

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

Chapter 25
Bone For A Dog

"I DIDN'T know as 'ow 'e was dead. But there was a bit of bloody paper on the ground beside the watch. I got to thinkin' about it, and it looked funny. I thought as 'ow 'd I want to see. And I did, and I swelp me that's all I know about it."

"What happened to the bloody paper?"
"When I thought about it, and went back to get it, it was gone."
"When was that?"
"The same morning. About an hour after I found the watch."
"Who had been along the path during that hour?"
"Everybody. They goes to the University that way."
"The path goes to the river?"
"There's that branch path goes to the University."
"So, you found the watch before you come to the branch in the path?"
"Yes."
"And you've kept it hidden ever since? Haven't told the police?"
"I thought there'd be a reward if I kept quiet long enough."
"There will, Higgins. There will. I'm sure of it."
"I don't know nothink else. I found the watch, and I kept it, and I didn't rightly know what to do with it, so I buried it in the garden, and then when you come around with all yer questions I thought as 'ow likely you'd find it, so I piled the rocks on the ground, like, and then today them women was foolin' around the rocks and actin' funny, and I thought I better dig it up. Swelp me, that's all."
"What women?"
"Mrs. Forrester and that Church girl."
"Oh, Miss Temple? Well, that's close enough. Now, who's your owl, Higgins?"
"Higgins was bolder. 'I don't know nothink about owls,' he said flatly."
"No? Well, perhaps not. You may be telling the truth. We'll let it pass. I won't keep you any longer. I suppose you know that I could put you in prison for what you know?"
"Higgins groaned. 'I know it,' he said despairingly."
"Well, remember it. You may go—but I'll be sending for you one of these days, Higgins. And you might tell your owl friend he'd better study hooting. He goes flat."

Michael went through the dark house, after the man had gone, in search of Tuck and Bunny. He found them in the little room at the head of the stairs that was Tuck's particular delight. It was fitted up with a little desk and a telephone, and was bright with chintz, and from it she directed the affairs of her household, Charlotte Jean entering into the matter with solemn enjoyment. Tuck was sitting at the desk when he went in, and Bunny curled lazily on the couch, listening, as usual, to Tuck.
"Where've you been all these hours?" Tuck demanded, more as a matter of form than anything else, for she did not wait for an answer. She went on—"Michael, we've got a marvelous idea!"
"What, another?" He kissed her on the tip of the nose, and sat down in the chair beside her desk.
"Umhm. Really. We're going to have a tea party, on Sunday, in the garden, and invite all the suspects, and their friends; and we're going to introduce pertinent subjects of conversation quite pointedly, and listen, and water. It will be interesting to see what happens."
"Bright idea," said Michael approvingly. "Now, I might have thought of that. My motto always is 'When in doubt, lead trump.'"

Late Supper
MICHAEL lay flat on his back in the sun porch swing-hammock, his feet straight up in the air, propped against the supporting ropes. Tuck was sitting at the end of the hammock looking out into the kitchen garden.
"What's the row out there?" Michael asked lazily.
"It's Gordon Deane. He's got a crush on Charlotte Jean, because she gives him cookies. I can't think of anything else that would keep him hanging underfoot all the time. He's fun, I like him."
"What's he doing now?"
"If you'd raise yourself one foot you could see. Tuck said scornfully. "Putting me to all the labor of talking."
"Labor?"
"Shush. He's fixing the clothes-line for her, or something. He's up the pole, anyway. And the barking is Fred, down below, trying to coax Gordon down from dangerous heights."
"Does Agamemnon enjoy barking in his own garden? I shouldn't think he'd stand for it."
Tuck laughed. "They've signed a sort of armed neutrality pact, he and Fred," she explained. "If

Fred comes within a yard of Agamemnon he stands in danger of losing a couple of eyes; otherwise Agamemnon stalks about majestically with his tail up and never looks at him."
"There was a silence. 'Oh dear,' said Michael at length.
"Michael, if you ask where dinner is, I shall murder you. I am fully aware that it's late. It isn't our fault. It's the butcher boy."
"Late?"
"Oh, no. He came to the other houses at the usual time. But he didn't have our meat. He was sure he had, but he hadn't. He had to go back after it, and he just this minute got here. Charlotte Jean went to the gate and got it. She talked to him vigorously. I could see her."

