

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.
SERGT. DOLAN—officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Yesterday, Cilly hears the whole tragic story of Jim's misfortune from him. Then he leaves for Amy's office to examine her file of evidence against Worth. A moment later Cilly is horrified to notice that her window near the fire escape is now open.

CHAPTER THIRTY

HEEDLESS this time of any danger to herself, Cilly rushed into the bedroom and carefully investigated the open window. She knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she had not opened it. Someone from the outside had reached over and pushed the window up, very quietly, so that in the excitement of talking with Jim, she had not noticed. Why had it been done?

No one had entered the room. That was certain. No one could have entered while she was out in the living room beyond, in full view of this window. Then why had it been opened?

She closed the window, locked it this time. Perhaps the person intended to return by way of the open window. But that would be sheer folly... with a policeman in the apartment above, listening for any suspicious sound, such as the creaking of the fire escape under a person's weight.

SUDDENLY, Cilly saw the reason for that window having been opened so stealthily. The man wanted to hear what was being said! He might have recognized Jim, seen him come to the house. He might—oh, a thousand might-haves. The thing was that he had heard the entire case against him. Whatever suspicions had lurked in his mind were realities now. He had heard Jim's complete story. He had heard about the evidence against him in Amy's safety deposit box.

Cilly stifled a cry that came to her lips. Jim's life might be blotted out any minute, even as had Amy's. He was in terrible danger! Serious! Serious! Serious! This was a trivial matter compared to this new menace. The murderer was desperate now, else he would not have taken the chance on coming back here after having so nearly been caught in the apartment above. He would stop at nothing. And his only safety lay in getting Amy's evidence before this man who had listened at the window.

He would kill Jim to get it! She thought of the officer upstairs in the vacant apartment. But he had orders to remain there. In the end, she left a message with him for Dolan. Would the sergeant follow her to the Cannon Building, just quickly as he could? It was important, tremendously important. She took the subway to Manhattan. That was fastest. Jim, in his urgency, might have taken a taxi.

FOR the first five minutes of the trip, she was in an agony of suspense. It was as if the car were a prison, holding her backward; she pressed her body hard against the seat and beat a mad tattoo with her feet to speed the train forward. At every station she held her breath, lest she scream out her frantic demand for haste. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Jim's life was in danger. Someone he did not know, someone he could not suspect, would meet him in the Cannon Building and lead him to his death. Someone he did not know. Then, quite suddenly, every muscle in Cilly's tense body relaxed. For a long, breath-taking moment she sat there, very calm and very still. She had been asleep, and had just awakened.

She knew who the murderer was! As the train roared its way back to the river, she went back in her mind over the whole case. The pieces fitted together in a perfect pattern. What a blind fool she had been! What a stupid, unreasoning fool!

She recalled the events which followed Amy's death on Sunday night; she remembered standing in the kitchen before going to bed. And then, the most important piece of evidence in the whole case, which she had completely forgotten until this minute. The dumbwaiter. She had heard it descending slowly; passing the level of her own kitchen and continuing down to the basement. That was how the murderer had left the house. Mrs. Downey had heard him running down the stairs from the roof. He had reached the second floor, entered Apartment 2-A. And from there he had taken the dumbwaiter while Cilly stood in her kitchen, listening to it, too stunned to realize what it might mean. He must have slipped out through the basement, through some window at the rear, while Mr. Johnson was out in front with the police. How easy it had been for him to get away, to establish his perfect alibi!

Fourteenth street... Pennsylvania Station. Cilly got off the train and flew

up the stairs. The Cannon Building was just around the corner.

THE lobby was empty. Usually a night elevator man remained on duty. Yes, one of cars was coming down. Casey, the night man, stepped out.

"Hello, Miss Pierce," he exclaimed. "Tis a queer time to be coming to work now, isn't it?" Cilly dragged him back into the car. "Hurry, Casey," she cried. "I've got to get upstairs. Did you just take some one up?"

"Just this minute, ma'am. A young gentleman, it was, saying he wanted to go to your office. He had the key and all."

