

OUT of the NIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
FRISCHILLA PIERCE—heroine, young woman attorney.
AMY KIRBY—Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.
JIM KERRIGAN—Cilly's secretary.
HARRY HUTCHINSON—Amy's strange visitor.
SERGEANT DOLAN—assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Yesterday Cilly looks down from the roof and is startled to see that Mr. Hunter, paralyzed for years, walks about with ease in his own bedroom!

CHAPTER XIX

RETURNING to her apartment after breakfast Wednesday morning, Cilly met Detective Martin in the hall.

"Good morning, Miss Pierce," he greeted. "I've just been through the house. Dolan wants everyone down at police headquarters this morning at 10:30."

"Very well. I'll be there," Cilly assured him. She decided that she would be there at 10 o'clock to inform the sergeant of her latest discovery. He had ruled Mr. Hunter out as a possibility because of the man's physical incapacity. This morning, however, Hunter leaped in Cilly's mind as a very important possibility. Why would a man deliberately tie himself to a wheel-chair when he was well able to walk?

Later, however, when a burly policeman had ushered her into a private room at police headquarters, she discovered she would have no opportunity to see the sergeant alone. Several of the Bayview tenants had arrived before her. They sat in a semicircle around a plain flat top desk, nervously expectant. She recognized the Downeys; so obviously mother and daughter. Mr. Hunter, looking feeble and frail in his wheelchair, was there with his wife.

Promptly at 10:30, Sergeant Dolan entered the room, followed by Martin. Dolan seated himself at the desk, his back to the double windows. Martin stood behind him, leaning against a window-sill. The tenants sat facing the windows, where the light shone on their faces clearly and relentlessly. If they lied, Cilly thought, Dolan would be able to read it in their features.

"Everybody here, Martin?" Dolan asked.

Martin checked with a list in his hand. "Didn't get in touch with the Wheeler woman yet," he reported. "The three other tenants are still out of town—but I don't see the Corbets."
The Corbets, Cilly looked up in surprise. But, of course, they would be summoned. Mrs. Corbett's mother was the only person who actually saw the murder committed. Her testimony would be very important.

Even as Martin spoke, the door opened and they entered. Mr. Corbett, Cilly noticed, had survived his drinking very well. He was immaculate in a light gray tropical worsted, and he carried himself with an air of assurance.

Mrs. Corbett, the same meek and humble woman Cilly had first met, followed her husband hesitantly into the room. She wore a nondescript blue voile dress, and he hung limply on her thin frame. Her face was pale and drawn. Her mother, in spite of asthma, held her head high and entered the room with a firm step.

As soon as they were seated, Sergeant Dolan addressed the group: "You all know," he began, in a calm, rather friendly voice, "a young woman was killed in a fall from the roof of the Bayview Apartments last Sunday night—or, to be more exact, at 12:20 early Monday morning. We have a witness present who can testify that the girl did not fall, but was deliberately thrown from the roof. This is a cold-blooded murder, ladies and gentlemen, which we are investigating, and I need not impress upon you the importance of absolute truth and accuracy in answering my questions. Mrs. Shaw, will you please tell us again, in your own words, just exactly what you saw occur on the roof of the Bayview?"

Mrs. Corbett's mother got to her feet. All eyes were turned upon her. Dramatically, she squared her shoulders and took a deep breath before she spoke. "As I told you before, sergeant," she said in clear, crisp tones, "I was seated at the window of my bedroom in the St. Ann Apartments. I had not been feeling well, and I wanted to get the air. It was very dark out—there were neither stars nor a moon—and ordinarily I could not see the roof opposite except when an occasional beam from one of the ships in the bay would pass over it. Suddenly I heard this frightful scream, and at that very instant a beam passed slowly over the roof opposite. I saw a man pick this girl up in his arms and deliberately fling her over the side of the house. That is all. I must have fainted. My daughter prepared an opiate for me, and I did not awaken until morning."

"Thank you, Mrs. Shaw. May I ask if the light was sufficiently strong for you to recognize this man in any way?"
"It was not," Mrs. Shaw resumed her seat.
Sergeant Dolan scanned the faces before him. "Now I am going to ask each of you to remember very carefully what happened Sunday night. We'll start with you, Mr. Hunter. You live on the top floor, directly under the roof where the murder was committed. Did you hear any voices on the roof, any sign of quarreling?"
"No, sergeant," Hunter replied. He spoke in a frail voice, as if to match the infirmity of his limbs. "I must have been asleep. It was the scream which woke me up. My wife ran to the window. . . ."
"Did you get up?"
The man shook his head sorrowfully. "I couldn't do that, you see." He made a futile gesture toward his legs. "I haven't walked in 20 years."

