

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 KERRICK—Cilly's fiancé.
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. Elton's apartment. But her escape is not without a price. 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 Perry's had not met me? In jail, like my poor father, I'd be a murderer. Listen to me, Cilly, I've got to tell you the whole story."

"My father was an officer in the bank—your probably heard that much straight. You couldn't have heard that he was the squardest, finest man that ever lived. He never did a crooked thing, he never thought a crooked scheme. Never. He lost a great deal of money. It bothered him more than he let on to Amy or me. Then out of a clear sky, these bonds were stolen—negotiable bonds, which were as good as cash anywhere. My father was accused. I can't tell you what a shock it was. All my life I'd assumed blindly that you can look a man in the eye and tell whether he's honest. I laughed when they came to arrest Dad. The judge would throw the case out of court."

"But it wasn't that way at all. Those lawyers—state lawyers—built up the most intricate, the most infallible case! Step by step, they proved my father guilty. . . . Step by step, yet we knew, Amy and Dad and I, that none of it was true! We were helpless, hopeless. It drove me mad at times. There were days when I wanted to choke the breath out of those lawyers for their insinuations, their tricky sarcasm. . . ."

CILLY: Nodded understandingly. The court record said Jim went wild.

"Well, Dad was convicted. We didn't have a shred of evidence to save him—at least nothing that would stand a chance in court. There was only one thing—some 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 Ogden—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 who 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'd been burned pretty badly, but the body was identified to the satisfaction of the court. Call it woman's intuition or what you will, Amy believed that Worth had taken the bonds and skipped to Chicago. True, she 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. He was badly shaken by one trial, and I seemed to be the one who disturbed him most. He begged, he pleaded with me to leave Utah and start life somewhere else, where I wouldn't be linked to him. The police were still watching me, day and night, trying to trace the bonds through me. They've never been found."

JIM: Coughed 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 me admission. Finally, our family doctor urged me to go away, for a time at least, if for no other reason 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 indeed he were still alive, was in his believing himself 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 my 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

so long. I wanted to tell you then and there, but Amy warned me. Anyway, I slipped her that note your sergeant found and I met her upstairs on the roof as soon as I left you. There was so much I wanted to know. . . ."

"Did she really find Worth?"

"She did. What's more, she gathered enough evidence to send him to prison. There was 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—she got them regularly—which finally opened her eyes. Some old hermit in the mountains was missing, 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 buried it.

"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 begin to get suspicious. . . ."

"What did you find out in Bluefields?"

"Just this. Amy knew the old hermit 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 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."

"Amy 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 my clothes 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

"(To Be Continued)

Daily Short Story

ABOUT FACE—By Elise Winters

FRANKIE reached his hand back and wiped some of the dust from the rear window of the little black coupe so that he could see the swiftly disappearing concrete behind the wheels of the car through the rear-view mirror. For a long time he had been waiting to snatch glances at the deserted road, alternating from front to rear.

Then he laughed, pulled his hat brim lower to shield his eyes from the western sun, ahead and jammed his foot down hard on the accelerator. The little coupe jumped ahead as though propelled from some giant sling.

The small blond girl covered closer in the corner of the seat. Frankie could see that she was mortally afraid, and somehow it tickled him. He checked an impulse to throw some comforting word her way. He'd leave that kindness stuff to some guy that couldn't take it high, wide and handsome!

HE bent his concentration upon his driving as the hurtling car began nosing its way through a few curves and slight grades. It would be silly at this stage of the game to take chances of cracking up just when they were in the clear!

He slowed down slightly and snatched a glance at the girl when the sound of muffled sobs reached him. She was huddled up now with her face in her hands just crying softly and steadily. He sneezed in disgust.

"For Pete's sake, what's all the weeps about?" he asked angrily. "You're all right, aren't you?" The girl didn't move or bother to answer and Frankie let it pass for another mile or so. Then he stopped the car and pulled off the road after spotting a clump of trees. He grasped the girl by the shoulders.

