

# 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 Jim's victim.  
JIM KERRIGAN—Cilly's fiance.  
HARRY HUTCHINS—Amy's strange visitor.  
SERGT. DOLAN—Officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Yesterday Dolan persists in his theory that Kerr is the murderer. Meanwhile he tells Cilly that the man involved in Hunter's strange affair is young Billy Harmon, brother of the girl in whom Hutchins has long been interested.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR  
Cilly looked around her living room curiously. It was exactly as she had left it that morning, yet there was some subtle difference. Then she saw it. The copy of "The Last Puritan," on her end table. The book had a blue outside front cover, which clashed with the green and red of the living room. It was a silly thing to do, but she always turned the book upside down, so that the yellow back cover showed. Yellow blends much more harmoniously with green and red. Someone had been in this apartment and picked up that book.

Someone who had been very careful. The book was not exactly the same when she left it, but it had been turned right side up. Probably not another person in a hundred would have noticed the change. It was just that Cilly had a sixth sense of color, much more intense than the average.

She stepped back toward the foyer, a little nervous at first, and flooded the kitchen with light. Then she walked to the bedroom, lighting the way before her. Nobody was in the apartment now, that was certain. But somebody had been there. She was sure of it. Somebody had searched the place very thoroughly. She could tell it now, the way boxes in her bureau had been shifted just a trifle, where a lamp was turned a fraction to the right. Insignificant details all of them. She would never have realized it if it weren't for the blue and yellow book.

She recalled the pleasant way Sergeant Dolan had ended the interview that morning.

"See here, Miss Pierce," he had said, "you've been worrying too much about this case. You need a little relaxation. So far, for that matter. . . . Tell you what, I'm going to take you over to the St. George for lunch, and then you're going to a movie."

So that was it. How nicely he had put it over! Quite unsuspecting, and not a little pleased to have company at lunch, she had agreed to his plan. She had spent three hours at the theater (Sergeant Dolan had left her there alone because he had some important work) while the police very thoroughly and very painstakingly searched her apartment.

She smiled, nevertheless. The Sergeant hadn't gained anything through his pleasant little ruse. There was nothing here for him to discover now. She congratulated herself on having burned Jim's postcard and the newspaper clipping Amy had clutched.

The front doorknob rang at that moment and Cilly went to answer it, wondering who could be calling on such an afternoon. It was Harry Hutchins.

"Hello, Priscilla," he beamed brightly. "Thought it was such a rotten day that you'd appreciate company."

"How nice!" Cilly replied with a cut warmth. She would have appreciated almost any company, but not Harry Hutchins. She led the way into the living room and offered him a chair with scant cordiality.

"I found a nice little place down on Shore Road where we can have dinner together," he offered amiably, assuming that the idea would delight any girl. "How does that suit you?"

"Not very well, I'm sorry to say," Cilly replied. She groped for a hasty excuse, then gave up the idea. Why bother to make excuses? Why let him know once and for all that she did not want any association with him? "I really planned to dine at home this evening—alone," she finished, with special emphasis on the last word.

As soon as the words were out, she felt a little ashamed of her rudeness, but Harry was completely unfurled.

"Well, now that's too bad," he remarked. "You know, I'd enjoy dining with you, Priscilla. You're a delightful person—a charming and intelligent woman. That's a combination a fellow doesn't often meet these days."

To bad I haven't Gloria Harmon's money, too, Cilly thought sourly. His flattery left her cold.

Cilly hesitated to reply. For some inexplicable reason she resented his questioning. It wasn't as if he had been genuinely fond of Amy: His interest now was merely morbid curiosity, and she determined not to satisfy it.

"As far as I know," she said, elaborately casual, "the police have discovered nothing of any importance. Of course, we've all been questioned thoroughly—the entire household was summoned to head-

quarters yesterday—but nothing came of it."

"Haven't they any suspects?"

Cilly shrugged. "I suppose you might say we're all under suspicion. Any man in the house could have done it."

"I read in last night's paper that someone actually saw it happen."

"Yes. One of the tenants in the St. Ann, across the way, was sitting at the window just at the moment."

"Couldn't she identify the man?"

"Hardly. It was quite dark, you remember, and she saw him only for an instant, as one of the ship's searchlights passed over the roof."

Harry shook his head wonderingly and sighed. "It's a tough case, all right," he admitted. "Poor Amy!"

He reached into his pocket for cigarettes, offered one to Cilly.

"Do you know," he said with studied carelessness, "there's something back of all this."

"You think so?"

"REMEMBER?" Harry reminded, "that you and I saw Amy in different lights. She frequently intimated to me that there was a cloud hanging over her life."

He flicked the ash from his cigarette with exaggerated nonchalance. Then:

"Sorry, didn't it seem to you that she and Kerrigan were startled to see each other?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know how to explain it. I appreciate your feeling for Jim, of course, but somehow or other it occurred to me when you introduced him to Amy that she recognized him. And during the entire evening there seemed to be an un-dercurrent of familiarity between them, as if . . . ."

"I suppose you're trying to tell me

"I'm very sorry, Priscilla," he offered graciously.

She turned her back on him and walked over to the window, waiting for him to go. He stepped out into the tiny foyer and picked up his hat and umbrella. At the same moment, the outside front doorknob rang. Cilly made a move to answer it.

"Don't bother!" Hutchins told her.

