

# 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:** The case against Kerrigan suddenly crumbles when the Perrys return to reveal that they took him to the airport Sunday night at the time of the murder. So Dolan and Cilly agree to work "together" on the case henceforth.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

CILLY went into the bedroom and picked up the little gadget for which she had searched through her lower bureau drawer. It was a small dressmaker's awl, used years ago by her mother for marking out patterns. All along it had been a perfectly useless thing; Cilly kept it only against the possibility that it might come in handy some time. This was the time.

The little gadget not only marked off patterns very nicely, but a long time ago Cilly had found out that it cut glass without any effort and without any crash or splintering. It was going to serve that purpose now, for Cilly was going house-breaking.

Sergeant Dolan might have his compunctions about ransacking other people's homes, as he put it, but Cilly did not share them. Her best friend had been murdered, and now, although Jim was out from the shadow of guilt, the murderer was still at large. If he were not one of the tenants there were two apartments where he might hide out very nicely.

THE first was Mrs. Elliot's. It was curious about her. For an old lady, she showed very little interest in a neighborhood sensation. She must have seen the glaring headlines in the newspapers; Connecticut was not so far away. She must have recognized the picture of her own apartment house, even if she did not intend to read the story. Then why hadn't she come back?

Or could it be possible that she knew a great deal about the affair, and that she wanted to remain in hiding? If so, there should be some indication of that in her apartment. Cilly meant to find out.

It would be very simple. The fire escape from Cilly's bedroom led directly to the bedroom above. There was no street light outside the bedroom. She could very easily climb up without being noticed, for the trees outside would hide her completely. More than that: The rain which had come down in torrents all day had settled to a drizzle now, and there was a thick fog coming in from the ocean. It was a perfect night for a second-story job.

Cilly felt more elated over the adventure than frightened. True, she had never broken into anyone's house before, but some sixth sense promised her that she would discover the secret to the entire mystery tonight. It had to be in one of the apartments above; if not in Mrs. Elliot's, then in the Carruthers' on the third floor.

She wrapped herself in her dark raincoat, then pulled the waterproof hat down over her hair. The dressmaker's gadget she slipped into her pocket, then turning on the light in her bedroom, she quietly let herself out on the fire escape.

She closed the window behind her, to keep the rain out of her own room, but she very carefully left it up from the bottom about one inch. That was room enough to slip her fingers underneath and open it again from the outside, should she come back by way of the fire escape.

The flimsy iron framework shook as she put her full weight on it, and for one terrible instant she feared that it would not hold her. But apparently it was strong enough. Slowly, step by step, she climbed to the floor above, carefully feeling her way lest she slip on the wet metal. Eight steps took her halfway up, then she turned on the small platform to ascend the second half of the flight. It was like walking on greased glass.

SHE hesitated a moment as she finally reached the window of Mrs. Elliot's bedroom, and tried to pierce the gloom within the room. True, there might be a murderer hiding in there, under the bed, or in the clothes closet at the side. But Cilly did not think so now. Fearlessly she peered through the window, only to get a glimpse of the room's layout. Then she took the dressmaker's tool out of her pocket.

Very carefully she cut a semicircle in the pane of glass directly above the window's catch—just enough so that she could slip her fingers through and unlatch the window. Some day, she thought, with a smile, she would confess to Mr. Johnson and offer to pay for the broken window pane.

The small semicircle of glass fell to the floor within the room and splintered with a resounding crash. But it could not have been heard anywhere except in the apartment below, and that was her own. Cilly unlocked the window and raised it slowly. An instant later, she slid over the sill, careful not to tread on the broken glass at her feet.

She wished she had brought a flashlight, but she did not own one. She looked carefully at the window shade. . . . Good! It was as she had hoped. The windows were equipped with two sets of shades, light and dark, for this apartment faced the south and the sun shone in brightly all day. She pulled down both sets of shades; now she could turn on the light with little fear of being seen from the outside.

In the full glare of the overhead fixture, the room looked bare and cold. It lacked the cozy homeliness one usually associates with old ladies' rooms. There were no magazines on the end table, no intimate snapshots of nieces or nephews or grandchildren, no snugly cushions. . . .

even newspaper covering on the bottom. Had Mrs. Elliot moved out completely, bag and baggage, as had Mrs. Wheeler?

Next she looked into the clothes closet. Would this, too, be empty? But no, there were clothes here. Typical old ladies' clothes. A black silk dress, of no particular style. A plain cloth coat, of a slightly rusty black. A muslin slip hung on a wall bracket. Black oxfords, very large black oxfords, looking not unlike a pair of man's dress shoes, lay on the floor.

