

OUT OF THE NIGHT

BY MARION WHITE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRISCILLA FIERCE—Hercule, young woman attorney.
ANDREWS CITY's roommate and murderer's victim.
HARRY HUTCHINS—Amy's strange visitor.
SERGT. DOLAN—Officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Yesterday: When City reveals that Mr. Hunter can walk, Corbett counters that City was in no condition the night before to testify. City now says she should have told the officers alone.

CHAPTER TWENTY

SERGT. DOLAN proceeded with his investigation.

"Mr. Smith," he said, addressing the young man in 2-B, "I understand you were not at home when the murder occurred?"

Mr. Smith repeated his wife's explanation to Detective Martin. The old man had spent the day in Rutherford, N. J., with relatives, not leaving there until 1:20. They did not hear of the tragedy until the following morning. Dolan looked to Martin for confirmation of this. Martin nodded. Evidently the Smiths' alibi had checked.

Dolan turned again to the Hunters. "Where did you live before, Hunter?" he demanded.

"In Brooklyn, sir. Down on Herkimer St. I was raised in Brooklyn. Never lived anywhere else."

"And you, Mrs. Hunter?"

Cilly looked at the woman as she rose to answer the Sergeant's question. She appeared visibly shaken and nervous.

always have a great deal to say on any subject. Obviously, however, she was just a little in awe of this school-teaching daughter. She stood still for a moment, rubbing her hands together.

"It's as my daughter says, sergeant," she replied, hesitantly. "I guess I didn't hear a thing."

"What do you mean—'you guess'—Mrs. Downey? Aren't you sure?"

"Well—I don't know...."

MOTHER is very nervous, Sergeant," Miss Downey interjected. "Please believe me, she has nothing to tell you."

"Miss Downey," the Sergeant said sharply, "you will sit down, if you please. I am questioning your mother, and I want her to speak for herself."

Miss Downey sat down, decidedly annoyed.

"In more gentle tone, Sergeant. Dolan turned to her mother.

"Now, Mrs. Downey, he said, "just what did you hear?"

"I was going to tell you," Mrs. Downey began at last, "that the moment I heard that poor girl scream I jumped from my bed. Lucille got up, too. Well, it was the most awful thing. She must have fallen right past our window. It was terrible. I tell you, never in my life have I had such a shock. I thought I was going to faint. My heart's not so good, Sergeant...." She paused

Daily Short Story

TAXI!—By A. L. Moore

I'VE lived in Brooklyn, sir, ever since my marriage 25 years ago. Before that I lived on Long Island, in Farmingdale."

"You were married, therefore, when your husband became paralyzed?"

Mrs. Hunter's lower lip trembled, she fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief.

"Yes, sir."

"Was he in an accident?"

"Yes, sir... that's—oh, don't ask me to talk about it!" She burst into tears. "Tell him, George!" she pleaded. "You tell him about it. It's better if you do...."

"Hush, Nellie!" Mr. Hunter admonished, not unkindly. "You see, Sergeant," he explained, "my wife gives every about it. It gets her upset to talk about it."

"See. It was an accident, Hunter?"

"Yes sir. I had a fall, and then the doctors didn't treat it right, I guess. The old doctor down in Herkimer St. who took care of me is dead, and I went to a couple of others, to please my wife, but they couldn't do anything for me."

SERGEANT DOLAN rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment, but his eyes never left the man's face.

"Hunter," he said finally, "it strikes me as queer that a man like you—tied to a wheel-chair—would want to live on the top floor of a walk-up apartment."

Cilly listened eagerly for Hunter's reply. Why hadn't she realized that before?

"Well, I guess it seems queer," Hunter admitted. "We can't afford an expensive apartment, in an elevator building. I can't work, you see, and we just live on a small income. We took the top floor because I like to get the air, and I don't like to sit out in the street. People stare at me. Being up high, I can get out on the roof and sit there. Johnson always helps me up."

