

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 Mrs. Downey testified that she heard a man running down the stairs right after the murder and then in tense, dramatic fashion she went on, "But that isn't all, sergeant, that isn't all!"

CHAPTER XXI

A BREATHELESS silence fell upon the room. Every eye was fastened upon Mrs. Downey; every ear awaited her disclosure. Cilly wondered if other hearts beat as furiously as her own. She moved her chair a little to the left in order not to be so directly behind the woman. She dreaded missing a word of her story.

"Yes, Mrs. Downey?" Sergeant Dolan urged.

"It was about 4 o'clock in the morning. I was so upset, I tell you, that I couldn't sleep much more that night. I kept hearing that poor girl's scream over and over again. Lucille was up, too, until after 2 o'clock, but I gave her one of my sleeping powders—she had to be to school in the morning—and she fell asleep."

"I stayed awake. I was afraid to take a powder myself for fear something else might happen. I had the funniest feeling, sergeant. I kept thinking if I fell asleep I might walk in my sleep and fall out the window just as that poor girl had fallen. I tell you, I'll never forget it..."

Sergeant Dolan tapped impatiently on the desk with his pencil.

"I GUESS it must have been about 4 o'clock," she went on. "I know I looked at the clock at 20 minutes to 4, and this was some time after that. I was out in the kitchen getting a drink of water—the water is always colder there than in the bathroom—and I heard the door of the next apartment—that's 4-B—slowly opening. I can always tell the sound because the door squeaks a little."

"Well, I thought it was a funny time for Mrs. Wheeler to be going out. Even if she were sick or something, the drugstore would be closed. I was a little worried about her. Living there all alone like she does, I knew how frightened she must have been, just like the rest of us. I tell you, if I didn't have Lucille, I wouldn't have stayed in that apartment alone that night. No, sir. I'd rather have slept in the subway. So I thought if Mrs. Wheeler were nervous, she might just as well come in and spend the rest of the night with us, and sleep on the couch. I went to the door to tell her so."

"And then, just as I was about to unlock the door, I heard a low voice in the hall. It was only a whisper, but it was a man's voice—you know how loud a man usually whispers. So I just opened that little peep-hole on my door to see if the man was really coming out of Mrs. Wheeler's. He was, all right. I could see him plain as day, with the hall light shining right in his face. He was still whispering. I heard him say: 'Everything will be all right, Helen. Nobody'll suspect...'"

Sergeant Dolan straightened, his pencil poised in midair.

"You're sure you heard that, Mrs. Downey? You're sure those were the exact words?"

MRS. DOWNEY pressed her lips together positively. "I'm absolutely certain, sergeant," she said emphatically. "Mind you, I didn't just wake up out of a sound sleep like I do sometimes. I didn't imagine this. I was as wide awake then as I am now, and I saw that man as plain as day, and I heard those words. 'Everything will be all right, Helen,' he says, 'nobody'll suspect...' I tell you, I wish I knew then that there'd been a murder committed!"

She nodded her head expressively.

"Mrs. Downey, would you recognize this man if you were to see him again?"

"Indeed I would. . . Why, I saw him as well as I see you sitting there, sergeant. I recognized his face the minute I saw it again."

"What?"

"I say I did see him again."

As if an electric shock had coursed through the room, every person stiffened to attention. Mr. Corbett gripped the arms of his chair fiercely. Mr. Hunter leaned so far forward in his chair that his wife laid a restraining hand on his arm. Every eye was glued on Mrs. Downey.

"Where did you see him, Mrs. Downey?"

"In this morning's paper," she taken. "He was in the picture taken at the poor girl's funeral yesterday. He was standing right in front of the camera. Oh, I knew him all right."

Tense muscles relaxed for the moment, there were a few deep breaths drawn. None of the men here had been at Amy's funeral.

"What paper was this in, Mrs. Downey?"

"In the NEWS, sergeant. I like to read the NEWS—it's so much more interesting..."

