

# The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY: Michael says he doesn't believe in the note—it's too vague. He finds a gray box in the cold-air register of the study.

## Chapter 18

**Just Pebbles**  
MICHAEL had put the box on the desk, and they had all four regarded it with breathless interest, manifested in four various ways. The District Attorney puffed furiously at his pipe. Michael pulled at his ear abstractedly. Bunny frowned to herself, and Tuck pushed the hair behind her left ear, and wriggled ecstatically.

"Can an opener?" she suggested after a brief silence.  
"A hammer and chisel," Michael decided, and dashed to the basement, to return in a moment with the tools. He inserted the edge of the chisel at the juncture of the hump with the box; and several sharp blows broke the hump free. He laid down the tools and put his hand out toward the box.

Tuck held her breath.  
He lifted the lid. There was another moment of breathlessness, and then four audible exhalations.  
"Well, I'll be damned," said Michael limply. For here was no flashing, sparkling mass of gems, but only a thin sheet of paper, stuffed hastily, it seemed, into the box. He lifted them out, and laid them on the table, with only a hasty glance to see that they were covered with writing. Below them, covering the bottom of the box, was a solid layer of small, round pellets of paper.

"They're... it's..." Tuck muttered to herself.  
Michael lifted one out. He unfolded the paper slowly, carefully, with the thing lying in the palm of his hand. He laughed. He held it out for them to see.  
"It was nothing more than a small, round, common black pebble."

"Well, I'll be..." he began.  
"You said that before," Tuck reminded him crisply. "Open the rest quick, Michael! There were only twelve diamonds anyway... and there are dozens of those parcels."

Michael obeyed. He pushed the box to one side, and laid the pellets one by one on the desk, unfolding the paper carefully.  
"I don't think... it seems as if..." he breathed as he opened them.  
"It isn't," Bunny said disappointedly, as he came to the end. There was nothing remotely resembling a diamond lying there before them, only thirty round black pebbles on their opened wrappings of scraps of paper. The District Attorney picked one up, and scratched it thoughtfully with his thumb-nail. Michael caught his meaning, and did it to several.

"Rocks," he said finally. "We've been bunked, ladies and gentlemen."  
"Bunked!" Tuck repeated, wide-eyed.  
The District Attorney had lifted the papers from the desk, and was reading them. He made no comments. His face grew more and more furrowed. He laid down his pipe. He read every paper before he looked up to find them regarding him intently. There was a red spot in each of his cheeks.  
"Well!" Michael asked.  
There was an expression of the utmost disgust on John Forrester's face. "There's something for you to work on, Michael," he told his son. "It'll not be fit for ladies' ears."

## Love Letters

TUCK seized the papers from the desk where he had dropped them. "Come on, Bunny," she said, "this seems to have its possibilities."  
"My dear girl," her father-in-law said helplessly. "There's—it's innocent." "Piffle, Father Forrester," she said absorbedly. "Nothing can hurt me."

Michael twisted his mouth down at his father, and went unashamedly to read over her shoulder.  
They were letters. As Michael put it later, they were warm, friendly, affectionate letters, seemingly from a lady to a gentleman.  
"Beloved," the first one began, and went on, "beloved, I shall be waiting for you tonight as ever. Come the moment you can get away. Life is so short that we must not waste one precious moment of these wonderful hours together. Nothing matters to me now but the hours we spend in each other's arms."

"Dear, dear," Michael commented. "I don't suppose the lady ever missed a great many meals or she wouldn't talk like that."  
"Michael," Tuck said severely, "your speech denotes a terrible cynicism."  
"Never mind, you two," Bunny said quickly, "read the next one, Tuck."

Tuck turned the page. "It sounds just like the last one," she murmured disappointedly.  
"What do you expect, my darling?" Michael said lightly. "Movels? There isn't so much variety in the real thing, I assure you."

She regarded him with stony disapproval. He did not look at her. His eyes were fixed on the next letter.  
"There's an interesting phrase," he pointed out. "There... where she says—'What does it matter if we are discovered?' There is always a way out; for us, the beginning of life at last, had we only the courage to take that way out."  
The District Attorney snorted.  
"So," Michael went on, "they took the way out."  
"Who did, Michael?"  
"Well, the lady and the tiger. Otherwise, the professor."  
"What lady?"  
"That's it. Too bad we haven't got one of those handwriting experts who could describe her down to the crook in her little finger." He picked up the pages where they lay in Bunny's quiet hand, and looked them over closely, anxiously.  
"What are you looking for, Michael?"  
"I thought perhaps one of them would have a golden hair stuck to the back, or a bit of tweed from the lady's skirt. Then, we would have something to work on."