SERGEANT DOLAN looked inquiringly at the superintendent. "That right, Johnson?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, that's right. Sometimes in the afternoons, Mrs. Hunter gives me a buzz and I take Mr. Hunter up in the wheelchair. Sometimes in the evening, if the weather is good."

"O. K. Johnson. Now tell me this: Did Mrs. Wheeler say anything to you about going away?"

"No, sir, she didn't. It was a surprise to me when I went up there yesterday afternoon with Detective Martin. It certainly looked as if she cleared out."

HOW long did she live in the Bayview, Johnson?"

The superintendent scratched his head thoughtfully for a moment. "Oh, I guess Mrs. Wheeler's been there three or four years."

"Remember where she came from?"

Some place in Manhattan, I'm sure. She used to joke a lot about coming to live in Brooklyn. She said something about never living more than two doors from Broadway all her life, and what a come-down Brooklyn was."

"Did she ever say why she moved to Brooklyn?"

"No, she didn't. A good many folks come over from Manhattan lately to save money. Rents are cheaper in Brooklyn."

Dolan nodded. He looked over the Bayview tenants again. His eyes rested on the school teacher in 4-A.

MISS DOWNEY," he said, "what can you tell me?"

Miss Downey, prim and precise, rose to her feet, smoothing out her skirt as she did so. She held her head erect.

"Now, thing, Sergeant. Dolan," she stated. "We can't tell you a thing. We heard the scream of course—mother and I. And we rushed to the window to see what had happened. Other than that, we have nothing."

"I see. Have you always lived in Brooklyn, Miss Downey?"

"Oh, yes. I graduated from Erasmus High and Adelphi. We've always lived in Brooklyn. Mother was born down in 17th St. near Fourth Ave."

"Thank you, Miss Downey. And now, Mrs. Downey, is there anything you can tell me?"

BEFORE Mrs. Downey could rise, her daughter answered for her. "Mother can tell you nothing more than I have, Sergeant."

The Sergeant smiled courteously. "Suppose you let your mother speak for herself, Miss Downey. Did you hear or see anything unusual on Sunday night, Mrs. Downey?"

Mrs. Downey rose hesitantly to stand beside her daughter. She was a tubby, round-faced person: You thought as you looked at her that here was a woman who would

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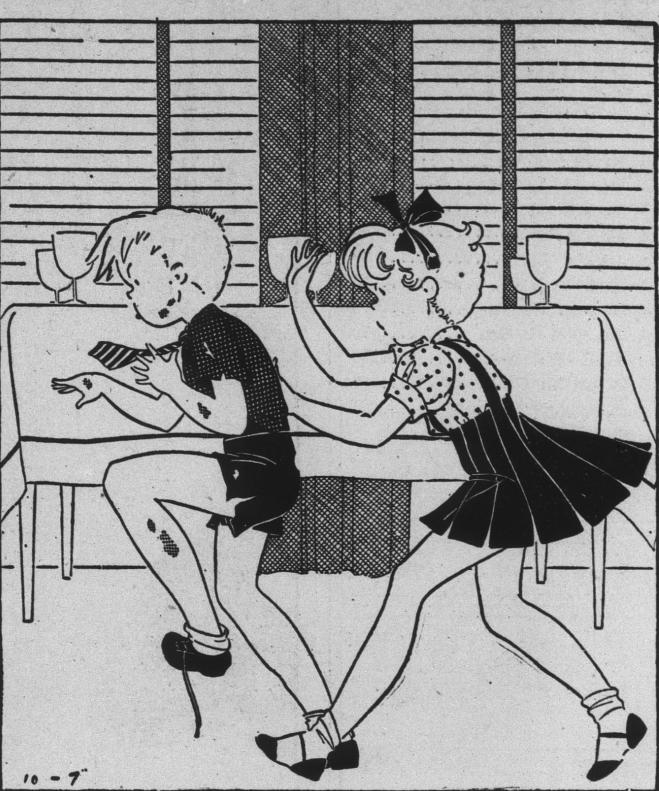
OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Yeah, I know I said 'Don't dress.' But that didn't mean 'Don't wash.'"

