



MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Allen Waller

SYNOPSIS

As Peter Wayne sits on the chilly roof of a building in the East Fifties, waiting to be admitted to the penthouse apartment of the Thayers, where Inspector Connolly and Assistant District Attorney Barclay were questioning Martha Thayer about the murder of her husband, Tack, Peter reviews the last few months. He had known Tack Thayer at Yale. Peter went West after his graduation and for several years did chemical research in the laboratories of a big industrial corporation. Then he stumbled across an alloy that made a lighter airplane engine than any one he ever dreamed feasible. He sold his patents for cash and a royalty that staggered him, and headed for Manhattan, where he met Martha Thayer. As he sits outside the penthouse he recalls their first meeting.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

INSTALLMENT III.

It wasn't easy for Peter afterward, even very soon afterward, to recall the impression Martha made on him at sight. He didn't though, think of her, at first as being beautiful. She was a sullen, graceful girl; he did think, even then, that she had a distinction, both of mind and body, that no woman in that room could match. It wasn't strange that he didn't see her beauty; she was hiding it, almost deliberately; it could not shine through her sullen, brooding look. He was to come to know, later, that her beauty always did depend upon her mood, and her mood, just then, was bitter, and savage, and discontented.

She wore a very plain black evening dress; her wrap was slipping from her shoulders as she walked toward the bar. Her arms and shoulders and hands attracted Peter; they were what drew his eyes, rather than her face. They were lovely; there was a marvelous grace about them. He had a way of judging people by their hands, anyway; he was always enormously influenced in his first quick, instinctive reactions toward new people by the way their hands looked, and how they used them.

Martha's hands weren't dainty, or small, or fragile; they looked as if they could and did use them vigorously. But they were beautifully shaped, and she had long, sensitive, plastic fingers. She didn't make gestures; the way she employed her hands and her fingers to accentuate what she said was something much subtler and much more delicate than that.

"Tack's tight again," said Betty Rogers. That made Peter realize that this girl hadn't come in alone; he became aware, with a silly feeling of resentment, of the big, good-looking chap who followed her.

"Tack?" said Peter, inquiringly—but with a vague stirring of memory.

"Tack Thayer—you must have known him. She was Martha Cameron."

That placed the boy for Peter, and he looked at him more closely. What he saw was rather shocking. Tack had begun, Peter thought, to go to seed, and he was too young, and much too fine an animal for that. There was no disputing the fact, though. It was manifest in the pouchy look under his eyes, in the sagging of the muscles of his jaw, in the slack, weary look of his hands. As Peter sat on the roof, looking at the mist on the river, he hated remembering that impression Tack had given him at Emma's. But facts are stubborn things, especially when, like Peter, you have been trained to look at them scientifically, with neither passion nor prejudice.

Nearly every one in Emma's bar that morning spoke to the Thayers. But Tack was too far gone to notice, and Martha, though she wasn't rude, was obviously indifferent. She nodded to Zahn, though; that struck Peter as odd. He seemed to matter more to her than any one there; she smiled at him, and her smile lit up her face for a moment, and brought beauty, real beauty, into it for the first time. Then she and Tack found stools at the bar, and Tack began at once to drink, hard and fast.

Martha, though, only took an occasional, absent-minded sip from her glass. There was a purposeful look about her, Peter thought; as if she were waiting for something to happen, or, more probably for some one to appear. All at once she turned and looked at the door, and following her eyes, Peter saw a man who'd just

come in; a tall, dark, scowling boy, with a weak mouth.

"I thought so," said Betty. "There's the boy friend. Stop watching Martha Thayer, Peter. She'd eat you for breakfast, lamb."

Peter grinned, but he didn't stop watching Martha. Not that she knew that; her eyes were all for the newcomer.

"That's Evan Ross, going over to them," said Betty. "Damn it, I wish Martha'd snap out of it. Tack's going to crown Evan some day."

Some one from another table asked Betty to dance just then, and that stirred up the rest of Peter's crowd to activity so that, pretty soon, he was left alone. He could have found some one to dance with, but he was glad of a chance to set, quietly, and watch the group at the bar. Ross had joined the Thayers, now; joined Martha, rather, for they both ignored Tack, and, though he tried, once or twice, to break into their talk, Martha silenced him, pretty sharply, each time.

He didn't seem to resent that at first, but then, abruptly, in the way of a drunken man, he did. He sent his newly filled glass flying, with a sudden gesture, so that Martha had to slide down from his stool, and stood glaring at them.

"I'm going home," he announced, so loudly that for a moment every one stopped talking to stare, and there was one of those beastly silences in which an angry voice lingers in the air of a room as smoke does after a shot. Then the talk broke out again.

"All right, Tack," Martha said quietly.

"You coming?"

"Not now, no. Go ahead if you want to, Tack. I'll get home all right."

