

# MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Almon Wolf

## SYNOPSIS

"I think they're going to arrest me, Peter. I don't mean they think I actually fired the shot. They think I did that. So Martha Thayer told Peter in the Thayer penthouse apartment after Inspector Connolly and Asst. District Attorney Barclay had questioned her about the murder of her husband, Tack, who lay shot to death in the next room. She couldn't believe it when Connolly said she could go. Peter arranged for her to go to his sister Carol, Mrs. Wentworth. Peter and Tack Thayer had been college mates at Yale. After graduation Peter had done chemical research until he stumbled on an alloy. He sold his patents, headed for Manhattan, and was living of the swift whirl of night life when he met Tack in Emma's night club. Martha was with her husband. Before he realized it Peter was in love with her, but she told him she loved Evan Ross.

## CHAPTER XV

It was, as Peter had guessed it would be, Charley whom Manuel presently admitted. Detective Sergeant Charles Mitchell came in, scowling, smoking his inevitable cigar, and coked around. "Pretty comfortable here, ain't you?" he said. "What's the Jap do, eh?" "Better not let him hear you call him a Jap," said Peter, grinning. The queer feeling he had had earlier, of something not unfriendly about Charley's eyes, was being confirmed. "I don't know what—oh, yes—Filipinos use bolos, don't they? That's what you're apt to be carved up with if you do. Manuel doesn't like Japs."

"Well, could he find a fella a drink, I wonder?" said Charley. "I think it might be done. Scotch or rye?" "Eye. Now you're talking," said Charley. Peter gave the order, and Charley settled down, comfortably, with a highball. "Didn't like me much, a while back, did you?" he said. "Thought I was a rughneck for fair—eh?"

"Well, you are, aren't you?" said Peter. "That's your line, isn't it? Just as it's Connolly's to be smooth?" Charley chuckled. "I told the chief you wasn't as dumb as you seemed," he said. "I pull the rough stuff—yeah. When it suits me. The madam all right?"

"Mrs. Thayer? She's at my sister's—as you know, of course." "Sure. We know. Checked up on that with the taxi driver. Just like I been checking up on your alibi, young fella. You came in at 1.10 a.m. That lets you out, all right. How'd the little lady take it? Pretty well, shot, eh?"

"Well—naturally," said Peter. "She's asleep now. My sister had sent for her doctor, and he gave her something." Charley nodded, approvingly. "Good hunch," he said. "He took a s.p. from his glass; sat up in his chair; and then fixed his eyes on Peter. "Now then, fella—you want to come clean. You play ball with me and we'll get along fine—see? I got eyes in my head—and I'm not dead from the neck up, either, like some dicks you're apt to run into before this show's cleaned up. You're pretty strong for the madam, ain't you?"

Peter's cheeks flushed angrily. But Charley stopped him as he was about to speak. "Hold your horses, fella—hold your horses," he said. "I know what I seen. I handed it to you pretty rough a while back, maybe. I guess you're on the level. I'll take it back about you bein' one of them lizards that makes love to a guy's wife when he ain't around. I guess you're on the up and up all right. But a guy can't help fallin' for a dame—it happens to the best of us. Come clean—ain't I right?"

Peter looked at him for a moment. This was Charley in a new guise. And, oddly, Peter's instinct was to trust him; even, in a way, to like him. He was puzzled; there was something about this visit that was irregular, out of the routine. "Yes," he said. "Pretty much. I mean—well—yes, as far as I'm concerned. But Mrs. Thayer."

"Oh, I got that, too!" said Charley. "You ain't on the map for her. You're just old dog Tray. It's tough, fella, but that's the way they break, some times. I ain't seen this Ross, but from all I hear, he's a worm, and still—well, there ain't no figurin' on a woman. Ain't it the truth? Here's what I'm gettin' at, though. You're strong for the madam. You'd do a lot to help her out of this jam she's in, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would. I'd do anything," said Peter—without any hesitation this time. "You think she is in a jam, do you?" "I'll say she is! Take a look around, downstairs, when you go back to sister's. You'll see a dick watchin' every getaway—you can tell 'em by their feet and their square heads. She ain't pinched yet, but she might as well be, for all the chance she'd have to get as far as Holoken if she tried to make a break. The boss thinks she and Ross cooked it up to croak this Thayer."