—By Al Capp

LI'L ABNER



—By Capp

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



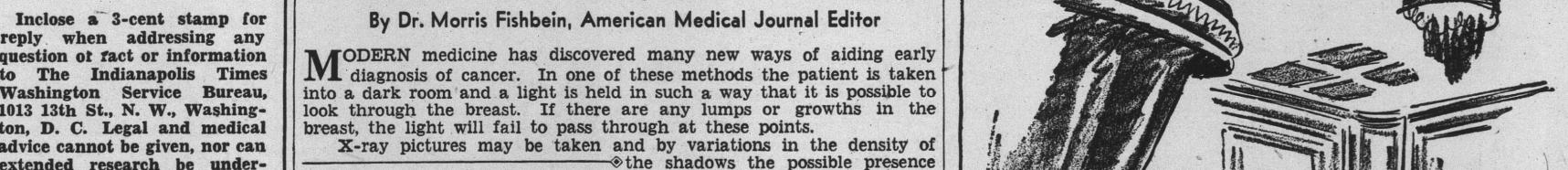
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ABBIE AN' SLATS



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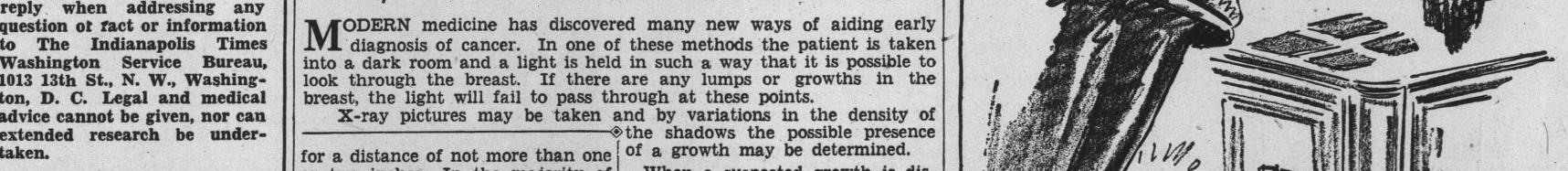
ASK THE TIMES



—By Capp

HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

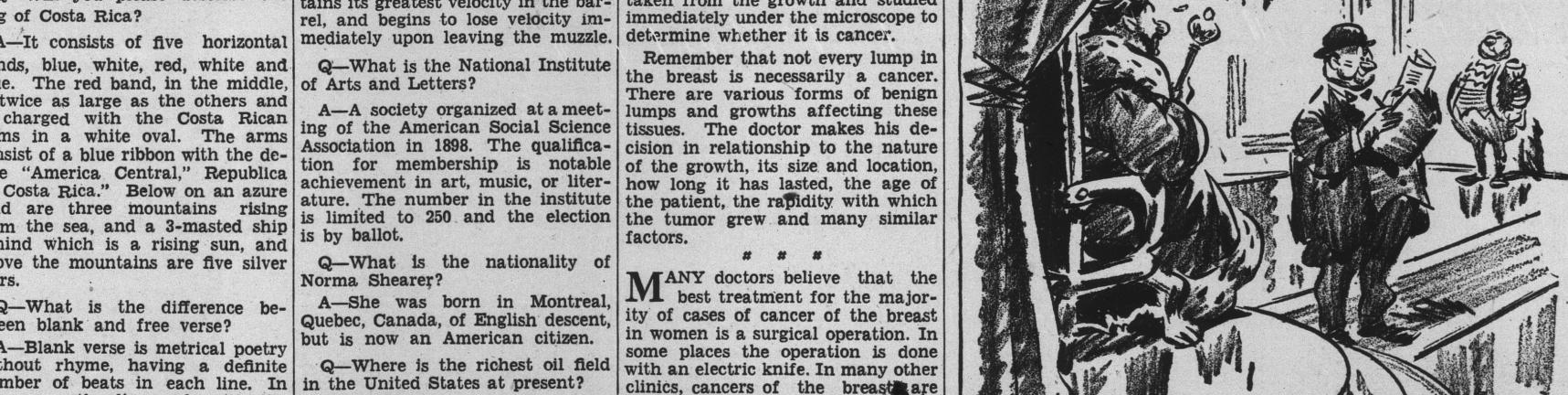
By Dr. Morris Fishbein, American Medical Journal Editor