Cilly looked again. Surely there must be something else. This was only one complete outfit. Did Mrs. Elliot have no other clothes? And where were her underthings? Her house dresses? She opened the door wider, to see deeper into the closet.

Here was something! Another coat, it appeared. Cilly brought it out to the light. Why, it was a man's coat! A man's topcoat!

Cilly felt suddenly panic-stricken. Here was the solution to the mystery. Here in Mrs. Elliot's apartment, this was where a man had been hiding out, and Mrs. Elliot must have known him, else he would not have the temerity to hang his topcoat in her closet.

Mrs. Elliot knew who the murderer was. That was why she was remaining in Connecticut, until all the excitement had died down. . . .

IN the instant of that realization Cilly froze with terror. Where was the man now? How soon would it be until he returned and found

her there? Perhaps any minute now, she would see him. She would be face to face with the murderer of Amy Kerr. And she would be just as helpless as Amy had been up there on the roof. . . .

If she waited long enough, she would discover him. But what good would it be to her, if she never lived to accuse him?

Quickly she put the topcoat back into the closet. Her hand shook violently. She knew only one thing: That she wanted to get out of this apartment and downstairs just as fast as ever she could. She did not dare go out into the other rooms to search for more clues. She would call Sergeant Dolan immediately and let him do that.

Somewhere a board creaked suddenly. Cilly spun around and stared outside, into the darkness that was the living room beyond. She could see nothing. She stood still for one dreadful moment. She must go over to the doorway and switch off the light, yet she hesitated. For some reason she didn't want to be left in that dark bedroom to find her way back to the fire escape.

And even as she thought this, her eyes widened in horror. She tried to scream, yet the very breath choked in her throat. For a man's hand—a large, powerful hand—reached in from the living room and turned off the light instead.

The next instant, she felt that hand around her throat, and she was dimly conscious of the odor of damp tweeds. . . .

(To Be Continued.)

## Daily Short Story

TRADITION—By G. C. Coler

LELIA WARREN was a singer of great ability. She could also do a fairly creditable dance if the occasion called for it, which was not so infrequently. Her mother had been in the profession before her.

In fact, some of the earliest recollections Lelia could muster were of backstage life, of constant traveling with one act or another, with fat times and lean times coming in succession with almost clock-like regularity.

Sometimes Lelia hated the life. What, she asked herself on these occasions, does it all add up to? A life spent entertaining other people, of giving so much of yourself that you were too tired to be entertained by someone else. It might be better to put it all behind, get a job as a clerk in a store or something like that.

These low spots usually didn't last very long for Lelia. The feel of an audience was the breath of life to her—it seemed almost as though her real life was in performing, and anything away from a stage was just acting. And then she got into another branch of the business, more from accident than anything else. . . .

She was playing a split week in Newark just to keep things going until something better turned up. A scout for one of the better agents chanced to be in the audience and caught her performance. He was backstage and waiting for her before she was even off.

"IT'S the chance of a lifetime for you, Miss Warren," the scout pointed out to her. "Lloyd Brockton is sinking plenty into this new club in New York. He could use a girl like you to sing. And if I do say so myself, you wouldn't hurt the atmosphere of the place either. You've got class!"

She had natural red-gold hair, wide-set blue eyes, a short, pert nose above a positively enchanting mouth. Lelia gave little thought to these things, and in her world not many persons bothered to comment on them. She felt flattered.

"Is it a steady job and what is the salary?" she asked.

The scout laughed. "The job is good as long as the club lasts, which will be plenty long. And the salary won't be peanuts, either, Miss Warren. Lloyd Brockton isn't used to keeping mothballs in his bank roll!" The more Lelia

thought it over, the better it seemed. A steady job with good pay, and a chance to have free time of her own! In the end she signed a contract and arranged to go to work the next week. . . .

THE scout's words had, strangely enough, been true—every one of them. At 28 Lelia was still working for Brockton, although he had a new night club now.

The years had been almost too kind to Lelia. The beauty and freshness she possessed when she had first come to work at the club had matured, and Lelia was a decidedly charming woman. Brockton had steadily increased her wages. He knew that most of his patrons came mainly for the purpose of seeing and hearing his songbird!

Roger Breen was one of the many who attended the place for the above purpose. After the first two nights he practically haunted the place. It seemed almost as though Roger had taken out a permanent lease on the table nearest to the spot where Lelia would appear. It was long before he had managed to secure an introduction, and from there on things moved very swiftly indeed.

