

OUT OF THE NIGHT

BY MARION WHITE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRISCILLA PIERCE—Heroine, young woman attorney.
AMY KERR—Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.
JIM KERRIGAN—Cilly's fiancé.
HARRY HUTCHINS—Amy's strange visitor.
SERGEANT DOLAN—Officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Yesterday, Cilly bluffs Mrs. Hunter, who confesses that her husband is not a cripple but instead feigned paralysis in an accident to collect \$50,000 from a hit-and-run driver.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

LONG before dawn on Thursday the rain started, by 9 o'clock it had settled to a dismal, depressing downpour. Alone in her apartment, Cilly shivered, not so much from the cold as from the penetrating gloom. Though she could not foresee it, this was to be the most eventful day of her life; perhaps it was the premonition which provoked this quivering of her nerves.

However, she could not know that. She thought it was a good day for the blues, and would have welcomed the happy release of work at the office. But there were other things which to attend. Most of all, she had to see Sgt. Dolan, even if it meant waiting at police headquarters all day. They could be no more desolate than her own rooms, and not nearly as lonely.

After a quick breakfast, she put on a warm woolen dress, one which had been held over from the previous winter pending the emergency of just such a day as this. Then, fortified against the elements by a long raincoat and waterproof hat, she ventured downtown.

IT was not quite 10 o'clock when she reached police headquarters. A youthful officer ushered her into a small anteroom of the same corridor as the meeting room which had held the investigation at the day before. Sgt. Dolan, the officer explained, was busy for the moment, but would see her shortly.

She sat down to wait. The door into the corridor was left open, so that she could watch those who passed by. Beyond the door, she heard a woman sobbing, and the low murmur of a man's voice offering reassuring comfort. There was something familiar in the voice, low-pitched though it was. She watched the door for their approach. The woman was making an effort to control herself now; the sobs ceased, only the sharp intake of steady breaths was audible. They passed the door, directly in line of Cilly's vision. She sat up suddenly.

The man was Harvey Ames! And the woman who leaned against him, her face hidden in one of his voluminous handkerchiefs, was the one who had fled the Bayview Apartments two days before. Mrs. Wheeler!

CILLY walked to the door and stared after them. There was something gently pathetic in their attitude, and she felt a warmth of sympathy toward them, despite the knowledge that they had defied the conventions.

"Good morning, Miss Pierce!"

Cilly turned abruptly to face Sgt. Dolan.

"Been waiting for me long?" he asked. His voice was matter-of-fact and brusque. Cilly thought it lacked the rather cordial friendliness of other occasions. But perhaps she imagined that. He led the way back into the small anteroom, shutting the door behind him. "We can talk in here as well as any place," he observed.

"I see you've located Mrs. Wheeler?" Cilly mentioned. She resumed the same chair she had occupied these several minutes.

"Yes, Ames brought her in this morning," Dolan sat down opposite her. "The old story, and his wife haven't hit it off for years, and Mrs. Wheeler's the other woman. Ames has children, and he's fearful of the scandal. I feel sort of sorry for them."

"I'm glad to find you so understanding," Cilly remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"I hope you'll be as kindly disposed to me."

"Any reason why I shouldn't be?"

"Yes. You believed what Mr. Corbett said about me yesterday."

"Did I?"

"It wasn't the truth, Sgt. Dolan. Please believe that. I went across the street with a definite idea in mind—to get up on the roof and see what was going on in the Bayview. I had to ring somebody's doorbell in order to gain admittance to the house, and Corbett was the first name that popped into my head. I didn't go to call on them, but Mr. Corbett was feeling . . . a little genial, you might say. He met me in the hall, and insisted on my stopping in for a drink—which I didn't finish, incidentally. When I insisted on leaving, he seemed a little disappointed. Perhaps I wounded his vanity in some way. . . . However, I went up on the roof to watch the people in our house, and what I told you about Mr. Hunter is absolutely true."

"Dolan was looking out of the window thoughtfully."

"Well," he said, "I've already started a little investigation on Hunter. Don't think that I wasn't going to consider it. Matter of fact, I guess I'd take your word any day against Corbett's, Miss Pierce."

"Thank you, Sergeant. You know this case means a great deal to me, and you know that I'll do anything I can to disprove the theory you're working on."

Dolan turned his gaze to Cilly.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," he said. "We all make mistakes, you know, and I think you're making a tremendous one in keeping faith with this Kerr. He's not worth it."

Cilly stiffened. "I still prefer to be the judge of that, Sgt. Dolan," she said quietly. "In the meantime, however, we have two new suspects: Harvey Ames and Hunter."

