

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YESTERDAY, Mrs. Mc Bain revealed that Miss Lissey was prepared to warn Dunny against the attentions of Devoe. Dr. McBain testifies that Miss Lissey's death was caused by a common poison, one kept in a locked laboratory cabinet, to which only he and Murchison had the key.

Chapter 38

Insinuations

"Do you remember a particular time when you caught Miss Lissey spying?" the Coroner asked Higgins.

Higgins looked at Michael again, and received only a bland stare. "I don't just seem to be able to remember anything, sir," he mumbled.

"That's very unfortunate, Mr. Higgins. Very unfortunate. I understand that Miss Lissey herself made some statement which would seem to prove that you are mistaken at present."

Higgins pushed back the hair. "Miss Lissey said that?"

"Yes."

Higgins twisted his hat in his hands. "It was over at Murchison's," he muttered.

"Yes?"

Marie Murchison was sitting forward in her chair, one pink tipped hand pressed to her throat, totally unconscious of the silent scrutiny of half a dozen pairs of eyes.

"It was," he looked around half-ashamedly, half-defiantly. "It was Mrs. Murchison and Mr. Murchison talking."

"Professor Murchison?"

"No. This one here, Mr. Duncan Murchison. They was in the study. And I seen Miss Lissey slippin' up underneath the edge of the sun porch to listen. I was under the study window myself," he said naively, "an' just when they was done talkin', Mrs. Murchison come out on the porch sudden-like, and she saw Miss Lissey enopin' there. She never said nothin' but I could well imagine her eyes flashin'."

"You are sure she saw Miss Lissey eavesdroppin'?"

"Well, of course Miss Lissey acted like she was coming to call, but that wouldn't fool nobody."

"Mr. Higgins, what was this conversation between Mr. Duncan Murchison and Mrs. Murchison that you remember it so clearly?"

Duncan Murchison was on his feet in an instant. "I protest," he said angrily. "That conversation has nothing to do with Miss Lissey's death, and that question cannot be asked at this inquest."

The coroner looked at him with those round eyes. "You and Mr. Higgins seem very sure as to what has, and what hasn't, any bearing on this death, Mr. Murchison."

"I don't like your insinuations, Dr. Mayhew. I know nothing about Miss Lissey's death, but I do know that private family matters can have no bearing on it."

The coroner looked away. "Mr. Higgins," he repeated, "what was this conversation?"

Duncan Murchison looked down at Michael. "Forrester," he said savagely, "you are a lawyer. Has he any right to ask that question?"

"In this particular case," Michael said regretfully, "I am convinced that he has."

Murchison dropped into his chair without a word. His sister-in-law had two bright spots of crimson standing out against the ghastly white of her cheeks.

"Mr. Higgins?"

"Terrible Amusement. The little man fidgeted. 'I don't rightly know what they was talkin' about,' he said finally. 'But they was both pretty mad. Mrs. Murchison was cryin'-like, and Mr. Murchison was all upset. And I didn't 'ear or say much of anything except 'No, no, no!' But he said 'This 'as got to stop, Maria. I can't stand it any longer. I'm goin' to kill 'im, that's what.'"

McBain suddenly put a hand over his eyes. Duncan looked across at him, and turned back with a look of terrible amazement in his eyes, as if he had only now realized what that speech might mean.

"That was all, Mr. Higgins?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was there that Miss Lissey was discovered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you, by any chance, know of whom these two people were speaking, Mr. Higgins?"

Higgins swallowed. "No, sir," he said. "They never said no names."

"I see. When was this then? When did this conversation take place?"

Higgins considered. "It wasn't very long before the Murchisons left that 'ouse," he said neatly.

"Yes. Now, do you recall any other times—has anything else printed itself on your mind whereby Miss Lissey might have made enemies?"

"No, sir. I can't rightly recall anything else, sir."

"No, sir."

The coroner called Michael, then, and considering that he, having been with Miss Lissey at her death, was one of the principal witnesses, it was perhaps strange that his evidence was taken so swiftly. The coroner asked him a few questions as to the exact time of Miss Lissey's death, as to the telephone call, and as to the calling of the doctor. And then he began to question him on what was in reality Miss Lissey's dying statement.

"She was evidently preparing to tell us something that seemed to her of very grave importance," Michael said slowly. "In reality, she said very little. She gave us nothing but the barest inkling of what she might tell us."

"How did she begin, Mr. Forrester?"

