

OUT of the NIGHT.

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

Yesterday the case stacks up against Jim Kerrigan. Cilly finds his name is Kerr, that he is Amy's cousin. And Dolan charges that Jim ran away with \$20,000 in stolen securities for which his father is serving a prison term. Photographs show Jim and Amy Kerr to be the same person. The picture in Amy's locker was Jim's father.

CHAPTER XVII

At home in her living room, Cilly paced the floor. In her right hand she held Amy's locket; again and again she looked at the picture it held. There was no doubt about it now. This was Jim's father. The likeness was unmistakable. This was James Allan Kerr, a convict. And Jim Kerrigan, whom she loved above all else in this world, was the son who had run away and deserted him!

"You'll believe in me, no matter what?"
 Over and over, his words echoed in her brain. She prayed for faith in a man so callous. A man who could run away. . . .

Still too nervously excited even to think of sleep, Cilly went into the living room and sat down by the window. The night was cool, and the breeze from the bay delightfully refreshing. She looked across the street at the St. Ann Apartments, into other living rooms where people gathered for the evening.

"Suppose I were across the street," Cilly asked herself, "what would I see in this house? Would I see people playing bridge, and listening to the radio, or could I see clearly a cloud of suspicion hung over one apartment? Over there, I could see these people as they actually are, and not as they pretend to be while the police are questioning them."

The more she thought of it, the stronger became the urge to get across the street and regard the different families in the Bayview. But how?

The only windows which fronted on the street were apartment windows; she could not go over there and ask someone to let her sit in the front window for a while. She could walk across the street and stand there, but standing in the street, you could see nothing about

the first floor. You had to be up high, where you could look down into the rooms. Her eyes traveled slowly upward; the dark roof of the house opposite held her gaze hypnotically. Up there, on that roof, she could look down into the Bayview Apartments.

THE longer she thought of the idea, the more it absorbed her. The roof across the way was dark, too, and just as terrifying as the one above her. Amy's shriek of death still rang in her ears. It would be an ordeal to linger on that black roof long enough to catch a glimpse into the lives of the tenants. Cilly's mouth felt dry; her hands were clammy. But she brought her teeth together decisively and swallowed hard. If she could discover just one tiny clew, it would certainly be worth the trip.

She went into the bedroom and looked for the old pair of opera glasses which had been her mother's. They would not be as good as field glasses, but they would do. She put on a dark coat and slipped the glasses into the pocket.

A few minutes later she was at the door of the St. Ann Apartments. She tried the door. It was locked. To get into the house, you rang the apartment bell and the tenant pressed the buzzer in his apartment. The front door clicked, and while it was clicking, you could open it.

To get into the house, therefore, to reach the stairway to the roof, Cilly had to ring somebody's bell. She looked at the name plates. Mrs. Corbett, of course! She might

step for a moment just to inquire if Mrs. Corbett had seen Sergeant Dolan. Without hesitation, she rang the bell. Almost instantly, the front door clicked, and Cilly entered. She walked up the five flights to the Corbett apartment, hoping she had not disturbed them as they were preparing to retire.

BUT no. The sounds emanating from the Corbett apartment gave no indication of retirement. Cilly halted on the stairway. Were they having a party? All the better, she decided. She would have an excuse not to stop in; she could continue immediately up to the roof.

Even as she decided this, the door opened wide. A man appeared on the threshold. "Who's doin' all this ringin' . . ." He stopped, seeing Cilly. He was an enormous, uncouth sort of person. Preliminaries to retirement had apparently been considered,

for he was in his undershirt, and only one half of his suspenders supported a sloppy pair of slacks. He held a tall drink tightly in his hand.

"Oh-h-h-h! Hello, sister. Come right in."
 He lurched forward and with exaggerated gallantry held open the door. Cilly noticed that he was drunk, very decidedly drunk. She hesitated.

"Come on in, baby. You're just what we need to make this a real party."

At that moment Mrs. Corbett appeared in the hallway. "Why, it's Miss Pierce!" she beamed. "Come right in, deary. I do want to get better acquainted with you."

Graciously she took Cilly by the arm. Mrs. Corbett was less inhibited. But in her present state, she was a marked contrast to the timid, nervous little woman Cilly met on Monday morning.

"No, perhaps I'd better not stop now," Cilly demurred. "It was nothing important. . . ."

"Of course you're coming in!" Mr. Corbett had her other arm now; it was useless to protest.

"TOM," Mrs. Corbett ordered, "fix Miss Pierce a drink. She needs it, poor dear. This is the young lady I was telling you about, Tom, the one from across the street. It was her friend who was mur . . ."

"Shut up!" Tom ordered. Evidently he did not like the word "murder."

"Oh, Mama!" Mrs. Corbett called across the living room, unconcerned by her husband's rudeness. "Mama, come here a minute. Here's Miss Pierce. Come, Mama, come meet Miss Pierce. . . ." But there was no reply.

To Cilly, she explained: "Mama is asleep, I guess. She's like that . . . falls asleep early."
 Mr. Corbett entered, carrying a tall drink for her.

"No, no thank you," Cilly begged. "I can't drink . . . doctor's orders, you know."
 "Aw, never mind that. Have a little drink with me. Come on, be a sport, baby!"

Cilly took the glass and sipped at it. It would be easier if she appeared sociable.

"I'm sorry to stop in at such an hour," she apologized. "I wanted to ask you something, Mrs. Corbett." Whatever excuse she offered, it would not be important. Tomorrow morning the Corbetts would probably not even remember that she had stopped in.