Tack stood there, swaying a little, baffled, too drunk to know what to do next. Ross, Peter saw, was watching him with wary, hostile eyes, and lips tightly compressed.

"Well—all right—" said Tack, after a moment, and turned away. He lurched as he walked, and his uncertain progress toward the door brought him toward Peter's table. Peter himself looked away; he found himself feeling sorry for Tack, though he wasn't, as a rule, one to waste much sympathy on men who drank more than they could carry. But, to Peter's surprise, Tack didn't pass him, but stopped; he could feel him looking at him, until it became easier to face him than to keep his eyes averted.

"Hello," said Tack, thickly. "I know you! Wait—I got it! Peter Wayne—sheff, weren't you? It's a long time I don't see you. How the hell are you, Pete?"

"Fine," said Peter. "I didn't think you'd know me. How're they breaking for you, Tack?"

"Fair to rotten—" His voice broke, with the appalling suggestion of coming tears you hear, sometimes, in the voice of a man who's been drinking hard for days. "Here—come along."

He reached for Peter's arm and pulled him to his feet.

"Look cut—what goes on?" said Peter, laughing and trying to pull away. But, though Tack might be going to seed, there was enough of him left to handle Peter. Even so Peter might have put up an argument if he'd guessed what the other meant to do. As it was, though, he was over at the bar before he knew what was afoot. He saw Martha's angry eyes, and her tight, scornful young lips.

"Out of the game," said Tack. "Puttin' in sub—substitute. May I present Mr. Wayne, Mrs. Thayer? Knew him N'Haven. An—oh, yes—Mr. Ross, Mr. Wayne." He lowered his voice. "Have to watch Ross, Pete. He's a regular son of a female dog, Ross is."

"Tack—you beast!" said Martha. "Will you go home—if you're going?"

"Home?" said Tack. "Sure. I got home. Who says I haven't? American home—bul-bulwark 'o' nation! Vive la France!"

And then he went, without another word.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wayne," said Martha. "Take Tack's stool and have a drink, won't you?" And, so low that only Peter could hear: "Please!"

Peter stayed, of course. Any one hearing the urgent, pleading note in her voice must have stayed. A drink appeared before him, but neither he nor Martha were giving the Prohibition people anything to worry about that morning; both had other things to think about.

"Get me some cigarets, please, Evan," said Martha.

"Oh, wait!" he said. "The girl'll be around in a minute."

"But I want some now," said Martha, gently. Peter offered his, but she shook her head. "Thanks, no. Evan knows my brand." Ross went off, rather sulkily, and Martha grinned at Peter, like a mischievous small girl. "I wanted to get rid of him," she explained.

"Oh!" said Peter, rather flinly. She was looking at him. He'd never known anything quite like that queer, swift appraisal. It lasted only a few seconds; then she nodded.

"I think we're going to be friends,

News Flashes From Germany

Berlin.—An illustration of how economic difficulties can stimulate ingenuity was recently furnished in Stuttgart by the Institute for Acoustic and Caloric Research, a branch of the Stuttgart Polytechnic. For a long time the institute had felt the need for a building of its own, but the necessary funds were unfortunately not forthcoming. The specialists of the institute, however, finally hit on a happy solution to the difficulty by designing an edifice constructed entirely of samples presented gratis by the building industry.

The new Institute Building, the fruits of this bright idea; has now been completed and consists of 105 various kinds of mural construction materials, twenty-five different sorts of ceilings, thirty varieties of floors and six distinct specimens of roofing. Thus, the Polytechnic was not only able to save a considerable sum in building materials, but incidentally, a first rate opportunity has been created for examining the samples under conditions especially favorable to analysis by experts. In fact, the manufacturers of the materials used could hardly suggest a fairer test for their products.

SMOKE SIGNAL DETECTS FIRES. Fires in large public buildings, huge department stores, and on ships have caused such damage that research into methods whereby fire can be immediately detected has long been carried on. A new invention which, it is claimed, will go far toward solving this problem has been perfected by Dr. B. Lange of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute for Fibre Chemistry in Berlin. Acting on the old adage, "No fire without smoke," Dr. Lange's researches concentrated upon producing an apparatus which would immediately register all evidences of smoke and, at the same time, bring the fire extinguishers into operation. Big ocean liners, like the Europa and Bremen have long been fitted with smoke signals which, by optical signs indicated to the central fire station on the ship, were the outbreak occurred, and made counter-measures immediately possible. But such apparatus needed constant supervision and was often superseded by other methods, such as alarm signals. Dr. Lange's new method, it is reported, combines the use of optical signals with alarms, sirens sounding on the first outbreak of smoke. His apparatus, so finely adjusted that it registers even the lighting of a match, is so great an improvement on the older mechanisms that it is to be installed on the Caribia and the Cordillera, the newest Hamburg-American liners.

