The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Tuck has a lot to think about the day after the party. Higgins is expecting money, she learns from Charlotte Jean. He carts rocks for an unnecessary rockery. Miss Lissey expresses disapproval of Mrs. Murchison. Tuck drops her necklace down the register, and Michael fails to find it in the pipe.

Chapter 13
A Janitor Talks

"THAT'S damn funny," Michael conceded, when he had reached the final bend of the pipe. "They must have skidded all along here, and gone down into the jacket." He went over to the tool box, took out a flashlight and opened the jacket of the furnace, to peer about inside, at considerable discomfort. But finally he emerged.

"They're not there, Tuck. Absolutely not a sign."

"Then it must be the wrong pipe, Michael, and they're in some other one. Because I most certainly dropped them into a pipe, and they're not in the furnace so they must still be in a pipe."

"It's the right pipe," Michael said, but he looked again to make sure.

"Michael, it's nearly two o'clock," Tuck said suddenly.

"I know. I have to go. But it's damn queer, honey, if you really did drop it into the pipe. Was there anything fuzzy on it that a rough edge might catch?"

"Of course not. Fuzzy, indeed, Michael! It was my carved corals that my grandmother left me."

"Well, then," Michael said as he dashed up the stairs, "it's another mystery. The Mystery of the Missing Necklace. I'll solve it for you when I come home."

"Don't be so cocky, Michael Forrester," Tuck called after him. "Maybe it isn't the first missing necklace around here. Maybe all necklaces are doomed to disappear in this house for some strange reason. Maybe the house is haunted, Michael."

"What are you talking about?" he stopped and surveyed her with a frown.

"Diamonds," she said darkly.

It was something after five o'clock that afternoon when Michael stopped his roadster in front of the imposing façade of the Medical Building. He was out of the car with a leap and a bound, up the steps and through the big door in another second. The object of his interest at that particular moment was a stout gentleman in a white coat, and Michael found him rubbing vigorously at the glass doors of a cabinet in the upper hall.

He looked up quickly at Michael's approach. His red face beamed, and his eyes shone as he took in the identity of his visitor. "Well, if it ain't Mr. Forrester himself!" he said warmly. "It's been many a day since you was around here, sir."

Michael shook hands. "I've been very busy," he said seriously. "Very busy indeed."

"Indeed, and have you now?" The stout gentleman frowned. "Let me see, wasn't you law, Mr. Forrester? You wasn't one of these here medicals, was you?"

"Right the first time, Bill."

"I thought so. I ought to remember, but it's been a good many years. Five or so, hasn't it? The time does fly, it does that."

"How's the family, Bill? Young Jim, and Katie?"

Mr. Jameson smiled more expansively. "Now fancy you remembering their names! They're fine. Fine it is, Mr. Forrester, and that's true. I'm proud of them both. Katie's got a good job with the housekeeper at the residences, and she's doing her work real good. And Jim's the junior accountant now down at Smith and Robertson's. He gets real good pay, and he's gettin' along splendid. I always tells him as how he's got you to thank for that job."

"Me? Me to thank? You're having a pipe dream, Bill. Your furniture polish must have gone to your head."

Family History

JAMESON put his hand up mechanically to his bald head, took it down and looked at it, as he answered, "No, I mean it. Don't you remember that bicycle you give Jim when you first come to University, and he was just a strip of a kid hangin' around my heels all the time? Well, he went right out and got him a job with that there bike, a job as messenger boy with Smith and Robertson's. And he worked his way up slow and gradual, and now he's got this swell job with them. If you'd never given him that there bike, it'd never have come to his mind to get himself a messenger's job."

Michael grinned. "I suppose if I'd given him a monkey he'd have gone into the organ grinding business, Bill."

"No," Bill said seriously, "I don't really believe as how he would. He always had his heart set . . ." he looked up and caught Michael's grin. "Oh, go on with you, Mr. Forrester. You always was one to catch people." He put his head on one side. "Didn't I hear you was married, Mr. Forrester?"

"You probably did, Bill. I am."

"Well, that ought to make you settle down," Bill pondered. He grinned. "Any time you think you might like that there bike back, Mr. Forrester," he said soberly, "you just let me know. It's in real good shape, except for a tire my Jim would be glad to fix."

"I really couldn't use it," Michael said. "Tell Jim to give it to some kid if he doesn't want it. It's a kid's bike."

"Yep, that's what I was thinkin' of," Jameson said.

Michael took out his cigarette case. "I think you'd better have a cigarette, Bill. Calm you down."

Bill accepted the proffered smoke. "Any time you want to start passing out the cigars I'll be around right handy," he grinned again.

He lit his own cigarette and put the case back.

