



MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Allen Wolf

SYNOPSIS

"One jump—and settle the whole show for good and all!" So said Tack Thayer to his old college mate Peter Wayne, as they stood on the roof near the Thayer penthouse apartment following a dinner at which Tack, as usual, had drunk too much. Peter recalled these words as he sat outside the penthouse some months later, waiting while Inspector Connelly and Asst. District Attorney Barclay questioned Martha Thayer, Tack's wife, about Tack's murder. Peter had met Martha at Emma's night club, with Tack, and was in love with her before he realized it. Peter's sister Carol had warned him that the Thayers were in with a bad crowd. The Ross to whom Tack had referred to as a "worm" was Evan Ross, who was with Martha a great deal.

CHAPTER VIII

Just what had gone wrong, just what had happened to spoil things for Martha and Tack? Peter didn't know. Betty Rogers shrugged her shoulders; if she had views, she wasn't broadcasting them.

"My dear!" said Carol. "It's the life these young people lead."

"You talk as if you were fifty!" said Peter.

"Not at all. But it's true, and you ought to be able to see it for yourself. They won't accept the standards we were all brought up with, and they haven't evolved any new ones for themselves. They're reckless and impatient and self-centred. They won't realize that marriage involves compromise, that it means a certain amount of give and take. They don't understand the difference between love and passion, just for one thing."

"They—oh, I do think, sometimes, they're groping for something that they're working toward something that would be rather gorgeous if they could only get it. But I think the trouble is they're groping for it by themselves and for themselves, instead of making an adventure of looking for it together."

That rather silenced Peter. Carol had a way of doing that to him, sometimes. He didn't admit that she was right, so far as Martha was concerned. But there were plenty of these kids he was seeing to whom what she'd said certainly did apply. That was what he wanted. To find some girl, and start out with her, looking for something you never could find by yourself.

He was inclined to think that Carol wasn't far from being right. The key to a lot of the trouble he saw around him, made and in the making, to unhappiness, to many divorces, seemed to him to be the egotism of these youngsters. They weren't, as a matter of fact, particularly selfish, he thought, most of them; they were perfectly prepared to do astonishingly unselfish and decent things, indeed, when some one suggested them. But self-centred they emphatically were; self-centred and egocentric to a rather appalling degree. They just didn't accept the fact that there was anything comparable in importance and urgency to the satisfaction and gratification of their own desires.

And, correspondingly, it seemed to Peter, they embraced, with extraordinary eagerness, a cynical and materialistic philosophy. They believed, or affected to believe, that nothing lasted, that the only chance of achieving happiness at all lay in snatching it as it passed. They professed an utter lack of belief in the essential good faith and unselfishness of other people; it was an article of their common creed that they must at all times look out for themselves, since, if they did not, no one else would.

He wasn't, himself, inclined to take all this too seriously. A lot of it, he thought, was just talk; he remembered talking a lot more, at New Haven, and hearing a lot more, at New Haven, in his own salad days. A different sort of nonsense, superficially, to be sure, but nonsense, none the less.

Peter argued with Martha, sometimes, about these matters. He was talking abstractly, he told himself, but he was increasingly doubtful, as a matter of fact, of the truth of any such pretence. It was getting harder all the time for him to keep up the illusion that his interest in Martha was centred on her mind; that it didn't embrace her whole being to a disturbing and even alarming degree.

They had rushed headlong into intimacy, of course. There'd been other luncheons at Romi's and such places.

There was nothing clandestine, at all, about those meetings; they both referred to them quite casually before Tack, who certainly never showed any resentment. They had lunch at Romi's rather than at some place where they were likely to be drawn into a crowd, because they liked to talk.

And so they argued, quarreled, debated with one another about life—about abstractions and theories. As a rule, that was. Occasionally something broke down the wall they were both inclined to build up about realities.

There was one day when she was pale and worn, with deep violet shadows under her eyes. She looked dreadful, and some shocked comment was torn from him.

"Oh, I'm all right!" she said. "I look like the devil, I know. But that's because I couldn't get an appointment to have my face done until after lunch. I didn't have any sleep, that's all. Tack—well, Tack was pretty bad last night."

"Isn't there anything to do about Tack?" he said.

"I don't know what!" she said. "He—I suppose he can't help it. We're in a treadmill, both of us, and we can't get out. Tack—well, Tack does get out, for a while, by getting tight. I can't. Liquor doesn't do so well by me."

