



SYNOPSIS.

Peter Wayne, angry and unable to sleep due to Martha Thayer, is startled by the ringing of the telephone. He had retired about half past one and it was near four when he hears Martha's voice telling him that her husband, Tack Thayer, had been murdered. Peter rushes over to their penthouse apartment in the East Fifties.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

The detective was standing over Peter, and his eyes were like a snake's—Peter wondered if he had any eyelids, so fixed and uninking was his stare.

"She told me her husband had been killed—she'd found him—"

"Hold on. I want to know what she said—not your idea of what she meant to tell you—get me?"

Peter made an effort to remember Martha's precise words. And it wasn't hard; one doesn't, after all, receive many such messages in an ordinary lifetime.

"Yeah? Well—that wasn't what you said first. Told you some one had killed Thayer, did she—not that she'd come in and found his body. Watch your step, fella." His voice altered.

"Who'd she say had killed him?" He flung the question at Peter, and it was Peter's turn, now, to stare.

"She didn't say!" Peter cried "Why—good God—do you mean she knows?"

"I'm askin' the questions just now, fella. Didn't say, eh? Sure of that? Well—what else did she say?"

"Why—?" Peter was confused by now; the routine was working. "Nothing much. I asked her if she'd notified the police, and she said she'd done nothing but call me. She asked me to do that for her and then come on up here."

"Yeah? What time was this?" Peter didn't know. Except that the call must have come between three and four he couldn't fix times at all—beyond saying that he'd got Headquarters on the wire less than three minutes after Martha had called him, as nearly as he could guess. Peter didn't know that all incoming calls at Headquarters were timed and recorded; he was very far, indeed, from having any idea of the routine efficiency of the New York police.

"Big help you're going to be!" said Charley, contemptuously, and turned to take two or three steps away from Peter. Then he turned. "Pretty thick with the madam here, ain't you?" he said. "How well d'you know her—huh?"

"Why—we—we're friends," said Peter. It wasn't an easy question for him to answer, as a matter of fact; he'd have found it difficult to explain to people much more understanding than this detective the nature of his friendship with Martha Thayer. He'd even been finding it pretty hard, of late, to define it for himself.

"Friends!" Charley's laugh was a sneer. "I'll say so! I suppose this Thayer thought you was a friend of his, too?"

"So I am—so I was, I mean," said Peter, sharply. "I've known him for years."

Charley was changing his tactics. He'd confused Peter; now, for some reason of his own, he was trying, deliberately, to provoke and anger him.

"Yeah?" he said. "I know your sort of a friend, fella. Kind makes love to a man's wife when he ain't around, eh?"

"That," said Peter, "is a damned lie!" He kept his voice down, though; he was through with playing Charley's game for him, whatever it was. "And if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, keep still. I don't have to answer your questions."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," said Charley, unmoved. "Time enough, anyway. You'll keep till the chief's through with the madam."

Peter got up.

"I'll be back," he said. "I'm going downstairs to telephone to Mrs. Thayer's people. I don't care for her to be left alone with the police if you're a fair sample of them."

He started toward the elevator shaft door. But Charley's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hold your horses, fella," he said. "You're stayin' till the chief gives the word to let you go."

One of the uniformed men laughed. Peter knew he was helpless. He had an idea they had no legal light to detain him, but he wasn't certain of that, and he was quite sure that, right or wrong, Charley could keep him there if he chose. Moreover, another man came out of the penthouse just then, and Charley released him.

"Here's Wayne, Inspector," he said. "Guy made the squeal."

The newcomer was better; Peter liked his looks. He was a big, red-checked Irishman, with hair that was,

Peter guessed, prematurely white, and he smiled in a friendly fashion.

"Good morning, Mr. Wayne," he said pleasantly, with a suggestion of a brogue. "This is a bad business. Maybe you're going to be able to help us to get at the way it happened. I'm Inspector Connolly, in charge of the Homicide Squad. Will you come inside? I'm thinking Mrs. Thayer, poor lady, will be glad to be seeing a friend."