"It won't be long now," Michael murmured contentedly.
"Not long, Michael..." she turned to him suddenly. "Do you think they might be in code? Really?"
"I sincerely hope not," Michael murmured. "I'm starving."
"Idiot! The letters."
"Oh, dear," Michael sighed again.
"There," said Tuck suddenly. "She's sitting it in the pan. She just threw the bone to Fred."
"Thank heaven," Michael said. "I don't think Agamemnon will appreciate that," Tuck said again. "He's sitting on the fence with an expression of utter disgust on his face."
A little later there arose on the still air a low, long moaning. Gordon's voice came from the heights of the pole. "Hey you, Fred, stop that howling!" But Fred did not stop. He moaned again, his doggy voice rising to a frenzied squeal on the last note.
Michael stood up suddenly. "What's he moaning about?" he asked sharply.
"I don't know," Tuck replied. "She's sitting it, he's got a bit of bone caught in his throat? It sounds as if he were in pain."

'He's Dead?'
MICHAEL was through the door in a second, and out with the dog. Gordon knelt by Fred and looked up at Michael anxiously. "He's just kind of laid down," he said. "It looks like he's got kind of a pain, maybe."
Fred was lying on the ground. He stopped moaning and looked up at Gordon pleadingly. Gordon patted his head. "There, there, old kid," he said. "What's the matter with you? Eat too fast?"
Fred's head went down on the ground. His eyes were still on Gordon's face. His stumpy tail wagged once, feebly, as if to answer his master once more.
Once more, but never again.
"My God!" said Michael softly. "Fred! Fred!" Gordon called, terrible fear in his tone.
The dog's eyes were open and staring. Michael put his hand over the doggy heart.
"I'm afraid... he's a pretty sick dog, Gordon," he said slowly. "I think we'd better send for the vet."
"The vet?" Gordon looked up at Michael. He looked back at the dog. He looked again at Michael with shrewdness and fear mingled.
"He's... he's... dead already, isn't he?" he asked. His blue eyes were full of pain.
"I'm afraid he is," Michael said, refusing to meet those eyes. "I'll carry him for you, old chap."
"No. He's my dog. I'll carry him." And Gordon bent, hiding the lower lip firmly caught between his teeth, and picked up the dog. Michael went as far as the gate, and then came rushing back to the kitchen door. His face was as white as paper and his eyes blazed.
"Give me that meat," he said to the startled maid. "Every bit of it. Charlotte Jean. You haven't tasted it, have you, young lady?"
"Why no, Mr. Forrester. That I haven't sir. Is something..."
"Wrap it up in the paper it came in," he commanded sharply. "Take it out of that pan, and wrap the pan. Don't wash it, and don't touch it. Do you understand that?"
"Yes... why yes..."
He was gone, to the yard again. Tuck was standing where Fred had died. Her face was strange, frozen. At her feet lay the bone, half eaten, which had fallen from Fred's mouth. Michael slipped the piece of paper in his hand underneath it, and wrapped it carefully. He turned to her. "Do you want to come to town with me to eat?" he said brusquely. "There's no meat here for dinner."
"Michael... was that meat... is it..."
"I don't know. You saw what happened to the dog. I'm going to take it to Headquarters, to the analyst, immediately. Do you want to come? I wish you would."
"I'll get Bunny."
It was three very silent young people who came back to the house on the campus about half past eight that night. They had had dinner at the Cat and Fiddle after Michael had been in to Headquarters with the package of meat; the analyst, Dr. Jethro, had promised to start at it immediately, and give Michael a report sometime before morning. So they were prepared to sit up until the telephone call came.