"But—" said Peter. "Martha—what's the matter? What happened to you and Tack? You—when you married him—you must have—"

"I was mad about Tack five years ago," said Martha. She raised her eyes and looked at him, steadily. "Tout casse—tout passe! You won't admit that, Peter, but it's true. I'm fond of Tack—I think he's rather fond of me, in his way. But he never was in love with me. I only got him because another girl turned him down. We—well, we called it a day a long time ago. Thank God we didn't have a child first!"

"But you keep on—"

"We live on the same roof—if that's what you mean. I don't think Tack's unfaithful—" She laughed. "If you could call it being that—I wouldn't! I wouldn't blame him if he were. But I don't think he cares enough. Life's been rather dreadful to Tack, Peter. I suppose he's weak. I suppose he's been stupid, or he wouldn't have let it be. But that doesn't make it any easier."

That was one of the days when they didn't discuss life in the abstract; when, as a matter of fact, they had very little to say to one another. Martha made a pretense of eating; Peter, who's appetite, normally, was a hearty one, did very little more than stare at her, after lunch, to the place where they looked after her face and her hair and nails, and she leaned back in the cab, her eyes closed, her hand clining to his. That was the first time Peter definitely, and with full knowledge of his wish and of what it meant, wanted to kiss her.

He was thoughtful and worried after that talk. He had never, since the night when he and Tack had stood on the roof, felt any resentment toward Tack, such as had stirred in him that first night at Emma's. And now, more than ever, he saw Tack as some one to be pitied; saw in him, too, a quality of strength he had, heretofore, completely missed. He was baffled and confused; his rather smug complacency was assailed; he wondered if, perhaps, life didn't hold some problems that had escaped his notice.

But even now he didn't realize that such problems could present themselves to him; that all his neat and precise and ready-made philosophy was in danger of being swept away by circumstances that would stormily and rebelliously refuse to accommodate themselves to it and to him.

Then, one night, he was at Emma's, and Martha came in with some people he didn't know very well. Tack wasn't with her, nor was Ross. She looked around; saw Peter, and came over.

"Have you got to stay with this crowd?" she whispered. "They seem to be getting ready to move on."

"No," he said—truthfully enough, though, by that time, he'd have committed any crime in the social decalogue to please her.

"Stay with me, then," she said. "I can't stand the people I'm with. I lost Tack hours ago—heaven knows what became of him."

So, five minutes later, they found themselves, side by side, on two stools at the end of the bar, in a corner of the room; in the only place in Emma's, perhaps, where two people could talk by themselves with some chance of not being overheard.

"Not that at first they talked much. Martha looked as she had the first night he'd seen her, in this same room. Her eyes were gullied; her body was dimmed and shadowed by a harsh and acrid mood. She was nervous and irritable; she snapped up Peter's attempts to make talk until he, too, grew silent."

"I'm sorry, Peter," she said. "I'm beastly—I know it. I wouldn't blame you if you walked out on me."

"You know I won't," he said, and laughed at her. "Anything the matter—specially, I mean?"

"Plenty," she said. "Don't ask me what. I don't want to talk about it."

Brother of Champ



This will introduce "Buddy" Baer, brother of Max, who defeated Max Schmeling. Bud's quite a hand with his fists, too.

They were still sitting there, still silent, when Evan Ross came in, with Rita Gould. Peter saw the sudden flame in Martha's eyes; the stiffening of her shoulders. And it was as if anger passed from her into him. He felt, and it was something new for him, a queer tenseness of nerves and muscles; a nervous irritability to which he was altogether unaccustomed. Martha turned to him, abruptly.

"I want to go home, Peter," she said. "Do you mind?"

He did mind, damnably. He disliked Ross, by this time, with a definite, active dislike, and he hated Rita Gould. He didn't want them to be able to drive Martha from this place by coming into it. But he said nothing of all this.

"All right," was what he did say. He got the check and paid it and slid down from his stool. Without another word he and Martha went out. Benny, the fat man by the elevator, stared at them for a second; he added fuel to the fire that was raging in Peter. They went down and found a taxi, and, still with nothing to say to one another, started across town. All the way across, in the cab, they didn't speak; Martha sat, staring straight ahead of her, one hand tapping her knee, nervously, until Peter thought the tiny sound would madden him. But he, too, kept quiet.

"Come on up," she said, when he hesitated, in the lobby. "I don't know whether Tack's home—I don't want to go in the house alone, anyway."

(To be continued.)

TWO FOR LUCK

By CAPT. A. O. DOLLARD, V.C.