STAR GAZING 300 YEARS AGO. Interesting finds relating to Johann Kepler, the famous seventeenth century astronomer, were recently displayed at a meeting of the Bavarian Academy of the Sciences. These discoveries divide themselves naturally into two parts, the one consisting of letters and documents, the other of Kepler's interpretation of the events of his day from the study of the skies. The letters and documents were found

among the archives of Duke Frederick of Wurttemberg in the Stuttgart Museum by Professor Walter von Dyck. They consist of a correspondence between Kepler and the Duke concerning the new planetarium which the latter intended to have made. It was to serve as the principal attraction in the Duke's art chamber, at the same time propagate the Copernician theory of the universe and illustrate Kepler's own hypothesis regarding the planets. An antiquarian in Stuttgart supplied the other discovery through the help of Professor Max Caspar. It is a treatise of Kepler's, in which he ventures upon some theories as to the influence of the stars on the lower world and "on the meaning of comets, on past and future eclipses and other unusual things." This forms an addition to the Kepler prognostications and calendars already published. The astronomer was then at the height of his fame, for his great "Harmonice Mundi" had only recently appeared, in 1619. In this treatise he seeks to pronounce on "the weather in the natural as well as in the political world for the coming year." This was an important time in European history—the beginning of the Thirty Years War—and Kepler seeks to advise all and sundry, from potentates to common people, as to what should be done. The treatise is particularly valuable as a cultural picture of Europe in the seventeenth century.

COLONIES CALL TO GERMANS. German interest in colonial questions, which did not abate when the country lost its colonies after the last war, has greatly increased of late with what is felt here as the growing possibility that some of these territories may be returned to Germany in the form of mandates. In such circumstances, the recent exhibition, "The Call of the Premial Forest" appealed to both this desire and to the art lover. For under this title, German artists who had lived in the German African colonies in pre-war days organized an exhibition of their works. In landscape, native life and animal kingdom they found abundant wealth of material for their canvases. The German desire for the restoration of their lost colonies was voiced on this occasion by Dr. Schnee, former Governor of German East Africa, who expressed the hope that German youth would again be able to satisfy its longing for adventure.

Depression to the Fore. He was telling the Negro minister that he had "got religion."

"Dat's fine, brothah, but is you sure you is going to lay aside sin?"

"Yessut, ah's done it already."

"An' is you gwine support de church and help de widow; an' o'phan's?"

"Ready right now."

"An' is you gwine to pay up all yoh debts?"

"Wait a minute, Pahson! You ain't talking religion now—you're talkin' bizness!"

Japan has 768 trade unions, 101 of which are in the transport industry. The total number of trade unionists is 370,123.

Vote! "Perfect!"

Stylists meeting in Yasuda Park, the above ensemble as A-1. Since bicycling is increasing in popularity, you must be properly attired and this seems to solve the question.



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Pearls Provide Millions' Livelihood

Bahrein Islands, Protectorate of Great Britain Prepare For Spring Work

150,000 naked men diving in shark-infested waters for pearls form the nucleus of an industry upon which depends the existence of about 2,000,000 people. The scene of this picturesque and thrilling spectacle is the Bahrein pearl banks of the Bahrein Islands, which form an archipelago in the Persian Gulf twenty miles off at Hasa on the Arabian coast. In the preparation for the spring season of pearl fishing in these islands, which are a protectorate of Great Britain, every harbor on the Arabian coast shows big high-pooped dhows, the craft of the pearl-fishing fleet, drawn up for calking and riveting. Sails, oars and masts are repaired, and the smell of fish-oil, used for seasoning the wood, is described by a Bahrein correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" as "all-pervading." He tells us further: "Nearly 500,000 men are engaged yearly in the pearl-fishing. The livelihood of about 2,000,000 people depends directly or indirectly upon the prices offered by Paris and New York merchants for the pearls. "Each dhow carries from 24 to 35 divers. They go over the side naked, with a basket slung round their necks. The sharks normally do not molest them. "Down they go, and when their breath is exhausted they are pulled up, with their baskets full of the pearl oysters, by the ropemen, some 30 or 45 in number. "Unfortunately, according to this informant, most of the men, encumbered by old debts to the dhow-owners, make little or nothing out of their work. But it is a lucrative trade for many, and for the ruling sheiks on the coast it is said to be an important source of income. Each sheikdom sends its quota of ships, and each fleet, under an "admiral" in the biggest dhow, sets sail after a ceremony of prayer. "We read then: "The Gulf pearl markets are inconspicuous. The merchants, who look anything but wealthy, carry their pearls in little knotted pieces of rag, which they produce from the voluminous folds of their flowing garments. "All transactions take place in little coffee-shops or in secluded rooms in the thick-walled Arab houses. These transactions run into thousands of pounds."