They smoked for a moment in silence. Jameson turned suddenly to Michael. "Was there something you was wanting, Mr. Forrester? Something I can do for you?"

"No thanks, Bill. Just dropped in on my way home to say hello. We're living out on the campus now, you know."

"Oh, are you? No. I didn't know. One of them houses on the Horseshoe?"

"That's it." Michael looked at Bill's necktie. "The Murchison house."

Jameson frowned. "I knew he was gone away. Good riddance, says I. It'd be a good thing for the University if he'd never come back, but of course there is no such luck."

"You don't like him, Bill?"

Jameson considered, eyeing the cabinet beside him full of gruesome relics and strange models. "He's not so bad if you just meet him around the halls. Not so bad at all. Kind of short, always has his nose up in the air, but there's a good many worse around here. But it's when he gets inside the lab that he turns into a regular devil." He shook his head. "We had an awful fracas around here last summer," he concluded.

'Shrieks And Yells'

"I HEARD something about it," Michael murmured. He inspected the glowing end of his cigarette critically. "Something about vivisection, wasn't it? Somebody started a fuss?"

"And good reason they had too." Jameson took out a tremendous white handkerchief and mopped his face. "The shrieks and yells comin' out from the lab was somethin' fierce, Mr. Forrester. And mostly always it was in the dead of night, and people was scared to go past the Building. I come up here myself once just to listen, and it was awful, the row goin' on inside."

"What *was* going on, Bill?"

Jameson shook his head. "Nobody ever saw the inside, Mr. Forrester. The door was locked and there was somethin' hung over the keyhole. I make no bones about it—I tried to see inside. I never heard the like of it since I come here twenty years ago. It was fierce."

"But they put a stop to it, you say. Who did? What did they put a stop to? How did they go about it?"

"Well, I guess it was the Council it was took up with, or the President maybe. He didn't know nothing about it, of course. He doesn't spend his nights snooping and spying around the Medical Building. People complained of the row, and a delegation finally come to Murchison. I was right here in the hall when they come. They knocked on the door—it was pretty early one morning—and Murchison opened it, all dressed in his long white coat with rubber gloves on his hands."

"Was he in the middle of one of his—experiments?" Michael asked, as Bill paused with a grimace of distaste.

"No. At least, not in the middle of one of the fierce ones where he tortured poor innocent dumb beasts. Not so dumb at that, if you could hear them yowling." Jameson paused, then went on. "Of course, he was always in the middle of some experiment. Fair daft he was, about experiments. I don't know what about, although I know he made new medicines sometimes. He gave me a bottle of stuff years ago that cured that pain in my shoulder like nothin', and half a dozen doctors couldn't do nothin' with it before that." Bill stroked his shoulder tenderly. "You couldn't get me to take nothin' he makes now, though," he said grimly.

"I suppose he was pretty sore at the delegation?"

Jameson came back to the subject. "Yes, you could see that. They told him what was the matter, that it was gettin' too thick, besides bein' against all the laws of human decency and so on, and he just stood there gettin' whiter and whiter and never said a word. And then he asked them what proof they had that he was torturing dumb animals, or torturing anything."

"And then?"

"Well, of course they told him about the noises in the middle of the night, and that they'd been to the pound and found out about the standing order he had there for big healthy dogs and cats to be delivered to him in the evening, and he was caught. But he didn't give in to the end. He made them show him the order, all signed with his own hand, and then he kind of slumped. But all he said was 'Very well, gentlemen, you win.' And he went in and shut the door. You could see he was just boiling mad but what could he do?"

Continued Monday

POLISH GOVERNMENT GIVEN FRENCH HAVEN

Angers, France, Nov. 24.—(AP) A Polish government-in-exile today officially established its capital here on territory temporarily ceded to form the only soil controlled by exiled Poles.

Premier General Sikorski received military honors as the government was installed in a chateau whose grounds, a mile long and a half mile wide form the new Polish domain.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SISKIYOU PAIR ADMIT TAKING DREDGE GOLD

Yreka, Calif., Nov. 24.—(AP)—The first case of confessed gold stealing in Siskiyou county since 1867 was reported today by District Attorney Charles Johnson, who said Al and Joe Simmons, young miners from Forks of Salmon, admitted to him they had been taking gold for several months from a dredge operated by the Sacchi-Spellenberg company.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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, 850, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

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; Waltz 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 Band, KNX, KSL; Olsen's Orch., KGO, KJR; Big Town, KPO.

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; Lum 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—Musicale, 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—Madriguera's Orch., KGW, 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.

Saturday

5:00—Fifth Quarter, KNX, Miller's Orch., KGW; Master Singers, KPO; News, KFI.