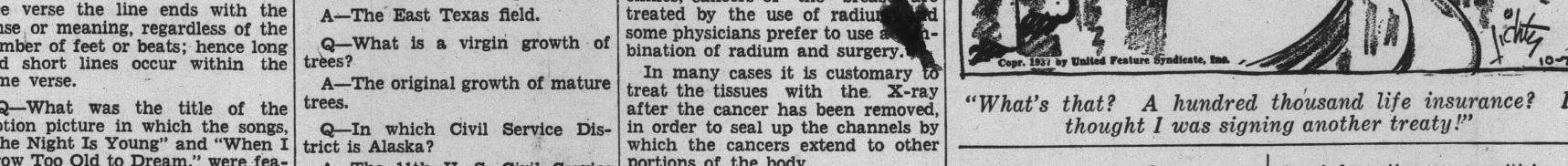
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GRIN AND BEAR IT

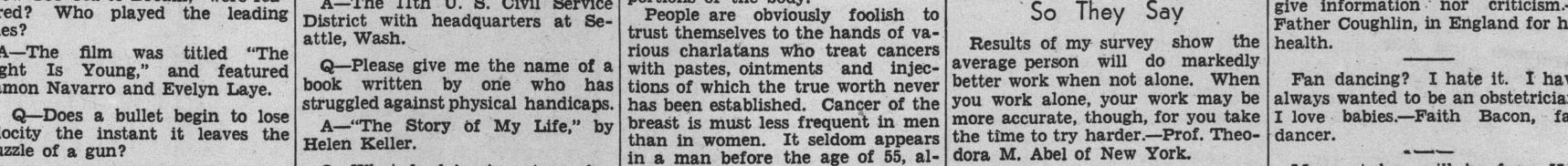
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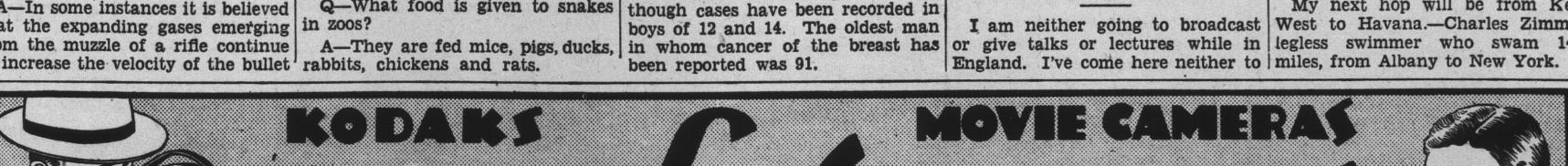
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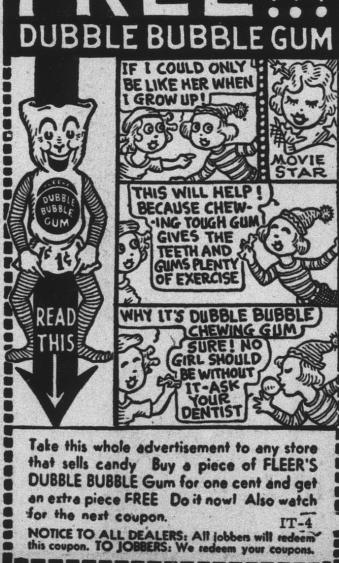
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So They Say

Results of my survey show the average person will do markedly better work when not alone. When you work alone, your work may be more accurate, though, for you take the time to try harder.—Prof. Theodore C. Coughlin, in England for his health.

Fan dancing? I hate it. I have always wanted to be an obstetrician. I love babies.—Faith Bacon, fan dancer.

My next hop will be from Key West to Havana.—Charles Zimmy, legless swimmer who swam 145 miles, from Albany to New York.

give information nor criticism—Father Coughlin, in England for his health.

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