"Was he alone?" "Sure, he was. Not another soul's been in the building since 10 o'clock." He brought the elevator to a stop at her floor.

"Do something for me, will you, Casey?" Cilly begged hurriedly as she stepped out. "Go downstairs and get a policeman—just as quick as you can—something terrible may happen."

CASEY'S eyes widened. "Sure, miss. Can't I do something?" "No, Casey, no, thanks. Get a policeman—get two of them—but hurry!"

She ran down the corridor, turned a corner, passed her own office, and continued on to Ames & Wakefield. She noticed the light shining through the transom. Jim was there, alone, and she was in time!

Breathless, she opened the door. Jim was trying to pick out Amy's desk, according to the position Cilly had described. He spun around to face her.

"Cilly! Cilly, darling, what's the trouble?" "Jim, I know who did it! He listened, Jim, he listened at my window while you were telling me about it. He'll be here any minute, I know it. He won't let you get

hold of that evidence. Jim, he'll kill you!"

Jim reached out, put his arms on her shoulders. "Cilly, darling, calm down a bit. You say you know who did it..."

THERE was a sound, a sort of scuffling, out in the corridor. Evidently, Jim ran to the door, opened it a few inches and snapped the lock, so that the door could not be opened from the corridor.

"There!" he assured her, "we're safe for the moment. Cilly, tell me, who is it? Who is it? If I could only get my two hands on him..."

"What do you think you'd do, my hero?" "Simultaneously, Cilly and Jim whirled to face this new voice. The door of Harvey Ames' private office was open; Harry Hutchins stood on the threshold, covering them both with a gun.

There was the same old cocksure smile on his lips, but his hand never wavered as it leveled the revolver at them.

"My dear Priscilla," he gloated, "nothing you have ever done has pleased me more. Now I have the two of you here together, the only two people in the world who stand in my way."

Cilly thought of Lot's wife, changed to a pillar of salt as she turned to look back. In her case, however, she had become a column of solid ice the moment she turned to see Harry Hutchins. But Jim was all fire now—all fire and fury. He sprang forward, heedless of the gun. Cilly heard the safety catch click. Only a second now—

She shut her eyes, afraid to see Jim go down before her... then she heard the shot, intermingled curiously with the sound of crashing glass.

(To Be Concluded)

Daily Short Story

HANDY GRANDMA—By Richard Winkler

SOME people seem born to be imposed upon, and because of the timidity which is their dominant personal characteristic, they are almost powerless in the hands of those people who take advantage of this weakness.

Sometimes, however, they rise above their timidity. Like Rufus Parker, you'd think a name like Rufus was enough punishment. But no, he was also naturally intrepid. His physical appearance certainly could not betray him. He was handsome, well over 6 feet, and his face contained an actual suggestion of power and firmness. Maybe it was a subconscious longing, a forerunner of what was to come.

But there were those who saw beyond Rufus' antithetic face and bearing, and these people took advantage of him. People like Mrs. De Vance and daughter Angela. Rufus Parker had come to Chicago on business. Then, too, he hoped to board the train for New York after a three-day stay in Chicago, the train that he knew Mildred Arnold would be on. Rufus hoped to change her name to Parker; but so far he had lacked courage to tell her his views on the subject.

SUFFICE it to say then, that as he alighted from the train at Chicago, Mrs. De Vance and daughter Angela were standing on the platform. An accidental encounter, of course. As Mrs. De Vance said, Rufus smilingly wondered now they had known he was coming to Chicago, when he had tried so hard to make certain that they should be the last persons to find it out. He was trapped.

Angela fascinated him. Completely. He was powerless before her slightest wish. She exerted a peculiar hypnotism over Rufus and knew it. And knew also that Rufus' business yielded a profit high enough to make him dread income tax. Which, I think, is saying enough for her motives.

"Wasn't it just too wonderful to run across you like this?" purred Mrs. De Vance.

"Wasn't it though?" Rufus managed to get out.

"I just know you children are

going to have some wonderful times together," the lady went on. "You really haven't had much of a chance lately to be together, have you?"

