

# OUT of the NIGHT

BY MARION WHITE Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

**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 Dolan persists in his theory that Kerr is the murderer. Meantime he tells Cilly that the man involved in Hunter's strange affair is young Billy Stramon, brother of the girl in Hunter's case who has long been interested.

**CHAPTER XXIV**  
Cilly looked around her living room curiously. It was exactly as she had left it that morning, yet there was some subtle difference. Then she saw it. The copy of "The Last Puritan" on her end table. The book had a blue outside front cover, which clashed with the green and red of the living room. It was a silly thing to do, but she always turned the book upside down, so that the yellow back cover showed. Yellow blends much more harmoniously with green and red. Someone had been in this apartment and picked up that book. Someone who had been very careful. The book was in exactly the same place she had left it, but it had been turned right side up. Probably not another person in a hundred would have noticed the change. It was just that Cilly had a sixth sense of color, much more intense than the average.

She stepped back toward the foyer, a little nervous at first, and flooded the kitchen with light. Then she walked to the bedroom, lighting the way before her. No body was in the apartment now, that was certain. But somebody had been there. She was sure of it. Somebody had searched the place very thoroughly. She recalled the pleasant way Sergeant Dolan had ended the interview that morning. "See here, Miss Pierce," he had said, "you've been worrying too much about this case. You need a little relaxation. So do I, for that matter. . . . Tell you what, I'm going to take you over to the St. George for lunch, and then you're going to a movie."

So that was it. How nicely he had put it over! Quite unsuspecting, and not a little pleased to have company at lunch, she had agreed to his plan. She had spent three hours at the theater (Sergeant Dolan had left her there alone because he had some important work) while the police very thoroughly and very painstakingly searched her apartment.

She smiled, nevertheless. The sergeant hadn't gained anything through his pleasant little ruse. There was nothing here for him to discover now. She congratulated herself on having burned Jim's postcard and the newspaper clipping Amy had clutched.

The front doorbell rang at that moment and Cilly went to answer it, wondering who could be calling on such an afternoon. It was Harry Hutchins.

"Hello, Priscilla!" he beamed brightly. "Thought it was such a rotten day that you'd appreciate company."

"How nice!" Cilly replied without warmth. She would have appreciated almost any company, but not Harry Hutchins'. She led the way into the living room and offered him a chair with scant cordiality.

"I found a nice little place down on Shore Road where we can have dinner together," he offered amiably, assuming that the idea would delight any girl. "How does that suit you?"

"Not very well, I'm sorry to say," Cilly replied. She groped for a hasty excuse, then gave up the idea. Why bother to make excuses? Why not let him know once and for all that she did not want any association with him? "I really planned to dine at home this evening—alone," she finished, with special emphasis on the last word.

As soon as the words were out, she felt a little ashamed of her rudeness, but Harry was completely unflinched.

LOWERING his voice, he asked in a more gentle tone: "Any new developments in solving our unfortunate affair?"

"As far as I know," she said, laborately casual, "the police have discovered nothing of any importance. Of course, we've all been questioned thoroughly—the entire household was summoned to headquarters yesterday—but nothing came of it."

"Haven't they any suspects?" Cilly shrugged. "I suppose you might say we're all under suspicion. Any man in the house could have done it."

"I read in last night's paper that someone actually saw it happen." "Yes. One of the tenants in the St. Ann, across the way, was sitting at the window just at that moment."

"Couldn't she identify the man?" "Hardly. It was quite dark, you remember, and she saw him only for an instant, as one of the ship's

searchlights passed over the roof." Harry shook his head wonderingly and sighed. "It's a tough case, all right," he admitted. "Poor Amy!"

He reached into his pocket for cigarettes, offered one to Cilly.

"Do you know," he said with studied carelessness, "there's something back of all this." "You think so?"

"REMEMBER," Harry reminded, "that you and I saw Amy in different lights. She frequently intimated to me that there was some other man, of course. . . . He ticked the ash from his cigarette with exaggerated nonchalance. Then: "Say, didn't it seem to you that she and Kerrigan were startled to see each other?"

