

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Michael talks discreetly with Dr. McEwan about Murchison and learns that the latter's experiments were with living organisms, also that Murchison was not interested in other women. Mrs. Deane, asks Mrs. Murchison about her diamond necklace. Mrs. Murchison denies possessing one.

Chapter 12 Tuck's Necklace

"CHARLOTTE JEAN," said Tuck next morning in the cockpit of the newly washed lower vessel, "I had a marvelous melon cocktail last night. Mrs. Deane is an awful good cook. Not that you cook the melon, of course," she added hastily as a question grew in Charlotte Jean's eyes. "It seemed very simple. I poked mine to find out how it was done. Order some melons today, will you? One of every kind they have."

"Yes'm, Mrs. Forrester. Did you drink it or eat it?"

"We ate it. Like an oyster cocktail, Charlotte Jean."

"Yes'm," she sighed. "I'm for Prohibition, myself."

"Why the sigh? Tuck asked with sympathy. "Has somebody disappointed you over it?"

"Yes, ma'am, Mrs. Forrester. It's my new gentleman friend," she said with a certain self-conscious pride. "I'm afraid he drinks."

Tuck set the glass down and admired its shining brightness. "That's too bad. Did you speak to him about it?"

"Indeed I did." She pursed up her lips. "But I'm afraid he'll go right on drinking to his dying day." Charlotte Jean rubbed the stove resignedly. "And if I thought that I wouldn't marry him."

"My goodness, had you intended to?"

"Yes, Mrs. Forrester. I give him my promise true the other night. Of course I don't know him very well yet, but it's just as well to say 'yes' the first time they ask you, and then you have a kind of a hold on them. And of course you can always back out, can't you, Mrs. Forrester?"

"Apparently. Who is the gentleman, Charlotte Jean?"

"Well, you may not approve, him being so near and all, but it's Higgins, Mrs. Forrester. He's kind of a little man, but I don't mind that. Seems to me little men have more brains than big ones. And then," she paused melodramatically, "it isn't as if it mattered much if he has brains or not. He's coming into a lot of money."

"Money? Higgins? What is he, Charlotte Jean? The younger son of an earl, over here in disguise?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Forrester. I've seen earls with my own eyes, in the old country. He don't look anything like them. No, I don't exactly know where it's coming from, but he's going to get it. He told me not to mention it to anybody, but of course I'm not, Mrs. Forrester."

"Certainly, you aren't. Much money, will it be?" Tuck looked at her curiously.

"I don't know. Quite a bit, I think. Maybe five thousand dollars, he said."

"No ma'am, Mrs. Forrester. It depends on something."

"On what?"

"I don't know. On something."

"Does he expect to get it soon?"

"I think so. He talks as if he had it already, he's that grand about it. A bird in the hand's worth fifty in the bush, is my motto."

"And two or three in the hand, I suppose, is better than one?"

"Two Rockeries"

CHARLOTTE JEAN hung the stove rag in the hall-way. "Now you're teasing me, Mrs. Forrester," she said reproachfully. "Do you want me to cut them flowers for you, or are you going to do it?"

Tuck glanced out of the window over the sink, he's working in the garden? Well, as much as I hate to slow up love's young dream, I am very anxious to have the silver polished very thoroughly. The District Attorney is coming to dinner."

Tuck had gathered an armful of gladioli, put them in vases in the house, and was down by the hedge when she noticed what Higgins was really doing. He was bringing his barrow full of stones and piling them in semicircles, one at each side of the garden gate.

"What are you doing?" she asked curiously.

He got up from the ground and jerked the barrow a little closer to the pile of stones. "I'm makin' a rockery, mum," he replied.

"A rockery? Two rockeries, Mr. Higgins? But why? This isn't at all the sort of garden to have rockeries in, is it? It's too formal. Won't they quarrel with the sundial?"

"It'll be easy to whitewash 'em, mum. Then they'll mate."

"But surely, are rockeries supposed to be whitewashed? I don't want to interfere, but I think a rockery—two rockeries—against the hedge—I think it will spoil the garden. Don't you?"

He piled two more rocks on the heap. "I don't know nothink about it, mum. Orders is orders," he said stubbornly.

"Yes. But don't you think your-

self they'll be ugly?"

"I ain't got nothink to say about it, mum."