"Not much." Rufus doubted he could keep his vocal chords going any longer.

THEY were silent for a while as the taxi wobbled its way through the dense traffic. Rufus thought wildly for a moment of opening the door and leaving without further ceremony, but a course of action such as that demanded a man of immediate resolution—or, as Rufus consoled himself, a coward.

"You simply must come over for dinner this evening, and I won't hear of you staying anywhere else but at our house while you're in Chicago."

Through a haze of confusion Rufus, the next day, realized that he was considered engaged to Angela. Whether he had actually proposed or not, he was never quite certain.

BE that as it may, Mrs. De Vance introduced them to her friends as maritally pledged. And on the third day, in the evening of which Rufus was to leave, she informed Rufus and Angela.

"I've made up a little dinner party for tonight, Rufus, before you leave. Just a little informal affair. And we'll announce the engagement then, dears."

Have you ever seen a drowning man clutch at a straw? Neither have I, but I imagine it is similar to the way Rufus clutched at the metamorphosis. That subconscious aggressiveness was gathering strength.

In the afternoon he made a telephone call. About 5 o'clock a telegram came for him. His interested audience, as he opened it, was Mrs. De Vance and daughter Angela.

Rufus unfolded it and read, his hand shaking. "My grandmother is dead," he said simply.

"Oh, you poor dear boy!" Mrs. De Vance consoled him. "I'm so sorry for you. Is there anything we can do?"

"I'll have to leave at once," Rufus said. He packed hurriedly. Mrs. De Vance and Angela helped. Twice Rufus repeated, "Gee! Grandmother!" in a low, broken voice.

ASK THE TIMES

Enclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question 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—What proportion of Federal employees are in the classified Civil Service and the unclassified service?

A—As of June 30, 1937, the number of civil employees in executive branches, who had classified positions subject to competitive requirements of the Civil Service Act and rules was 532,073 or 63 per cent, and 309,591 or 37 per cent were unclassified.

Q—In a recent broadcast, Jimmy Fidler, the radio screen reviewer, gave five bells to "The Prisoner of Zenda." Has he ever given five bells to any other picture?

A—"The Country Doctor," "A Star is Born," "100 Men and a Girl," and "Stage Door" were given the high rating by Fidler.

Q—I would like to correspond with boys and girls who live in foreign countries. Is there any organization that sponsors such activities?

A—The International Friendship League, 41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass., promotes correspondence among students in foreign countries.

Q—What is the average annual expenditure per pupil for public school instruction in the United States?

A—It is \$64.76, ranging from \$19.93 in Mississippi to \$124.32 in New York.

Q—What is Lou Gehrig's batting average for the five mid-season All-Star baseball games in which he has participated?

A—in the five games he was at bat 15 times and made three hits, for a percentage of .200.

Q—To whom may I write for literature in the Esperanto language?

A—To Esperanto Internacia Ligo, 1244 Fifth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Q—When was Bloor-Derby china made?

A—It comes from the last period of Derby (England) china, (1815-1848), later than Crown-Derby.

Q—At what temperature will gasoline ignite?

A—About 700 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE END

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

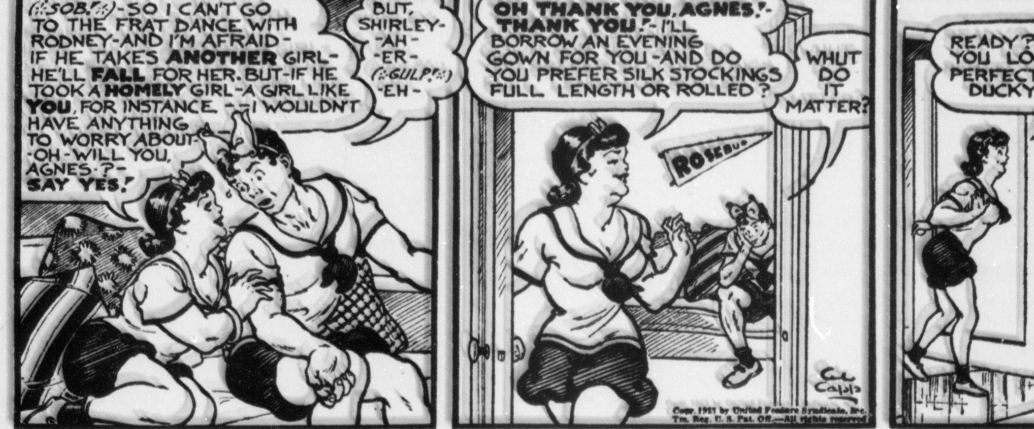
FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

