

MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Allen Wallis

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Wayne, an actor 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, has been murdered. Peter rushes over to their penthouse apartment in the East Fifties. The police evidently think Martha guilty.

CHAPTER II.

It wasn't only his conviction that Connolly thought Martha had killed Tack that frightened Peter as he sat on the roof, waiting for the sun to come up. He knew enough about police methods, just from his newspaper reading, to understand that the police practically always did start when a wife or a husband had been murdered, with the assumption that the survivor was guilty.

It seemed silly, at first blush, but when you thought it over, it wasn't. The police, in drawing that ready and facile conclusion, were right oftener than they were wrong.

As Peter sat there, thinking, remembering, trying to get things straight in his own mind, trying to anticipate what was to come, and to be prepared for it, he couldn't simply dismiss Connolly as the traditional thick-headed, heavy-footed policeman of the detective stories. He hated and despised Charlie, the sullen, ugly detective, but his contempt was for his manners, for things about him that were superficial, non-essential. He had to respect the man's underlying quality. These men might or might not have, already, some evidence that actually seemed to point to Martha's guilt; he didn't know. But whether that was so or not he was afraid, a little more than afraid indeed, that, as they went on, they would find just such evidence—interpreted as they were bound to interpret it. And that fear grew out of matters within his own knowledge.

Peter didn't think, of course, even for the fraction of a second, that Martha had killed Tack. That was flatly impossible. But it was one thing for Peter to know that, and it might prove, in a very terrible way indeed, to be quite another to convince Connolly and the rest of the pack. As yet, of course, Peter didn't know what they had in the way of evidence, or of what they regarded as evidence; they'd given him no opportunity to learn even the bare facts.

What Peter did know, though, and what, he assumed, Connolly could hardly help finding out, was that whatever really had happened that night on the roof wasn't the beginning of the story. For poor old Tack, of course, it had been the end, and the wretched, pitiful end of a sorry and wasteful history. Peter pitied Tack, as he sat there; pitied him, he thought, as much as he worried about Martha. He knew, at that time, much more than did Connolly, much more than nearly any one, about those two and the queer life they'd lived together, but his knowledge, even so, was confused, one-sided, grotesquely inadequate and incomplete.

Peter had known Tack for years, as he had told Charlie, truthfully enough, but not quite accurately. But he'd seen Martha for the first time only a few months before, and it was of that meeting that he thought now, and of the crazy, kaleidoscopic pattern the intervening months had been. He'd known Tack first at New Haven, but as Tack had come in as an Arts freshman when Peter was a senior in 'Steff, they hadn't really known one another at all. Yet he had remembered him, because Tack had been a far more conspicuous figure than the average freshman ever is. He'd been a famous track and football star at Exeter; in college he came to be as noted as Ted Coy or Frank Hinkey had even been in their time.

Peter went West, after his graduation, and New York saw him for several years only about once every six months, and then only for a day or so at a time. He must have run into Tack, Peter supposed, on those visits, at the club, or at parties, but he never really got to know him. He knew all about him, though every; one who read the newspapers did. He knew

that Tack had been passed over twice, in the final phase of choosing the international polo team, and he'd heard that that was because he wouldn't stop drinking long enough to train seriously. And he'd read, too, of his marriage to Martha.

During those years of his absence from New York Peter was working, of course, doing chemical research in the laboratories of a big industrial corporation, which is, generally speaking, about as colorful and exciting as keeping books in a bank, especially when, as in Peter's case, the work was wholly commercial. But he stumbled across a promising lead once and the people he worked for were decent about letting him follow it up, in his own time, with their facilities. So, he perfected an alloy that made a lighter airplane engine than any one had ever dreamed feasible, and sold his patents for a cash payment and a royalty that staggered him.

Peter wasn't at all by way of being one of those ardent and self-sacrificing scientists Paul de Kruyf describes so romantically. He never thought of devoting his leisure and his comparative wealth to adventurous attempts to conquer some of the unknown regions of the scientific world. Not he. He quit his job as soon as he could get his successor broken in, and headed for the feshpots of Manhattan.

His sister found him an apartment with a roof terrace and a Filipino boy to look after it and him, and he acquired a wicked looking and absurdly fast Mercedes roadster for himself. And, so equipped, he set out to make up for lost time.

Plenty of men in Peter's case have ideas like his, and miff them as badly as he did. For the truth was that after three months or so of hard, conscientious play he was bored beyond words. He was just about ready to go back to science, his tail between his legs, when he got to know Martha Thayer.