Tuck turned away in despair, and encountered the gaze of Miss Alice Lissey, who had come into her own back garden, and was leaning on the hedge.

"What's that idiot doing?" she asked, went too quietly.

Tuck went closer before she answered. "He's making rockeries, Miss Lissey," she replied sweetly. "I think they're wonderful, don't you? So picturesque."

"Hmpf. Who told him to?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What person has charge of the gardens out here?"

"He has, mostly. But the man's a fool. He has the brain of a hen." She changed the subject abruptly. "I suppose you had a wonderful time last night?"

"Yes, I did. It was awfully nice of Mrs. Deane to have us. Lovely party, wasn't it?"

"Beautiful! It's a sudden a great many more wrinkles in Miss Lissey's face. "A lovely party," she repeated distastefully. "A lovely party—yes, the way a wormy party is lovely."

"Ain't... Surely..."

"How did you like Mrs. Murchison?" she demanded. "I notice you didn't spend much time with her."

"I didn't have the opportunity. I think she is very beautiful."

"Beautiful!" Tuck turned away from the hedge. "I suppose she is, if you want to think so. She compressed her lips angrily for a moment. "I'm going to ask about those rockeries," she said briskly. "I won't have any in my garden. If he tries to, I'll throw them at him."

"Licked To A Frazzle"

IT was a thoughtful Tuck who greeted Michael when he came home at lunch time. Bunny was spending the day in town and coming out with the District Attorney later; so Tuck and Michael had lunch alone, and she told him the whole long story of Charlotte Jean and Higgins and Miss Lissey, and the minor complications. Michael did not seem as worried as she wanted him to be.

"I'm afraid you'll let everything get on your little nerves, honey," he said. "People have their individualities, you know. All of them aren't bound up in mystery. Probably Higgins had too much beer last night, and talked through his hat, and has a hang over, and I've told you what's the matter with Alice Lissey. She's jealous. Too bad all the women who live in this house are beautiful. And by George, Mrs. McEwan's a beauty too. She's got Mrs. Murchison licked, in my mind. Licked to a frazzle. It's like comparing a little French dressmaker's model with a Greek statue."

"Michael," said his wife severely. "We will now change the subject. What happens to things when they fall down the cold air register? Do they go right spang into the furnace without a pause?"

"Is this a rhetorical question, or do I not have an answer?"

"I need an answer. It's my neck-lace. I dropped it last night and down it went, whoosh, somewhere. I looked into it as far as I could stretch, but I can't see it."

"Which register did it fall into?"

"The one in the little dressing room."

"Probably the pipe has a crook in it. I will investigate."

"Could it have gone into the furnace, Michael? Or some place where we can't get it?"

"Rest assured, my love, it could not. Even if the furnace were burning, it would be quite safe, curled up snug and warm inside the jacket." He was running down the basement stairs as he talked and Tuck followed him.

"Let's see now," he muttered. He wandered about looking at the ceiling, his hands in his hip pockets. "It'll be in the southwest-corner... that room's right over the big square pipe that ran flat along under the floor for several feet, and then took an upward hand toward the furnace. Here's where your heads will be," he decided. "This is the study ventilator, and the dressing room probably connects with it somewhere up above in the floor."

"Can you get them, Michael? It looks awfully solid."

Michael got a screw driver and performed a minor operation on the ventilator, at the angle where it entered the basement. He peered into the opening. He put the screw driver in and moved it about. "That's funny," he said. "Are you sure that's where they went, Tuck?"

"Of course I'm sure. I just dropped them right bang into it."

Michael peered into it again. He pried the opening wider, and put his hand in. The ventilator was empty.

"Couldn't they be farther along, Michael?"

"I don't see how, unless they had feet. That pipe runs flat for ten feet before it takes another bend. They'd slide some distance, of course." As he spoke he was pulling the sheet of tin loose along one side of the pipe, and watching inside it.

The necklace was emphatically not there.

Continued tomorrow

On the RADIO CHAINS

STATIONS Where to Find Them or the Dial: Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640; Los Angeles, KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 790; San Francisco, KGW, 620; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KNN, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 926; Seattle, KPO, 630; San Francisco, KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Thursday, 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR, Sunset Shadows, KGO, KEX; 5:30—Drama, KOMO; Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW, KFI; 6:00—Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; 7:00—Columbia Workshop, KOIN, Music, KOIN; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; 7:30—Sports Pop-offs, KN, KOIN; Viki Chase, KGO, News, KSL; 8:00—Fred Waring, KGO, KGW; KFI; Cutler's Orch., KEX; Aloha Land, KGO, Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; 8:15—Sam Hayes, KNX; Cutler's Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; 8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KN, KSL; KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KGO; 9:00—Strange as It Seems, KNX.