Michael hesitated. "By speaking of her dislike for Mrs. Murchison," he said gravely, "and of Mrs. Murchison's dislike for her."

"Did she give any reason for that mutual dislike?"

Michael's manner was apologetic. "This information that she gave us is probably not correct," he said.

"You are not called upon to decide that. What did she say?"

"She said that Mrs. Murchison was—shall we say—flying under false colors."

Marie Murchison jumped to her feet. "She lied!" she cried frantically.

"Hysterical Creature"

OLD Mrs. Devoe startled them all, then. She spoke harshly to Mrs. Murchison. "Sit down, you hysterical creature!" she commanded. "How do you know what she said?"

The woman sank slowly into her chair, her eyes still on Michael's face.

"In what way, Mr. Forrester?"

"She said," Michael went on unhappily, "she said that Mrs. Murchison had been—a lady's maid before she was married."

The black eyes closed suddenly. "Why should that make any difference?" Dr. Mayhew asked kindly.

"It doesn't, of course. But Miss Lissey said it for some reason of her own. Possibly because she hadn't been in Mrs. Murchison's confidence."

"Did she make any further statement which might point to enmity between herself and Mrs. Murchison?"

"She said something that sounded rather ridiculous. She said that Mrs. Murchison and—and the Devoes were not related."

Jared Devoe smiled unbelievably, and shook his head. He had regained some of his composure. "That is all?"

"That is all she insinuated against Mrs. Murchison."

"Someone else, then, came under the lash?"

Michael hesitated. "She said that Duncan Murchison was a very fine boy," he said quietly.

"She said that what she had to tell would spoil his life for him; and then she went on and repeated the story that Higgins just now told, from her point of view of course. She said that she had heard Duncan say to his sister-in-law, 'Marie, Marie, this can't go on. I can't stand it. We've got to end it somehow. I'll kill him. That's one way out.'"

There was a terrible little silence.

"She didn't suggest that she knew to whom Mr. Murchison was alluding? Whom he threatened to kill?"

"She died, then," Michael said gently.

The coroner let him go, and called Jared Devoe.

"Mr. Devoe, you have heard the evidence. Have you any light to throw on Miss Lissey's death, or on any of this mass of detail that seems to be accumulating?"

"Very little. I am afraid," Devoe said stiffly. His shoulders were held very straight.

"Mr. Devoe, did you overhear Miss Lissey's remark to Mrs. McBain on Sunday?"

"I did."

"Did you understand what she meant?"

"I did not. I put it down to pique. Miss Lissey did not care to have any gentleman pay any attention to any woman except herself."

"You put it rather plainly, Mr. Devoe."

"I am rather tired of the involved nature of the evidence, Mr. Coroner."

On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them or the Dial. Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640 Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 750, San Francisco; KJW, 620, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Tuesday
5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Frank and Archie, KJR; Drama, KSL.
5:30—Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR; Heidi's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:00—Little 'O' Hollywood, KGO, KEX; From the Music Rooms, KPO, KGW.
6:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Human Side of Literature, KPO, KEX; News, KJR.
7:00—Talk by Welles, KGO, KEX; Variety Program, KPO, KOW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KNX, KOMO.
7:30—Sports Huddle, KNX, KOIN; Drama, KJR; Mammoth Minstrels, KGO; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:15—Jimmie Fidler, KGO, KNX.

Wednesday
5:00—Frank and Archie, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Waring's Orch., KPO, KOW, KFI.
5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO; We Present, KGO, KJR.
5:45—Bob Garred, KNX, KOIN; Organist, KGO, KEX; Two in the Balcony, KPO.
6:00—Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL; KOIN, KNX; Radio Guild, KOMO; Musical Solace, KFI, KGW; Safety First, KPO.
6:30—Horse and Buggy Days, KGO; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.
7:00—Sketch, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kysar's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Shield's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX.

KOIN: I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.
8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KNX.
9:00—Dance Hour, KGO; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW.
9:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; We the People, KNX, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KGO; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL; Heidi's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KOIN.
10:30—Poster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunder's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
11:00—Bavazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, Gray's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

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GERMAN FLEET ON RUN
CHURCHILL CLAIMS IN GRAF SPEE COMMENT

London, Dec. 19.—(P)—(Via Radio)—Winston Churchill, the British First Lord of the Admiralty, asserted Monday the first

Canadian expeditionary force had been conveyed across the Atlantic unmolested by German U-boats.