"Oh, they're not on the up and up, perhaps, but I don't think we can tie them to the murder. I'll admit both possibilities. And believe me, we'll check these new angles thoroughly. But I'm still looking for Kerr. I've got a tighter case against him than against either of the other two."

Cilly sighed. "I won't argue with you on that any more," she said. "I know that Jim will be back, but I can't expect you to feel

the same way I do. That's not what I came to talk about today."

"What's new now?"

"It's about Hunter. I took it upon myself to call on Mrs. Hunter yesterday when I knew her husband was up on the roof. I thought I could wring the truth from her."

"Did you?"

"Yes," Cilly repeated the story which the woman had told her Dolan listened attentively. When she finished, he looked at her quizzically.

"Who was this fellow they rooked?" he asked. "Did she tell you his name?"

Cilly shook her head. "No, I

didn't ask her. That will be simple to find out, if you wish to question Mr. Hunter."

Dolan smiled. "You'll have to be a little more thorough before you qualify for police work, Miss Pierce," he admonished. "We found out yesterday afternoon who drove the car that knocked Hunter down. It was young Billy Harmon, the brother of that girl the Hutchins fellow is interested in."

Cilly's eyes widened in surprise. "What a small world this case involves," she murmured thoughtfully.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Short Story

RESPIRE—By Clifford D. Clevenger



"The blow landed like the crack of a whip."

WE were dining at the Tap & Spigot—George Woods and I—when the thing happened. You're never surprised when things happen at the Tap & Spigot. It's one of those places where the tables and floors are bare and where the souls of the guests are at times like the tables and floors.

"No one is wholly good or wholly bad," I was contending, but George simply laughed his high-pitched cackle, the tone he always uses when about ready to prove his point.

George had already seen the young man who was coming in the door and starting across the room to a table on the other side. The young man weaved slightly as he walked, but kept his course without too much effort. He was a big fellow, but his cheeks were already flabby, and a distinct bulge was visible at the waistline.

HE stopped at a table where a couple was drinking beer. The girl's face was hidden behind a coat of cheap makeup, but it was the man who interested me. I'd been watching him for some time. He smiled, even laughed at times, but you felt this hardly masked the yawning jaws of a steel trap which seemed ready to snap the unwary.

I'd been intending to ask George who he was. George knows everyone.

The young man leaned over the table, obviously asking for a loan. The face of the seated man changed, and I thought, "the pan has been tripped," the steel jaws are going to snap.

He shoved back his chair and rose deliberately, then faster than even I could see, he struck a terrible right-hand blow at the alcohol-bemuddled young man.

The blow landed like the crack of a whip, could be heard all over the room. Women gasped, men started, and I found myself standing up gripping the edge of the table.

THAT powerful right would have dropped most men, but it only sent the young chap back on his heels. Two more vicious hooks put him to the floor.

The steel-trap man backed toward the wall, holding his chair nonchalantly before him, ready for further trouble. The help gravitated toward the spot. The manager rushed up, apologizing to the victor while ordering the victim carried out.

I looked around. George set down his beer mug and grinned. "That's Stanley Roon," he said. George hadn't stirred. He's like that. The true observer. I know he could sit through three assassinations without missing a pulse beat.

"You mean the South American soldier of fortune who is now writing fiction?" I asked. George nodded.

I RECALLED the stories I'd heard about him. A ruthless, double-crossing revolutionist and gun-runner, a man who betrayed friends and enemies alike. He'd arrived in New York two years ago, almost

a legendary figure, and quickly flashed to the front with his colorful, breath-taking fiction. Those who claimed to know said his stuff was autobiographical.

He had no friends, no intimates, and wanted none. He abused all who came in contact with him. Reporters who tried to interview him were beaten and kicked down the stairs from his apartment.

"But I seem to remember hearing that he made friends with one young college man," I said to George. "That surely proves there's some good in him."

"You must mean Dwight Grover," George said, and I replied that was the name. I'd been away from New York for over a year and so was out of touch.

GROVER was an All-American halfback from the South-west. George explained that he was intercollegiate boxing and wrestling champion. But he came to New York and wanted to get into journalism, as he called it then.

"It's a disease that hits lots of college graduates," I said. George nodded and went on. "Grover pestered city editors all over town until finally Bud Murdock at the Blade had his patience worn out. Murdock reared back in his chair like he does when he's riled and looked up and down Grover's husky frame."

"I'd give you an assignment," Murdock said loud enough so everyone in the room could hear, but I knew you'd mutt it."

