

OUT of the NIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRINCILLA 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, Mr. Johnson, the janitor, reads strange, morbid books, Cilly finds, and decides she can never quite trust him fully again. His reactions to the murder are odd, too.

CHAPTER XIV

ALL morning Cilly waited for Sergeant Dolan to put in an appearance, nervously eager to tell him of her findings. The Utah newspapers, she felt sure, led the case definitely away from Jim Kerrigan, for it proved that someone in the house was implicated. A sudden realization halted her train of thought abruptly. However, had she neglected to consider before? Mr. Johnson was the one person in the house who had the opportunity to commit the crime!

He had every reason to be up on the roof at midnight, if only to look about and see that no one was there before he locked the door for the night. And he was the only person Cilly had seen come out of the front door as she knelt beside Amy on the ground!

Why hadn't she realized that before? Based solely on circumstantial evidence, Cilly knew that she could build just as conclusive a case against the superintendent as Sergeant Dolan believed he could against Jim.

Mr. Johnson were just a normal, simple working man, why would he pore over his morbid literature there alone in his basement room? He was not sufficiently educated to find such reading easy. Cilly remembered how methodically he had spelled out each word in the simple note he had received from Mrs. Elliot. How much more difficult, therefore, he must have found it to understand the technical phraseology of his literature on insanity. What curious fascination did it have for him? What horrible, distorted ideas ran through his simple mind as he slowly and painstakingly worked out paragraph after paragraph?

However, in spite of Mr. Johnson's curious literary tastes, there was still the matter of the newspapers to be explained. Apparently they cleared the superintendent, as they cleared Jim, of any connection with Amy's death.

The funeral service for Amy Kerr was scheduled for two o'clock, so when 12:30 arrived and Sergeant Dolan had not put in his appearance, Cilly relinquished the hope of seeing him. She went into the bedroom to change into the dull black dress. It might be that the sergeant would stop at the funeral parlors, if only to look over the friends and acquaintances assembled.

Through the window, Cilly saw a taxi draw up to the house and stop in front of her window. She hurried across the room to pull down the shade.

Vaguely she was conscious that the car's motor continued to run as she combed her hair and changed her dress. Someone in the house must have called and asked him to wait. Few people from the apartment ever phoned for a taxi; it was easier to walk down to the regular stand. You only phoned when it rained—or if you had heavy bundles.

Curious, Cilly raised the shade and looked out. A woman was getting into the car; the driver struggled to adjust two bags which he put in after her. Two large suitcases, to be exact. Cilly recognized the woman as one of the tenants from above. She did not know her by name, however.

She thought it rather unusual for her to be leaving the house at this time with suitcases. Hadn't Sergeant Dolan insisted that they all remain on hand for further questioning? So he instructed Cilly.

In a flash the truth dawned. The woman was running away! She was deliberately going away to escape Sergeant Dolan's further questioning.

Quickly Cilly raised the window. "Taxi!" she called. "Taxi!" But she was just a minute too late. The car was already moving. The woman turned around, startled by the call, then leaned forward and urged the driver to greater haste. Cilly watched them disappear around the corner, annoyed at her own stupidity in letting the woman get away so smoothly.

A few minutes later, she was standing at the taxi stand on the corner, waiting for the same cab to return. She waited several minutes, growing a little nervous lest she be late for the funeral services. It was almost 1:30 when the driver finally drew up to the curb. She got into his car immediately.

"Greenwood Funeral Parlors," she directed. As he started off, Cilly started conversation.

"Quite busy this afternoon, aren't you?" she inquired. "Yeah, I am. Were you waiting long?" "Almost half an hour."

"I'm sorry, miss. I've been gone from the stand almost 40 minutes. Had to take a woman all the way down to the Atlantic Avenue Station."

"That's the Long Island Railroad, isn't it?" "Yeah, she was in a hurry to catch a train. Going out on the island somewhere, I guess."

Cilly felt a vague disappointment. Imagine trying to trace anybody who had left the Long Island Railroad station with two bags! A hundred people left on trains every minute and there were a thousand small towns on Long Island in which to hide out.

"Did the woman come from the Bayview Apartments?" Cilly pursued, nevertheless. "I thought I saw you pick up a fare there."

"That's right," the driver agreed affably. "She came from the same house where that girl was murdered . . ."

Cilly leaned forward in the car. "The police will probably be asking you about it," she commented cautiously. "I don't think they would have permitted any of the tenants to go away until they found out who killed the girl."

The taxi driver's eyes popped. "Jees!" he murmured. "I never thought of that. Say, she might 'a been runnin' away, huh?" "She might have been. Do you remember who she was?"

"Sure!" She phoned for me. Send a cab, she says, 'right away Bayview Apartments. You can bring my bell for me . . . Apartment 4-B.' So I go over and ring 4-B, and she's down in a minute, with her bags. Jees! I never thought . . ."

Apartment 4-B. That was Mrs. Wheeler, the widow. Mrs. Wheeler, who lived alone, and saw nobody go past her fire escape after the murder. Mrs. Wheeler had deliberately run away from Sergeant Dolan's questions. Why?

