

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 fiance.
HARRY HUTCHINS—Amy's strange visitor.
SERGEANT DOLAN—officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Yesterday, Cilly is saved at the last possible second when Sergeant Dolan enters Mrs. Elliott's apartment. But her tacker escapes. She is returned to her apartment to await police protection for the night. And then three sharp rings at the door—Jim's ring!

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

CILLY! Oh, my darling, I never knew what happened . . . I never knew . . . I didn't see a newspaper until half an hour ago . . .

Jim's arms were around her, a bulwark against fear and uncertainty and death itself, and Cilly was sobbing hysterically on his shoulders. Sobbing with wild abandon because she was so utterly, supremely relieved. No matter what might occur now, Jim was here, at last.

"There's so much to explain, dear," he went on, "so much that I couldn't tell you before."

"And so much that I wanted to tell you," Cilly replied.

Her sobs stopped abruptly. Briefly she recounted the developments of the last few days, the search for Jim.

"My God, Cilly," he cried desperately, "it terrifies me to think what the law can do to an innocent man . . . Where would I be now if the Perrys had not met me? In jail, like my poor father, only I'd be a murderer. Listen to me, Cilly, I've got to tell you the whole story."

"Just this. Amy knew the old hickety pretty well. Frequently she rode out through the mountains and stopped at his shack. She'd been kind to him. The day of the robbery, she saw him in town. She told him of some old suits of mine which he might have if he wanted to stop for them. He did, that afternoon. It was getting late and she suggested that he sleep in the room over our garage for the night. But he was in a hurry to get home, he told her.

"I doubted whether he ever reached home that night, Worth had run him down, perhaps, and then conceived the bright idea of changing personalities. That's where I've been this week to Smokey Joe Barlow's shack. And none of the others were there. He never reached home. Knowing that, we can have the body disinterred and identified more accurately . . ."

"But what about Worth?" Cilly begged nervously. "Did Amy tell

you who he was? Did all the proof she gathered die with her?"

"No, thank God," Jim said earnestly. "She was prepared against any emergency. Every fact she unearthed is in a safety deposit box at the National Trust Company's downtown branch. The key to the box is in her desk at Ames & Wakefield."

"Did she really find Worth?"

"She did. What's more, she gathered enough evidence to send him to prison. There was to be only one thing . . . she had to be able to prove he was Worth. The man had been declared legally dead, you know. However, last Saturday she saw an item in a Bluefields newspaper which finally opened her eyes. Some had been missing for months. Amy felt sure it was his body which had been mistaken for Worth's . . ."

"She did what she had to do. She sent me to Bluefields immediately, which finally opened her eyes. Some had been missing for months. Amy felt sure it was his body which had been mistaken for Worth's . . ."

"I FOUND that clipping, Jim," Cilly cried. "It was still in Amy's hand when I reached her. She explained how and why she had burned it to ashes."

"It was the final link, apparently, in Amy's chain of evidence against Worth. That is—if her suspicion were true. That's why she sent me to Bluefields immediately, to check for her, while she kept her eye on Worth here in New York. She was so terribly afraid he'd beget to get suspicious . . ."

"So did you find out in Bluefields?"

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(To Be Continued)

Daily Short Story

ABOUT FACE—By Elise Winters

CILLY nodded understandingly. The court record said Jim went wild.

"Well, Dad was convicted. We hadn't a shred of evidence to save him—at least nothing that would stand a chance in court. There was only one thing—one intangible fragment of Amy's imagination, our lawyer called it. Nevertheless, she stuck to it, she followed her own little clue right through—to the end, for her."

"What was that clue, Jim?"

"The day before the theft, she was visiting some friends in Ossendorf—that's about 20 miles from Bluefields. One of the girls was leaving for the East, and Amy went to the airport to see her off. There in the ticket office, she heard a man order a ticket on the regular plane three days later—a ticket for Chicago. The man's voice sounded familiar to her. She remembered it as one which had answered Dad's wire at the bank. We decided it must have been a fellow named Worth—a new man at the bank—the only one Amy would not have recognized by sight."

"Where is he now?"

THAT'S the joker. The very night of the robbery, Worth's body was found in a ravine some few miles out of Bluefields, pinned under his overturned car. He had been burned pretty badly, but the body was identified to the satisfaction of the court. Call it what you will, Amy believed that Worth had taken the bonds and skipped to Chicago. True, the court said there was no sign of the stolen bonds in the burned car. And whose body was it, if not Worth's? People don't just disappear in a town like Bluefields.