LELIA apparently bore no ill will against Roger. He was about 35, attractive if not handsome; and it seemed that he was disgustingly rich. Lelia felt his proposal coming on days before he actually came forth with it, and she had her answer all ready.

"As you point out, Roger," she answered him, "you can offer me everything, clothes, a fine home, a cultured life. I appreciate it, but I have my doubts. It's like going into another dimension for me to step out of all this into your way of living."

Roger naturally put forth plenty of good arguments for his cause. "All right, but on one condition," Lelia stipulated. "I must have the right to do exactly as I please, whatever it is. I've made it alone too long to be dependent upon anyone."

"Lelia, anything you say goes. When will we have the wedding?" Roger agreed. The night Lelia left the club it was entirely reserved for a party farewell party. Tears came to Lelia's eyes—and to Brockton's, too. But she felt she was doing the wise thing. . . .

FOR almost two years Lelia and Roger led an ideal existence. They traveled, went everywhere, consorted with all the best people on two continents. And then Lelia began to get a worried look about her eyes in unguarded moments. But it wasn't until she began going off after dinner alone almost every night, sans explanation, that Roger began to worry.

It couldn't be that she had met someone else! Roger was a man of his word—he never asked a thing or mentioned her absence. But still it had him down momentarily. He knew that at last. He decided to visit his old friend Brockton and ask his advice. If anyone knew Lelia and her ways of doing things it would be Brockton!

It was while he was waiting in Brockton's office that he heard Lelia's unmistakable voice. He looked out upon the floor. You've guessed it—it really was Lelia out there under the blue baby frock, happily singing away. Roger smiled. Lelia wasn't unfaithful to him or to her promise.

Roger was an understandable man. He knew that at last, and not surprisingly, tradition had caught up with Lelia!

## THE END

The characters in this story are fictitious.  
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## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



LIL ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



—By Raeburn Van Buren

## ASK THE TIMES

Enclose 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—When did former Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin make his speech to the Youth Movement in England?

A—On May 19, 1937, before 7000 members of the Youth of the Empire Movement at Albert Hall, London, England.

Q—What is a trade-last?

A—The term is used to express the idea that the speaker has heard a comment about the person addressed which he will repeat in exchange for a compliment repeated about himself.

Q—Who played the title role in "Kid Galahad," and who played the role of Edward G. Robinson's sister?

A—Wayne Morris played the title role. Jane Bryan was "Marie," sister of "Nick Donati" played by Edward G. Robinson.

Q—Where was the 1936 Army-Navy football game played, and what was the attendance?

A—At Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 28, before a crowd estimated at 102,000.

Q—How many Jews dwell in the District of Columbia?

A—Based on estimates made in 1917 and 1927 there are approximately 25,000 Jews in the District of Columbia at the present time.

Q—When did the Ford Motor Co. cease manufacturing Model T autos?

A—With the production of No. 15,000,000 on May 26, 1927.

Q—Can slogans be copyrighted?

A—No, but they can be protected by incorporating them as part of a registered trade mark.

## YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein

WITH the coming of new industries, new chemicals and new methods into modern life, we adopt procedures far too frequently without any realization of their effects on health.

The job on which you work, no matter what it happens to be, carries with it some degree of danger or exposure. If you are an office worker, you are concerned with conditions of temperature and humidity. If you are out in the shop, your problems may be much more serious.

The idea that industry may be a hazard to health is not a new one. In October, 1933, the world celebrated the 300th anniversary of the birth of Bernardino Ramazzini, the first man to establish the study of industrial diseases as a medical science. Today the control of industrial disease has become a specialty in medicine and the job of the industrial physician or surgeon is one of the most significant in medical practice.

SOMETIMES industrial complaints arise simply from the limitations of the human body. In a British bakery there was a girl whose job it was to smell every egg after it was opened and before it was used. After one hour of egg smelling she found it impossible to continue the work.

