

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

Yesterday Mrs. Wheeler, the lady in Apartment 4-B, above Cilly's, ran away. Suddenly it occurred to Cilly that she may have shielded the murderer; she may have thrown the trash papers in the incinerator shaft.

### CHAPTER XV

CONTRARY to Cilly's expectations, the funeral services for Amy Kerr were well attended. She had asked that they be held in the smallest parlor, and now the room was almost crowded.

Harry Hutchins was there, of course, and Harvey Ames. With Mr. Ames was his partner, Mr. Wakefield, and four others whom Cilly recognized as employees in the realty office. Obviously they held Amy in high regard, despite her short association with them.

Immediately following the service Cilly noticed that the steps of the funeral home were lined with photographers. For the first time she realized that the newspapers were playing the case. The murder of a young girl was always meat to the public interest. Thus far the reporters had secured very little information, either from Cilly or the police. There was, after all, little to tell of Amy, and there were no photographs.

Tomorrow's papers would probably strike a new theme. "Is the Murderer Among These Who Mourn Amy Kerr?" they might inquire, with innumerable question marks. There would be these pictures of the small group leaving the funeral parlors, with appropriate arrows to indicate Miss Priscilla Pierce, who shared the apartment with the victim. . . . Mr. Harvey Ames, employer of Miss Kerr. . . . Mr. Harry Hutchins—but no, Harry had lingered inside. Probably he had foreseen this. Harry preferred his photograph taken at the smarter places, linked with the notables, Miss Gloria Harmon in particular.

IT was not much more than an hour later when Cilly returned from the cemetery. As she turned into the entrance of the Bayview, she heard, through the open window, the ringing of her own telephone. She hastened her steps. It was Sergeant Dolan.

"Say, Miss Pierce," he said abruptly. "I'd like you to come down to headquarters as soon as you can. Something I'd like to talk to you about."

"I'll leave immediately," Cilly assured him. She hung up, a little fearful.

She went into the bedroom to freshen her make-up. She combed her hair and set her tiny little black hat at a more rakish angle. It strengthened her self-assurance.

Half an hour later, she sat opposite Sergeant Dolan in a small private office down at police headquarters.

"Any news of your boy friend?" Dolan asked her, almost before she was seated.

He flung the question at her abruptly, startling her for the moment. Her self-assurance weakened perceptibly. "No, of course not," she said, "not since—" She stopped, realizing that she was about to say: "Not since his postcard yesterday." It was just one such little slip that Dolan hoped for.

"Not since when?" he asked, instantly alert.

"Not since Sunday, of course. But I did discover something very important."

"Let's hear about it."

BRIEFLY, but in detail, Cilly told him how she came to find the Bluefields newspapers in the incinerator; she showed him the sections she had reclaimed. She told him of her visit that morning to Mr. Johnson, and of his peculiar literary tastes.

"Another thing," she said, "Detective Martin apparently forgot to consider Mr. Johnson yesterday when he was collecting alibis for all the tenants. He might very well have been up there on the roof—he goes up every night to lock the door—and he was the only one who came out of the front door after Amy was killed."

"Did you see him come down the stairs?"

"No, I didn't. I assumed that he came up from his rooms in the basement. I was looking at Amy—not at the front door. I only know that he was the only one who came out of the house before the police arrived."

Sergeant Dolan shrugged his wide shoulders.

"It doesn't look to me," he said slowly, "as if you have much of a case on Johnson. After all, if a man chooses to read up on insanity in his spare time, that doesn't make him a murderer. It doesn't even make him insane. Anyway, from your own story of the newspapers, you're ready to believe that someone upstairs is implicated."

"YES, I do," Cilly admitted. "Don't you think whoever threw away the papers knows a great deal about Amy's death?"

"Well, I'll admit it would seem so. Bluefields, Utah, is a small place. I'm willing to check more thoroughly on the tenants. . . ."

"If it's not too late."

"What do you mean?"

"You told me yesterday, Sergeant, that we were all to stand in readiness for a summons to police headquarters. Was that order for me alone, or was it given to every tenant?"

"Martin gave every tenant the same instructions."

"Nevertheless, Mrs. Wheeler in 4-B left hurriedly this afternoon with two large suitcases. I don't think she'll be back for a while."