He held the door open. The small entrance hall was empty, but a white evening coat of Martha's, trimmed with white fox, lay across a chair, and Tack's hat and coat and stick were on a table. Peter went on into the living room.

Martha, in a pale yellow evening dress he'd never seen before, sat in a chair by the fireplace. He caught his breath at the sight of her. But he always did; there always had been, and he thought there always would be, an indescribable thrill for him in any first fresh glimpse of Martha, no matter how short a time had passed since their last meeting. She looked up.

"Peter!" she said. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come, my dear!"

Peter realized later, as he thought about things, how that wholly natural and spontaneously friendly greeting must have sounded to the detectives.

Martha, of course, would have welcomed any one of a dozen men she knew with some such phrase, in just that tone, if they'd appeared in his place; it didn't mean a thing. At the moment, though, Peter gave no thought to what she'd said; he'd just seen Tack.

Tack was in a big, high-backed chair, over by a window. His head was sagging down on his chest, but it didn't hide the ugly smear of blood on his shirt front. He wore a dinner jacket, and, apparently, his body hadn't been touched or moved at all. He looked pretty ghastly. His posture was constrained and awkward; his right arm was held out, grotesquely, over the arm of the chair. There was nothing of the dignity of death about him, and it seemed horrible to Peter to see Tack, who'd been a great athlete, whose every movement had had the lithe grace of an animal's, sitting, sprawled out, all the sheer, superb beauty of his magnificent body blotted out by the bit of steel that had killed him.

It was all in one moment that Peter gathered his impression of Tack, for, almost instantly, all his attention went back to Martha. She came toward him, and he met her halfway across the room. She caught him by the shoulders, and clung to him for a second, and he put his arm about her to steady her. For both of them what must, to the watching policemen, have looked like an embrace, was, of course, wholly impersonal. She sobbed once; then, amazingly, she was all right.

"Peter, my dear, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. "Poor old Tack—"

"Who did it, Martha?" he asked. "Who could have done it?"

"Oh, they think I did, it seems," said Martha. Her voice, instantly, was as cold, as hard as ice. "That's easier than trying to find out who really did, I suppose."

"Oh, come, come," said Connolly, in his rich, pleasant, Irish voice. "That's going too fast and too far, Mrs. Thayer—too fast altogether. We've our work to do and all, and there are questions we have to be asking. But that's a long, long way from saying we think you did it."

"Good God!" Peter cried out. "I should hope so! Why—?"

He stopped short. He was looking at Connolly's eyes, and suddenly all the vague fears and premonitions he'd had outside, all the ugly, outrageous implications of the way the detective called Charley had treated him, came to focus. Connolly wouldn't meet Peter's shocked start; his eyes shifted at once. But Peter had seen enough to belie the soft, kindly tone of the man's voice. He did think Martha had shot Tack, damn him! It wouldn't matter to him what Peter might say; it wouldn't matter to him that every one who knew her must know that she hadn't done this frightful thing. Connolly thought she had; all these policemen thought she had.

The entrance of another man, just then, gave Peter an excuse for keeping still. This wasn't, Peter saw, another detective; Connolly's respectful greeting was enough to make that plain. He was a keen-eyed nice looking chap, in his thirties, likeable, well dressed, well bred. He winced as he saw Tack; then turned to Martha.

"I'm terribly sorry to have to trouble you just now, Mrs. Thayer," he said. "My name is Barclay—I'm from the district attorney's office.

And I'm afraid I'll have to ask you a few questions."

Martha just nodded, without saying a word.

"Mr. Barclay," said Peter, "my name is Wayne. I'm a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thayer. I'd like to point out that Mrs. Thayer has had a frightful shock. Inspector Connolly has questioned her already. Shouldn't she have some of her family with her—and—how about her lawyer?"