Cilly thought of something else. Mrs. Wheeler might have thrown away those Utah newspapers. She, too, might have let the murderer hide out in her apartment until the excitement had died down. . . .

(To Be Continued)

It would be worth my life to break through that crowd to the driveway. I know, I've hung my life in that kind of a balance before. — Robert Taylor, movie star as he stepped from a plane at Kansas City, Mo., where a great throng of admirers were waiting for his autograph.

Two obvious, but entirely undeclared wars are in progress, notwithstanding that each of them violates every principle of public morals as well as numerous formal international engagements and treaties.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

Added to the disillusion of cynics' claims that the Constitution is not sacred, someone now has a cruel theory that Cinderellas slippers actually were not glass.

OUT OUR WAY



FILLING FOOD

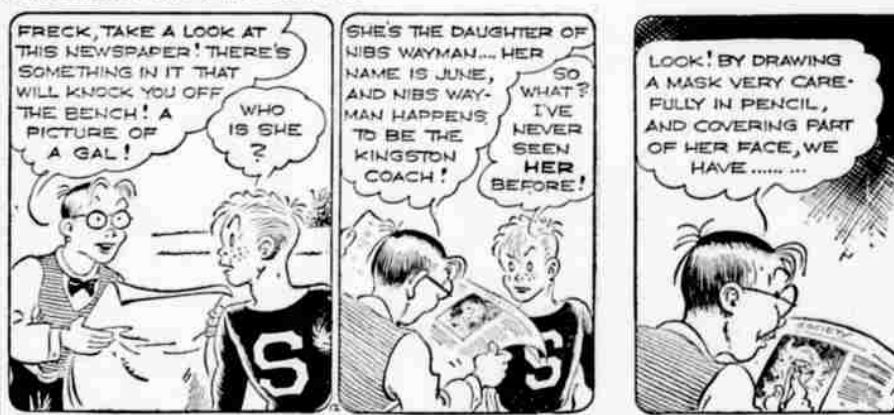
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

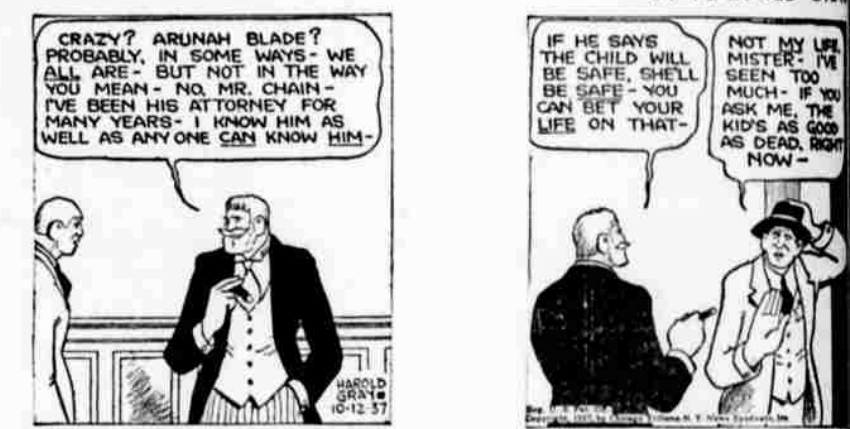


MEET SISTER LIZZIE

BY THOMPSON AND COLE



BY HAROLD GRAHAM



BY BLOSSOM



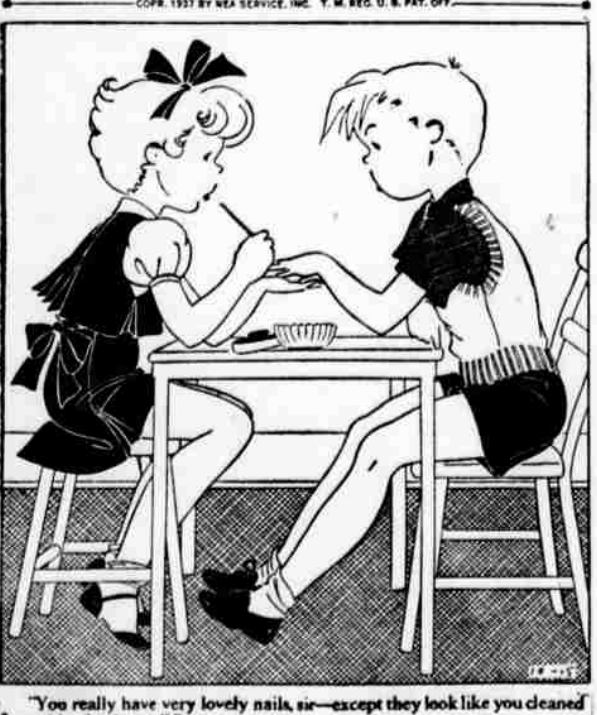
BY CRAN



BY MARION



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



You really have very lovely nails, sis—except they look like you cleaned 'em with a lead pencil!