



MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Abner 1927

SYNOPSIS

"It's not as if you and Tack cared—I wouldn't tell you then, but—Martha—don't you know I love you—I—Martha Thayer interrupted Peter Wayne with, 'Yes, I knew it before you did, but I was in love with someone else.' That some one else wasn't Tack Thayer, her husband, with whom Peter had gone to Yale, but Evan Ross. Peter recalled this scene vividly as he waited outside the Thayer's penthouse apartment while Attorney Connolly and Asst. District Attorney Barclay questioned Martha about Tack's murder. He had met Martha at Emma's night club, with Tack, and was in love with her before he realized it. The morning after Peter had declared his love, he faced the facts—and still knew that he would not take Martha's attitude as final.

CHAPTER X

"Yes!" Martha answered—and, for once, Peter was pretty sure, it was he who had waked her up, although she denied it, just as she always did. "How do I feel? Terrible! You sound annoyingly cheerful."

"I am," he said. "I don't believe Kodi's any good at breakfasts. How'd you like me to send Manuel up to teach him something about the art of making an omelet?"

"Stop it!" said Martha. She laughed, but there was a puzzled note in her voice.

"All right. But my mind seems to dwell on food. Going to have lunch with me?"

She waited a long time before she answered.

"If you like," she said, then. "Peter—do you know what you'd do, if you had any sense? Cross me off your list—right now. Go away—and stay away till—"

"Don't be silly," he said, cheerfully. "Rom's? Or—it's a decent sort of Jay. Suppose I pick you up and we go somewhere in the country?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" she said. "That—that's different, somehow. I couldn't bear a speakeasy today."

So a little after noon he turned up, in his long, gray car, that, in city traffic, could always be identified blocks away because it couldn't be driven in high until it got across the bridge, as a rule, and Martha came down, in a fur coat, and he made a great ceremony of wrapping her up. She nestled down beside him, and they didn't talk at all as he drove out through the endless, drab outskirts of Queen, and came to open country at last, with last week's snow still white in the fields—and in the shady ditches along the road.

He was headed for a place they both knew, though they'd never been there together, thirty miles out, and he was extremely firm when she wanted to stop at a dog wagon.

"Peter—I'm starving!" she said. "You don't know what the word means yet," he assured her. "Wait till you've had ten miles more of this air. Talk about a cocktail!"

"If you do I'll scream!" she said. "Stank?" he suggested, later. "And hashed brown potatoes? and whatever they've got in the way of vegetables?"

"Except spinach!"

"Of course. I temper firmness with mercy. Glad you came?"

She looked at him.

"Very glad, Peter," she said. "You you're sweet. I thought when I woke up this morning that I never wanted to see you again."

"That," said Peter, "is so absurd that it doesn't deserve to be answered. Only—you had about as much chance of never seeing me again as I have of not getting pinched if I let that car do its stuff on the way home."

"I suppose so," said Martha. "Only—I am such a selfish beast!" And she looked at him, very straight, with her clear eyes.

"Why?" he said. "Look here. Let's both be sensible. I'm in love with you. And you—well, you say you're in love because I want you myself. And—well—because I think it's not so good, anyway, leaving me out of it. But I can't see why you should call yourself names."

"Because I've just made use of you," she said. "I started in the first time I ever saw you—I've been doing it ever since—if you're fool enough to let me I'll probably keep on doing it."

"All right," he said, evenly. "You can't say fairer than that. Cards on the table. If I keep on it's my look-out, it seems to me; if I get hurt it's my own fault."

"Oh, that's so easy to say!" said Martha. "It sounds like sense—but it isn't. You don't know—and I do. I don't want you to be hurt, Peter. I'm much too fond of you."

"That's something to go on with, you know," he said. "It—it's rather a lot, Martha."

She shook her head.

reasons. For one thing, Evan hasn't any money, and I haven't enough to go very far. I cost a lot, Peter. And then—it would be a rotten trick to play on Tack. Divorcing him, I mean. His mother'd never stand for it. He's put it up to her. I wouldn't matter that it wasn't his fault. She'd make him suffer for it, just the same."

"I see," said Peter, scowling. "That seems to settle that, then. Incidentally—it lets me out, too, of course, as long as old lady Thayer hangs on. Well, then—there's another thing. You're not happy, Martha."