In a speech to the empire saluting the self destruction of the crippled German pocket battleship Admiral Graf Spee—which was driven into shelter at Montevideo by British cruisers and came out Sunday only to be blown up by her commander—Churchill declared in a

voice of cold satisfaction that Germany had felt "the long arm of sea power laid upon its shoulders."

In support of his claim that the German fleet was on the run, he said a Canadian division had been landed Sunday at an undesignated port. The escort, he added, was provided by the main British battle fleet. The first lord twitted the German fleet, asserting "Ger-

man warships hardly ever venture out of port, and then only for furtive dashes."

German naval effort, he added, was now concentrated on an attempt to sink "fishing boats," but "the heat of their fury has far exceeded the accuracy of their aim."

Eleven million menhaden, driven onto the beach by bluefish, were picked up at Beaufort, N. C., in one day.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ANY PERSON CAUGHT Molesting THE BUTTERFLIES WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW. PACIFIC GROVE POLICE DEPT.

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO MOLEST BUTTERFLIES at Pacific Grove, Calif.

FIREMEN USED VINEGAR TO EXTINGUISH A BLAZE IN A VINEGAR FACTORY Santa Rosa, Calif.

SOAP-BUBBLE SCIENTIST!
THOMAS YOUNG-- noted English physicist 1773-1829
WON LASTING FAME BY STUDYING SOAP BUBBLES!
HE SHOWED THAT THEIR BRILLIANT COLORS ARE PRODUCED BY INTERFERENCE OF LIGHT...

SOAP-BUBBLE SCIENTIST
It takes no elaborate equipment to delve into the mysteries of such natural phenomena as Thomas Young studied more than a century ago. Young chose soap bubbles for his experimenting. He previously had discovered that air waves produced by whistles gave "interference bands" of silence and sound. He reasoned the same thing might happen to light waves.

Strange as it seems, through observation of common soap bubbles Young proved the wave theory of color by light interference. He found that where two opposite trains of light waves—direct and reflected—meet each other, they interfere so that some of the waves usually seen as white light are partially stopped and transformed into color effects. Tomorrow: Nostradamus.

CHRISTMAS ENTRANCE

COMES HOME LADEN WITH CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, TO AVOID SETTING FLYING DOWN TO GET KEY OUT, RAPS ON DOOR WITH KNUCKLES, AND THEN WITH KNEE



CHRISTMAS ENTRANCE

HEARS MYRTLE CALL IT MUST BE JUNIOR TRYING TO BRING HIS VELDCEPIDE IN



CHRISTMAS ENTRANCE

SHOUTS IT ISN'T JUNIOR, IT'S HE-- VOICE BEING DROWNED OUT BY WIFE'S CALLING NOT TO OPEN DOOR, JUNIOR KNOWS HE OUGHT TO COME IN BACK WAY



TRIES TO RING DOORBELL WITH ELBOW, PRODUCING ONLY ONE FAINT TINKLE WHICH NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO



MANAGES TO GET A FINGER FREE AND TO GIVE A Lousy RING WHICH IS LOST BY MILDRED'S STRIKING UP A LIVELY TUNE ON THE PIANO



PUTS BUNDLES DOWN AND GETS KEY OUT, WIFE IMMEDIATELY APPEAR'S AT DOOR, ASKING WHY DIDN'T HE JUST RING OR CALL OR SOMETHING?



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Do or Die!

"She died, then," Michael said gently.

The coroner let him go, and called Jared Devoe.

"Mr. Devoe, you have heard the evidence. Have you any light to throw on Miss Lissey's death, or on any of this mass of detail that seems to be accumulating?"

"Very little. I am afraid," Devoe said stiffly. His shoulders were held very straight.

"Mr. Devoe, did you overhear Miss Lissey's remark to Mrs. McBain on Sunday?"

"I did."

"Did you understand what she meant?"

"I did not. I put it down to pique. Miss Lissey did not care to have any gentleman pay any attention to any woman except herself."

"You put it rather plainly, Mr. Devoe."

"I am rather tired of the involved nature of the evidence, Mr. Coroner."

"You are willing then to state exactly what is and is not?"

"So long as it has any bearing on the case, yes."

"You, too," the coroner murmured beneath his breath. Devoe flushed angrily but said nothing. Some reserve strength of character had manifested itself, within the last few minutes. Something had angered him, perhaps.

"Then, as I see it, you must have had a certain understanding of Miss Lissey's mental make-up," the coroner said. "We have heard that Miss Lissey was disturbed in her mind that afternoon. Can you tell us, can you vouchsafe any interpretation of that inner disturbance?"