New York, in ten years, had grown clear away from all he had remembered and missed and longed for during his term of exile. He was, it happened, that rare bird, a born New Yorker.

In the New York of Peter's memories, speakeasies had not taken the place of saloons. Prohibition was still something that people said, with a tolerant laugh, wouldn't come to pass in their time—just as the same people say, nowadays, between drinks, that no one now living will see it repeated.

There was still a great many places to which no man thought of taking a nice girl, a girl of his own sort. Peter remembered how, during his last Easter vacation, a crowd had slipped away from Sherry's old place, the one that's a bank now, and gone over to the Palais Royal, on Broadway, which he'd found, on his return, had become a chop suey joint. Paul Whitman's band had been a brand new sensation there then, and that crowd had had a thrilling feeling, especially the girls, that they were doing something exciting and distinctly daring.

When Peter came back he was out of step from the first; the pace was too fast for him. The whole town was strange and new; it was populated by strangers, whose very speech was foreign in his ears. He couldn't grow accustomed to finding young girls he'd seen at midnight, at a debutante party at Pierre's, lined up on stools at a speakeasy bar at four a.m., swallowing drink for drink with their boy friends. He felt as one does who tries to board a moving trolley car that keeps gathering speed and dragging him along as he tries to plant a foot on its running board.

In a queer, confused way he didn't have such a bad time. But he was self-conscious; he was what a psychoanalyst would insist on calling inhibited. People were remarkably nice to him, considering how little he really had, in those early weeks, to contribute to the gaiety of an evening; they were amazingly tolerant of what he himself felt was his dumbness. He had, and accepted, any number of invitations. The trouble was that he didn't know what to do when he arrived.

Most of the men he'd known in school and college were married, naturally. Their wives were very nice to Peter. They asked him to dinner, and took him on, afterward, to parties for most of which, of course, since he'd been away so long, he didn't have cards. But, it seemed to him, people didn't go to parties for their own sake any more, but rather to meet their own crowd and go on somewhere else—Tex Guinan's, or the Jungle Club, or Emma's, or, for that matter, before breakfast, to all three, and half a dozen more like them.

Emma's, that year, was usually the last port of call. No one went there much before two, but after that, until dawn, it was crowded, and Peter found the people there more amusing and more agreeable, generally, than in any of the other night clubs.

Emma's was a queer place to look at. There were two rooms; one small, and one smaller. The first had a dance floor, and a melancholy, useless orchestra, but they little knew of Emma's who had to stay in there. The bar was the real Emma's.

That was in a tiny, practically air-proof room, with a few tables for those who couldn't find room for their glasses on the bar itself. There was a very bad cabaret show in the other room, but Emma herself, a high yellow wench, who had made something of a sensation in Paris, sang in the bar at intervals.

Peter saw all sorts of people there: novelists, playwrights, actors and actresses. But mostly there were kids from over Park Ave. way.

Peter liked the place. He was talking one night to a girl who thought it ought to bore him.

"Well," he said, "I don't know. Look at that chap over there. You wouldn't expect to see him here."

This man had been puzzling Peter for half an hour. He was a Jew, about forty, with an inscrutable face and eyes. He was short, had a big head and high forehead. Mysterious though his eyes were, they weren't unpleasant; in fact they were beautiful. His features were sensitive and finely cut.

Betty Rogers laughed. "He," she said. "Why, that's Dr. Zahn—Meyer Zahn, the psychoanalyst. He's very famous, too."

Zahn turned just then, and caught Peter staring at him, and Peter looked away quickly, just in time to see Martha Thayer for the first time in his life.

(To be continued.)

Queen's Rooms Restored

London.—Queen Victoria's rooms in Kensington Palace have been reopened to the public, restored to practically the same condition as they were a century ago when Queen Victoria occupied them with her mother, Duchess of Kent.

Queen Mary, who was born at Kensington Palace, has taken the greatest interest in the scheme for refurbishing and decorating the rooms. She has made a careful inspection to see no detail has been overlooked. A large number of articles of furniture associated with Queen Victoria have been brought to the apartments from Frogmore.