5:30—Drama, KPO, KFI, KGW; King's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Youth Vs. Age, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00—Aurandt's Orch., KOIN; Obolen's Plays, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:30—Maurice's Music, KGO; Prelude to Dusk, KPO, KGW; Ross and Ditmars, KOIN; News, KJR.

6:45—Saturday Night Serenade, KNX, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGO.

7:00—Goodman's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Symphony Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30—Sports Huddle, KOIN, KNX; What's My Name, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.

8:00—Symphony Orch., KEX, KJR; Noble's Orch., KOIN, Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Gang Busters, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:00—Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Olsen's Orch., KPO, KFI; Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR, KGW.

9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KGO, KEX; Saunder's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

10:00—Madriguera's Orch., KGW; Foster's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Hall, KPO; News, KFI, KOIN, KNX.

10:30—Noble's Orch., KGO, KJR, KFI; Gray's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KGO, KFI; Owens' Orch., KOIN, KSL; Carson, KEX; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

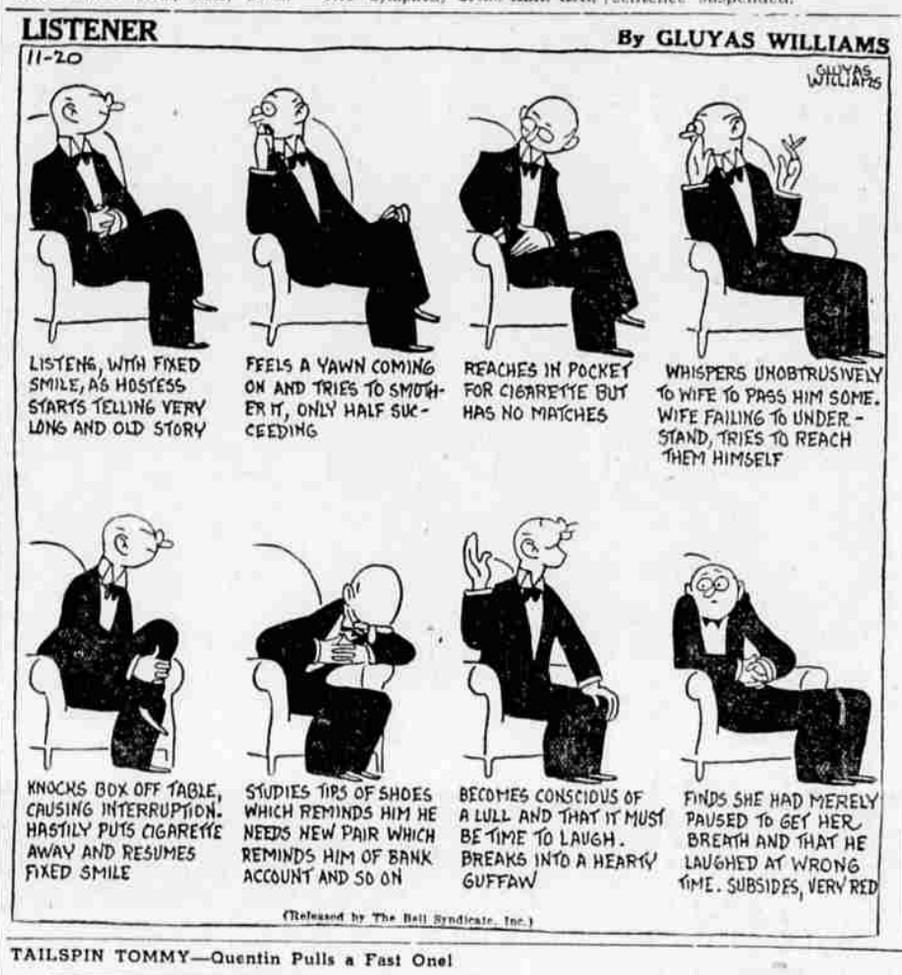
SALMON SELLERS GIVEN FINE AND JAIL TERMS

Grants Pass, Nov. 24.—(AP)—Two Harbor, Ore., men began serving terms in county jail today while a girl companion was released after the trio pleaded guilty in justice court to selling fresh salmon without a license. They possessed 900 pounds when arrested here, State Officer P. B. Lowd testified.

Raymond B. Fitzhugh, 25, was assessed 60 days and $200 on two violations, Melvin Fitzhugh, 20, 30 days and $100 on one count, and Vera Gene Cunningham, 21, was released with sentence suspended.

LISTENER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Windsors Attend Thanksgiving Rite

Paris, Nov. 24. —(AP)— The Duke and Duchess of Windsor attended Thanksgiving services Thursday at the American church in Paris. The duke, who has the rank of major-general in the British army, was in uniform.