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that Jim Kerrigan was the secret trouble in her life?" Cilly stared, with biting sarcasm. She was white with anger, not so much because of Hutchins' insistent questioning, but rather because he had come so close to the truth. What right did he have to dig into Jim's past?

"Now, Priscilla, I didn't say that!" he placated. "What I really thought . . ."

Cilly stood up. "I'm not in the least interested in your thoughts about anything," she said haughtily. "Neither do I intend to sit here and listen to your malicious gossip concerning the two people in the world who meant most to me. Now if you will be so kind as to excuse me . . ."

"I'm very sorry, Priscilla," he offered graciously.

She turned her back on him and walked over to the window, waiting for him to go. He stepped out into the tiny foyer and picked up his hat and umbrella. At the same moment, the outside front doorbell rang. Cilly made a move to answer it.

"Don't bother!" Hutchins told her. "I believe that's the taxi for me. I ordered a cab, thinking you might join me."

He crossed the foyer and pressed the front door buzzer.

"Well, good evening, Priscilla," he said in parting. "Sorry about all this."

"Goodbye," Cilly corrected icily. She stood there for a moment after he had left, her brows knit together in puzzled consideration. Suddenly her eyes gleamed with a bright eagerness; she went swiftly into the bedroom and began rummaging through her lower bureau drawer.

(To Be Continued)

The Malay Peninsula has many extremes in size among its animal life; insects range from 13 inches in length to others so small that they cannot be seen by the naked eye, and animals range from the elephant to the smallest known animal, a tiny variety of bat.

If an egg rattles when shaken, it indicates that the egg is not fresh. The air space inside the shell has become large through slow evaporation.

Metal-framed dirigibles are immune to danger from lightning.

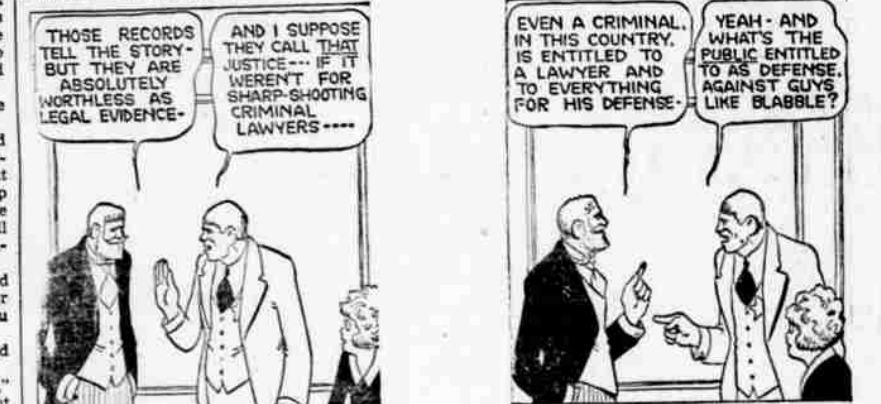
## OUT OUR WAY



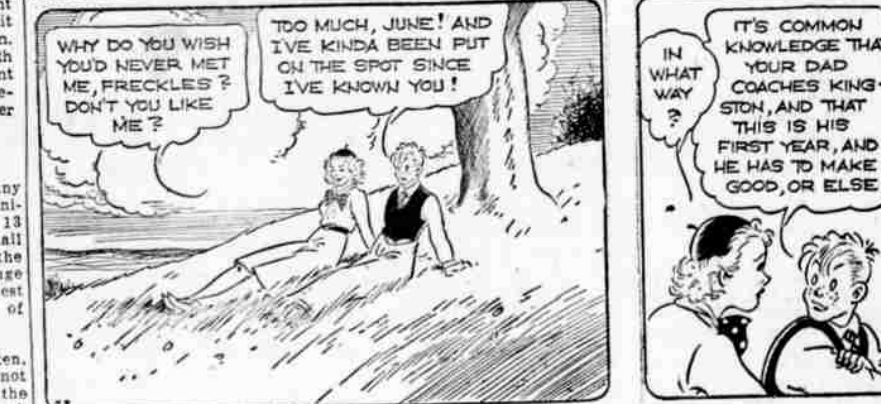
## MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