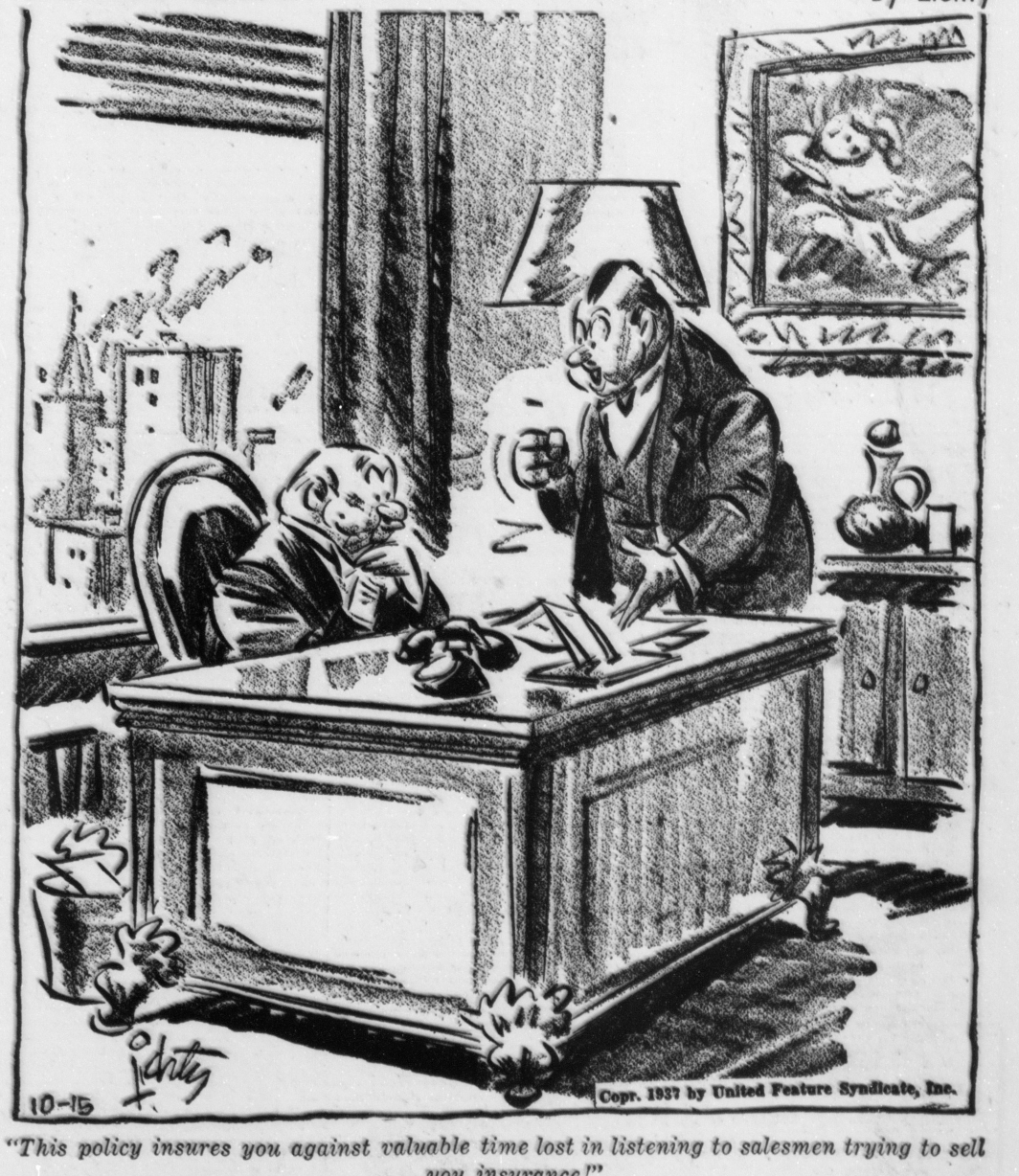
Operators of pneumatic hammers in the stone-cutting industry find that their fingers may be affected by the continuous vibration.

ONE of the first steps for health in industry is to be sure that you are physically fit for your job before you take it. Of particular importance in many jobs is the vision and the bearing of the person concerned. In a job requiring heavy lifting there is the danger of hernia or rupture.

All of these problems concern the industrial doctor and make it necessary for him not only to know the industry in which he works, but the adaptability of the worker to the industry.

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



## Mind Your Manners

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

1. What is wrong with the introduction, "Mr. James, this is Miss Moore?"
2. Is "I want you to know" a less formal introduction than "May I present?"
3. May a person who has been introduced to another say "I'm happy to make your acquaintance?"
4. If you are introducing a young married woman and a much older unmarried woman whose name should be spoken first?
5. In introducing a woman and a Catholic priest is it correct to present her to him?

What would you do if—Someone wants to introduce to you a person in whom you have no interest in him?

- A. Say, "I don't have the least desire to meet him?"
- B. Show the stranger by a disinterested acceptance of the introduction that you are not interested in him?
- C. Acknowledge the introduction graciously?

## Answers

1. It is backwards. The man should be presented to the woman.
2. Yes.
3. No. "How do you do" is the correct way to acknowledge an introduction.
4. The older woman's.
5. Yes, that may be done.

Best "What Would You Do" solution—(C.)



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