LISTEN, rain-in-the-face, stop that blubbering and listen to me. We need gas, and I need you to help me get it. If you don't want to play ball you can scam right now. I got no use for a weepy dame anyhow."

The girl sniffed and shook herself free of his grasp. "What do you want now?" she questioned.

"She asks me what I want now!" Frankie exploded with heavy sarcasm. "You don't want to be a petty larceny dame all your life do you?" The girl shook her head.

"All right then. I took you on this bank job because I liked you, see? I'm smart. You thought out the job, stole this short we're riding in, thought of putting mud on the plates so they couldn't be read, got us away this far? Little Frankie!"

"I'm afraid, Frankie. I don't want to do 20 years in anybody's jail! Why can't we hide out around here some place?"

THAT'S a dame for you!" Frankie derided. "The city's the best hiding place in the world. Besides, we got to get rid of some of this big dough before it gets too hot. Are you sticking?"

The girl looked at the expanse of empty country on all sides of them. "I'll stick," she agreed. Frankie nodded.

"All right, the next one of these black gas stations we come to we're going to heat for some gas. He explained the exact method to follow while the girl absorbed the details. Frankie's foot on the brake pedal brought the coupe to a smooth stop in front of the little shack with the gas pumps in front of it. He jumped out to meet the attendant with a drawn gun. He looked swiftly about.

"All right, brother, into that back room!" he instructed tersely. The man was fascinated by the sight of the pistol. He backed through the doorway, his hands elevated.

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 & Wakenfield."

"Then you can get it the first thing in the morning? Tomorrow?"

"Cilly stopped abruptly. Upstairs she heard someone walking around. Was it the special officer, or had Dolan returned? "That might be the Sergeant," she added. "He'll want to question you immediately, Jim."

JIM jumped to his feet. "I don't want to see him, Cilly. Not yet. I want to go over Amy's evidence before the police do." He smiled a little sheepishly. "I'm still afraid of the technicalities of the law, dear, in spite of your legal brain. Do you suppose you could get that key for me the first thing tomorrow, so that I can open the deposit box before the Sergeant sees me?"

"Surely. We could get it tonight, if you want. . . . no, I couldn't go. Dolan will be back here any minute, with. . . I mean, to talk to me." She didn't want to tell Jim of the policeman who was coming to guard her. There was no need to worry him. . . . "But I have a key to Amy's office, Jim. Why don't you go right over. Tell the watchman in the Cannon Building that you're a friend of mine. . . . Here, the key is in the secretary's. . . ."

She got it out, handed it to him. He clenched his hand around it tightly, and tears sprang into his eyes.

"Think of it, Cilly," he murmured shakily. "This is the key which will unlock my father's cell. . . ."

The next minute he was gone, and Cilly sat down on the divan to wait Sergeant Dolan. She wouldn't tell him anything about Jim's visit, she decided. She would say only that Jim would see him the first thing in the morning.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright, her eyes staring into the bedroom beyond. The window to the fire escape, the one she had so carefully left open only one inch, was now half-way open and the curtains were blowing in the breeze!

THE BEST BET

LIL ABNER

YOO HOO AGNES! WE'RE GOING OUT TO THE BEAUTY PARLOR. WANT TO COME?

OH NO-NO-NO! THANK YOU, BUT I'M NOT GOING. I'M WAITING FOR YOUR WOOD-SHEDDING.

IS YOO SHIRLEY?

Y-YES-YES-YES! OH-EXCUSE ME FOR CRYING, BUT I'M SORRY. MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND. I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH A MAN?

WAL-NOT EXACTLY. THAT'S ONE FELLA BACK HOME. NAME OF ABRAHAM GOOCH. WHICH HE LIKES A LOT. IF HE'D WASH A LIL OFFENER, AH MIGHT LIKE HIM MORE BUT AH DOUBTS IT!

