

The Creeping Man

by Frances Sholley Wees

YESTERDAY, Tuck and Bunny go through the woods to the log on which Duncan and Bunny were sitting when they saw the creeping man. A gray shell hair-pis is lying there—Mrs. Deane's.

Chapter 43

Death Walks The Night

LATER on that afternoon, the heat and low-hanging clouds resolved themselves into rain, which fell at first gently, then gathered force and became a veritable deluge. By eleven o'clock at night there were pools of water standing on the roads and paths, and the wind was lashing the trees and branches furiously.

Two very uncomfortable police officers stood among the trees at the back of the Forresters' garden, their hats brims turned down to shed the water, their raincoats dripping.

"It's a filthy night," Hall growled. "If I was this murderer's devil that's abroad," Donovan said under his breath, "I'd choose this night for me dirty work. Ye can scarcely see yer hand afore yer face."

"That wind makes a hell of a row." "It does that. Do ye hear the wee dog, Hall? The new pup Forrester gave the kid last week? He's been whinin' for the last half hour. I'm wonderin' if there's anythin' wrong now over at the Deanes'."

"The kid's not sleeping out to-night surely!" Donovan laughed under his breath. "He is that. He gets no rain there in the lee of the house. He's a bold lad, that." He buttoned his coat tighter to his throat. "I guess I'd better be leavin' again," he said. "It won't do to be away from the front of the house long, ye never can tell."

He started off cautiously toward the shadow of Miss Lissey's hedge, then turned and came back. "Dye thing one of us better have a look at the kid, now?" he asked. "Ye'll remember... there's been no owls hootin' in the dark tonight, Hall?"

"It's too wet. But go if you like—I'll slide around to the front of the house, while you keep your eye peeled here at the back."

They separated, Donovan moving noiselessly along the path toward the Deanes' back gate, Hall going toward Miss Lissey's hedge again. It had been agreed upon that they would not risk their disclosure by crossing the open stretches of the garden, although there was little fear of disclosure on such a night as this.

Hall made his circle of the hedge, went in at the Forresters' front gate, tried their front door softly, went on around to the back porch, and tried that. Locked. The windows on the ground floor were shut tight, and he peered up at the second story; none open tonight. The kitchen door was locked too, and he encountered no sound, heard nothing to make him suspicious.

The little dog at the Deanes' was whining louder now—he caught the sounds between gusts of wind. He reached the junction of the paths again, at the back of the garden, glanced over toward the Deanes', and caught the flash of Donovan's light inside the tent. Instantly he strode down the path and into the garden. He lifted the flap of the tent.

Donovan was bending over the pallet in the corner, his arm under the shoulder of the boy who lay there. He looked up as Hall entered. "Get his father quick, Hall, and a doctor," he said bitterly. "It's got the lad now. He's barely livin'."

"Gas?" Hall did not stop for questions, but obeyed instantly. He rang the Deane door-bell furiously, rattled at the door, and banged on it. In a few minutes a light flashed on and through the glass he saw Mr. Deane, his bathrobe caught up hastily, coming hurriedly down the stairs.

The door opened. "What—Mr. Deane began. "Phone your doctor quick," Hall commanded. "Your boy's been hurt."

Mr. Deane scuttled to the telephone without another word. Hall ran back to the little tent, and was immediately followed by Mrs. Deane, her hair in two braids, her nightgown soaked through instantly. Donovan was attempting to force whiskey from his emergency flask between the boy's teeth, and not succeeding.

Mrs. Deane stared at Gordon. "What's happened?" she whispered. "My boy—hurt?" he said. "We'll have to get him inside," Donovan said gently. "If you'll go ahead and show me his bed, ma'am. He's had a sad blow on his head, but he's still living, the Lord be praised."

They got the boy inside, and into bed before the doctor came; it was not until then that either man was able to leave. The whole proceeding had not taken more than fifteen minutes, but Hall fairly ran back to the Forrester house with Donovan at his heels.

ocean? Try the doors and windows, eh?" They met at the front of the house. "As far as I can see there's not a thing wrong," Hall said. "But, by the Lord Harry, we don't dare take any chances. I'm going to get them up."

He stepped to the door and pressed the door-bell. They heard it ring in the interior of the house. Silence. He pressed it again, a long loud peal. Nothing stirred.

"Put your shoulder to that door, Donovan," Hall said suddenly. "We're going in."

The two men lunged against the door together. It was strong. Hall pressed the door-bell again and again as they threw themselves at the heavy barrier, but there was still no evidence of life within.

"I don't—like this," Donovan gasped. "Come on now, here goes! It's crackin' man."