"So Amy went to Chicago, on a wild goose chase, our lawyer said. Imagine tracing a voice! By this time my father was serving a sentence, and I wanted to be the one who defended him most. He begged, and pleaded with me to leave Utah and start life somewhere else. The police were still watching me, day and night, trying to trace the bonds through me. They've never been found."

JIM caught his breath a second, then went on.

"Naturally, I wouldn't listen to Dad at first, then it got to a point where he made such a fuss every time I visited him that the prison authorities refused my admission. Finally, our family doctor, Dr. Blythe, told me to go away at least, if not for other reasons, than to set father's mind at rest. I did. Through a friend in Chicago, I got this job in New York. I disappeared completely. Not even Amy knew where I was. I kept in touch with Dad only through Dr. Blythe. That left Amy working on her own, but she wanted it that way. It was only a will-o'-the-wisp she was following, and she felt it would be better for her if her relationship to me or to Bluefields were not known by any one. Her only hope of ever getting this fellow Worth if she ever saw him again was in his believing him self-absolutely clear. Remember, Amy's suspicion never came out at the trial."

"Then you think Amy followed him here to New York?"

"I'm sure of that. When you first spoke of Amy Kerr, I wondered if it could be Amy, but it didn't seem likely. The world is a big place. Then I saw her here Sunday night. Cilly, I can't tell you how happy I was . . . we'd been outcasts

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



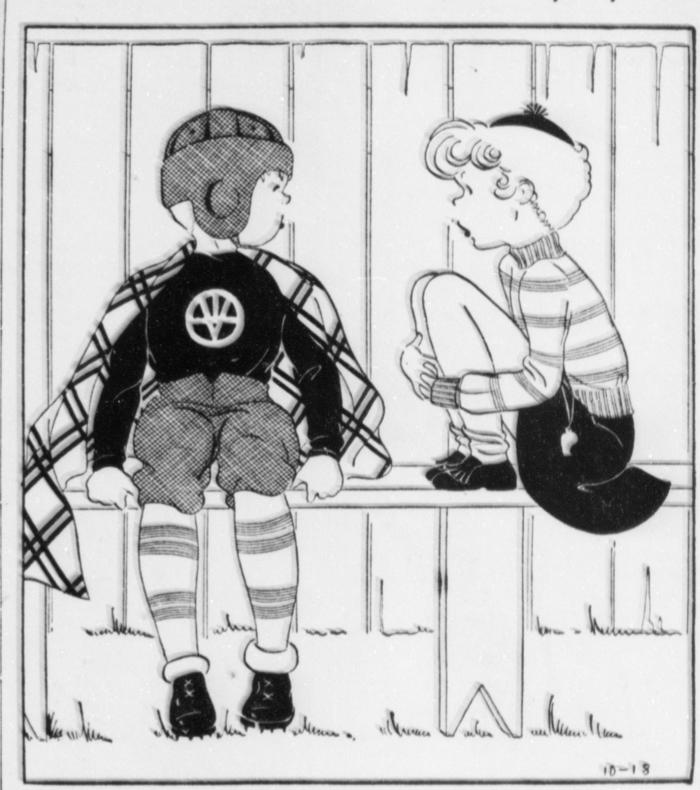
THE BEST BET

10-18

J. R. WILLIAMS

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Well, I've taught 'em everything I know, Chuck. If they don't win this game, there'll be another coach here at Third Ward next year."

—By Al Capp



LIL' ABNER

10-18

THAT'S JUST WHY I WANTED TO SEE YOU, GIRL. HE TAKES IS READING, SO EASILY, I WOULDN'T WORRY. AGNES, WILL YOU GO TO THE DANCE WITH HIM?

—By Blosser

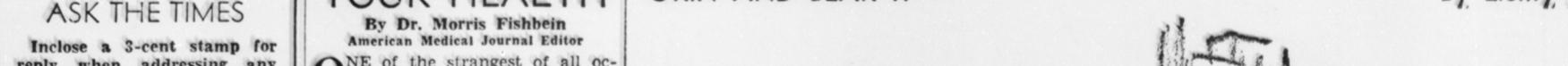


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

10-18

THAT'S JUST WHY I WANTED TO SEE YOU, GIRL. HE TAKES IS READING, SO EASILY, I WOULDN'T WORRY. AGNES, WILL YOU GO TO THE DANCE WITH HIM?

—By Raeburn Van Buren



IT REALLY HAPPENED IN FOOTBALL

10-18

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—By Raeburn Van Buren



ASK THE TIMES

10-18

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YOUR HEALTH

10-18

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GRIN AND BEAR IT

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WHEN A PERSON IS DEVELOPING COMPRESSED AIR ILLNESS

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