval of an additional \$10,000,000 retarding and repair program bringing the total for the company's completed and planned expenditures for this purpose since the first of the year to \$20,000,000. A total of 4,800 cars will have been rebuilt by the peak month of July, next year.

SPRAGUE PREDICTS OREGON PROGRESS

Portland, Nov. 16.—(P)—Observing improvement in the counties' financial conditions, Governor Sprague predicted today "Oregon is ready to go ahead."

The debt load of most counties has passed its peak and is now decreasing," the governor commented in an address to the 34th annual convention of the Association of Oregon Counties.

"Under continued careful management the counties will discharge their obligations and keep on a sound financial basis," he added.
Veteran Printer Dies.
Salem, Nov. 17.—(P)—Ross E. Moores, 80, Salem printer for many years, died at his home early today. He was born in Salem January 20, 1859. Funeral services will be held Saturday.
Montreal, Nov. 17.—(U.P.)—A fire department pumper was kept busy for three hours last night while police and firemen roped off a busy downtown intersection after a street car-oil truck crash let loose a flood of 5,000 gallons of gasoline.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



PNEUMONOLUTRAMICROSCOPIC SILICOVOLCANOSIS MEANS "CHOKING THAT FOLLOWS A DUST STORM!"
OSCAR OF THE WALDORF, 72, TOOK UP SMOKING AT 67-- YET HAS COLLECTED OVER 300 PIPES AND CIGAR AND CIGARET HOLDERS SINCE HE WAS 26!
—NEW YORK—
THE LEAP OF EMIM BEY!
TRAPPED IN THE CITADEL OF MOHAMMED ALI DURING THE MASSACRE OF 1700 MAMELUKES AT CAIRO, 1811, EMIM BEY MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED DEATH! BY RIDING HIS HORSE OVER A TOWERING PARAPET!
HIS MOUNT WAS KILLED, BUT HE ESCAPED INTO THE DESERT ON FOOT...
EMIM BEY'S ESCAPE
When Mohammed Ali was made Pasha of Egypt by the Sultan of Turkey, his power was threatened by the Mamelukes, a fierce band of 12,000 cavaliers recruited largely from Caucasian slaves. In 1811 Mohammed Ali determined to be rid of them, summoned their leaders to Cairo, treacherously shut off their retreat and ordered them shot down.
Only one man is known to have escaped—Emim Bey. Driving his spurs into the flanks of his horse, he dashed to the top of the towering embattlements and plunged off into space. The animal was killed, but Bey escaped on foot into the desert.
SUNDAY: Rome's Censored Dress!

By HAL FORREST



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