"I believe that's the taxi for me. I ordered a cab, thinking you might join me."

He crossed the foyer and pressed the front door buzzer.

"Well, good evening, Priscilla," he said in parting. "Sorry about all this."

"Goodby," Cilly corrected icily.

She stood there for a moment after he had left, her brows knit together in puzzled consideration.

Suddenly her eyes gleamed with a bright eagerness; she went swiftly into the bedroom and began rummaging through her lower bureau drawer.

"I suppose you're trying to tell me

(To Be Continue)

## Daily Short Story

THE OFFENDERS—By Hilary Scott

MARIA DECOSSA felt a premonition of impending danger. From where this strange, unknown danger might strike she did not know; and had she been questioned by her ever attentive Pierre she would merely have told him quietly, "I feel it, mon cher."

Maria stood in the doorway of their crude log cabin on the bank of the Nottagami River listening to the song of the turbulent water as it hurried by in an endless journey to the Big Sturgeon. She knew that Pierre was breaking the law, trapping out of season. She knew of his constant fear of the North-West Mounted Police and her own growing terror tonight of the possibility of Pierre's being taken from her to serve a sentence for illicit trapping. But they were law-breakers only from necessity; she kept telling herself over and over again. If only the Mounties knew how much they needed the money—if they could only understand.

How often she had asked Pierre! How many times she had said to him:

"BUT it is so wrong, Pierre? I surely . . . when we need the money so very much. Mon Dieu! If these police could, but understand. If we could but tell them, why we mus' kill the beaver. Of a certainty . . . ."

And just as many times Pierre had replied:

"Non, ma petite. They would tell us it is wrong to trap before this time. But come de Dieu! We mus' have these mames—these hairy French beaver blood would surge wildly to his temples and his dark eyes would flash dangerously. Then no more long frozen winters in the North for her and Pierre. Presently Maria felt cold. She went inside the cabin, closing the door behind her. The early dusk cast an eerie gloom around the small, poorly furnished room which comprised their home.

And just as many times Pierre had replied:

"Non, ma petite. They would tell us it is wrong to trap before this time. But come de Dieu! We mus' have these mames—these hairy French beaver blood would surge wildly to his temples and his dark eyes would flash dangerously.

For two years Maria had hidden with her husband in northwestern Ontario, living frugally in their isolated cabin by the Nottagami on the edge of the new prospecting belt of the province. Life was hard. There was nothing in the way of relief from the dreadful monotony. The two of them had practically lost track even of time itself, except to know the seasons.

WHAT was it now? For the last couple of years. Fortunately callers had been few.

But yesterday old Sam Aronson had stopped at their cabin again, making his third visit within two weeks. Oh, Aronson was a sly one, he was.

Maria trembled even now, remembering what he had said:

## Mind Your Manners

Test your knowledge of correct social usage by answering the following questions, then checking against the authoritative answers below.

1. When one is invited to a holiday dinner he is usually expected to stay longer afterward than the prescribed half hour after an ordinary dinner?

2. Is it all right for the hostess to give the host directions while he carves at table?

3. Is she responsible for carrying the burden of conversation while he carves?

4. Is the host in short of stature to sit right for him to stand while he carves?

5. With a large bowl should the meat be carved from the thigh bone before serving?

What would you do if—

You were carving a turkey at table and wished to know the guest's choice of pieces?

A. What kind of meat do you like?

B. Do you prefer light or dark meat?

C. Which piece do you want?

Answers

1. Yes. 2. No. 3. Yes. 4. Yes. 5. Yes.

Best What Would You Do? solution—B.

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## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



LIL' ABNER



—By Al Capp

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Al Capp

ABBEY AN' SLATS



—By Al Capp

ASK THE TIMES

By Dr. Morris Fishbein  
American Medical Journal Editor

In close a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of race 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 do house flies lay their eggs?

A—Upon horse and hog manure, chicken dung, and to some extent in cow manure. They also lay eggs on a great variety of decaying vegetable and animal matter, but of the flies that infest dwelling houses, in cities and on farms, the larger proportion come from horse manure. Accumulations of organic material on the dumpings grounds of towns and cities often produce flies in great numbers. The eggs are laid in clusters and are easily dislodged.

Q—How many acts of Congress were passed by the Congress in recent years, and how many did President Roosevelt Veto?

A—Congress passed 973 measures, and the President vetoed 40 of them. Two were passed over his veto. He vetoed 17 while Congress was in session and 23 after it adjourned.

Q—How many persons lost their lives in the Conways' theater fire in Brooklyn? What was the date?

A—The fire, Dec. 5, 1878, caused the death of 283 persons.

Q—What novels of Sir Walter Scott are included under the title "The Waverley Novels"?

A—All of them, except the tales entitled "Aunt Margaret's Mirror," "The Laird's Jock," and "The Tattered Chamber."

Q—Has the Federal Reserve Board moved into the new Federal Reserve Building in Washington?

A—Yes; on Aug. 8, 1937.

Q—What is the average weight of grouse?

A—The Bureau of Biological Survey has records of grouse ranging from 20 to 25 ounces.

Q—Where is the State University of Kentucky?

A—In Lexington.

Q—How many atoms are in a molecule?

A—The number varies in every form of matter. Two or more atoms come together to form a molecule;

a molecule of water consists of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Molecules of different substances are