"What makes you think Mrs. Thayer needs a lawyer, Mr. Wayne?" asked Barclay. "I am, in a sense, her lawyer in this matter—that is, it is my duty to try to bring her husband's murderer to justice. We, the police and I, will need her help. Our experience has taught us the importance of getting statements from witnesses while their impressions are still fresh. I can assure you that I have the deepest sympathy with Mrs. Thayer, and that I will consider her feelings as much as I can. We are simply following a routine procedure now."

Peter hesitated; Barclay, after giving him a chance to speak, went on. But now his voice changed; a curious and indefinable menace had come into it.

"It is Mrs. Thayer's privilege, of course, not to answer my questions, or to refuse to answer them except with the advice of counsel. But—"

"Oh, it's all right, Peter," said Martha. "I don't mind telling what I know. It's not very much. You'll wait, won't you?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Thayer," said Barclay. "I, too, will ask you to wait, Mr. Wayne. I'd like to talk to you. For the moment—you won't mind waiting outside? You'll stay in here with us, Inspector?"

"But—" Peter began. Then he stopped, and went outside. There was nothing else for him to do. Charley, in a moment, followed him. He didn't speak to Peter, but the sulky way he shrugged his shoulders, with a scowling backward look at the door, showed that he, too, had been put out, and that he resented it. His cigar was still in his mouth, but it had gone out, and it smelled rank, in the cool, fresh air. Peter sat down on the parapet, feeling sick, and shaken, and—scared.

He looked east, across the roofs. There was a low, white mist on the river; it was just beginning to grow light, over beyond Long Island. He remembered the last time he'd seen the sun rise from this roof, two or three weeks before. He'd been sitting in just about the same spot he'd chosen now, with Martha beside him; and Tack and some others, the dregs of a long party, all pretty tight, had been in the house, singing while Tack played the piano.

(To Be Continued.)

Flying Gains in Britain

Although the membership to British flying clubs fell off in 1932, presumably due to the economic depression and increased taxation, they did more flying per member and used more clubowned planes than in the previous year, according to the aviation correspondent of The Daily Telegraph of London.

The figures relate to sixteen government-assisted clubs and seven clubs grouped under the control of the National Flying Services. There are, however, others, such as the Household Brigade, the Royal Naval, and two or three new local clubs. Most of the clubs, according to the correspondent, are in a sound position, but they have been compelled to overhaul methods and to economize. Comparable figures for the past two years are:

| | | |
|-----------------------|--------|--------|
| | 1932 | 1931 |
| Membership (23 clubs) | 6,320 | 6,711 |
| "Flying" members | 3,210 | 3,930 |
| Hours in the air | 28,350 | 28,686 |
| Flights | 63,850 | 71,474 |
| Club-owned aircraft | 100 | 78 |

The London Flying Club's airplanes each flew about 480 hours during the year, and the Hampshire Club 403 hours. These figures were exceeded by the Herts and Essex and the Eastern counties clubs, with more than 600 hours, each machine thus flying at least 50,000 miles during the year. The fact that most of the flying is tuition, and entails much wear and tear and a great number of landings, is evidence of the durable qualities of the British light airplane, experts say.

Father, awaiting a happy family event, had fortified his courage at the decanter. At length the nurse appeared with twins in her arms. The happy father blinked and drew himself up proudly. "What a beautiful baby!" he exclaimed.

Woman (at identification parade to discover bag-snatcher): "I'm afraid I shall not be much good at this. I never seem able to pick the winner in any competition."

Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain, which plays highest by diminishing the aperture.—Goldsmith.

