

# THE CREEPING THING

by CORA JEAN MOTEN  
The Well-Known  
Serial Writer.

(Continued from page three)

for anything else. She had committed no overt act that could be the farthest stretch of imagination be tortured into antagonism. The slight emphasis on the word "great," preceding her description of my detecting ability, might have been merely imagined, rather than hinted sarcasm.

"It depends on how you see the thing, Miss—er—Hardmore," I returned, keeping my voice non-committal and yet on a polite note of deference.

Her penetrating black eyes traveled up and down me from my head to my feet and back again. The scrutiny was peculiarly irritating in its deliberation. When she spoke, her deep masculine voice was as deliberate as her gaze had been.

**Miss Hardmore Surprises**

"Well, maybe so, after tonight. But for tonight, it don't happen to depend on thinking but rather on authority, and I've already got that." She smiled, an ironic smile of jocular satisfaction.

I choked back the epithet that rose to my lips.

The huge, black woman pulled a long legal looking envelope from the capacious folds of her black dress

and held it out to me. It bore the seal of the county.

I took it as deliberately as she had offered it, and opening it, extracted the folded legal sheet from it. It was an order from the county court enjoining everyone on the premises or elsewhere from interfering with Miss Alene Hardmore's occupancy of the octagonal tower room of Selwyn House for the night, and further calling on all resident guards, or others engaged therein, to aid and assist her in her "efforts at solving the gruesome and mysterious crimes that have recently been committed there."

I read it a second time, and returned it to her. Comment was superfluous. Her authority was indisputable. With my usual method of accepting the inevitable with as good grace as possible, I determined to accept this first setback to my own personal investigation of the mysterious murders, in a sporting manner.

Laying my hand reassuringly on the nervously twitching arm of old Diaron I gave it a warning pressure. I looked at Alec with the veiled look we both understood. I said: "Take it easy, old scout. It's the other fellow's move; ours will come later."

Alec nodded almost imperceptibly

"This trick is certainly yours, Miss Hardmore," I said easily, smiling disarmingly as I spoke. "If there is anything I can do to help you, command me. We—my friend, Mr. Alec and I—will be on hand. Diaron, here, is putting us up for the night." I looked at the old man significantly. He nodded with alacrity.

"The Messieurs will of the most certainty be on hand, Madame, if you need them. Monsieur Frederick will be with me here in the passage-way. Is it not so, Monsieur?" Diaron turned almost with a look of supplication on his wrinkled old face toward me.

I smiled reassuringly in return. "Later, if you will, Diaron," I said, "but just now perhaps Miss Hardmore would do me the kindness to allow me to examine the room of mystery." I shot a conciliatory glance in the direction of the big woman.

"Oh, certainly," she acquiesced drily. "It is the only wise thing to do. I may need your assistance, and if you know the geography of the premises you will be in better position to lend aid in an emergency."

At the end of the narrow corridor that has been previously described, the huge woman paused. Following her single file, Alec and I were unable to pass her or indeed to see beyond her save above her and through the interstices between her arms and body as she fumbled at the lock of the tall narrow door leading into the octagonal room.

In a brief time, she pushed the door open. It swung inward easily. We passed in behind her. Once in-

side, I no longer followed but took the initiative. I was tired of playing second fiddle to Miss Alene Hardmore's first. In this examination at least, I would proceed independently and without interference or advice from her.

The great, high ceiled room was dim with shadows. Its many corners were indistinct in their blackness. They hung like gray bats' wings above the huge four-poster bed that occupied the space just opposite and facing the door. In the sudden draft, the dusty old curtains that shrouded it swayed back and forth like black ceremonies of some monstrous creature of the tomb. Slowly and sinisterly they billowed and sank back upon themselves, caving in like the hollow cheeks of a dead miser's ghost.

I felt Alec draw in a sharp breath behind me. "Lend me your flash, Alec," I said quietly. I knew how to still Alec's jumpy nerves. He was one of those responsively sensitive chaps. A quiet word, a commonplace command or entreaty, and he was assured and calmed. Alec passed me his flash light. I switched it on.

**Examining the Room**

Without further ado I turned my attention to a minute examination of the room.

Alec's description had been authentic as to every detail. There was absolutely no possible opening large enough to admit or give exit to any body larger than that of a normal six-year-old child.

Of furnishings, there were only the great bed, a deal table beside it, and a single chair. Scattered here and there were huge built-in candlesticks in which were several half-burnt-out candle ends. They were the only means of illumination in the room. The windows, set high and shrouded by the heavy leaf-curtains of the trees were negligible

(Continued on page eight)

In 1866 there were 12,000 homes owned by Negroes. In 1926 there were 700,000 homes owned by Negroes.

The United States coal commission reported 43,489 Negroes employed in the anthracite and bituminous mines.