A special Thanksgiving Day mass was celebrated in the Madeleine, fashionable Paris church.

Basques Returned

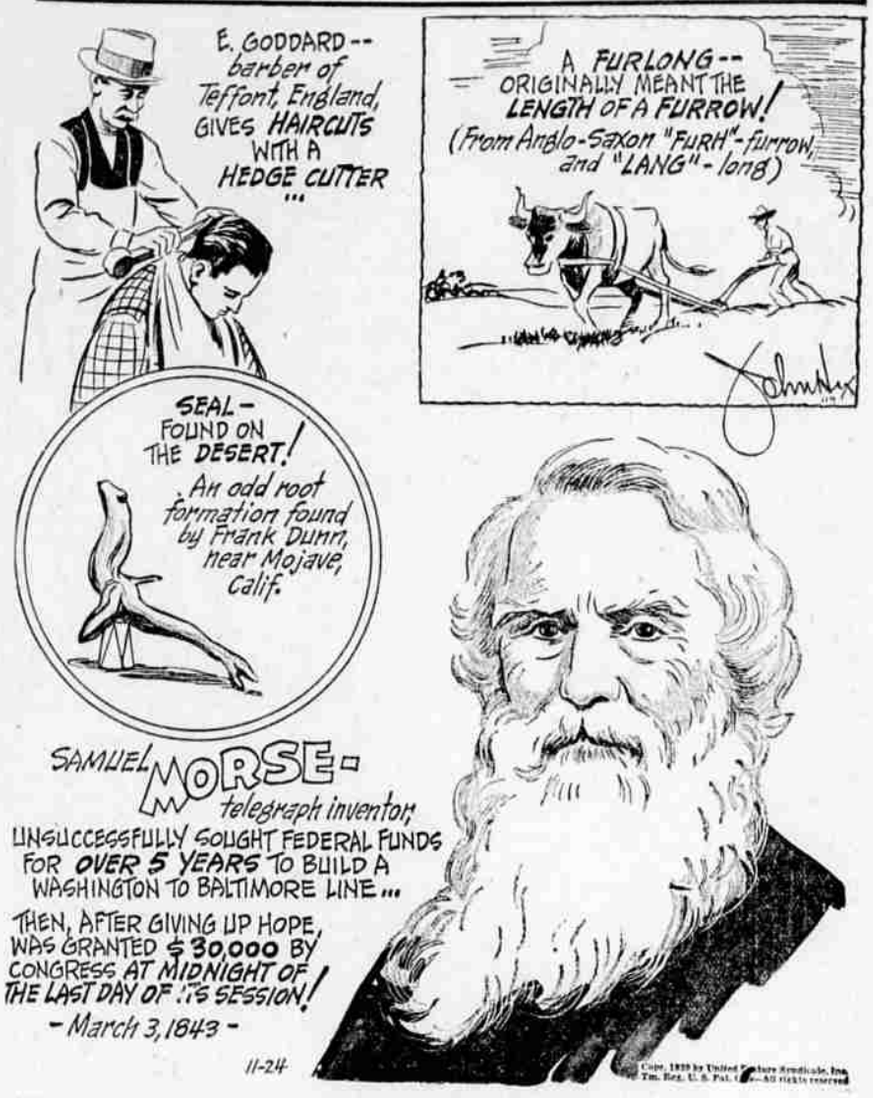
London, Nov. 24. —(AP)— The government informed the House of Lords today that 3,000 Basque refugee children brought to England during the Spanish civil war had been returned. Half of the 1,000 remaining are awaiting transportation. The others will stay in England because they have no homes.

To Start Ski Lift

Portland, Nov. 24. (AP)—Manager Arthur V. Allen of Timberline Lodge, Mount Hood, said today the new mile-long ski lift would be put into operation Sunday. The $80,000 lift will be dedicated December 10 when the skiing season will open officially.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MORSE TELEGRAPH

Returning to America from three years' intensive art study in the capitals of Europe, Samuel Morse, in 1832, met Charles T. Jackson, who told him of recent experiments in which electricity had been sent long distances, and suggested the possibility of sending news in such a manner.

Impressed, Morse turned with enthusiasm to the problem and by 1837 considered his telegraph suited to commercial purposes. He pleaded with congress, in 1838, to build a line from Washington to Baltimore, but it took him more than five years to obtain the necessary $30,000 from congress, and then only at midnight of the last day of the expiring session, by a vote of 90 to 82.

Tomorrow: Horse Race That Closed the U. S. Congress!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Quentin Pulls a Fast One!

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Hold Him, Rusty!"

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—More Trouble

By SOL HESS