

OUT OF THE RIGH

By Marion White

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRISCILLA—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 Dolan persisted in his theory that Kerr is the murderer. Meantime he told 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 in exactly the same place she had 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 Sergt. 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 do I, 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 unexpected, and not a little pleased to have company at lunch, she had agreed to his plan. She had spent three hours at the theater (Sergt. Dolan had left her 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 had anything to say 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 doorbell 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 without 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 not 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 unruffled.

"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."

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

Lowering his voice, he asked in a more gentle tone: "Any new developments in solving your unfortunate affair?"

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 that 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."

"Some other man, of course." He flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Then," "Say, didn't it seem to you that she and Kerrigan were started 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 undercurrent of familiarity between them, as if."

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that Jim Kerrigan was the secret trouble in her life?" Cilly flared with blinding sarcasm. She was white with anger, not so much because of Hutchins' insistent questioning, but rather because he had come so close to the truth. What right did he have to dig into Jim's past?

"Now, Priscilla, I didn't say that!" he placated. "What I really thought

"I'm not in the least interested in your thoughts about anything," she said haughtily. "Neither do I intend to sit here and listen to your malicious gossip concerning the two people in the world who meant most to me. Now if you will be so kind as to excuse 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 doorbell 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."

"Goodbye," 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.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Short Story

THE OFFENDERS—By Hilary Scott

MARIA DECOSE 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 Surgeon. She knew that her Pierre was breaking the law, trapping out of season. She knew of his constant fear of the Northwest 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. It 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 is it so wrong, Pierre? 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 must keep the beaver. Of a certainty."

And just as many times Pierre had replied:

"Non, ma petite. They would tell us we're wrong to trap before this time. But Non, dieu! We must have those moose. Then his fiery French-Canadian 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.

THAT was how it had been for the last couple of years. Fortunately, the last few days had been better. But yesterday old Sam Aronson had stopped at their cabin again, making his third visit within two weeks. Old Aronson was a sly one, he was.

Maria trembled even now, remembering what he had said:

"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."

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



LIL' ABNER



—By Al Capp

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Blosser

ABBIE AN' SLATS



—By Raeburn Van Buren

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 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 kind that infest dwelling houses, in cities and on farms, the larger proportion come from horse manure.

Accumulations of organic material on the dumping grounds of towns and cities often produce flies in great numbers. The eggs are usually laid in clusters and are easily discernible.

Q—How many acts of Congress were passed by the Congress in the session recently ended, 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 Conway theater fire in Brooklyn? What was the date?

A—The fire, Dec. 5, 1876, 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 Tapestry Chamber."

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

A—Yes, on Aug. 9, 1937.

Q—What is the average weight of grouse?

A—The Bureau of Biological Survey has records of grouse ranging from 10 to 29 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;

YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein

American Medical Journal Editor

IN every case in which there is irritation or rubbing and damage to the tissues, correction of that condition may prevent a cancer.

Workers in various industries, particularly those who handle tar, oils and aniline dyes, can be protected from the dangers arising from association with such products.

Good dentists will file away roughness from the edges of the teeth and make over plates and dentures which do not fit satisfactorily. By this means, cancer of the tongue and mouth can be diminished.

SMOKING has become an almost universal habit, yet a proper attention to the hygiene of smoking with the avoidance of constant and persistent irritation of certain portions of the lips and mouth would decrease the incidence of cancer in those places.

Every new growth on the skin and every old growth which suddenly begins to grow more rapidly is potentially a cancer. Growths are easily removed by the use of electric coagulation, heat, X-ray, radium or surgery. In these cases many doctors prefer surgery because it will clean out the growth completely and permanently without damaging the normal tissue.

OLD people who suddenly suffer from irritation of pigmented spots on the skin should have these attended by a competent specialist in diseases of the skin. He will occasionally remove them by the use of carbon dioxide in the form of carbon dioxide snow or he may remove them with the knife, the X-ray or radium.

Similar measures must be taken with cancers elsewhere in the body. By eternal vigilance in regard to the growths mentioned and symptoms likely to be associated with such growths, vast numbers of cases of cancer could be eliminated.

A molecule of water consists of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Molecules of different substances are of different sizes according to the number and kind of atoms. A starch molecule (one of the largest) contains about 25,000 atoms.

Q—How much has been spent on the Florida Ship Canal project, and why was the work abandoned?

A—Five million dollars was spent on this project in 1935 and 1936. Work was discontinued because Congress refused to make more funds available.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



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10-12

So They Say

Just because a wife is unfaithful once or twice, it doesn't follow that she is an unfit mother.—Judge Joseph B. David, Chicago.

They give their wives their undivided interest. That is what every woman wants.—Mrs. Edward Hillman Jr., former Lady June in

verclyde, tells why American men make the best husbands.