"Happy!" she said. "Happy! No, I don't think you could call me happy."

"Why not?" He asked the question bluntly. "After all—?"

She looked at him, puzzled.

"My dear Peter!" she said. "It's not a situation that makes for happiness, is it. I'm in love with a man I can't marry. And—" She shrugged her shoulders.

"And—there's a little more, too," said Peter. "You're in a jam—a bad jam. You're in love with this chap. You can't marry him. But that's not all. There's more to it than that. It's tied up with that business about the man at Emma's—I don't know how, and I'm not asking you, unless you want to tell me—"

"I can't," said Martha. "That's one of the things that would drag other people in, Peter dear."

"Right. That's up to you. Well, anyway, here it is. I'm in love with you. As far as I can tell, I'm going to keep on being in love with you for quite a while. We're in the same boat—I can't have you, and you can't have Ross. There's a chance that things'll break. I'm not so sure you could marry Ross if Tack were out of the way—I think that's part of your jam. And I think you like me pretty well—"

"I do, Peter. I'm not in love with you, but I like you better than anyone I know."

"Good. I'll take a chance on that—that if this thing with Ross finally goes sour I'll have a look-in. And I have a hunch I can be useful, maybe. I don't know how—or when. But I'm going to be on deck if I'm needed. That's about all."

"You—you're rather surprising, Peter," said Martha. "I hadn't thought of you as being a discerning person, particularly."

"I'm not, not as a rule. You're a special case, you see."

"Am I? I don't deserve to be. I don't want to whine, Peter, but I've had a bad time. There's only been one person I could talk to at all."

"Zahn?" said Peter. "How did you know?" she said sharply. "I haven't told any one at all—"

"That's simple, my dear," said Peter. "How many times have you chased me, after lunch, and turned down his block?"

"I see," said Martha, thoughtfully. "Yes. I've been going to him. I think I'd have gone mad if it hadn't been for him. I've been going to him for ages." She stopped, sat still, thinking. "I started before I even met Evan Ross," she said. "When things were beginning to get so impossible with Tack and me. I was terribly young, and bewildered, and stupid then, Peter. I lost my temper, and kicked and screamed, and just made things worse."

"Dr. Zahn called me. He still does. He's utterly impersonal, you see. I go there, and lie down, and I don't even see him—there's just his voice, behind me, asking me questions, occasionally. I think it must be rather like going to confession, for a Catholic. You say anything that comes into your head, and he—well, he sort of helps you to make sense of the things that don't fit. He makes you see that there's a sort of pattern in life, after all, no matter how mad and unfair and confused it seems."

"I can see how that might work out," said Peter. "But he was frowning to himself. An old, atavistic streak of Puritanism, which is more closely related to medieval mysticism than most people of Puritan descent would ever readily admit, even in the face of the flowering of transcendentalism in the stony soil of New England in the middle of the nineteenth century, came out strongly, from time to time, in Peter. He accepted, as a scientist, the value of the psycho-analytic technique in psychiatric medicine, but there remained in him an innate distrust of what he regarded as mental short cuts of every sort. He was, as has been said before, and he remained, a very simple and direct and rather hard-minded sort of person."

"Well," he said, "we've got somewhere. By the way—why haven't you been able to talk more to Ross?"

She started again.

"You're rather disturbing, Peter," she said slowly. "I didn't expect that you'd start putting your finger on things that way."

She reached over and turned his hand, so that she could see the watch on his wrist.

"I'll have to be getting back, Peter," she said. "I'm glad you made me come, I really am. I feel better than I have for weeks."

"So do I," said Peter, cheerfully.

Nonchalance?



William Gray of Hillsburgh, Ont., doesn't mind the odd bee and to show how completely he knows his bees he lets them flock over his "beard."

"It's a silly mess, all around, but it's something to know what one's up against. All right—let's go." (To be continued.)

The Longest Day

There is a sadness in the longest day. We feel somehow the year has seen his best:

He seems to look around, then make his way With shortening breath, down to his snow-wrap rest.

But 'tis not so. His best is yet to be. When his child, Autumn, shall with gifts abound.

And when at happy Yuletide we shall see His snow-white head with wreaths of holly crowned.