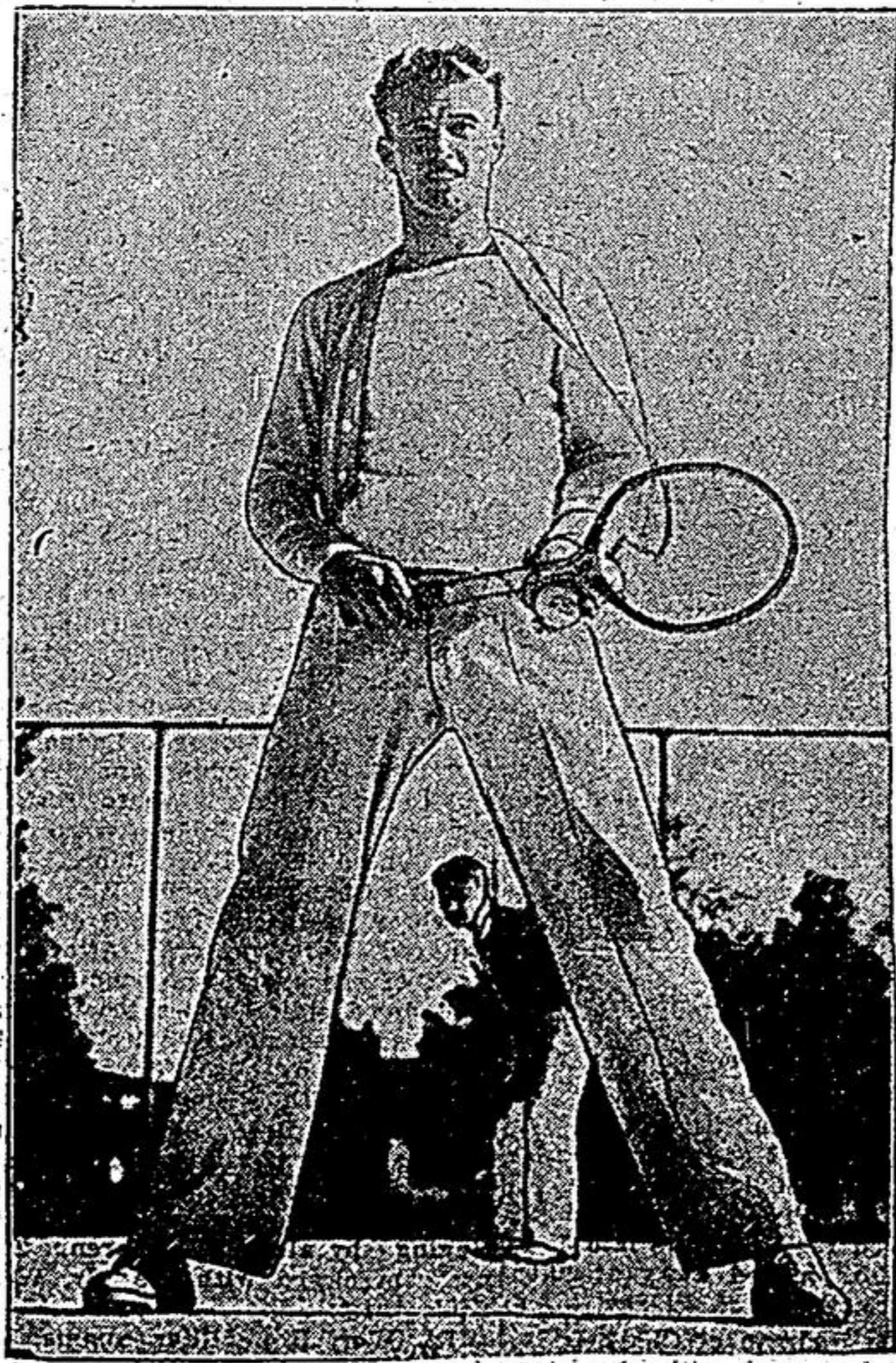
Visitors now see the royal apartments as they were in Queen Victoria's day—the sofa-table, the quaint chifonier, the tapestry and chintz of the Victorian period, all are there, as well as many of Queen Victoria's toys. The apartments look out toward the famous Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.

Weak Tea is Harmless; Avoid Strong "Brew"

A doctor was asked recently whether he thought it harmful to drink large quantities of very hot tea during the day. This woman would drink it on first waking up, at breakfast, in the middle of the morning, after lunching, at tea time, after supper, and, finally, before going to bed. Recently she noticed that she suffered a good deal with heartburn and vague discomfort high up in the stomach.

Tea drinking is harmless enough the doctor said, but it is certainly bad for you to drink it very hot and it is equally bad to drink it very strong. Very strong tea, particularly if it has stood a long time and has become bitter, and very hot tea must be very irritating to the stomach; and after a time you are bound to get a chronic gastritis with heartburn and its accompanying unpleasantnesses. If you drink a lot of tea make it fresh each time.