KSL, KOIN; Shaw's Orch., KGO, KEX; 9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI, KGW; Rogers' Orch., KGW; Madriguer's Orch., KGO, KEX; Operetta Series, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR; 10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KOIN, KNX; Foster's Orch., Owen's Orch., KSL; Notting- 10:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN; ham's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; 11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; KJR; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KNX, KGW.

Friday, 5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR, Sunset Shadows, KGO; Melody Time, KPO; 5:30—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KJR; Kelsey's Orch., KGW; Quiz Program, KPO; 6:00—Plantation Party, KGO, KEX, KJR; Waite Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN; 6:30—First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Jessel's Program, KPO, KFI, KGW; Who's In Town Tonight, KGO, News, KJR; 7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; 7:30—Story, KGW; Young Man With a Hand, KNX, KSL; Olsen's Orch., KGO, KJM; Big Town, KPO, KSL, KOIN; 8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Robinson's Buckaroos, KEX, KJR; 8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, Lom and Abner, KNX, KOIN, KSL; 8:30—Miller's Orch., KEX; Death

Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Aloha Land, KGO; 9:00—Dance Orch., KGO, KJR; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Noble's Orch., KPO; 9:30—Musical, KGO, KEX; University Explorer, KPO, KFI; News, KJR; Music by Woodbury, KGW; 10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL, KOIN; 10:30—Madriguer's Orch., KGO, KFI; Concert Hall, KPO; McDonald's, KGO, KJR; Owens' Orch., KSL; 11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

FUNDS FROM O-C LANDS SUBJECT TO BUDGET LAW

Salem, Nov. 23.—(P)—Funds received by counties from the federal Oregon and California land-grant fund are subject to provisions of county budget laws and are to be used just the same as other funds belonging to the counties, the attorney general ruled today for District Attorney Harlow L. Weinrick of Albany.

Trawler Sunk. London, Nov. 23.—(P)—The 25-ton British trawler Delphine was reported tonight to have been sunk by a submarine. Her crew was reported rescued.

THANKSGIVING REUNION IS MARRIED BY TRAGEDY

Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 23.—(P)—A trip from Albany, Calif., to Yakima, Wash., for Thanksgiving ended in tragedy yesterday when Mrs. J. E. Williams was killed when her car overturned near North Bonneville. The accident occurred about

NO NEGOTIATIONS FOR NEW JAPANESE TREATY

Washington, Nov. 23.—(P)—Sumner Welles, acting secretary

of state, told his press conference today no negotiations now were under way looking toward the drafting of a new commercial treaty between the United States and Japan.

Welles made this declaration to clear up what he termed confusion regarding the status of Japanese-American relations. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

GERMAN U-BOATS DID NOT SINK A SINGLE BATTLESHIP OF THE BRITISH GRAND FLEET DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR!

TELEPHONE BOOKS-- ARE REPLACED DAILY IN THE DRUG STORE AT BROADWAY AND 4TH STREET -- NEW YORK CITY!

World's busiest toll stations--

JIMMY HITCHCOCK-- PUNTED 232 TIMES DURING 3 VARSITY SEASONS WITHOUT HAVING A SINGLE KICK BLOCKED! (Alabama Poly, 1930-32)

THE HAND IS NOT QUICKER THAN THE EYE! A MAGICIAN'S DECEPTION LIES IN HIS ABILITY TO MISDIRECT YOUR ATTENTION! Ellis Stanton, authority on legerdemain

CALLERS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

11-18

IS GETTING READY TO GO TO THE MOVIES WHEN DOOR-BELL RINGS

Tells wife not to answer if unless he sees who it is, they don't want to get hung up with callers