LIL' ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein
American Medical Journal Editor

THE occupational hazards of women differ in several particulars from those which affect men—first because of the difference in the nature of the constitution of the woman worker and second because of the special work in which woman may be employed.

The World War increased tremendously the total amount of employment among women. In some populations, notably those of the smaller foreign countries, more than 40 per cent of women are employed. In England and Wales, in Sweden and in Belgium 25 per cent of women are employed; in the United States about 17 per cent of women work for a living.

It is well established that industrial disease will aggravate or increase the number of conditions from which young women suffer, including disturbances of the blood, the nervous system and the organs associated with childbirth.

According to the statistics published by various sickness insurance groups abroad, the women suffer much more from industrial conditions than do men. The average death rate for women in industry is higher than the general average, and also higher than the rate for men of a comparable age.

IT is found that women in industry are more susceptible to fatigue and monotony than are men. In England it was found that women employed in light work for 60 hours a week had 81 per cent more accidents than men doing the same amount of work. When the hours were reduced to 40 per week, the women still had 48 per cent more accidents than the men.

Altogether, however, it is the function of maternity which raises the greatest question in relationship to woman and work. Pregnancy hazards are greater for the woman in industry than they would be for the same woman under ordinary conditions.

Among the chief dangers to the woman at work are positions which require that the body be held in the same position—either upright, seated or bent—for long periods of time, since such permanent postures have a bad influence on the tissues.

BECAUSE of the hair and the clothing worn by women, they are much more susceptible to poisonous dusts than are men working in the same industry. Certain positions held by women, particularly clean-up jobs in large office



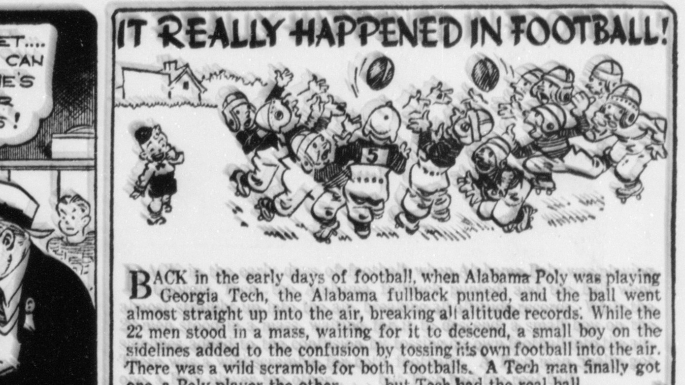
Oh, he's marvelous! I believe he'd like to give me the world with a fence around it!

Umm—watch out he doesn't give you the gate first!

—By Al Capp



IT REALLY HAPPENED IN FOOTBALL!



—By Raeburn Van Buren



GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



I know you kin read his thoughts, Butch—but wait till he hits you!



So They Say

People must support their government and not expect the government to support them.—Jesse H. Jones, RFC chairman.

International armaments are bankrupting the world.—U. S. State Secretary Cordell Hull.

to suffer from deformities of the spine and the pelvis, indicating quite definitely that women are not adapted to heavy weight carrying.

Finally, all of the diseases peculiar to women are found to be present in a much higher percentage among working women than among those who are not employed.

In some European countries where women serve as porters in the railroad stations they are observed

buildings, may keep them awake most of the night and during the day they attend to their household duties so that actually their hours of work are far longer than those of men.

Because of the hair and the clothing worn by women, they are much more susceptible to poisonous dusts than are men working in the same industry. Certain positions held by women, particularly clean-up jobs in large office