"Don't be an ass, Michael," his father said bitterly.  
Michael sighed. "I have never been properly appreciated," he said disconsolately. "My parent and my wife repudiate me. I am the picture of injured and misunderstood innocence."  
"I don't think that picture was very well developed," Bunny said. "Better throw it away, Michael, and let's get down to earth. What does this mean?"  
"Doesn't it mean we've cherished the femme? Only... who is she? What more can we find from these sweet and beautiful protestations of love, save that there exists somewhere a fond and unrequitable passion, preferably between the Professor and a lady as yet unknown. She loved him, and they left for parts unknown together. They have taken the way out, evidently to Chicago."

**Bond And Newsprint**  
"HAVE it your own way," Bunny said shortly. "Don't talk sense if you don't want to."  
Michael eyed her in surprise. "Bunny, such a temper!" He folded the letters together and thrust them into his pocket. "You know very well there's nothing to talk sense about. We find a little box full of rocks, and letters, and I can't deduce anything from them. Can you? So what's the use conjecturing things about things? I shall have a gentleman who understands these little matters go over the letters very, very carefully, with of course a warning to him first that he may scorch his fingers rather badly. And in the meantime—"  
"In the meantime," Tuck interrupted him ruthlessly. "I am going to find out what these pebbles mean. They must mean something."

The District Attorney sat down heavily in the big red leather chair beside the fire, crossed his knees and leaned back. "I am confused," he said after a moment. "Utterly bewildered."  
"Blown about like a leaf in the wind," said the irrepressible Michael, "and you're a lawyer, now that. Never getting nowhere."  
"Do be quiet!" said Tuck rudely. She was spreading the small papers out on the desk and regarding each one intently on both sides, before she laid it down. Bunny got up and went over to her. She lifted a paper and scrutinized it carefully.  
"I don't see anything on it," she said doubtfully.  
"I don't either. I thought I had found a pencil mark on one of them a minute ago, but perhaps I was mistaken. It was very faint."  
Michael moved nonchalantly across the room to stand beside her. "A pencil mark?"  
"Not writing. Just a sort of mark."  
"Where?"  
She picked up one of the little papers and held it out. "There, just at the edge," she pointed. "Just a long sort of mark."  
"What about invisible ink?" said Bunny suddenly as Michael looked.  
"We can find out, of course. I don't know whether this is a pencil mark or just a mark from an old crease in the paper, Tuck."  
"It's a pencil mark. Here's another."  
"Let me see," Bunny demanded. "I think I've found one too."  
"Put all the ones with decided pencil marks on them out to the side, shall we?" Michael asked.  
"But there weren't very many; not more than five or six with certain marks and three with doubtful ones. However, the sorting and the close scrutiny led them one step onward."  
"It seems to me," said Bunny slowly, "that there are two kinds of paper here... a sort of newsprint one and a letter-paper that you could use ink on. Am I right?"  
"You are," said Michael promptly. "Bright girl, Bunny. Brains." He laid two pieces of paper down in front of him. "One bond and one newsprint," he said. "We will sort them."  
That was an easy matter, since the two kinds of paper were quite unmistakable. In a few moments all the papers lay in the two piles.

Continued tomorrow

# 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,  
650, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle;  
KNX, 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; Aurora's Orch., KOIN; Sun-  
set Shadows, KGO.  
5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KEX,  
KJR; Army Band, KPO, KGW, KFI,  
KEX; Major Bows, KNX, KOIN,  
KSL; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI,  
KGW; Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
7:00—Columbia Workshop, KOIN;  
Music Hall, KPO, KFI.  
7:30—Pop-Offs, KNX, KOIN; Vicki  
Chase, KGO; News, KSL.  
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW,  
KFI; Cutler's Orch., KEX, Aloha  
Land, KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX,  
KSL, KOIN.  
8:15—Sam Hays, KNX; Cutler's  
Orch., KGO; I Love a Mystery, KPO,  
KGO, KFI.  
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW,  
KFI; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL,  
KOIN; Lyman's Orch., KGO.  
9:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX,  
KSL, KOIN; Sketch, KGO, KEX,  
KJR.  
9:30—Those We Love, KPO, KFI.

KOW; Rogers' Orch., KOW; Owens'  
Orch., KSL; Madriguera's Orch.,  
KGO, KEX; Opera Series, KNX,  
KOIN; News, KJR.  
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KGW,  
KFI; Sullivan News, KOIN, KNX;  
Patterson's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX;  
News, KOIN.  
10:30—Ravanna's Orch., KPO, KGW,  
KFI; Owens' Orch., KSL; Notting-  
ham's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.  
11:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI;  
This Moving World, KEX, KJR;  
Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News,  
KGO, KNX, KGW.