Continued tomorrow

Gov. Sprague Urges Lumber Unions to Keep Mills Going
Portland, Ore., Dec. 9.—(AP)—Governor Charles A. Sprague asked organized A. F. of L. lumber unions today to accept their "responsibilities" and refuse to go out "on foolish strikes."
"Your responsibility as leaders in the lumber industry is to keep it going," he said in an address before 240 delegates to the annual convention of the Oregon-Washington council.
"I recognize a strike is a legitimate and often a just weapon of labor but particularly since you have new rights and laws you must remember that rights are always accompanied by responsibilities. I appeal to you to play your part as I would appeal to employers to play theirs."
Cast Up By Sea
Bellingham, Wash., Dec. 9.—(AP)—The body of an unidentified man was washed up on the beach here this afternoon and police said indications pointed to a suicide as both wrists were slashed. He was about 50 years of age, 5 feet, 7 inches tall, had reddish gray hair and wore a double brush.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial.
Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640.
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 780, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Sunday
6:00—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Festival of Music, KGO, KEX, KEX; Adventures of Ellery Queen, KOIN, KNX, KSL.
6:00—Note Book, KGO; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI; Sunday Evening Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Organist, KGO, KJR; Familiar Music, KPO, KGW, KFI; Serenade, KPO; Hour of Charm, KGO, KEX, KJR, KFI.
8:00—Meesner's Orch., KGO; Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN; Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KEX, KSL, KSL; Drama, KPO, KFI, KOIN; Meesner's Orch., KEX, KJR, KJR.
8:30—Sweet and Low, KGO, KJR; Jack Benny, KPO, KGW, KFI; March of California, KNN.
9:00—Walter Winchell, KPO, KFI; KGW; Ben Bernie, KNX, KOIN; Mr. District Attorney, KGO, KJR, KEX, KJR; Roger's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

Monday
8:00—Quaker Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Frank and Archie, KJR.
8:30—Time and Tempo, KGO, KFI; Kelsey's Orch., KGO, KJR; Master Singers, KPO.
8:00—Clive Orch., KGO, KEX; Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KJR; Templeton Time, KPO, KGW, KFI, KEX.
7:30—Hall of Fun, KGO, KEX; Josef Pasternack, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lombardo's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.
7:30—Blonde, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sensations and Swings, KPO, KFI, KGW; Radio Forum, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Doe's Music, KGO, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI.
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW; Lum and Abner, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Courtney's Orch., KEX.
8:30—Richard Crooks, KPO, KFI, KGW; Breese's Orch., KEX; Bug Band, KGO; Model Minstrel, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:00—Sherlock Holmes, KPO, KFI, KGW; Tune Up Time, KNX, KOIN.

Radio Highlights
By Associated Press
(Pacific Standard Time)
New York, Dec. 9.—(AP)—TBS, the coast-to-chain being set up as the Transcontinental Broadcasting System with Elliott Roosevelt as president, has set 7 a.m. New Year's Day for its inaugural program.
Thereafter, TBS plans to transmit 16 hours a day to a list of stations totaling 93 at present, with several others expected to be added. Broadcasts will originate from WMCA, New York; WJJD and WIND, Chicago; and KPWB, Los Angeles. Among the other stations are WHXK Boston, KQV Pittsburgh, WBNY Buffalo, WTOL Toledo, WJBK Detroit, KCMO

Kansas City, KXOK St. Louis, WJWB New Orleans, KFJZ Ft. Worth and KYA San Francisco.
Because of the death of Ernest Schelling, noted conductor, the Extra Young People's Concert scheduled for CBS Monday afternoon has been cancelled... Virginia Gayda, Italian editor, will speak a second time

from Rome on WJZ-NBC at 2:14 p.m. Sunday. He will discuss decisions of the Fascist Grand Council.
Chains brings Europe—NBC-5 a.m. WABC-CBS 6 a.m. 4:55, 8 p.m.; WFAF-NBC 4:30 p.m. 8 p.m.; WJZ-NBC 4 p.m. 7 p.m. 10 a.m.; Senator James J. Davis; MBS 4:45 p.m. Charles

P. Taft.
WJZ-NBC — 1:30 p.m. All-American football players.
Reject Money Plan.
Portland, Dec. 9.—(AP)—A proposal to increase American Hotel association dues to finance national advertising was rejected by the Oregon Hotel association yesterday.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SILLY FEELING, MINGLED WITH SOME DISMAY LET YOU BE TAKEN FOR A SHOPLIFTER, WHEN YOUR WIFE HAVING SENT YOU BACK FOR THE BUNDLE SHE LEFT ON THE COUNTER, YOU START TO MAKE OFF WITH A PACKAGE THAT HAS JUST BEEN DONE UP FOR ANOTHER CUSTOMER

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX



A ROOF THAT BREATHES!
THE CONCRETE DOME OF TULANE'S McALLISTER AUDITORIUM, LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN THE U.S., ACTUALLY BREATHES WITH THE WEATHER CHANGES!