Continued tomorrow

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

WHY THAT CONCEITED APE, CHUCK, EVER CAME TO A FLYIN' SCHOOL IS MORE'N I CAN SEE



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

HE'S HOPELESS, ALL RIGHT! BUT LEM, NOW...



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

LEM IS A BORN FLYER, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT! IF HE ONLY HAD HALF THE CONFIDENCE OF CHUCK... HE'D PASS!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

HE'S READY TO SOLO NOW... BUT IS AFRAID! I'VE GOT A PLAN TO MAKE HIM DO IT, ON OUR NEXT HOP.



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

WOT IS IT, TOM?



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

WHEN WE GET INTO THE AIR... I'M GOING TO TAKE MY JOYCE STICK OUT... AND DROP IT OVERBOARD! HE'LL HAVE TO LAND BY HIMSELF THEN!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead!

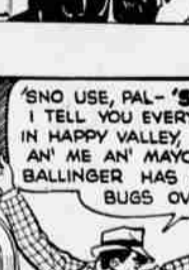
G-GREAT G-GOSH, TAILSPIN! DON'T... YOU'LL BOTH DIG IN!



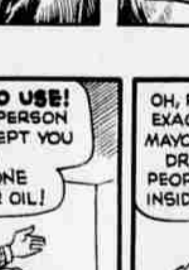
NOW LEMME TELL YUN HOW TO IMPROVE YER FLYIN'



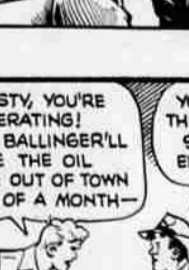
'SNO USE, PAL--'SNO USE! I TELL YOU EVERY PERSON IN HAPPY VALLEY, 'CEPT YOU AN' ME AN' MAYOR BALLINGER HAS GONE BUGS OVER OIL!



OH, RUSTY, YOU'RE EXAGGERATING! MAYOR BALLINGER'LL DRIVE THE OIL PEOPLE OUT OF TOWN INSIDE OF A MONTH--



YOU THINK SO, EH?



BEN, I'M TELLIN' YOU THAT IF THE MAYOR EVEN TRIES IT, THE FOLKS O' HAPPY VALLEY WILL DRIVE HIM OUT O' TOWN!



WHATCHA DOIN', BEN?



GOING OVER SOME PROSPECT CARDS-- REMEMBER, WE'RE BACK IN THE REAL-ESTATE BUSINESS, RUSTY--



I THOUGHT THE GUY WAS BUGS WHEN HE GAVE IT TO ME... I DIDN'T PLACE ANY IMPORTANCE IN IT AT ALL!



WELL, IF THAT GUY CANT REMEMBER THE FORMULA AFTER WORKING ON IT FOR YEARS HOW SHOULD I REMEMBER WHAT I DID WITH MY HALF OF IT... ONE THING IS SURE... THIS FIRM WILL NEVER GO FAR ON MEMORY... I'D GIVE ANYTHING IF I HAD SOMEBODY TO BLAME THIS ON!



RUDY DID NOT TAKE THE PROPOSITION SERIOUSLY AT THE TIME AND MISLAID IT... A FORTUNE DEPENDS ON HIS FINDING THIS 'SCRAP OF PAPER'...



CENTRAL POINT H. E. YULE PARTY THURSDAY

Central Point, Dec. 19.—(Spl.) Home Economics club of Central Point Grange will enjoy its Christmas party in the Grange hall Thursday at 2 p. m. Each member will bring a gift for her "pal."

Tough Quiz.

Eugene, Dec. 19.—(P)—Oregon freshman Glen Westfall, Boise, Idaho, though his first year zoology exam was plenty tough. Today he discovered he'd gotten his schedule mixed, had accidentally taken the quiz the professor had planned for senior biology students. He was pleased to learn, however, he'd come within only nine points of passing it.

EAGLE PT. TABERNACLE PROGRAM FRIDAY NIGHT

Eagle Point, Dec. 19.—(Spl.) The annual Christmas program of the Sunday school of the Highway Tabernacle here will be held Friday at 7:30 p. m. The public is cordially invited, according to Rev. M. R. Brunswick, pastor.

Weather.

Northern California: Cloudy tonight with rain in extreme north portion; Wednesday cloudy with light rain in north portion; slightly warmer in north portion tonight; cooler on north coast Wednesday; light variable wind