**Friday**  
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX,  
KJR; Melody Time, KPO; Don't For-  
get, KGW, KFI.  
5:30—Echings in Brass, KGO,  
KJR; Kelsey's Orch., KGW, KFI.  
6:00—Plantation Party, KGO,  
KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI,  
KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN,  
KGO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL,  
KOIN; Jessel's Variety Program,  
KPO, KFI, KGW; Who's In Town To-  
night, KGO; News, KJR.  
7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL;  
Lombardo's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW;  
Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR.  
7:30—Behind the Headlines, KGW;  
Young Man With a Band, KNX,  
KSL; Boxing Bout, KGO, KJR; Big  
Town, KPO.  
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN,  
KSL; Buckaroos, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Lum and Abner, KNX, KOIN,  
KSL.  
8:30—Miller's Orch., KEX; Death

Valley Days, KPO, KOW, KFI; John-  
ny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Aloha  
Land, KGO.  
9:00—Austin's Orch., KEX, KJR;  
Kobe's Orch., KPO; Kate Smith,  
KNX, KOIN.  
9:30—Musical, KGO, KEX; Uni-  
versity Explorer, KPO, KFI; News,  
KJR.  
10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR,  
KEX; News Reporter, KPO, KFI,  
KGO; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL,  
News, KOIN.  
10:30—Madriguera's Orch., KPO,  
KGO, KFI; McDonald's Orch., KGO,  
KJR; Owens' Orch., KSL.  
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO;  
Grays Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Mov-  
ing World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO,  
KNX, KGW.

**Divorcee Leaps From Love Nest**  
New York, Nov. 30. — (AP) — Mrs. Adelaide Tate, 38, a divorcee, fell to her death today from the 17th floor Greenwich apartment of a man to whom she had directed three cryptic telegrams.  
Mrs. Tate lived in a Riverside Drive apartment where another tenant, Mrs. Helen Van Valkenburg, described her as the

former wife of a West Point graduate, now in the oil business in the south.  
The owner of the apartment, Age Skiolvig, a chemical engineer employed by the Shell Oil company, said he had known Mrs. Tate about two years. He said she had a key to his apartment. He was in the middle west on business, he said, when

he received a series of telegrams. When he returned today, he told detectives, he rebuked Mrs. Tate and she went into the bathroom. A short time later, he said, he opened the door and found the room empty and the window open.  
**Tragedy In Home**  
Seattle, Nov. 30. — (AP) — Seven months old Carletta Plant

strangled yesterday on fruit juice from a nursing bottle in her crib, a coroner's deputy said today. A twin sister, fed on the same formula in an adjoining crib.  
Roses may be planted any time during November. The plants will remain dormant in winter and will bloom in the spring.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR--**  
WASHED 5 1/2 MILES DOWN A RIVER AND OVER 4 DAMS DURING A FLOOD-- LAY SUBMERGED IN MUD FOR 6 MONTHS, THEN RAN PERFECTLY WHEN JUST "PLUGGED IN!"  
(Owned by Mrs. B. L. Sannis, Indian Orchard, Mass. -1938-)

**FLY ME-- CATCH FLY AND FINISH FEET--**  
FINISHED WIN, PLACE AND SHOW IN THE FIRST RACE, Detroit, June 6, 1939!

**SNAPSHOT COLLECTOR**  
Using an ordinary box camera, Vergil J. Morris of Pasadena, Cal., has kept a photographic history of his life since 1906. Morris owns the largest private collection of World War pictures, comprising 500 snapshots he made in France (against regulations) while overseas as a battalion supply sergeant. He smuggled 80 rolls of film into France by sleeping on them.  
**REFRIGERATOR'S RIDE**  
Swept more than five miles down the Chickopee river, Massachusetts, during the September, 1838, flood and hurricane, an electric refrigerator was dug from three feet of mud, after six months, and ran perfectly on being plugged in. Owned by Mrs. B. L. Sannis of Indian Orchard, it had bumped against two bridges and passed over four dams.  
**TOMORROW: Crippled Champ!**

**VERGIL J. MORRIS--Pasadena, Calif. HAS TAKEN AND CATALOGUED OVER 10,000 SNAPSHOTS COVERING THE LAST 33 YEARS OF HIS LIFE!**

**ALASKA'S FLAG-- (Showing the Big Dipper and Pole Star) WAS DESIGNED BY A 13-YEAR-OLD BOY-- BENNY BENSON, of Seward**

# TOO BIG

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SHOWS UP FOR GAME, PROUDLY WEARING BIG BROTHER'S DISCARDED FOOTBALL PANTS

HAS SOME TROUBLE WHILE PUTTING HEAD GUARD ON, BECAUSE HE HAS TO TAKE TWO HANDS TO IT, AND PANTS KEEP SLIPPING DOWN

IS READY AT LAST. GRASPS THEM FIRMLY IN ONE HAND AND CRIES, "LET'S GO!"