One panel went in with a smash. Donovan reached in and turned the key. They stepped into the little hall and Hall groped for his flashlight.

It was Donovan who reached out and opened the door into the living room, and almost immediately put his arm out to hold the other man back. "For the love of God, don't strike a match," he swore. "It's gas."

"Gas?" It poured out through the door in a flood. "The windows, quick!" They ran around the house smashing the glass with their clubs, and came again to the open door. Donovan whipped off his wet hat, and held it before his face. Hall followed suit.

"It's the first turn to the left," Hall said, and they dashed up the stairs. "Are They Dead?"

At the top, Hall jerked open the bedroom doors while Donovan raced for the door to the sleeping porch, unlocked it, and flung it open. A welcome gust of wind came in and blew through to the windows in the west bedroom that Hall opened. Each man gulped at the fresh air, and then turned again to the work in hand.

Michael and Tuck, from the beds in that west room, were carried down first, carried down and laid on the wet grass in the rain, while the men went back. "There's a girl—I don't know where she sleeps—and a maid," Hall said, and it was the work of but a few moments to find them and carry them out.

"Are they dead?" Donovan demanded. "I don't know. They're not moving. The doctor's still here, thank the Lord."

They were not dead, although another few minutes would have been too much for Tuck. The Deane's house was turned into a hospital that night, with Mr. Deane running about in bewilderment and Mrs. Deane hanging distractingly over her son, whose head was now swathed in bandages.

Charlotte Jean revived first, and Bunny next. Michael was very sick, but he recovered quickly. He listened to Hall's tale, lying back on his pillow, without a word, until he heard of the attack on Gordon. Then he swung his feet around to the floor, his head in his hands.

"We've got to do something quick," he muttered. "Gordon! It's madness, it's insanity." "It's too big for us," Donovan said ashamedly. "You were all near done for tonight, Mr. Forrester. It's a devil we're up against, that's what it is."

It was not until morning that they discovered how it had been done. In the gray dawn Donovan covered his face again, and went down to the basement, to discover the gas in the furnace turned full on. But he could not stay to investigate then; he turned it off, and went back outside while it cleared out of the house. But later they discovered that the pipe leading from the furnace to the chimney had been disconnected, and so the gas, turned on but not lit, went up the heat pipes and so all through the house. And they found, also, a long heavy cord tied to the furnace lever, the gas control lever; a cord which went up across the furnace, lay along the top of a pipe, and had the end dangling just below one of the basement windows.

Hall examined it closely. "That end was on the other side of the window last night," he said. "See? There's this little corner of glass broken out. He had it ready in advance, and the string through—had he had to do was sneak in here for a second and pull it."

"But when did he make all these preparations?" Michael demanded. Hall shook his head. "How long since you had that furnace lit?" "We've never had it lit since we came."

"There you are, then. It might have been fixed like this for weeks."

On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them on the Dial. Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 840; Los Angeles; KGA, 1470; Spokane; KGO, 790; San Francisco; KGW, 620; Portland; KJR, 970; Seattle; KNX, 1050; Los Angeles; KOA, 830; Denver; KOIN, 940; Portland; KOMO, 925; Seattle; KPO, 630; San Francisco; KSL, 1180; Salt Lake.

Tuesday, 5:00—Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Frank and Archie, KJR, KGW. 5:30—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, KGO, KEX, KJR, Heit's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX, KOIN, KSL, KPO, KGW.

6:30—Piper McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Human Side of Literature, KGO, KEX; News, KJR. 7:00—Shields' Revue, KGO, KEX; Variety Prgm., KPO, KGW, KFI, Calling All Cars, KNX.

7:30—Sports Huddle, KNX, KOIN; Mammoth Minstrels, KGO, KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL. 8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Pleas, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:15—Jimmie Fidler, KSL, KNX, KOIN; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW. 8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW. 9:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN; Dance Hour, KGO; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; KFI; Lorch's Orch., KNX, KOIN. 10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL; Heit's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN. 10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ted Pio-Rito's Orch., KSL. 11:00—Hayazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Gray's Orch., KNX, KGW.

Wednesday, 5:00—Frank and Archie, KJR; Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI. 5:30—Kelsey's Orch., KPO; We Present, KGO, KJR. 6:00—Beyond Reasonable Doubt, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Drama, KOMO. 6:30—Horse and Buggy Days, KGO; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—Sketch, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kysar's Prgm., KPO, KGW, KFI; Shields' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX. 7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Adventures in Photography, KGO, KJR. 8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Present, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KGW, KFI; Lum and Abner, KSL, KNX, KOIN. 8:30—Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL.