"Martin, run out and get a copy of today's NEWS," Dolan snapped. "Thank you, Mrs. Downey. You've been very helpful."

AN interminable silence followed Martin's departure from the room. The scratch of Sergeant Dolan's pencil, as he made nervous little marks on his pad, sounded like the sawing of a giant log. Mrs. Shaw's breath was coming in short, spasmodic wheezes; this emotional suspense was no tonic for asthma. Tiny beads of perspiration stood on Mr. Johnson's pale forehead, though he blotted them frequently with a moist handkerchief. Mr. Corbett's beady little eyes darted excitedly from one person to another. Cilly felt them on her and she looked up suddenly, her face a mask of cold anger. A sneer twisted Corbett's lips and he shifted his eyes quickly.

The clock on the wall ticked off the seconds with nerve-racking regularity, marking the swift, uncontrollable flight of time on the road to eternity. Like the ceaseless chant of a jungle tom-tom, it hypnotized the eardrums, and each beat grew louder and more intense until one longed to silence it with a shriek.

Ages past, though the clock ticked off only three short minutes, until Detective Martin returned, a copy of the paper in his hand. Dolan seized it quickly. There on the first page was another of the pictures taken yesterday; Cilly noticed that it was larger than the one which she had seen in her paper. She held her breath, awaiting Mrs. Downey's revelation.

"Now, Mrs. Downey, will you point the man out to me?" Dolan asked.

Without hesitation, the woman walked to the desk and glanced briefly at the picture over Dolan's shoulder. "There he is," she announced immediately, pointing to a face in the picture.

"This one?" Dolan indicated with the point of his pencil.

"That's the one." She nodded her head positively.

"Harvey Ames," Dolan spoke the name uncertainly. For a moment he stared at it fixedly; then, with his pencil, he drew a circle around the face.

(To Be Continued)

School children saved their pennies and donated them toward the building of many monuments, among them being the Buffalo Bill monument, James Whitcomb Riley memorial, Eugene Field memorial, and the new Liberty Bell.

On small Danish farms, stable, granary, and family living quarters are all in one building, with hay being stored over both family and stable quarters.

Agriculture in Florida is diversified. Including tropical, subtropical, and temperate types, 200 different kinds of tree and field crops are grown there.

OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



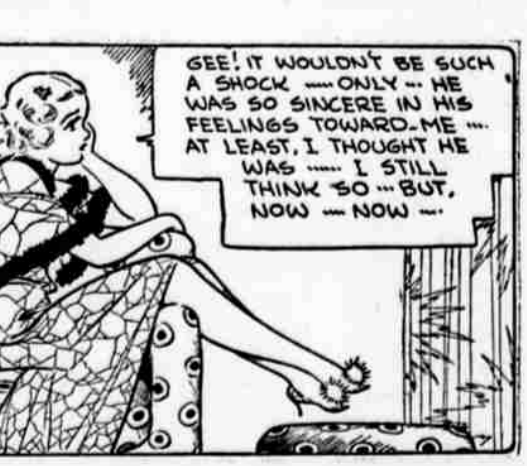
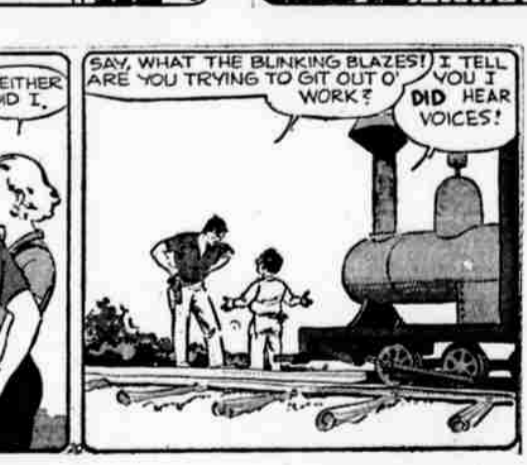
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



Look, Fanny! Three more Hollywood divorces! They figure it's better to have loved and lost than never to have had any publicity at all!