A Tennis Giant



A towering tennis champ is Lester Stoeber of California who defeated Marcel Rainville, Canada's ace, at Hot Springs, 6-2, 6-3, 8-10, 6-3. He is over six feet and hand ones are pretty soft for him.

May Flowers

Whalebone is not bone at all, but an elastic substance found in the mouths of whales.

The world's total of motor-bicycles is placed at 2,750,000, eighty-five per cent. of them being in Europe.

By lighting and heating a beehive by electricity the output of honey has been increased by as much as 17 lbs.

The extra day's pay due to last year being Leap Year cost the United Kingdom £20,000 for the Royal Air Force alone.

Travellers on board British ships run so little risk of death from fire that it works out at less than .00003 per cent.

Last year's output of films was the lowest for twenty years; there was, however, an increase in the number of British films.

Smokeless fuel, motor spirit, and heavy oils can be obtained from any suitable kind of coal by the use of a brick retort of a new type.

We are said to be acquiring gradually the power of shutting our ears to noise; this is Nature's response to the increased noise of modern life.

Swordsticks, consisting of smart malacca and other canes containing a slim steel blade, are becoming increasingly popular in Gt. Britain.

It is claimed that no film rejected by the British Board of Film Censors but afterwards passed by a local authority, has ever proved a financial success.

Private flying is increasing in the United Kingdom. There are now over 400 private aeroplanes on the British Register, while sixteen light-aeroplane clubs receive the subsidy.

Lunches can be served at the rate of 2,000 a day from the £40,000 kitchen installed in the new Bank of England. It is said to be the largest and most costly staff kitchen in London.

Charts are being made for the first time of the dangerous coasts of Labrador by Challenger, the survey ship of the British Navy. It is estimated that it will take fifty years to complete the survey.

For the first time for five years the number of road deaths in Gt. Britain last year showed a decrease on the previous year. The figures were 6,651 in 1932, as compared with 6,691 in 1931. On the other hand, the number of non-fatal accidents has increased.

Travelling 20,000 miles by air, a London business man recently did a trip in sixty days at a cost of \$1,500 which by other modes of travel would have occupied 180 days and cost \$1,800. He visited Palestine, Iraq, Egypt, Uganda, Kenya, Rhodesia and South Africa.

Germany Offers Prizes For Best Book and Film

Berlin.—The Hitler government has set up annual national prizes for the best patriotic book and motion picture produced by a German, Joseph Goebbels, National Socialist Minister of Propaganda, let it be known today. The prizes are to be distributed every May Day.

The award for the best book will amount to 12,000 marks (\$2,950), while the author and leading artists of the best film will be rewarded with special art objects. The propaganda Minister will appoint five men on New Year's Day as a jury to pick the worst productions.

For the current year the prize is to be granted for the best works dealing with the history of the "national revolution" and the events connected therewith.

The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

So They Say:—

"A great substantial advance toward disarmament and toward equality can only be measured by the amount of confidence and trustfulness that exists."—Ramsay MacDonald.

"Because of the anguish of the world's soul just now, I prophesy there will be a great return to that romantic love which is giving, not taking."—Ellnor Glyn.

"The solution of our troubles will come when the world realizes we must all be partners."—Michael Arlen.

"We can have no new deal until great groups of people, particularly the women, are willing to have a revolution in thought."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"The more intelligent and cultured are, as a rule, the people who find it most difficult to feel fraternal towards their fellow men."—Aldous Huxley.

"It is not good to think too well of the past, and it is even possible to think too ill of the present."—Bertrand Russell.

"To talk of maintaining or improving moral standards without religiosity is to talk sheer nonsense."—Bishop William T. Manning.

"No two leaves of a tree are identical in shape. Why should we expect the shape of two souls to be identical?"—Havelock Ellis.

"There is an adjective which is ruining the Western world—the adjective 'dynamic'."—Guglielmo Ferrero.

"Propaganda has become one of the major instruments of government."—Aldous Huxley.

"I believe that in the future we are going to think less about the producer and more about the consumer."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"I cannot guarantee myself as the greatest living hokum merchant, but I am certainly one of the best ten."—George Bernard Shaw.

"There is only one rule for good writing—to write that which you really desire to write, in the way which seems best to you."—Branch Cabell.

"Men thought they had achieved a perfect peace, but instead they found to the contrary."—Pope Pius.

"Our danger is that because we cannot see where we are going we do not even try to start."—Bruce Barton.

"Democracy should be redefined as meaning not the equal right of all to hold office but the equal right and opportunity of all to make themselves fit to hold office."—Will Durant.