WELL-IM TERRIBLY IN LOVE WITH A BOY AT HALE COLLEGE, NEAR HERE. HE'S INVITED ME TO HIS FRAT DANCE TONIGHT-BUT (SOS?) I MUST STAY IN AND STUDY. SO HE'LL TAKE SOME OTHER GIRL AND WE'LL FALL FOR HER.

DON'T TAKE ON SO, SHIRLEY. MEBBE TH OTHER GAL WON'T BE EVEN AS PURTY AS YO. THEY COMES THEM BAD SOMETIMES!

THAT'S JUST WHY I WANTED TO SEE YOU-IF THE GIRL TAKES IS REALLY HOME, WOULDN'T WORRY AGNES? WILL YOU GO TO THE DANCE WITH HIM?

THE PAPER! IT REALLY HAPPENED IN FOOTBALL! WATCH FOR A NEW FEATURE: TWICE A WEEK DURING THE FOOTBALL SEASON, STORIES, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ABOUT UNUSUAL AND HUMOROUS THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED ON THE GRIDIRON. WILL APPEAR IN THIS COMIC AS A SUPPLEMENT TO THE FOOTBALL STORY NOW RUNNING.

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



LIL ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



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—Were machine guns used extensively in the Civil War?

A—Previous to the World War machine guns did not have a prominent place in the armaments of contending forces. In 1861, Gatling invented a machine gun which might be termed a revolving rifle and it was used to some extent in the Civil War.

Q—Is a watermelon red inside before it is cut?

A—There is no such thing as color unless there is an eye to see it. Therefore, it is perfectly proper to say that a watermelon is not red inside until it is opened so that light can enter and be reflected to the eye. The character of the inside of the watermelon that reflects only the rays of light that stimulate the eye to the color red is the same before and after it is cut.

Q—What is the name for the stand on which a clergyman places the manuscript of his sermon when he preaches?

A—It is called the desk or reading desk. It is distinct from the lectern, a stand from which the scripture lessons are read or chanted in some church services.

Q—What are the religious affiliations of Mayor La Guardia of New York City, and former Mayor Jim Walker?

A—Mayor La Guardia is an Episcopalian; Mr. Walker is a Roman Catholic.

Q—What is the title of the waltz played in the first part of the motion picture, "The Emperor's Candidate?"

A—"Opera Ball."

YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein

American Medical Journal Editor

ONE of the strangest of all occupational diseases is the so-called compressed air disease, or caisson disease. Since men have been sinking caissons for bridges, piers and submarine tunnels, this disease has been a factor.

Compressed air is used to keep water or mud out of the place in which the men are at work. The water and mud are kept out by raising the pressure of air in the workroom to a figure above that of the water or mud which presses against the shell of the workroom. If the pressure is kept sufficiently high, there is always some outward leakage of air rather than a leakage of water into the room.

When a healthy, normal person enters an air lock or tank in which the pressure is raised, he first notices an effect in his ears. He can overcome this effect by swallowing or by holding his nose and blowing. If he fails to do this he may actually have a rupture of the eardrum.

It has been found that when the pressure rises sufficiently it is impossible to whistle because one cannot blow against the pressure. Furthermore, the compression of air makes heat and the worker takes off his clothes as the pressure rises and puts them on again as the pressure falls.

When a person is developing compressed air illness, he gets some symptoms which are far from pleasant. Because of the compression the blood and the tissues of the body dissolve an increased amount of air. When the pressure is suddenly decreased, bubbles of nitrogen can form, cutting off the blood supply from various parts of the body.

When this occurs the symptoms of compressed air illness develop with pain, dizziness, prostration, weakness, painful constriction of the chest, difficulty with hearing and sometimes these symptoms are mistaken for those of intoxication and workers have died through failure of those near them to recognize what was wrong.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty

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"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."

THE BEST BET

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OH NO-NO-NO