Then tell me not that life's best part is gone, Because the high noon of the day is here.

There is a beauty in the twilight deep One has not felt at any hour since dawn,

And what is there for tired man to fear When night comes in with stars and dreams and sleep?

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Huge Egg Laid

Huntington, Ind.—An egg measuring 9 1/2 inches by 8 inches was laid by a hen here. It contained two yolks.

"This depression could have been 90 per cent. avoided by the same methods which are now being so successfully used to cure it—controlling the price level."

SURPRISE OF THE SHOW

By Herbert Shaw

Warner Carey and his wife, in a stage box at the Cliffsea Hippodrome, were enjoying the show. The touring company were giving a bright performance of a very successful London revue. There was a lot of dancing, and there were at least two hundred pretty legs. There were some quite good jokes.

The prettiest legs belonged to one of the chief dancers. She had red hair and an entrancing smile and a pleasant and effective voice. Warner applauded her in his hearty way. His wife said she was very good—and such a good dancer. She added:—

"I shouldn't applaud her so much, though. Whenever she's this way on the stage, she keeps on smiling at you, Warner."

"Nonsense!" laughed Warner. "You are imagining that, my dear."

But he was curiously puzzled. He continued to study the little dancer. He looked at her name on the program—Vera Wayne. His mind went groping. It was as if there were some sort of a dream relation between himself and her. He struggled hard to find the secret of it. Suddenly he knew, and was shocked. He looked round as though the door of the box had opened and let in a draught.

"Feel cold?" his wife asked.

"I've got cramped. I'll go for a walk round."

Warner stood at the back of the house, and the stage, now distant, seemed to be less menacing. But because he had recognized Vera Wayne at last—it was incredible, he thought, that he had forgotten her name—he was afraid.

Vera and he had been lovers fifteen years ago. She was very sweet and kind, and he had been very fond of her. He was studying in London for his examinations, and to the young man there is romance in having a chorus girl for a friend.

They made all manner of promises to each other. Of course, they would meet again, would go into the country together, would laugh together again. But life often laughs at young lovers. It had been good-bye. Since that parting he had not seen Vera till to-day.

Warner thought of his wife, of his two girls, of his big gloomy house in Western Square, of his success as an architect. He had made a small fortune with the growth of the East Coast town. Vera Wayne finished a song. Somebody standing by him clapped vigorously.

"Hullo, Warner." It was old Vincent, who owned a lot of property in Cliffsea. "Wonderful little woman, isn't she?"

"Very good indeed," Warner murmured.

Old Vincent continued clapping, trying to force an encore, but Vera Wayne bowed and ran off; it was the end of a scene.

Vincent said: "I've been seeing a good bit of that girl this week. She wants to come and live here whenever she can. She's got two boys to keep, and one of them is rather delicate."

Recently Wed



Princess Alexis Mdivani shown with her husband, the prince. The princess is the former Miss Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth millions. The photo shows the couple when they journeyed out to the polo field.



French Military Pilots to Make Flight In Formation Over Colonies This Season

Paris.—French aviators this autumn will attempt a squadron flight across Africa, prepared and executed after the manner of the exploits of General Balbo and his Italian group flights.

The French attempt will be headed by the French Minister of Air, Pierre Cot, who, after daily study under military pilots since he came into office, has just obtained his pilot's license. One hundred airplanes and hydro-airplanes will participate in the flight, and the pilots and navigators who will

man them have assembled this month at Istres Airrome, near Marseilles, where they will go into intensive training in preparation for the undertaking.

According to present plans, the group will take off in formation from the Istres station early in November for a Mediterranean-African circuit, comprising stops in Algeria, Morocco, Western and Equatorial Africa, returning by way of Egypt and Tunis to France. Only military and naval crews will take part.

Warner was astonished. Here in Cliffsea? he exclaimed, in a way that made the other look sharply at him. He added quickly, "She's married, then? I shouldn't have thought that."

"Nor should I," said Vincent. "She doesn't look much more than a girl now—at any rate, on the stage. Yes, she was married. Her husband died and left her stranded—a bit of a waster, from what I hear. I think she is a wonder."

Warner tried to frame a question that would tell him more. It was not necessary. The hearty red-faced man at his side continued to talk enthusiastically at Vera Wayne.