FIRST PLAY GOES THROUGH HIM FOR A TOUCHDOWN BECAUSE HE HAS TO CONCENTRATE ON KEEPING PANTS UP

REALIZES SOMETHING DRASTIC MUST BE DONE AND GETS TEAM MATES TO STRAP BELT AS TIGHT AS POSSIBLE

CALLS "TIME OUT" ON NEXT PLAY BECAUSE WITH BELT SO TIGHT HE CAN'T BREATHE VERY WELL. GETS UNBUCKLED

REPLIES TO TEAM'S PLEAS TO GO HOME AND GET OUT OF THOSE THINGS, THAT THEY'RE JUST JEALOUS OF HIS HAVING A UNIFORM!

INTERCEPTS PASS AND WITH A CLEAR FIELD, TRIPS ON PANTS FOR NO REASON. RELUCTANTLY GOES HOME AND CHANGES

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Re-Union... And New Adventure Beckoning!

THAT CRACKUP FINISHED QUENTIN, BETTY-LOU! AND THE MENACE, NOT ONLY TO YOUR MOTION PICTURE... BUT CIVILIZATION AS WELL, DIED WITH HIM!

AND IF WE HADN'T FOUND THAT AUTOMATIC CAMERA, WE'D NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED QUENTIN, SKEETS!

AN... I... THOUGHT IT WAS DIRK... THAT'S WHY I KEPT QUIET!

BUT... WHAT WAS IT THAT YOU FOUND... IN NEVADA'S WRECKED SHIP?

UH? OH, THAT? WHY JUST A RABBIT'S FOOT... THAT'S ONLY THING THAT WASN'T BURNED UP!

THE PICTURE'S IN THE CANS, PAUL... IT'S A SUPER! WE'RE CLEARING OUT TOMORROW... OWE A LOT TO TOMMY!

CONGRATULATIONS, SILAS... AND AS FOR TOMMY... I'VE GOT A BIG JOB FOR HIM, TOMORROW!

AND WILL TOMMY BE SURPRISED AT THE JOB?

IN PAUL'S OFFICE...

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Curiosity Aroused!

GOSH, BEN, LISTEN!

WILLIS BALLINGER WILL TELL ALL TONIGHT!

AND HERE'S SOME MORE!

HEAR BALLINGER TONIGHT, VOTERS OF HAPPY VALLEY!

OH, BOY, HAS JIM CRANE TURNED ON THE HEAT!

YOU MEAN THE FOLKS READING THE PAPERS, TOO? LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING--

I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO HEAR BALLINGER TONIGHT--

ME, TOO!

HE MUST HAVE A REAL MESSAGE FOR US--

WONDER WHAT? GOODNESS, ISN'T THIS EXCITING?

# THE NEBBS—Poor Rudy

THE POWERPILL DEMONSTRATION WINDS UP WITH BLOWING THE PISTONS AND CYLINDER HEADS OUT OF RUDY'S CAR.

"POWER TO SPARE" YOU MIGHT CALL IT!!

WHY DON'T YOU ENTHUSE? IT'S A WONDERFUL DEMONSTRATION!!

ENTHUSE?! LOOK AT MY CAR!

LOOK AT MY FENDER... WELL, YOU CAN'T SEE IT-- YOU KNOCKED IT OFF-- BETTER START PAYIN' FER IT 'FORE I GIT MY MONKEY WRENCH OUT AND START OPERATIN' ON YOU

YOU'RE ARRESTED FOR NOT STOPPING AT THE CROSSING-- KNOCKING DOWN A STOP SIGN-- RECKLESS DRIVING AND SPEEDING-- AND I OUGHTA ADD ATTEMPTED MANSLAUGHTER AND SUICIDE

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HE'

# SITDOWN STRIKE COSTS SET ASIDE

Philadelphia, Nov. 30. — (AP) — The U. S. circuit court of appeals, in a unanimous opinion, set aside today a lower court jury which ordered a labor union to pay the Apex Hosiery company \$711,932.55 for damages resulting from a sitdown strike.  
However, the court said it had "no doubt" that the union and its president "should be compelled in the appropriate forum to answer in damages" to the Apex company.

The verdict was returned here last April 3 by a district court jury against branch 1 of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers and its president, William Leader.  
Apex officials had charged violation of the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust act, contending interstate commerce was hindered when the strikers were in possession of the Philadelphia plant—one of the world's largest hosiery factories—for seven weeks in the spring of 1937. The union leaders contended the strike started "spontaneously."  
In its opinion today, the circuit court ordered the case returned to the district court and a verdict directed in favor of the union.