Like President's Wife

New York.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in New York after a week's motor trip about the state, told this one: On the outskirts of Binghamton several days ago, driving her blue roadster, she stopped to buy some gasoline. The attendant, as the purchase was completed, gazed at her for a moment and said: "Did anyone ever tell you that you look just like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt?" "Oh, lots of times," Mrs. Roosevelt replied.

Muscles Used to Think In Addition to Brain

Washington.—New evidence that people "think" with their muscles as well as their brains, and that therefore complete relaxation helps relieve such things as fear, worry and emotional straight, was presented to the American Neurological Ass'n. Dr. Edmund Jacobson of the University of Chicago described experiments that showed when people think about performing an act with some particular part of the body, the muscles in that part register a small, but measurable electric current on a delicate machine. Out of the 8,044 taxicabs licensed by the London Metropolitan Police, 211 are more than twenty years old.

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So They Say:

"Music must not be regarded as an accomplishment or luxury for a class of people, but rather as an educational necessity for every one."—Walter Damrosch.

"Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure to the human soul into refreshment."—Herbert Hoover.

"I think for my part that politics and moral responsibility must be intimately related."—Edouard Herriot.

"Individual goodness and happiness does not necessarily follow from efficient political and economical organization."—Aldous Huxley.

"The most serviceable of all assets is reputation."—Otto H. Kahn.

"You should have no convictions, for, as Nietzsche puts it, conviction: are prisons."—George Bernard Shaw.

"No one has ever assured us that Democracy knows how to put the right man in the right place for successful government of the commonwealth."—Benito Mussolini.

"There is no measuring rod for the value of unique ability or for personality which commands vast popular favor."—Will H. Hays.

"Hopefulness is necessary: if the world is to be made better."—Bertand Russell.

"The man who is strongest and most independent is the one who has stretched out his hand to somebody else's and grasped it."—Ramsay MacDonald.

"Those who win money by chance are likely to develop an unsound philosophy of life."—John Erskine.

"To-day, cold logic is not what we need, for logic is a hobbled servant that doesn't get us far."—Edwin Markham.

"Congratulate me on not having to stay in this fool world much longer."—Clarence Darrow.

"We do not propose to work for the judgment of the moment, but for the verdict of centuries to come."—Adolf Hitler.

"England, with all its faults, is still the best country, whether for duke or dustman."—Winston Churchill.

"Failure can only come from doing something not right or artistic. One can never sense the public's reaction to a play."—Katharine Cornell.

"If human beings could be propagated by cuttings, like apple trees, aristocracy would be biologically sound."—J. B. S. Haldane.

"Real love never thinks of itself at all, or what the reactions will be."—Elinor Glyn.

"If this world offers few opportunities to be 'happy,' it offers many to be heroic."—Havelock Ellis.

"Two words express the tragedy of married life: 'Talked out.'"—Gertrude Atherton.

"Africa is the only peaceable, quiet continent, without tyrants, without dictators, without danger or revolution or war."—Guglielmo Ferrero.

"Human affection is its natural divine arrangement here and it is liable to continue unimpaired in another state of existence."—Sir Oliver Lodge.

"In women's hands lies the solution to the world's greatest problem—peace."—Eugene Brieux.

Good Odds

Willie was a born gambler. Many times his schoolmates had to part with their weekly pennies through being foolish enough to bet with him.

His father determined to break him of the habit. He interviewed his schoolmaster one day and said: "I want to cure my boy of his betting habits, so if you can get him to make a bet with you and you are certain he'll lose, take him on; then, when he loses his money, he'll be sorry for himself."

The master consented.

Next day Willie said to him, "I'll bet you sixpence you've got corns, sir!"

"Good!" thought the master. "I know I haven't, so he's sure to lose." Aloud he said, "Right, Willie, I'll bet you I have no corns." And he removed his shoes and proved it.

"You've won," said Willie, and paid up.

Next day the master met Willie's father, and said, "Well, I won sixpence off your boy. He bet me I had corns, and I showed him he was wrong."

"What! The young beggar bet me half a crown he'd get you to show him your bare feet, and he's won!"

Non-Starter

A bookmaker had had a bad day—a very bad day. After the big race he covered the distance between the course and the railway station in record time, beating the pursuing crowd by many lengths.

Unfortunately he was stopped by a policeman, and that is how it came about that he was compelled to spend the night in a cell.

There were so many lodging at the King's expense at the time that the bookmaker's case did not come up until late the following afternoon. He was in a fever to get out before the big race was run. When he knew the race must be over he tried to find out which horse had won, but none of the policemen would tell him.

When he reached the dock he addressed the magistrate.

"Sir!" he exclaimed, "will you tell me what has won the Apricot Stakes?"

"Silence!" roared a court official.

"What!" said the bookmaker. "Didn't know there was such a horse in the race!"

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