Her outfit was established in a roped-off enclosure at on corner of a flat field on the outskirts of the fair. Her aeroplane, gaily painted in red and blue, had a ladder leaning invitingly against the fuselage. A board suggested "an aerial view of the fair and surrounding country" for the modest sum of five shillings per head.

Sonia Carrington, smartly attired in workmanlike polo jumper and breeches, waited patiently for customers. She had waited since the fair opened, but no one had had the temerity to engage her services.

Jack Dunthorne stood at the back of the crowd and watched her admiringly. Underneath the smiling curve of her lips he could see her little chin jutting out. Plucky kid!

Plucky but misguided. Didn't she read the papers? Didn't she know that, less than a month before, another joy-riding pilot had crashed in the school playground of this very town? He had killed and seriously injured a dozen children, but had escaped himself.

The incident was too fresh in the minds of the local inhabitants for them to show any degree of air-mindedness. Go up in an aeroplane? No fear! And with a girl, too! Not likely!

He was half inclined to speak to her; to tell her what she was up against. Perhaps he had better not. These modern girls were very independent.

He shrugged his shoulders and began to walk away. He had covered about a hundred yards when a sudden clamour made him swing round. Two hulking youths had slipped through the ropes and were advancing, bent on mischief.

Jack broke into a run; elbowed his way sternly through the crowd; vaulted into the enclosure; rapped himself alongside the white-faced girl.

"Come out of that!" he cried, fiercely.

The louts retired sheepishly. Jack, red-hot with anger, addressed the crowd.

"If you don't intend to patronize this lady, why the devil don't you go away and leave her alone?"

"Why don't you?" retorted some wag at the back.

There was a general titter. "Ay! Go up yourself!" they called. Jack turned to Sonia, without hesitation.

"Will you take me?" he smiled. She flushed self-consciously.

"Yes, but—I don't want you to feel you're forced into it."

Jack felt rather mean. He was no better than the others. "I'll hire you or twenty minutes for a tinner. Take me up and stunt me. When they see you can handle your bus, they'll roll up in hundreds."

Sonia stared up into the bronzed face before her. Was he joking? If only he knew what it meant to her! The blue eyes returned her gaze unflinchingly.

"Very well," she agreed. "And—thank you very much."

She set about making her preparations.

"Why are you single-handed?" Jack asked. "Surely you have a mechanic?"

Sonia paused with one hand on the propeller.

"He left me in the lurch this morning."

She did not explain that he had taken her last penny with him, and that, but for Jack's intervention, she would have been destitute.

She swung the propeller. The engine broke into a roar. She disappeared into the tent and re-emerged in flying hat and goggles.

"Are you ready?" she asked. Jack nodded briefly and climbed into the cockpit. He was beginning to wonder if he had been too quixotic in his offer to help. The whole equipment seemed a little below par. No mechanic; an out-of-date type of machine; an engine which sounded as though it was well worn. Only the girl herself still retained his confidence. She had started up with the sangfroid of an old-timer.

She "took off" in a climbing turn. Jack realized at once that, whatever the shortcomings of her machine, that she was a first-class pilot. Her touch on the controls was as delicate as a caress. She humored her engine instead of racing it. He had no further qualms and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the "flip."

He glanced over the side of his cockpit. The school where the accident had occurred was plainly visible. Jack pictured the feelings of the pilot who had crashed there. It was ghastly to know one was going to write off a number of human lives and be able to do nothing about it.

In the front cockpit, Sonia was concerned solely with earning her money.

This aeroplane venture had been a failure from the start. She had bought the machine with borrowed money. It was second-hand, and, although it had seemed all right when



she tested it in a trial flight, the engine had broken down almost immediately afterwards.

Then she had discovered that people would not trust themselves with her. She thought it was because she was a girl. Actually it was because she was far too good looking. It did not seem possible that a girl as pretty as paint could pilot an aeroplane in safety.

Now was her chance to show them, and she gloried in it. She intended to give her passenger full value for his money.

She climbed steadily to three thousand feet. Glancing over her shoulder she looked inquiringly at the man behind to see if he were ready. He smiled and waved his hand. He had evidently been up before, she deduced.

She pushed down the nose of her machine to increase her speed. The wind began to hum through the bracing wires. Its note increased crescendo. Sonia braced her foot against the rudder bar; gently pulled the control column towards her. The cooling rose steeply before her.