KOIN: Quiz Prgm., KGO, KJR, KEX; Avalon Time, KPO, KFI, KGW. 9:00—Pearson's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Marriage Club, KGO. 9:30—Noble's Orch., KGO, KEX, News, KJR. 10:00—Martin's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KNX, KSL; News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KOIN. 10:30—Heit's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Hayazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI. 11:00—Gray's Orch., KPO, KJR, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Weather Northern California: Cloudy today with light rain; partly cloudy tonight and Wednesday; continued cool, frost and local fogs in the valleys Wednesday morning; gentle variable wind off coast, becoming northerly.

Bishop Arrives Portland, Dec. 26.—(P)—Bishop Titus Lowe of the Methodist church's Minneapolis jurisdiction, flew here yesterday to officiate at the wedding of his daughter Jane and Howard Emmett Nealond, Portland.

Eighth Transfusion Hollywood, Dec. 26.—(P)—Diving champion Georgia Coleman, ill of a liver complaint, received her eighth blood transfusion in recent weeks last night. Her physician, endeavoring to increase her strength for an operation, said there had been a "slight setback" in her condition.

Freighter Disabled San Francisco, Dec. 26.—(P)—The Dutch freighter Salawatin, helpless with engines out of commission, proceeded slowly toward San Francisco today in tow of the coast guard cutter Shawnee.

8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW. 9:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN; Dance Hour, KGO; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW. 9:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; KFI; Lorch's Orch., KNX, KOIN. 10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL; Heit's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN. 10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ted Pio-Rito's Orch., KSL. 11:00—Hayazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Gray's Orch., KNX, KGW.

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Radio Highlights By Associated Press (Time is Pacific standard) New York, Dec. 26.—New Year's eve brings its usual dancing parties to the networks. Each chain will have one, starting in the east shortly after 8 and continuing across the country with intermediate stops until the close comes at 6 a. m. January 1, 1940, on the Pacific coast and Honolulu.

New Year's itself will provide plenty of football. The Rose bowl game on NBC and MBC, the Orange bowl on WABC-CBS and the Sugar bowl on WJZ-NBC.

Tonight: Europe, WABC-CBS

STOP AND GO-CART



KICKS AND WAVES ARMS BECAUSE HE IS HAPPY TO BE STARTING HIS MORNING'S OUTFIT



EXUBERANCE CAUSES BLANKET TO COME UNTUCKED, EXPOSING LEG



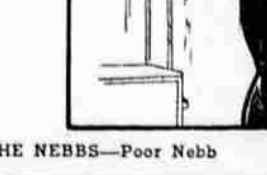
IS SO HAPPY TO GET GOING AGAIN, WAVES ARMS AND KICKS, CAUSING BLANKET TO COME UNTUCKED AGAIN. AND SO ON, AND SO ON



SEARCH REVEALS MITTEN UNDER BLANKET



SITS QUIETLY WHILE MOTHER TUCKS HIM UP AGAIN AND PUTS HIS MITTENS ON



IS SO HAPPY TO GET GOING AGAIN, WAVES ARMS AND KICKS, CAUSING BLANKET TO COME UNTUCKED AGAIN. AND SO ON, AND SO ON

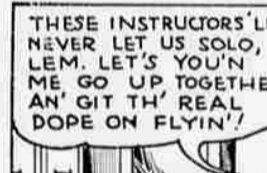


IS SO HAPPY TO GET GOING AGAIN, WAVES ARMS AND KICKS, CAUSING BLANKET TO COME UNTUCKED AGAIN. AND SO ON, AND SO ON

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

12-27 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Can't Stop 'Em!



THESE INSTRUCTORS'LL NEVER LET US SOLO, LEM, LET'S YOU'N ME GO UP TOGETHER. AN' GIT TH' REAL DOPE ON FLYIN'!



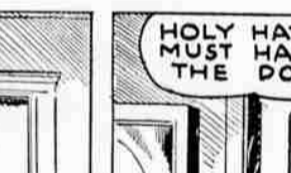
LET'S TAKE THIS BUS! TH' CHIEF WONT MIND WHEN HE SEES WOT A SWELL JOB OF FLYIN' WE'LL DO!



I...I...WAL, ALL RIGHT, CHUCK...

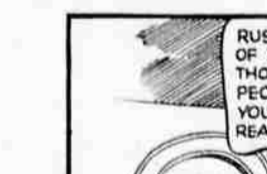


THAT CRAZY CUSS, CHUCK! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF! I'LL STOP HIM, AND...

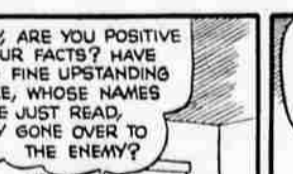


HOLY HAT! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE LOCKED THE DOOR!