Young Grover pleaded he wouldn't so earnestly that Murdock finally told him to see Stanley Roon for a full write-up of his life.

"Grover dashed out, full of the enthusiasm of youth, and some of the boys protested about sending a lamb to the slaughter, but Murdock says that if a champion this and a champion that, can't take care of himself it's time he found it out. That seemed logical, so the boys just stuck around waiting for the corpse."

IN a couple of hours Young Grover was back with a thousand-word typewritten life of Roon, and not a blemish on him. It knocked the wind out of Murdock and he had to hire Grover at a juicy price for fear some other rag would hear about the interview and grab it. The boys pumped Grover and learned what really happened.

"It seems that Roon took a punch at Grover soon as he found out what the kid wanted, but Grover saw it coming and ducked. They went into a melee with Grover slipping and blocking punches at first and then kidding Roon with shots like, you telegraphed that one, and your arms ain't long enough."

"After 10 minutes of it Roon sat down panting and laved. He got the whole story out of the kid and then wrote the biography on the promise that Grover would teach him boxing and wrestling. Grover went up to see Roon two or three times a week for six months and taught Roon all he knew."

George paused for a moment and then went on. "Grover was a good kid and well liked all over town, but he just couldn't take it. Booze and the bright lights got him. He was drunk so much that Murdock finally had to can him."

"That goes to show that Roon isn't all bad," I protested. "He gave Grover a start."

"It wasn't a start," George said. "Just a respite. The lad Roon beat up only a minute ago was Dwight Grover."

THE END

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3. Comma.

4. "Miss Mary James."

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

LIL' ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



ASK THE TIMES

Inclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—Where, in California, is Mt. Palomar?

A—In San Diego County, about 50 miles northeast of the city of San Diego. It has an elevation of 6126 feet above sea level, and is included within Cleveland National Forest, a tract 27 miles long and from five to 12 miles wide, comprising portions of Orange, Riverside and San Diego Counties.

Q—What is the source of the quotation, "Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you?"

A—"Life's Mirror," by Madeleine Bridges (Mary Aigne Devere).

Q—When was the last total eclipse in Indianapolis? Also list the eclipses here in the last 25 years.

A—An astronomer at the U. S. Naval Observatory says that since Indianapolis was founded it has not been favored with a total eclipse of the sun. The nearest was as follows: June 16, 1803, about 94 per cent total at Indianapolis; Aug. 7, 1869, about 99 per cent; May 28, 1900, about 93 per cent; Jan. 24, 1925, about 91 per cent. These are all the eclipses which have been as much as 90 per cent total at Indianapolis since 1800.

Q—Can the importation of an article which infringes my patent be stopped, when it was made lawfully in a country where I have not taken out a patent?

A—Yes.

Q—Which canton of Switzerland is the largest?

A—The Canton of Bern has the largest population, 688,774; the Canton of Graubunden has the largest area, 2746 square miles.

YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein

American Medical Journal Editor

CANCER may be internal or external. Many people will watch a cancer grow on the surface of the body for months or years before they do anything about it. Then the outlook is hopeless.

Moreover, cancers in the interior of the body may give rise to symptoms which will be regularly neglected because they are not sufficiently severe.

When a cancer affects the brain, it reveals itself rather promptly by pressure and even by paralysis due to destruction of brain tissue.

IN association with the development of a cancer in the lung there may be coughing, the pouring of pus from the infected tissues of similar serious symptoms. Occasionally people with cancer of the brain may add years to their lives by having the skull opened and the tissue removed.

In cancer of the lung life may be extended by complete removal of the lung after it has been collapsed with pneumothorax.

A cancer in the pancreas may be detected by the development of too much insulin and by the fatigue and tiredness associated with excessive burning of sugar in the body. One expert says that nobody with a cancer of the pancreas or liver has ever survived and that only about 5 per cent of those with cancer of the stomach are saved.

SINCE every hope rests in treating a cancer at the earliest possible moment, physicians are likely to say over and over again that it is absolutely necessary for the people concerned to get to competent scientific advice as soon as possible.

The situation seems to be improving because nowadays many people are being saved who would not have been saved in a previous generation. Yet 3000 people still die every year in the United States from cancers of the skin—all of which are curable in the early stages—and 10,000 women die every year from cancer of the breast, which is curable in 80 per cent of cases if seen early.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



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POLK'S MILK

POLK'S BUTTERMILK

POLK'S COTTAGE CHEESE

POLK'S CHOCOLATE MILK

POLK'S SWEET CREAM BUTTER

POLK'S MILK