She waited, her hand on the throttle. The horizon flashed into view. She shut off the engine. The air roared like a breaking wave with the speed of the dive. Sonia eased the machine back on an even keel.

"Jolly good!" Jack applauded, just before the re-awakened engine drowned speech.

Sonia set her teeth. Did his voice contain the faintest hint of patronage? Her long run of ill-luck affected her judgment. If he was patting her on the back because she was only a girl, she would jolly well give him something to think about.

She promptly looped again. The moment the machine came out of the dive, she looped again. Followed two half-rolls; a full roll; another loop.

As she came up this time her passenger shouted: "Half a minute!"

Sonia smiled grimly but took no notice. She pulled her stick back for another one. Flashed with excitement, she made her circle rather too sharp. The machine was on its back when an ominous crack sounded sharply above the wile of the propeller.

She automatically shut off her engine. The machine went into a dive. She pulled the stick towards her. The plane refused to rise. Sonia tugged and tugged. Nothing happened.

They were rushing vertically towards the earth. Directly below them, all unheeding, the fair was in full swing. Sonia felt sick with apprehension.

"Put your engine on again!" Jack shouted. "I'll help her come up!"

Again Sonia took no notice. Impatient at her stupidity she shook her roughly. She fell forward on her safety belt. The lack of food had had its effect. She had fainted.

Jack thought quickly. Unless he did something the tragedy of last month would be re-enacted.

With the rush of wind holding him back, it was an impossibility for him to climb into the front cockpit. Yet he must get control. He leaned forward over Sonia's inert body. With his left hand he opened the throttle. With his right, he seized the control. The machine refused to come up.

He knew in a flash where the

trouble lay. The weight of his body, thrown into the front cockpit, had shifted the centre of gravity forward. He must shift it back or nothing could save them—of the people beneath.

He forced himself round. Climbing on to his seat, he flung himself face downwards along the fuselage. Stretching down with his hands, he felt for the elevator control wires. He grasped them and pulled. With a sigh of relief he saw that the dive was lessening.

Sonia recovered from her faint to find the plane on an even keel. She automatically took control. Looking behind she saw the perilous position of her passenger. She shut down her engine and called to him that all was well.

Five minutes later they landed safely. Sonia taxied back to the enclosure. Together they examined the machine. The rigging was slack and untrue.

"It looks as though your mechanic was a dud," remarked Jack, dryly. "No wonder he pushed off."

Sonia turned impulsively towards him.

"But for you we should both have been killed. However can I thank you?"

Jack shook his head. "You don't have to," he declared. "I wasn't thinking of you and myself, but of the people on the ground."

He went on to tell her of the recent accident.

Sonia's face screwed up in horror.

"How terrible! Do you know who the pilot was?"

"It was I," he confessed, simply. London Tit-Bits.

The Great Adventure

Grieve not for me who am about to start a new adventure—rather fill a cup and wish me God-speed for the hidden days—

Come, with the red stuff fill the goblet up.

And drink to one who ever loved new ways: Ahead, unfurrowed, lie broad fields for me,

Lands unexplored stretch out, a far-flung sea Is beckoning, and even now, a ship To bear me, builds in the eternal slip.

Eager, I stand, and ready to depart, And my restless pioneering heart, Lydia Kingsway.

Carrier Pigeons Are Seldom Lost

Carrier pigeons of the Manitoba Forestry Department flew 5,600 miles and suffered only five casualties during 1932, according to R. S. Harvey, in charge of fire prevention.

At Cormorant base, on the Hudson Bay Railway, there are 61 birds, 20 of which were hatched this year. Two pigeons were carried on every flight made by airplanes and carried messages from Norway House and other northern stations.

With hazardous flying conditions in the North, where smoke from forest fires and predatory birds interfere with the flight of pigeons, the loss of five birds is considered small.

TOP PRICE FOR LAMBS

From all the information we can gather there is a fairly heavy crop of lambs this year and methods of marketing likely to be somewhat different due to the fact that Abattoir Companies have decided to place less lamb in cold storage and maintain a greater quota of fresh lambs the year through, so as to meet the requirements of the consumer.