THE "PHOTOGRAPHIC EAR!"
ALEC TEMPLETON, BLIND PIANIST, PLAYED WALD'S 32-MINUTE "SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE" FROM MEMORY—AFTER HEARING IT PLAYED ONLY ONCE! HE MADE BUT ONE MISTAKE IN THE ENTIRE COMPOSITION...

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Chuck Takes Off



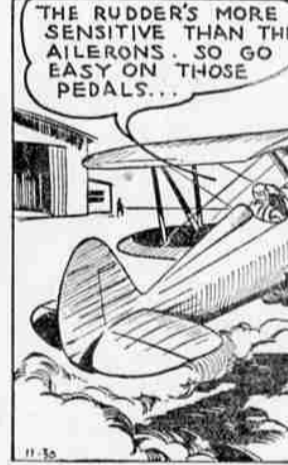
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Moochem's Question



THE NEBBS—Yes or No?



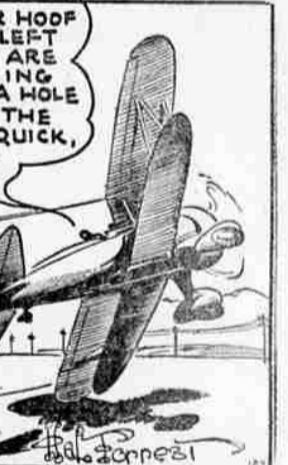
Gov. Sprague Urges Lumber Unions to Keep Mills Going



THE RUDDER'S MORE SENSITIVE THAN THE AILERONS. SO GO EASY ON THOSE PEDALS...



TAKE YOUR HOOP OFF THAT LEFT PEDAL... ARE YOU TRYING TO KICK A HOLE THROUGH THE FLOOR? QUICK, OR WE'LL PILE UP!



WELL, PAL, Y'PUT IT OVER! AINCHA HAPPY? I AM!



WE'VE GOT A GOOD MAN FOR MAYOR, RUSTY... THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING!



BUT THE REJOICINGS OF THE BOYS AND ALL THE GOOD CITIZENS OF HAPPY VALLEY WERE NOT DUPLICATED IN THE OFFICE OF OLD MARTIN MOOCHEM!



THAT SCAMP STEYLOCK RUINED EVERYTHIN' FER ME... BUT I'M GLAD HE'S VAMOOSED SO THEY CAN'T LINK ME UP WITH HIM!



OH, HELLO, WARNER... I WAS JEST 'BOUT TO PHONE YOU... WHAT'RE WE GOIN' T'DO WHEN BALLINGER TAKES OVER AS MAYOR IN THE MORNIN'?



I CAN'T SLEEP FOR THINKING ABOUT THE DOUGH I'M STICKING IN THIS GUY EMBERT'S PROPOSITION... JUST WHY DO I FALL FOR EVERYTHIN'... WHY CAN'T I SAY NO? THE RIGHT TIME?



IM HOOKED NOW FOR 40 FOR THE GUY'S ROCK PILE... 45 DOCTOR BILLS... 5 BUCKS FOR THE FARMER'S FENDER... 10 BUCKS FOR SPEEDING... I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH HE GOT ME HOOKED FOR HOTEL RENT AND WHAT THAT LABORATORY IS GOING TO COST... I DREAD TO FIGURE IT OUT AND ON TOP OF IT I CAN'T SLEEP!



AND NOW HE TELLS ME HE'S TAKING A CHANCE WITH HIS LIFE... I GUESS I'M SHARING THE CHANCE WITH HIM... I'M HIS PARTNER... IF I GET THIS GUY OFF MY CHEST, NO IS GOING TO BE MY FAVORITE WORD IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE!



Gov. Sprague Urges Lumber Unions to Keep Mills Going