PEERS FROM WINDOW BUT CAN'T QUITE SEE

SLIDES WINDOW UP NOISE-LESSLY AND LEANS OUT. BELL RINGS AGAIN

SAYS ON ACCOUNT OF PORCH FEET HE CAN ONLY SEE THEIR FEET AND HE THINKS IT'S MR. AND MRS. PRATLEY

LEANS OUT TO MAKE SURE, AT WHICH MOMENT CALLERS, GIVING UP, START DOWN PATH

TO AVOID BEING SEEN, HAS- TILY DRAWS HEAD IN, CRACKING IT ON EDGE OF WINDOW AND YELPING WITH PAIN

THIS CAUSES CALLERS TO WHIRL, SEE HIM, AND WAVE CHEERFULLY. CALLS FEEBLY HE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN AND HAS A HEADACHE REST OF EVENING

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Springs a Surprise On Quentin

IT'S A MIRACLE THAT DIRK LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A FULL CONFESSION, TOMMY. WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

WE'RE GOING TO GET THE POLICE!

LATER

AND THEN WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE AIRPORT AND GET THAT MURDERER!

AND STILL LATER!

THAT'S YOUR MAN, OFFICERS OVER THERE BESIDE THE CAMERA!

REYNARD QUENTIN... I CHARGE YOU WITH THE MURDER OF LARRY LAMARR... AND DIRK ALDEN!

W-W-H-A... WHAT?

BE NWEBSTER'S CAREER—He's Saying It!

IT'S BEN! BEN!

BLESS MY SOUL!

STAY OFF THE PHONE, OPERATOR! THIS IS A LONG DISTANCE CALL! YEAH, BEN! YEAH... YEAH... YEAH... OH, BOY, THAT'S GRAND!

WHAT'D HE SAY? HE SAID! HE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW—HE'S DRIVIN' ALL NIGHT TO GET HERE! HE'S GOT ENOUGH STUFF TO BLAST STEPOCK OFF THE MAP!

WHAT'S HE GOT? WHAT'S HE GOT?

FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD, HE DIDN'T TELL ME AN' I DIDN'T ASK HIM!

THE NEBBS—Throw Him Out!

SAY, DID YOU EVER THINK HOW DANGEROUS IT IS HAVING THAT NUT COOKING POWER PILLS IN THIS HOTEL? YOU WON'T HAVE A CUSTOMER LEFT IF THEY GET WISE TO IT!

IF YOU DON'T GET HIM OUT MY WIFE AND I ARE GOING OUT! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY SON LEM LOOKING ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE TO GATHER ENOUGH OF ME TOGETHER SO HE CAN GIVE EVIDENCE OF MY DEMISE TO THE INSURANCE COMPANIES TO COLLECT MY INSURANCE!

GET HIM OUT OF HERE! THROW HIM OUT ON HIS SNOOT IF HE DOESN'T GO WILLINGLY!!

YOU CANT GET ROUGH WITH THIS BIRD—HE'S TEMPERAMENTAL—YOU GOT TO PET HIM—SUPPOSING WE TOSSED HIM OUT AND HE HAD ONE OF THOSE PILLS IN HIS POCKET!

U-BOATS VS. BATTLESHIPS

Submarine warfare against battleships dates back to the American Civil war when the Confederate U-boat, "David," actually sank the U. S. S. "Housatonic"—and herself with it. But, strange as it seems, sinking of the 23,150-ton British battleship "Royal Oak" in October, 1939, constituted Britain's first loss of a battleship to an enemy submarine. While Germany's highly touted U-boats sank merchant ships and cruisers during the first World war, they failed to sink a single battleship of the British grand fleet, despite the fact that, at the outbreak of unrestricted warfare in February, 1917, the best German undersens craft had a range of 10,000 miles and carried six-inch guns with a range of 8,000 yards. One former British first line ship, the wooden "Britannia," was sunk on the day before the Armistice, off Cape Trafalgar.

TOMORROW: Last-Minute Success.

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

ASYLUM EPIDEMIC LAID TO NEGLECT

Kankakee, Ill., Nov. 23.—(P)—Director A. L. Bowen of the state department of public welfare and three officials of the Manteno state mental hospital were under indictment today, the aftermath of a special grand jury investigation of a typhoid epidemic that caused 52 deaths at the institution. After a seven day inquiry, the jury returned indictments yesterday charging the four with malfeasance in office, punish-

Auto Deaths Decline

Salem, Nov. 23.—(P)—Motor vehicle deaths in Oregon so far this year were reduced by three per cent from the total during the same period last year, while the nation-wide reduction was only two per cent, Secretary of State Earl Snell said today.