"If you ask me, that woman's one in a thousand. She'd had the devil and all of a struggle to look after those boys of hers, and she never lets loose a grumble. It's a hard life, this stage business, and not much money. It's a pity that Cliffsea is a bit on the tony side and dear to live in. But if she can possibly see her way to afford it, she wants one of those little cottages I've got."

"You mean those behind Western Square?" asked Warner, with a sudden qualm.

"Those are the ones. She's making up her mind about it to-morrow. She's seen me every day this week about the cottage; that's how I know all about her. Between you and me, I've offered her the place at half the rent I'd want from anybody else. But I can't go any lower—business is business! I'll be popping off, Warner."

Warner did not go back to his box before the curtain had fallen. His wife was standing up. He was just in time, luckily, to help her into her fur coat. She said:—

"I couldn't think where you'd got to! And you missed the best thing at the end. Something happened that made the whole story different. It was the surprise of the show!"

Waiting in the dull sitting-room of Vera's lodgings, Warner was again afraid. He tried to reassure himself that he would be successful. He must be successful in his plan of preventing her from coming to live in Cliffsea.

When she came in he was relieved. She met him with that lovely smile of hers. She said that it had been splendid to see his enjoyment of the show the night before.

After that frank smile—the smile she had several times given him from the stage—she kept a guarded look. Warner knew, instinctively and thankfully, that she was going to say nothing about their old romance. That still look of hers warned him to make no reference to it, either.

"I'm going to be blunt," said Warner. "If it is not absolutely imperative for you to come to Cliffsea, I shall be very glad. I beg you not to take a house in Cliffsea—please forgive me."

She interrupted him, and told him about the cottage. She had almost arranged to take it. It was Saturday. Early the next morning she was journeying to the next town where they were showing, and the papers were all ready, except for her signature. She had promised to let Vincent know by the next Monday.

"Listen," said Warner. "I know what a hard life you've had—Vincent told me. If you can find what you want on the South Coast, and promise me to give up the idea of living at Cliffsea, I will give you five hundred pounds towards the expenses, and another five hundred pounds next year if you want it."

Vera Wayne was astonished. Then she told him that she wouldn't think of taking the money from him. It was impossible.

He began to argue patiently with her. Of course she must take it. He could afford the money, and it was a pleasure to be able to help her.

Vera Wayne thought of unpaid school fees, of a dressmaker's account overdue. Warner was again telling her that there was no earthly reason why she should not have the money. It seemed to her that he would

go on repeating that forever. She must not miss the show.

She consented to take it at last—Warner would not allow her to refuse. He wrote her a cheque for five hundred pounds.

In the Cliffsea Constitutional Club, late that night, Warner Carey was thinking of Vera Wayne. It was marvellous how she kept her charm—and that lovely smile. Old Vincent was quite right—she was a wonderful woman. Any other woman would have been bitter or reproachful or angry about those dead, but exciting, days of fifteen years back. Vera had been perfect. She had not mentioned those days, or even allowed him to think she was giving the least thought to them herself.

George Cunningham, the manager of the Cliffsea Hippodrome, came and stood in front of the big fire. He asked Warner to have a drink, and hoped that Warner had enjoyed the show the other evening.

"Very much, thanks," said Warner. "And my wife thought it first-class. I didn't see the end myself, though."

"That's a pity," said Cunningham. "It had a really good surprise finish—bang at the end of the last act. Very neatly done. But that's nothing like the surprise I've had to-night, Warner. Did you notice that girl in the chief part especially—Vera Wayne?"

Warner sat up. "She was very good, we thought."

"She always is. That girl's a wonder—and a real good sort. She's found things very difficult, with a small family to keep; she's had a hard struggle. But she's just had a proper stroke of luck—that's the surprise of the show to me."

"What's happened to her?"

"You wouldn't believe it out of a book. Of course, she wouldn't tell me his name, but some rich man who had seen the show turned up at her digs this evening and insisted on giving her five hundred quid. She told me she wouldn't take it for a long time, and I quite believe her—she never tells lies—but she took it in the finish to get rid of him. He wouldn't let her refuse. I'm very glad for her sake."