REMOVE THE CAUSE  
World's Greatest  
**BLOOD PEP**  
For RHEUMATISM -  
INDIGESTION - CONSTIPATION  
A BOTTLE OF HEALTH FOR \$3.00  
AT DRUGGISTS or write RRF-168 W 72nd St NYC

## FOR BETTER HEALTH TO DO YOUR WORK

"I was not able to do my housework. I just dragged around all the time. My husband insisted on my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did with the best results. Now I am a healthy woman and do all my work."—Mrs. BEULAH TROMAS, Box 273, Sumrall, Miss.

Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound

### A BRAIN TWISTER

# SKETCH-A-COMIC

By A.W. Renegarhe

Fascinating · Amusing · Entertaining

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1																									
2																									
3																									
4																									
5																									
6																									
7																									
8																									
9																									
10																									
11																									
12																									
13																									
14																									
15																									
16																									
17																									
18																									
19																									
20																									
21																									
22																									
23																									
24																									
25																									
26																									



**KEY TO COMIC**

Start line at point Q 2, continue line to point L 4, N 2, N 1, Q 1, Q 4, P 6, N 4, —F 5—Q 4, R 5, T 5, V 10, T 11, S 11, S 10, T 9, S 7, R 9, R 10, S 10, P 10, M 8, P 10, P 11, Q 11, P 12, R 13, S 11, —F 5—P 6, N 6, M 7, M 8, L 7, J 7, J 8, C 5, C 4, D 3, E 3, 1 6, —F 5—J 8, J 9, K 10, L 9, M 9, M 8, —F 5—P 11, L 9, K 10, M 12, N 10, N 12, H 18, H 21, J 22, H 24, C 24, D 21, F 25, H 26, I 26, I 25, J 23, M 20, M 18, O 15, P 15, S 19, R 20, R 22, S 23, S 24, R 24, R 25, W 26, Y 25, V 25, T 24, T 23, W 21, W 18, S 12. Picture complete. Finish as per instructions.

Last issue's solution—



**INSTRUCTIONS.**

Points are located at intersecting lines.

S—Start new line at next point given.

F—Finish line at last point given.

Start line at first point given in key to picture, continue same to second point given, and so on until picture is completed. Then trace lines you have drawn, heavily, rounding sharp corners and finish to your best ability.

Patent Applied For. Copyright 1929. All Rights Reserved.

## \$500 If I Fail To Grow Hair



**HAIR ROOT HAIR GROWER** is a powerful stimulant. Nature's way of forcing hair to grow. Endorsed by the medical profession and Barbers and Hairdressers.

**SIX MONTHS' TREATMENT \$1.00**

Hair Root Hair Grower 50c  
Hair Root Shampoo 25c  
Hair-Seed Magic Grower 35c  
Glossy Enamel for straightening with irons 25c  
Ever Ready Batin Gloss MAGIC hair dressing for straightening without irons 25c-50c.

Royal Chemical Co.  
Box 44, Hamilton Grade,  
New York City, N. Y.

Special Prices to Druggists and Agents



Do You Want Some

Extra Money?

Look Over Our  
CLASSIFIED ADS

On Page 11

### CHICHESTERS PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist  
for Chichesters Diamond  
Brand Pills in Red and Gold  
Bottle. Take no other. Buy  
of your Druggist. Ask for  
"CHICHESTERS' PINK DIAMOND  
BRAND PILLS" for 40 years known  
as best, safest, reliable. Buy Now!  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



For  
hair beauty



Gladys May of Shufflin' Sam Co.

Follow the lead of Gladys May, vivacious actress in Shufflin' Sam from Alaram' who says she finds Exelento the most delightful hair dressing she has ever used.

## EXELENTO QUININE POMADE

is the original! It reaches the roots of the hair and gives natural lustre that stays! Stops itching scalp and makes hardest hair soft and pliable.

At All Drug Stores.

Write for FREE sample and book of Beauty Hints.  
EXELENTO MEDICINE CO.  
Atlanta, Ga.

# "BLACK MEN Blues"



ELECTRICALLY RECORDED

SHE'S got a black man in Atlanta and another one down St. Louis way. But that Missouri man has been treatin' her mighty mean and so she's goin' back to her good papa in Atlanta, who'll do right by her. Be sure to hear Mary Johnson mean those "BLACK MEN BLUES." And you'll like her "WESTERN UNION BLUES," on the other side, too.

HEAR THIS BIG HIT TODAY!

Black Men Blues Vocal with Piano . . . . . 7081  
Western Union Blues Vocal, Piano, Trombone . . . . . 75c  
Mary Johnson

**Brunswick RACE RECORDS**  
"Get 'em 'cause they're HOT"

Mfd. by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Chicago