Gives Added Enjoyment to Meals

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

A Well-Rounded Tale

The distinguishing feature of a well-rounded tale has been defined in various ways, but the general reader need not be burdened with many definitions. Briefly, a story should be an organism. To use the words applied to the epic by Addison, whose artistic feeling in this kind was of the subtlest, "nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it." Tested by such considerations as these there are obviously many volumes of fiction remarkable, and even great, in their character-drawing, their feeling, their philosophy, which are quite secondary in their structural quality as narratives. Instances will occur in every one's mind; but instead of dwelling upon these it is more interesting to name some which most nearly fulfill the conditions. Their fewness is remarkable, and bears out the opinion expressed earlier in this essay, that the art of novel-writing is as yet in its tentative stage only. Among them "Tom Jones" is usually pointed out as a near approach to perfection in this as in some other characteristics; though, speaking for myself, I do not perceive its great superiority in artistic form over some other novels of lower reputation. The "Bride of Lammermoor" is an almost perfect specimen of form, which is the more remarkable in that Scott, as a rule, depends more upon episode, dialogue, and description for exciting interest, than upon the well-knit interdependence of parts.

Herein lies Richardson's real if only claim to be placed on a level with Fielding: the artist spirit that he everywhere displays in the structural parts of his work and in the interaction of the personages, notably those of "Clarissa Harlowe." However cold, even artificial, we may, at times, deem the heroine and her companions in the pages of that excellent tale, however numerous the twitches of unreality in their movements across the scene beside those in the figures animated by Fielding, we feel, nevertheless, that we are under the guidance of a hand which has consummate skill in evolving a graceful, well-balanced set of conjectures forming altogether one of those circumstantial wholes which when approached by events in real life, cause the observer to pause and reflect, and say: "What a striking history!" We should look generously upon his deficiency in the robust touches of nature, for it is the deficiency of an author whose artistic sense of form was developed at the expense of his accuracy of observation as regards substance. No person who has a due perception of the constructive art shown in Greek tragic drama can be blind to the constructive art of Richardson.—From "Life and Art," by Thomas Hardy. (New York: Greenberg.)

Chinese Educationist Studies School Systems

Daughters of a once noted figure in Vancouver's Chinese community, Mrs. Chik-Wai-Leung, B.A., M.A., has returned to her birthplace, Vancouver. Appointed educational commissioner by the Canton municipal government, she will make a six months' study of educational developments in Canada and the United States.

Mrs. Chik-Wai-Leung was born and raised in Vancouver. Known as Susan Yip Sang, she was educated in this city's public schools before finishing at McGill and Columbia Universities. Now she is principal of the First Provincial Girls' Middle School at Canton, in charge of 500 students.

Taller than the average Chinese woman, Mrs. Chik-Wai-Loung is a fascinating mixture of Orient and Occident. Her dress of heavy brocaded silk follows the high-neck sheath style of the modern Chinese, but her hip-length jacket is decidedly western. Though she spends most of her day on a full-time job, she yet has time to supervise her four children and her home.

Mrs. Chik-Wai-Leung will spend six months in North America studying education developments in many cities. She will attend the World's Fair at Chicago as an unofficial representative of the Canton Government. She is particularly interested in the voca-

tional developments of home economics courses in western schools and in the nursery schools for children.

Canton is thoroughly up to date in obtaining information concerning new developments in education, she said. Forecasting a gigantic education plan for China, she stated 40,000,000 children will be provided four years' schooling at a cost of \$1,127,000. Within the next six years the mass education program is expected to train 135,000 teachers.

A Watch

I have a watch to keep
And if I fail
If I let work or sleep
Or care prevail,
And do not pause to pray to God
At dawn,
When at the close of day I sit
And yawn,
Not only body then, but soul is tired
Because my day has not been God-inspired.
—M.A.M.

Two friends, one an ardent golfer, the other an equally ardent anti-golfer, were in conversation. "By the way," said the player, "what's happened to that parrot of yours? The one that used to swear so attractively?" "Oh... dead, I'm sorry to say." "I'm sorry, too. What did he die of?" "Jealousy, I think." "Jealousy? How could he die of jealousy?" "Well, one day he escaped from his cage, and we found him later by the big bunker on the golf course.... dead."

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