Dolan picked up a phone from the desk. To someone at the other end he ordered: "Have Martin check up on a Mrs. Wheeler in Apartment 4-B at the Bayview. See if there's any indication that she skipped."

Replacing the phone, he turned to Cilly: "There's something peculiar in that," he said. "I particularly gave orders that no tenant was to leave the vicinity without special permission. . . . Well, we'll see about Mrs. Wheeler. Now what else did you have to tell me, Miss Pierce?"

"Nothing else, sergeant," Cilly said calmly. "But I do believe those three incidents have a tremendous bearing on the case."

"Perhaps you're right." He sat still for a moment, stumping on the table with the tips of his fingers. His eyes were calculating as they stared uncompromisingly at Cilly. Under his steady gaze, she became restless. It was with tremendous control that she remained her composure.

"Nevertheless," said Sergeant Dolan finally, "let's get back to this friend of yours—Kerrigan. How much haven't you told me about him, Miss Pierce?"

Cilly straightened. "I've told you all there is to tell," she said with dignity. "Mr. Kerrigan and I are very good friends. I am sure you will find his character and his habits entirely above reproach. You're wasting valuable time trying to cast suspicion on him."

"Did Mr. Kerrigan ever tell you?" Sergeant Dolan asked, with maddening deliberation, "that out in Bluefields, Utah, his father is serving 10 years in prison for theft?"

(To Be Continued)

All other spring wheat production was estimated at 170,415,000 bushels, compared with 170,517,000 indicated last month, 99,273,000 produced last year, and the five-year average of 187,625,000.

The condition on Oct. 1 and indicated production of corn, potatoes and flaxseed, by principal producing states, include:

This being king of the hoboes is more of a problem than King Edward of England once faced—Jeff Davis, king of the hoboes.

## OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

## MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



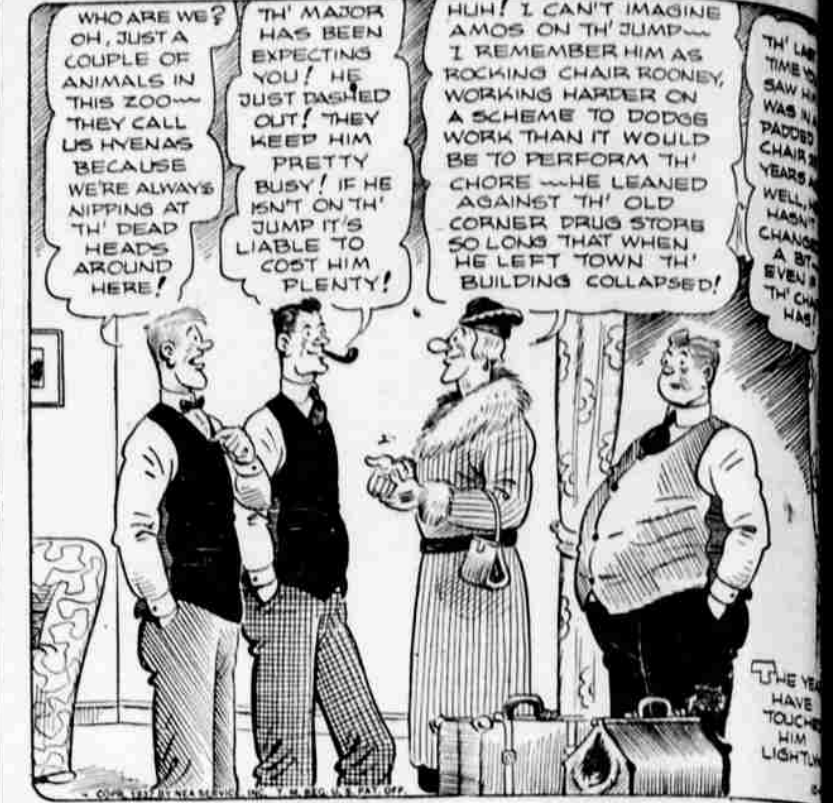
## WASH TUBS



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## BY THOMPSON AND CO



## BY HAROLD G



## BY BLOSS



## BY CRA



## BY MA



## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"No. Hauling you out gives me plenty of getting-up exercise."