Cilly stood up, her eyes afixe. "Sergeant Dolan," she cried, "will you ask Mr. Hunter how it happens, therefore, that last night from across the street I saw him walking about his bedroom in his pajamas?"
The man gasped; he turned to stare at Cilly, and in his eyes there blazed the malevolent fear of a trapped animal.
"Is that true, Hunter?" Dolan snapped.
"The girl's crazy," he choked through dry lips. "She's crazy or drunk. I can't walk. . . . I have doctors' statements to prove it."
"What time was this, Miss Pierce?" Dolan inquired.
"Eleven o'clock, sergeant. There is no mistake about it. I saw him. . . ."
"Say! Wait a minute!"
Cilly spun around to face the man who suddenly interrupted her. It was Mr. Corbett. There was a malicious glint in his eyes.
"In another minute, sergeant, the young lady will be telling you about pink elephants," he offered with tolerant amusement. "At 11 o'clock last night she was in my apartment, drinking rye highballs. And, believe me, she was in condition to see a great many things walking."
"That's an outrageous lie, Mr. Corbett, and you know it!"
Cilly turned to the sergeant, shaking with fury. But in his eyes, she saw doubt and disappointment. It was part of his job to believe the worst—and he believed Corbett's story. She could see it. From now on, the fight would be doubly hard.

(To Be Continued)

EGG FACTORY
ATLANTA (AP)—"Mae West," a quail hen, did more than her share toward restoring Georgia's wild life.
Purser Collins, state quail farm superintendent, said ambitious "Mae" laid 150 eggs in 22 weeks—seven times her weight.

CHICAGO (AP)—Less than 24 hours after police raided a number of burlesque shows and cabarets, arresting 70 women and 45 men on charges of presenting indecent performances, the places were operating as usual. "The show must go on," said the managers.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

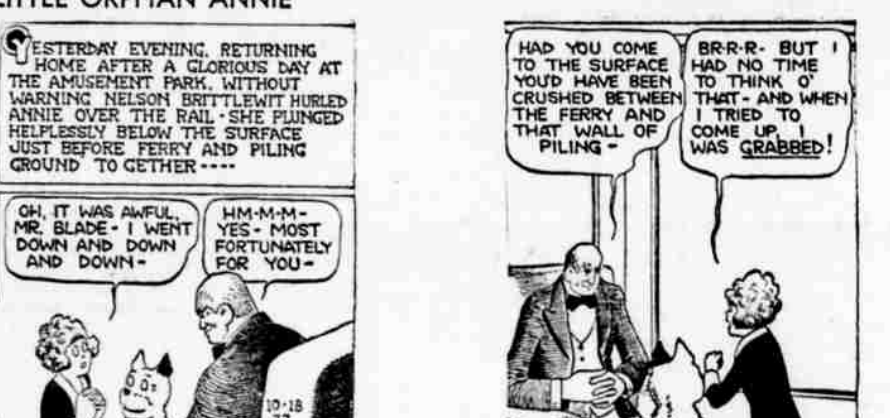


THE BEST BET. T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 4-10-37

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



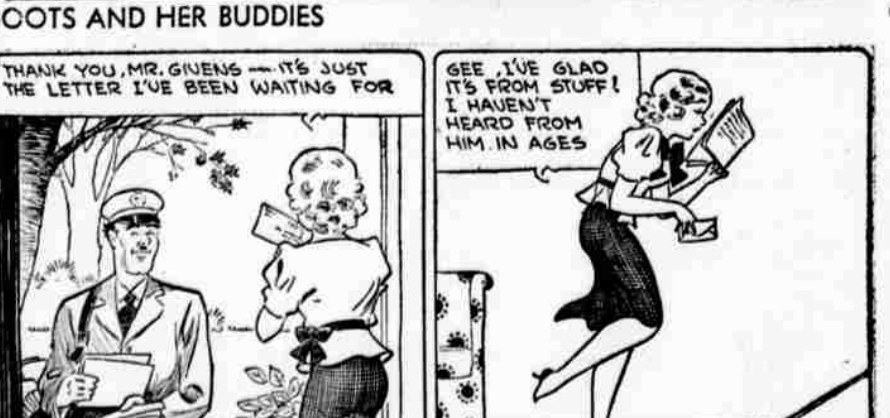
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



With MAJOR HOOD



BY THOMPSON AND COLE



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSIE



BY CRANK



BY MARTIN

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



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