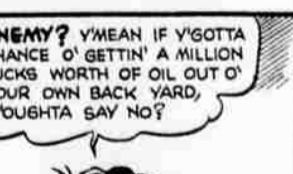
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Further Bulletins!



RUSTY, ARE YOU POSITIVE OF YOUR FACTS? HAVE THOSE FINE UPSTANDING PEOPLE, WHOSE NAMES YOU'VE JUST READ, REALLY GONE OVER TO THE ENEMY?



ENEMY? Y'MEAN IF Y'GOTTA CHANCE O' GETTIN' A MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF OIL OUT O' YOUR OWN BACK YARD, YOU'GHTA SAY NO?



BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO HAVE AN ENEMY LIKE THAT!

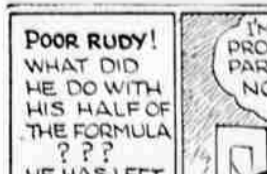


CAR OUTSIDE—SOMEBODY HONKING—

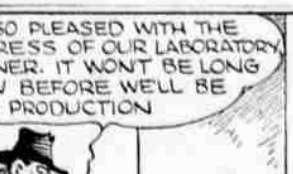


HOLY SMOKES, IT'S GRANDMA WALTERS!

THE NEBB—Poor Nebb



POOR RUDY! WHAT DID HE DO WITH HIS HALF OF THE FORMULA ??? HE HAS LEFT NO STONE UNTURNED TO FIND IT! AND WITHOUT HIS HALF THERE WILL BE NO FORTUNE.



I'M SO PLEASED WITH THE PROGRESS OF OUR LABORATORY NOW. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE WE'LL BE IN PRODUCTION



AND THEN WEALTH WILL COME POURING IN AND WE WILL BE RICH—RICHES BEYOND POWER TO CONCEIVE!



NEBB YOU DON'T SEEM TO ENTHUSE—YOU'RE NOT STILL SKEPTICAL, I HOPE?



I GUESS I'M JUST FRIGHTENED AT SUCH GREAT WEALTH. I WONDER IF I CAN BE HAPPY WITH SO MUCH MONEY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME WHEN I CAN'T BRAG ABOUT SOMETHING I HAVEN'T GOT

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



PERCY BENTLEY—ST. LOUIS, MO., AFTER GOLFING ONLY ONE YEAR, MADE 4 HOLES-IN-ONE IN 3 MONTHS!

STREETS OF GOLD! CITIZENS OF DAHLONEGA, GA., PICK UP GOLD NUGGETS IN THE CITY STREETS WHENEVER IT RAINS!

CONTRARY STATE! IN ARKANSAS— RED LAKE IS NOT RED BLACK RIVER IS NOT BLACK WHITE RIVER IS NOT WHITE BLUE LAKE IS NOT BLUE CLEAR LAKE IS NOT CLEAR BIG LAKE IS NOT BIG PLUM BAYOU HAS NO PLUMS HORSESHOE LAKE IS NOT HORSESHOE-SHAPED BUT RED RIVER IS RED!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS! GRACE O'MALLEY—16th-century Irish chieftainess, COMMANDED AN ENTIRE FLEET OF SHIPS ENGAGED IN FIGHTING THE BRITISH DURING THE ELIZABETHAN WARS!

12-26 Copyright © 1939 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc. Queen of the Seas When in 1530 a girl was born to the famous Irish O'Malley clan of sea rovers, her father, Dubhara O'Malley, chieftain of Umhail Uachtarach Uí Mhaille, decided that she too would follow the sea. Consequently, Grace took an active part in the Elizabethan wars, commanding a considerable fleet which made many forays against British shipping and coast settlements. In 1577 Grace was captured by the Earl of Desmond and held captive for a time; later she went on with her naval expeditions. Innumerable legends, few substantiated, have sprung up about her. She did, however, die in poverty. Tomorrow: Canada's Part in the Civil War!

Miss Rule Named Music Instructor At Normal School

Southern Oregon College of Education, Ashland, Dec. 26.—(Spl.)—Miss Elizabeth Sophia Rule, of Springfield, Illinois, has been secured to handle the music position formerly held by Miss Lucie Landen, who has been granted a year's leave of absence, according to Dr. Walter Redford, president of the college. Miss Rule holds a harmony diploma and a violin certificate

from Millikan Conservatory. She was awarded a Bachelor of Music degree from Illinois Wesleyan and earned her Master of Music degree from Northwestern University.

Miss Rule will have charge of instrumental music in the college and act as conductor of the college orchestra. She will also conduct violin classes and supervise music in the Lincoln Training School.

Closing time for Two Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m. Use Mail Tribune want ads.