"Piety and the study of works of devotion seem to go with a predisposition for the reading of detective stories."—Archbishop of Canterbury.

"The worst feature of any kind of prohibition is that if it falls you live under a system of hypocrisy."—John Erskine.

"The American people are to a considerable extent poetic and romantic."—John Masfield.

"For one who has general debility, local weaknesses have their greatest chance of showing themselves."—Sir Josiah Stamp.

"The iron law of supply and demand regulates the production of commodities, but not the production of human beings."—Albert Einstein.

"I have made it a point to try and forget my birthdays."—De Wolf Hopper.

"General prosperity can be hastened by enlisting the unemployed to create—under proper leadership—a desire to buy."—Roger W. Babson.

"Public opinion resents coarseness or vulgarity in motion pictures."—Will H. Hays.

"No people ever hated other people unless they were ignorant of their true character."—Josephus

Your Finger-Nails As Danger Signals

Mirrors of Your Physical State, Declares French Professor

Show me your finger-nails: they will tell you what's the matter! Your finger-nails are the mirrors of your physical state! Says Je sais tout (Paris).

The shape of the nails reveals all sorts of diseases. This shape, your heart is wrong; that shape, your liver. Medical colleges are in for a bad time if this theory is right. They are superfluous. A glance at the nails—all your organs are as good as laid on the table. The French periodical elaborates the new science thus:

"The shape of the nails, their consistency, their color, their spots, may be so many signs pointing to organic troubles.

"All is based upon the labors of Prof. Henri Magin-Balthazard, member of the international institute of anthropology.

"He says that examination of the horny shells tipping our fingers makes possible a diagnosis of many diseases.

"The normal nail, indicative of a harmonious state and of good health, ought to be supple, neither flabby nor brittle, neither too long nor too short, neither very broad nor very narrow.

"It should occupy half the length of the distance to the first finger-joint calculating from the finger-tip

"Its sides—the lateral extremities—ought to be parallel.

"Its true color is slightly rosy, it is softly smooth in its normal state, curved gently and unspotted, with no hollows, no excrescences, no surface projections or points.

"If it departs markedly from this description it may show, or rather it always shows, an organic difficulty, a marked tendency to some physical ail.

"If the nail be too long, there is likely to be a predisposition to maladies caused by lack of energy or by lassitude.

"If the nail be too short, especially when flattened and almost square, there is a definite tendency to heart trouble as well as to nervous prostration.

"If the nail be quite foreshortened and very broad, the indication is irritability and neurasthenia.

"Should nails of this sort be found with spatulated, phalanges, showing abnormal enlargement, they point to maniacal tendencies, to fury and violence.

"Too triangular nails indicate that cerebro-spinal accidents and paralysis are to be feared.

"Trapezoidal nails point to morbidity of imagination.

"Narrow nails indicate health pot at all robust, equilibrium being maintained through the nervous forces.

"Almond-shaped nails or nut-kernel nails show that the arterial system is not capable of much resistance."

Glancing now at the profiles of the finger-nails, we are told:

"When all the nails are convex, that is to say bulging up from the root to the tip, the indication is toward troubles of the respiratory passages.

"Such convexity, if marked, is often a sign of liver complaint.

"Looked at from the finger-ends, the nails are normally in the form of an arch. If this curvature ends in a very abrupt drop of the sides, imitating in a way the slope of a roof, the indication is arteriosclerosis, often indeed cancer.

"If the nail of the index finger be very convex, talon-like, or rather like a rounded dome, it suggests a malady of the lungs.

"If the arch of the finger-nail be vaulted to the extent of a half circle in aspect, the indication is intoxication as a result of kidney complications. The evidence is the more alarming if all the nails present the same deformity.

"If too flat, the nails indicate a lymphatic organic passivity.

"If flabby, there is a lack of physical strength.

"If hard and brittle, the nails indicate anemia.

"If friable, easily crumbled and reduced to powder, the nails point to gland troubles involving the internal secretions.

Forgotten Umbrellas Bring Revenue to British Railroad
London.—The Southern Railway has hit upon a novel idea for using umbrellas left behind by forgetful travelers and unclaimed. Notices are posted in suburban stations offering to hire them out to passengers caught in a shower. Holders of commutation tickets can hire them for a rental of only a penny a day.

It only remains for some one to be borrowing his own umbrella from the railway.
The Southern Railway is now trying to find out what to do with the 2,500 sets of false teeth that are left in railway trains every year.

TIRES FOR SHOES.
A great many of the old automobile tires discarded in the United States are sent to Mexico, China, Spain and Portugal, where they are made over



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