Cunningham thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

"And the strange part of it is that Vera doesn't know who he was," he went on. "All the time she was thinking she ought to know him; but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't place him. He knew her all right, that was certain. But Vera couldn't remember where she had seen him before! And the name on the cheque meant nothing to her!"—London Tit-Bits.

Out of every hundred men sentenced in English courts, only fifteen are guilty of crimes serious enough to require over three months in prison.

Happiness never lays its finger on its pulse. If we attempt to steal a glimpse of its features it disappears. —Alexander Smith.

It is intended that this should be the beginning of a widespread movement to give factory workers of the industrial Midlands, during unemployment, a taste of the country life of which many of them know so little.

15 Topographical Surveys Federal Employees Retired

Ottawa.—Reduced activities of the Topographical Surveys Branch, Interior Department, combined with lower departmental appropriations have resulted in the release of supernumeraries of 15 employees of that branch. The Topographical Surveys Branch now has approximately 85 employees left.

July Jottings

In every four cases of murder, there is one in which the guilty person takes his own life.

Cases of bag-snatching in Gt. Britain have increased ninety-two per cent. in the past five years.

More than half the total population of Canada is less than twenty-five years of age.

There are now well over 200,000 private motor cars registered in the London (Eng.) area alone.

The most important word in the British language, according to one authority, is "set."

Butterfly brains, each about the size of a pinhead, contain 80,000 nerves and 80,000 airbubbles.

One of the difficulties of the ascent of Mount Everest is the fact that ink freezes so that written records are difficult.

Escalators which travel at the speed of 180 feet an hour have been installed at the new Holborn Tube station, London (Eng.)

Wonderful models of airplanes, which are often used for official tests, are made by a Reading (Eng.) man, whose workshop is his kitchen.

What is regarded as the largest life insurance policy in the world is based on the life of a man resident in Delaware, U.S.A.; he is insured for \$6,000,000.

Passengers carried in London's trains, omnibuses, and trams during '32 totalled 2,236,000,000; this is a decrease of 47,000,000 on the figures for the previous year.

At Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon is kept a register for visitors to sign. Last year 57,544 signatures were entered, representing seventy different nationalities.

Certain areas, including London, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Coventry, are regarded as "black" by insurance companies so far as motor-cycle policies are concerned.

Built about a century ago, the front of the British Museum, London, is being cleaned for the first time. Soap and water only are being used, but the cleansing operation will cost about £300.

One of the greatest needs of the slum areas (in London, Eng.), according to Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, are mortuary chapels, where deceased persons can await burial, as there is seldom room to spare for them in the home.

Special sets of perches built for the use of migrating birds, at a cost of between \$300 and \$500 each, have now been installed on lighthouses at six points where Britain's feathered visitors cross her shores. They save thousands of birds' lives every year.

London policemen, who already must have a practical knowledge of first aid, car driving, swimming, and life saving, are now to be trained in the work of firemen. This is so that they may be able to face the risk of rescuing persons from burning buildings.

Owing to a mistake made in issuing a new birth certificate, the previous one having been destroyed in a fire, a young man at Boldogne finds himself officially registered as "female." Now he cannot get married until still another birth certificate is issued, this document being essential to a marriage in France.

Unemployed in Britain To See the Countryside

Birmingham.—A scheme to enable jobless city dwellers to see the beauty of the English countryside this summer is being effected by the Midland Regional Group of the Youth Hostels' Association, in co-operation with Birmingham social workers.

Some 30 members of the club for unemployed at the Society of Friends' Occupation Center, Kingstanding, Birmingham, spent a week in June at Kilkewydd. This is one of the more distant of Birmingham's Youth Hostels—a large old mill near the foot of Long Mountain in Montgomeryshire. Transport from Birmingham to Kilkewydd was provided for the men; they were asked to pay only sixpence each for the week's accommodation in the hostel and 3c. toward the cost of their food.

Arrangements were made with the Labor Exchange for their unemployment pay to be continued during their absence from home on condition that they return immediately if work was found for them; the balance of the pay was needed for their families to live on during their week's absence.

Six or seven members of the Youth Hostels' Association, most of them students from Cardiff and Swansea University Colleges, volunteered to accompany them—paying full Youth Hostel fees and providing their own food—and to share with them the household chores as well as sing-songs, rambles and sports.

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