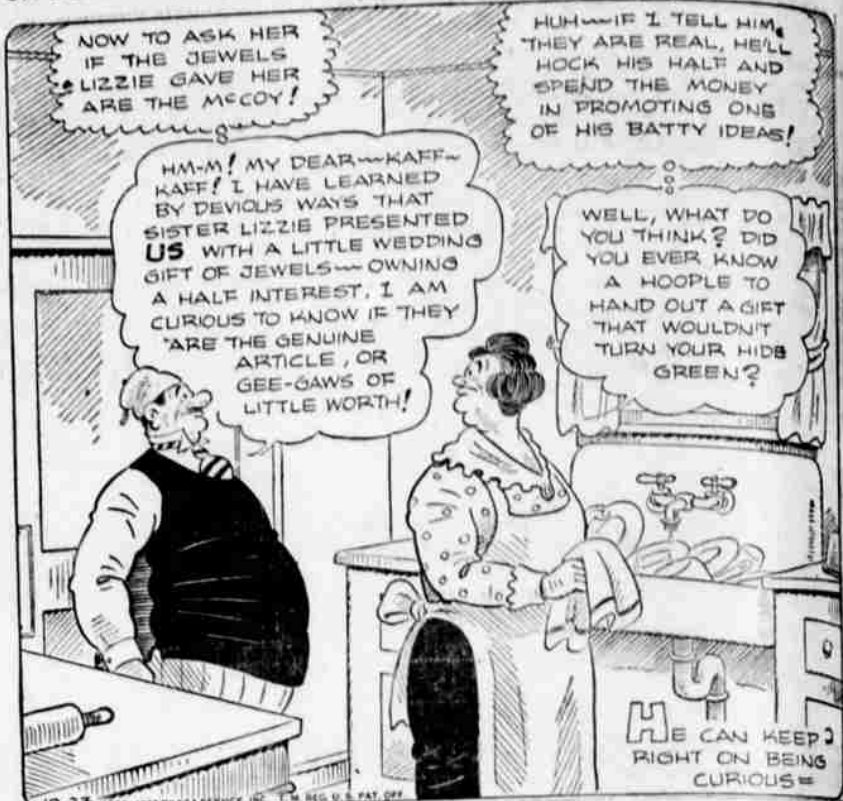
## WASH TUBBS



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



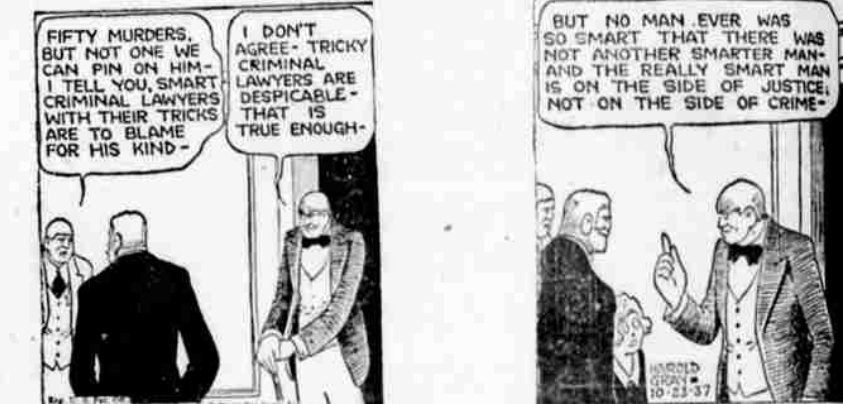
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## BY THOMPSON AND COLE



## BY HAROLD GRAY



## BY BLOSSER



## BY CRANK



## BY MARTIN



## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