During the last few years the quality of lambs has shown a decided improvement, and by doing so you have done much to stimulate greater consumption, hence demand for greater volumes. This has been accomplished by better breeding, better feeding and castration of buck lambs. Light thin lambs do not produce good quality of lamb meat yielding a dressed carcass of undesirable for the market, but good fat lambs yielding a dressed carcass of other words well finished lambs weighing 70 to 90 lbs. live weight at the market are desirable. Lambs weighing over 90 pounds at the market are likely to be discounted in price. With all these facts before us, we feel disposed to recommend you to ship out your lambs as they get fat and hold unfinished lambs on the farm until fat, but the chief feature is to keep sending them out as they get ready, believing as we do that prices will be better during the early season of marketing rather than fall months when receipts are likely to be heavy.

We are anxious that farmers may receive the best possible returns for their lambs, and are asking our shippers to co-operate with you by maintaining a regular shipping service and assure our readers that we have a full staff of experienced salesmen and in a position to handle all classes of live stock.

Ship your live stock by RAIL or TRUCK to YOUR OWN COMPANY, who introduced CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING, where your stock is sold and weighed-up according to owners for the highest prices available on the open market. Your truck driver will carry a BILL OF LADING on which you can consign your stock to us, then after the stock is sold we deduct market charges and pay the truck driver his cartage and the net proceeds can be charged and paid to the counter or sent direct to your mail box.

All Settlements Audited by Chartered Accountants. Get in touch with us for your STOCKER AND FEEDER requirements. WRITE, WIRE or TELEPHONE—Lyndhurst 1143 or 1144

The United Farmers Co-operative Co. Limited Live Stock Commission Department UNION STOCK YARDS WEST TORONTO

So They Say:

"Presidential authority rests far less upon specific grounds than upon ability to lead the electorate."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Human history is not a logical, inevitable development in which the cause is always equal to the result."—Bruce Barton.

"National governments must be rationalized, renovated and made directly responsible."—Benito Mussolini.

"No great human experiment ever rides into its own with a 100 per cent. success."—Raymond B. Fossick.

"What world trade needs is not abolition of tariffs but first a reduction to a more moderate level and then even more, reasonable stability."—Sir Arthur Salter.

"I see no sign on the horizon that gives promise of any composition or collapse of greatness."—Frank Damosch.

"Unless you have other means of earning a living, you take a big risk by entering politics as an occupation."—Ogden L. Mills.

"Under the economic system now existing no country can prosper in isolation."—Priest of Wales.

"Solid reading for pleasure or self-improvement has fallen too much into neglect."—A. Lawrence Lowell.

"The main burden of putting things right ought to rest upon the same agency that got them wrong—viz, a change in the dollar price level."—Sir Josiah Stamp.

"The elimination of war will never be achieved by wishful thinking or by mere appeal to emotion."—James R. Angell.

"The State has as good a right to move undesirable citizens as a gardener has to weed his garden."—Dean Inge.

"While every major depression has started at a different period of the year, every major recovery has begun in the summer."—Herbert Hoover.

"The happy peoples are in the cemeteries, I suppose."—George Bernard Shaw.

"It is better to do nothing than to do harm."—Bertrand Russell.

"Friendship, the most precious thing between individuals, is also the most precious thing between nations."—Ramsay MacDonald.

"America, with all her genius for production, has not yet learned the art of distributing according to her capacity to produce."—Edward A. Filene.

"The greatest thing that life does is to give you experience and knowledge of other people."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"I believe that events in nature are controlled by much stricter and more closely binding law than we suspect to-day."—Sir James Jeans.

"You must put a big emphasis on the work 'luck,' if you are going to succeed in advancing knowledge in science."—Simon Flexner.

"There is no political peace without economic peace."—Edouard Herriot.

"It's an old principle of philosophy that when you assert something, you may, without intending it, be denying something else."—John Erskine.

"Let us not forget that the most advanced nations were primitive once upon a time."—Aldous Huxley.

"Man's progress has always been when he was forgetting himself and had a spiritual ideal."—Viscountess Astor.

"It is true today, as perhaps never before, that no nation lives to itself or dies to itself."—Havelock Ellis.

"Quietly, imperceptibly, our epoch is returning to the Middle Ages, to the Tenth Century before Christ, even to the Cave Age."—Guglielmo Ferrero.

"So you think women should be able to run the country?"

"Well, for logic and style, I'm willing to put my daughter's graduation essay up for comparison with a lot of the regular campaign speeches."



"Keep your face to the sunshine, and the shadows will fall behind you."

morning after?
How Eno wakes you up, banishes heaviness, refreshes you. Take a glass of Eno—and feel a different person.
TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT



Jimmy: I have a dreadful pain in my head.
Susie: Why don't you have it filled?

"It is hopeless to attempt to standardize love."—Havelock Ellis.