(To Be Continued)

On long trips an extra foot accelerator which allows you to use the left foot to control the gas feed is very helpful. It consists of a length of iron rod flattened at one end to bear on top of the accelerator pedal and at the other to provide a surface for your foot.

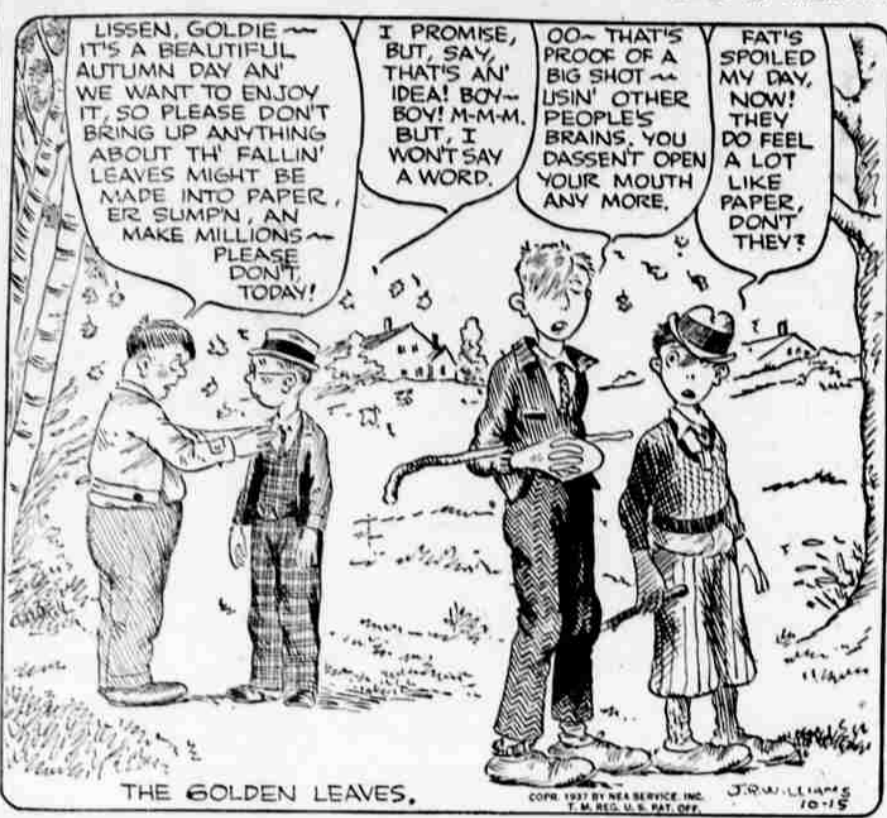
Democracy can survive only when justice is administered in the land honestly and impartially by an independent judiciary.—Rabbi B. Benedict Glaszer, New York.

About 750 people are killed every year from deadly monoxide gas fumes from automobiles.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

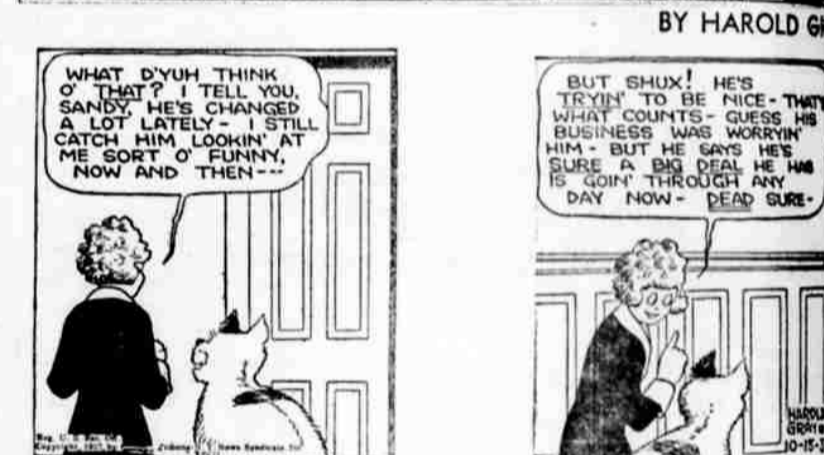
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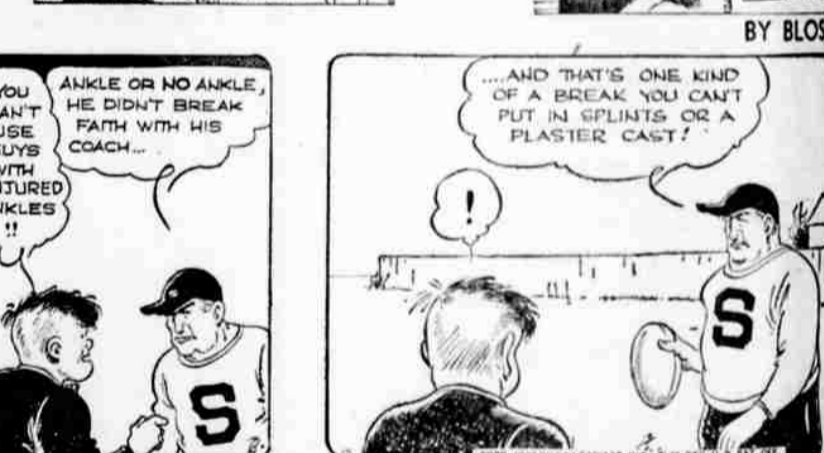
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia

