



MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Almon Wolf

SYNOPSIS.

"Martha's a sweet child, but they're in with a bad crowd," Mrs. Carol Wentworth, Peter Wayne's sister, warned him the night he met Martha Thayer and her husband, Tack, with whom Peter had gone to Yale. Peter recalls this as he sits outside the Thayer's penthouse while Inspector Connolly and Assistant District Attorney Barclay question Martha about the murder of Tack. Tack had been a heavy drinker. Peter recalls when Evan Ross had joined him and Martha at Emma's bar, Tack had left home and in the taxi slipped into his hand a costly bracelet, asking him to give it to Henry at Emma's. Peter returned the bracelet and said he would give it to Henry. At lunch next day Martha reproached him and asked him to dinner. Ross was a guest at the Thayer's dinner, devoting his time to fitu Gould.

CHAPTER VII.

Peter was glad when dinner was over; he wanted, although he didn't admit it to himself, to talk to Martha. But he was disappointed; she kept Ross beside her. Someone pushed Tack down on the bench before the piano, and he played. He played brilliantly; jazz mostly, wandering from one to another of the song hits of the moment.

Peter danced with Betty and with Marian Bronson; then he joined a group that gathered around Tack, at the piano, singing. Martha and Ross were over by the window, now, as Rita Gould and Ross had been before dinner; Rita, in a clinging green dress, that made her look like a slim and lovely snake, with jeweled eyes, stood alone, by the fireplace, moody and remote, smoking a cigarette in a long black holder.

Abruptly Tack brought both hands crashing down on the keys in a harsh, jangling discord, and got up.

"Fini!" he said. "I want a drink! Pete—come on! Got something I want to show you!" No one seemed surprised; no one paid any attention. Reluctantly, not knowing how to refuse, Peter let Tack take his arm and draw him from the room. They went into the kitchen, where Kedi, hissing through his teeth, was furiously at work, washing up. Tack poured out a drink of whiskey; grinned when Peter refused to join him; tossed off the raw spirit, with a grimace.

"Come along," Tack had said. And he had brought Peter out on the roof. They had looked out, as Peter was looking out now, and as Tack would never look again. Off in the east had been the ribbon of the Queensboro Bridge, lighted as it was now, with crawling specks of light as cars came and went, and beyond it the smoky, endless rabbit warren of Queens; far away, in the north, Peter could see the lovely, graceful arch of the Hell Gate Bridge, approached on either side by its long, high trestles, with a lighted train that seemed to crawl along upon it. Between them and the park rose the buttresses of the new, set back skyscrapers that looked, against the deep blue sky, like the fantastic castles in a Maxfield Parrish painting. In their ears was the low rumble of distant traffic, and, from time to time, the nearby muttering of a train on one L or the other.

They stood by the parapet. Tack looked down. "Easy enough—what, Pete?" he said. "One jump—and *tout fini!* Chap'd never know what hit him, would he? Settle the whole damn show for good and all! You'd sleep, anyway, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said Peter, flatly. "What do you mean, you don't know?" Tack laughed, shrilly, shrilly, mirthlessly. "Damn it—what do you mean? Of course you would! Hell—you're a bright fella, Pete! You know about things. What do you mean, you don't know?"

"Just that," said Peter, steadily. "I don't. How can any one know, Tack? Who's ever come back to tell us what goes on—after a jump like that? What's that line in Hamlet—'That undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns?' And, anyway—"

"Oh, I know!" said Tack, in a changed voice. He laughed. "Don't you worry, Pete. I'm not going to pop myself off. I'm not much good—damned if I'm yellow, though. I'll stick it out."

They were quiet for a while.

"You've got the right idea, Pete," said Tack. "Take it or leave it alone—that's you. Used to be that way myself, once. Long time ago, though. Don't let this damn town get you, now that you're back. It'll try. Hootch—women—easy money!" His voice was fierce, all at once. "Get to work, Pete! Don't you go slack, like the

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rest of us—there's nothing to it. I know!"

Peter, not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"Ross—" said Tack. "Pete—he's no good! He's a worm—he ought to be living under a flat stone, out in the woods, where it's damp and crawly. They'll tell you I'm jealous. Jealous hell! Nothing like it. But that's a rotten bad egg, that Ross. I know what I'm talking about."

"Me—I'm not much good, either. I've made a mess of things. Might have amounted to something—my own fault I didn't. Had all the chances any chap has coming to him. Martha—well, she's got it in for me, and I don't blame her. Martha's all right. You stick around, Pete. She likes you. So do I. Keep an eye on her. She'll listen to you, maybe. Me—she thinks I'm the dirt under her feet. And she needs someone."

"Maybe I am. But I'm not a fool, the way she thinks. She's smart. But she gets fooled. They all do. The smarter they are, the harder they fall. I could tell you some things—I've a good mind to tell you—"

"Steady, Tack," said Peter. "Better not. Not now."

Tack turned to look at him. He laughed, harshly. "You mean I'm drunk? Sure I'm drunk. I'll be a lot drunker before morning, too. Don't matter. Know what I'm talking about just as well as if I were sober. Have it your own way, though. I'll shut up. Come on. Let's go back. I want a drink."

Peter went back with Tack—through the kitchen again. Once more Tack tossed off a long drink of straight Scotch. In the living room, by this time, Kedi had set out a decanter, mineral water, a bowl of ice, glasses. The room was full of cigarette smoke and gay with talk and laughter.

"If we're going on to the Kendalls, I suppose we'd better be starting," Martha said.

"I'm not asked," said Rita Gould, from the fireplace. Her voice was insolent, indifferent. After a moment she added: "I don't know them."

"Oh, what difference does that make?" said Marian Bronson, quickly. "You're with us, of course. I think you're right, Martha—we ought to be starting." She laughed. "I've got a heavy date there, anyway—I don't want to be too late."

Here and there, inevitably, without intention on his part, certainly without asking questions, Peter picked up stray bits of information about Martha and Tack, until, gradually, what he learned enabled him to visualize their life more or less as a whole; gave him a reasonably complete picture of what it had been and what it had become.

He saw a good deal of them, after that dinner on the roof, and that curious, disconcerting, vaguely revelatory talk with Tack, as they stood by the parapet. He dined with them rather often; he gave dinners and theatre parties himself that, no matter how many people he might ask, were really for Martha. He met them everywhere, at dances, at big parties; when he was making a round of the night clubs, as, most nights, he did, he was almost sure to run into them somewhere.

Betty Rogers told him things, so did his sister, Carol Wentworth, who was careful and adroit; she knew Peter and his sensitive, old-fashioned feeling about things; she never repeated the mistake of that first day by coupling Martha's name with Ross's or any other man's. Betty, with no such need as Carol's to curb her tongue, was franker. And those two, of course, weren't the only ones from whom Peter heard things.

No one actually suggested that Martha was having an affair with Ross, but it was in the air that she was in love with him and he with her. And that Tack was bitterly and resentfully jealous, but, for some reason, powerless to put an end to whatever was going on.

Tack and Martha, it seemed to Peter, if what he heard about them had any truth in it at all, must be living in the curiously precocious, hand-to-mouth fashion that is so amazingly common in New York among young couples of their sort. Their credit was good enough for them to be burdened with debt, because, though they had very little money, money was all around and behind them both.

Tack was downtown, with Thayer, Abben and Company, but Peter gathered that, in spite of his name, he had only a job, not a partnership. He had his salary and the income of a trust fund established for him by his father, dead some years. The Thayer fortune, which was a large one, hadn't descended to Tack yet, and whether it would or not depended wholly upon his mother.

She, according to Betty, was a strong-minded, bony dowager, who adored Tack as utterly as she disapproved everything he did. She periodically raked Tack over the coals and paid off his debts. She cordially disliked Martha.

"She's High Church—she's absolutely off divorce," said Betty. "Tack hasn't enough to pay alimony if they

split up, and that's one thing the old girl wouldn't help him out in. And Martha, you see, is expensive. Evan Ross hasn't a nickel, of course."

As for Martha, Henry Cameron, her father, was a rich man, but one of those rich men whose incomes never quite meet their expenditures. Martha's parents hadn't particularly approved of her marriage, nor had they definitely opposed it. She'd gone her own way, and, and they saw it, she could go on doing so without looking to them.

(To be continued.)

Colour

Tall white cliffs, an emerald hill,
A red flag flying free,
Swift grey birds which roam at will
And brown boats on the sea.

Crimson rays on waters green,
From oval sky emerge;
Foam of pearl and silver sheen
The yellow sands submerge.

Tawny shades on distant blue
From canvas russet-brown;
Wavelets fleeted with orange hue,
Each crest a golden crown.

Dull black sails—which loom afar,
As giant moths at night;
Clear and cold the Vesper Star
Now shines with solemn light.
—Marcia Knight, in "Milestones."

London's Phone Exchange Links Whole World

In 1876 Alexander Graham Bell patented an apparatus for the transmission of speech, the precursor of our modern telephone. In 1891 the first overseas cable was laid between London and Paris, containing only two circuits. Now it is possible for the human voice to be communicated from the heart of the Empire to every other country of the world except to China and Japan. This was the statement of Sir Kingsley Wood, British Postmaster-General, recently at the formal opening in London by the Lord Mayor of a new telephone exchange through whose switchboard, with 32,000,000 subscribers—there being about 34,000,000 telephones in the world—the Empire is linked together. This new building, whose opening the Prince of Wales honored with his presence, marks the development in twenty-one years of the radio-telephone, for it is just that long ago since the Government took over the telephone system—now part of the efficient British Post Office. The system handles about 16,000,000 calls a day, about ten calls a day being to Canada. Various devices have been introduced to build up the voice of the subscriber, which tends to fade in transmission. The new London Exchange indicates the remarkable development that has taken place in telephony during recent years.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Captain "Sees" Entire Ship With New Fire Detectors

London.—A new invention to reduce the risk of fire at sea, which makes all the ship "visible" to the captain, is creating much interest in shipping circles here. Air ducts, or channels, are fitted to every vulnerable point of the ship. At the end of each channel is a small detector and extinguisher resembling a telephone mouthpiece. A rise above a specified temperature or a wisp of smoke causes the detector to set off an alarm. Once the alarm is in action carbon dioxide automatically is pumped through the air channels and begins to smother the flames.

The U.S. Navy Has Developed an Anchor Chain Made of Nickel-Chromium Steel

The U.S. navy has developed an anchor chain made of nickel-chromium steel. Jackie Cooper, 10-year-old film star, went to court and took a cut of \$76,000 off his salary for the next two years and never batted an eyelash. Most people might feel inclined to be sorry about Jackie, but he will continue to draw \$1,300 per week, the court merely having eliminated the graduated scale of increase provided in the original contract.—St. Catharines Standard.

Do Your Sleeping Before Midnight

Proverb "One Hour's Sleep Before Midnight Worth Two Hours' Afterward" is Upheld

The proverb that "one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours' afterward," usually is ridiculed by physicians.

A recent German investigation tends, however, to cast doubt on this medical opinion and to confirm the ancient proverb. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

Dr. Theodor Stockmann, principal of a school in Dulsburg, noticed that one of his pupils was falling behind in his school work, and was becoming more and more lazy and sleepy.

Inquiring into this young man's sleep habits, Dr. Stockmann found that he was studying late at night and sleeping late in the morning. Change of this habit so that the pupil slept before midnight and woke very early in the morning to study caused remarkable improvement in school work and in health.

Dr. Stockmann then tested the same idea on seventeen other pupils, averaging about nineteen years old. All turned out to be in better health and to do better school work when they habitually got four or five hours' sleep before midnight and got up at three or four o'clock in the morning to do their studying.

Two pupils who worked part of the day also found themselves in better health and more successful in their studies when they went to bed immediately after supper and did their school work between midnight and dawn. His observations also suggest, Dr. Stockmann reports to the German medical profession, that less than eight hours' sleep may be enough, at least for young people, provided all of it is obtained before midnight.

China's Place in the World

Hong Kong Press: China has now an immense opportunity to consolidate the friendship and respect of the world, gained during the past eighteen months. This factor of genuine good will is no small one in the situation. No one will say that self-interest and the desire to preserve the balance of power in the Far East are absent from Western minds, in their wish to see China strengthened. On the other hand, the fact of China's awakening national sense is accepted. The old system of relations between China and the Manchu dynasty and the European residents in the country is passing. The wish is not to preserve China of the ancient days, and to maintain a half-contact through intermediaries, but to assist in China's reorganization as a modern power, modelled on her own lines but strong, united and well governed. That is the true defence against both Japan and Russia, and the sure method of restoring Manchuria to her old allegiance.

Diamond Cuts Hardest Rock

The black diamond—a piece of coal—black carbon—will cut the hardest rock as if it were butter and cut steel like cheese.

He Can Worry Along

Jackie Cooper, 10-year-old film star, went to court and took a cut of \$76,000 off his salary for the next two years and never batted an eyelash. Most people might feel inclined to be sorry about Jackie, but he will continue to draw \$1,300 per week, the court merely having eliminated the graduated scale of increase provided in the original contract.—St. Catharines Standard.

Indo-American Wedding



Kumar Jehan Seesodia-Warlicker, Indian prince, and the former Mrs. Katharine Winterbotham, whom he married in Chicago, recently. They plan to go to London, Eng., where the prince hopes to enter parliament as Indian representative.



Recent Events From Overseas

Women Favor Flying

Women of Europe are taking to air travel. In the last few months the proportion of women flying in air liners on the cross-Channel and provincial services has risen from approximately 50 per cent. to more than 75 per cent. Several times recently all the passengers in planes arriving at Croydon, England, have been women.

Grand Old Man Dies

James Stewart, known as the Grand Old Man of Tientsin, died recently in the Chinese city. He was an engineer and joined the Chinese Imperial Service 66 years ago. He built the first steamboat for the late Empress of China, and was governor of the Arsenal of Tientsin in 1900 at the time of the Boxer rebellion. Stewart was born in Scotland 89 years ago.

Train Passes Over Baby

Although an engine and two cars passed over it, an 18-month-old baby at Zurawica, Poland, is still alive. The tot was playing on the track when a passenger train arrived. The engine applied the brakes, but could not stop the train in time. The child was found between the wheels unhurt.

Shrine in Station

Johannesburg, South Africa.—The new railway station of this city is probably the only station in the British Empire, outside of India, equipped with a shrine for the "faithful." An inner room has a praying mat on the floor and a shower bath has been installed so that the "faithful" who enters may perform his ablutions before he enters to pray.

As a result "Allah Ho Akbar" (God of Great) is now intoned in the station before the pious Muslim leaves on a train journey.

Dog Captures Bird

A Sydney policeman's Alsatian dog watched the man next door clean out his canary cage. Suddenly the bird escaped, flew some yards, and perched on a fence. The dog dashed after it, leaped into the air, and seized the bird. He trotted back with only the tail of the canary, showing from his mouth, and returned the bird unharmed to its owner.

Night Club Unlucky

London, Eng.—The "Ambassador," designed to be the most luxurious and exclusive night club in London, has been broken up under the auctioneer's hammer.

By order of the court, its furniture and fittings and its wine cellar were sold under distress for rent and rates. The club should have been a great success, but it never was, mysterious ill-luck dogged it.

Since 1927 the loss is said to be £159,000. Mr. Maundy Gregory was always finding money for its assistance. He placed nearly £170,000 at its disposal.

The membership was reputed to number 11,000, although it is doubtful if many of these members ever paid subscriptions. A large number of them were "honorary." Often at lunch or dinner time the restaurant, complete with a full staff, had no patrons.

The club was originally established as a "diplomatic and social centre," and in its diary for 1930 the following were given as members of the governing committee: Lord Southborough, Major-General J. E. B. Seely, Dudley Ward, Colonel H. W. Burton, R. H. Carruthers.

A special telephone line, the number of which was not published, was reserved exclusively for the benefit of members of the House of Commons.

"Paying the Piper"

London, Eng.—The phrase "Paying the piper while others call the tune" is a colloquialism dating back to the beginnings of the Pied Piper of Hamelin in the thirteenth century.

It means to bear the expense or loss of something from which others derive the benefit either voluntarily or by compulsion. Congress used the phrase in a modified form in his play "Love for Love" in 1695.

It was used by Flaiman in "Heracles Rides" in 1681 in its present form. In an earlier use of the phrase can be traced to Moliere, who spoke of "Paying the piper for others to dance" in his play "La Comtesse d'Escarbagas."

Duchess Adopts Donkey

London, Eng.—"Ned," an Irish donkey, is a guest of the Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, her country home near Worksop. The Duchess is befriending the donkey, which was sent to London from Dublin as a practical joke on a trainer who had ordered a racehorse, and instead of it being consigned to ignoble work such as

Hay Fever Season

Strictly speaking there is no such thing as hay fever. Hay is not the cause and fever is not a symptom of the ailment to which that name is applied. This misuse of language, however, lends small comfort to the victim of various pollens who must live for extended periods during the warm season with a pair of disagreeably irritated eyes, an unruly nose, a multiplicity of sneezes and perhaps asthmatic breathing.

Hay fever comes in three different waves, one in the spring, another in the early summer and the third in the late summer and early autumn. The first is the shortest and mildest, the second somewhat longer and more severe and the third the longest and most severe of all.

The cause of hay fever is pollen from flowers. In general the severity or degree of trouble it causes depends upon whether the pollen comes from trees, grass or weeds. The mild spring hay fever wave results chiefly from pollen that escapes from the blossoms of willow, birch and elm.

The early summer wave results from grass pollens, blue grass, orchard grass, timothy, sweet vernal and red top being the principal offenders.

The worst and last wave usually begins about the middle of August and continues until frost. For it the ubiquitous rag-weed is mostly responsible.

Some people are affected by one particular pollen. Others are victims of two or more kinds of pollen. Still others are affected by dandruff from various animals and even the dust from feather pillows. Some people suffer only during rag-weed season but get no relief when protected against the rag-weed pollen. This happens when a person is affected, say by dandruff, to which he is exposed all year but can still resist it well enough to develop no symptoms until rag-weed pollen breaks down the resistance. Protective measures are not sufficient to give relief unless both causes of the trouble are controlled.

Relief depends upon an accurate determination of the cause of hay fever. To simply take a series of treatments without knowing the exact cause is like shooting at a covey of birds without aiming especially at any one—a miss more often than a kill.

Once the exact cause, including all factors involved, is known, practical and permanent relief measures can be taken in nearly all cases. These range from vacations for those who can afford them to preventive treatments with protective injections. It requires very close observation and careful study on the part of a competent physician to discover the true cause or causes of hay fever in many cases.—Illinois Health-Messenger.

Showers of Frogs and Fishes

In "The Story of San Michele" Dr. Axel Munthe makes Turi, the Lapp, tell of toads that "came from the clouds, when the clouds were low the toads fell down in hundreds on the snow. You could not explain it otherwise for you would find them on the most desolate snow-fields where there was no trace of any living thing" (p. 127). Perhaps Turi was recounting fact, perhaps he was but repeating a tradition derived from that chapter of the "Historia" of Olaus Magnus of Uppsala, which in 1555 was written "Concerning the Rain of Fishes, Frogs, Mice, Worms and Stones."

Yet there are many well-authenticated records of the fall of frogs and fishes from the clouds, and the two most recent occurrences happened in the month of May. On May 15, 1900, on the outskirts of Providence, R.I., a heavy downpour of rain brought with it so many living perch and bullpouts, from two to four and a half inches long, that children gathered them by the handful and sold them; and on May 18, 1928, a rain of fishes, hundreds of them, fell on a farm in North Carolina, three-quarters of a mile from the nearest water course, which did not contain any number of fishes.

From many sources Dr. E. W. Gudger has collected and in several papers has published the records of about seventy-one accounts of rains of fishes ranging from 300 A.D. to 1928, and from all parts of the earth. A great number of the stories come from the United States, fifteen, from Asia nineteen, Australia seven, South Africa, South America and South seas one each.

The explanation of these showers of frogs and fishes is the same in every case. High winds, particularly whirlwinds, pick up water in the form of water spouts with such aquatic organisms as the water contains and carry them until the velocity of the air and clouds becomes relatively lowered and the organisms, alive or dead, fall to earth.—Nature Magazine.

Lost Masterpiece Discovered

Chicago.—A lost masterpiece of Leonardo Da Vinci, sought for four centuries, may have been located here, Dr. Maurice L. Goddard, art expert, said. Dr. Goldblatt said the Madonna of Yarn Winder, being displayed at a Century of Progress may be a Da Vinci work. Previously the painting has been attributed to one of Da Vinci's students, probably Luini. It is owned by E. W. Edwards, Cincinnati banker.

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