"He's wrong," said Peter. He was surprised by the steadiness of his own voice, by the curious calm that possessed him. "Yeah? That's what you say. Maybe you're right—maybe you're wrong. Folks do queer things, fella, when they're that way about one an-

other and they's someone standin' in the way."

"You wouldn't be here, talking to me like this, if you agreed with Connolly," said Peter. "Yeah? Maybe you're right at that. Maybe I have got some ideas of my own. Maybe I'd like to slip one over. Maybe it wouldn't hurt me none, downtown. Right now I don't cut much ice. You seen how I got chased when the boss and the D.A. put her on the carpet, didn't you?"

"Yes. And I noticed you didn't like it much?" "I got hopes of you, Wayne. You're an observin' fella when you put your mind to it, ain't you? And—so'm I. I seen some things in that room. Maybe the boss is right. Maybe they don't mean nothin'. But tell me this: Why was this Thayer's coat-pulled back, with the inside pocket showin'? And who'd been burnin' trash in that fireplace—papers, by the look of the ashes? Eh?"

"I didn't notice anything like that!" Peter sat straight up. "Why should you? You ain't a dick—and it's only in story books that rah-rah boys are the ones that spot things in a killin'. If I'd stered the boss so's he'd seen those things for himself he'd have thought they was important, all right. Where I went wrong was in tellin' him after he'd missed them. Well—me, I'm out for myself every time—see?"

"But—what do you think that means?" "Search me. I don't know—yet. I'm goin' to find out, though—or make a good bluff tryin'. That's where you can help. We got to work-fast, fella. The boss is workin' on Ross now, most like. I don't know how soon he'll make a pinch. Not right away, though, by my guess—'s long as he's waited this long. He'll want to be sure of his case—he'll get a confession first, if he can, and he daren't pull too much rough stuff. Not with a Social Register crowd like this mixed up in it. Thayer's mother's got a big drag, with her jack and the friends she's got. That's one thing. If the madam had been livin' in a railroad flat on the West Side she'd be in the house now, gettin' what Ruth Snyder got before she broke down and spilled the beans."

"Dar... I tell you that's all rot! They couldn't make her confess a murder she didn't commit!" "It's been done," said Charley, cynically. "They ain't no third degree no more, to hear the Commissioner talkin' but—oh, hell! All right, though—all right. I'm trailin' along with you, fella, you got me right. I don't think the madam did it—I ain't even so sure this Ross was in it."

"He's out if she is, isn't he?" said Peter. "I ain't so sure," said Charley. "Listen, fella—I'll give you the low down—and you keep it to yourself, see? We got a lot more dope on this case than the papers are gettin' yet—see? Here's what we know, so far. First off, Thayer was shot about three a.m.—that's as close as Doc Johnson can come to fixin' the time. He was shot with a .38 automatic—killed practically at once. He went upstairs around three o'clock—the Swede on the elevator can't come any closer than that to the time. Mrs. Thayer drove up in a cab, with this Ross, about half an hour later—that fits in pretty well with the time you called Headquarters—3.38 that was. She said good night to him and went upstairs alone. The Swede swears he didn't take any one up to the roof, except Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, all night, till the first cops came around from the house."

Peter stared. "Then how did the murderer get up? How did Ross get up, for that matter? Where's the idea that he did the shoot-

ing and took the pistol away with him—if Axel's telling the truth?" "Oh, I guess he's telling the truth," said Charley. "He was too scared to lie."

"Could any one have walked up the stairs while Axel was running the elevator?" "Not the way he tells it. He says the house door is locked after eleven p.m. and he has to open the door—the tenants don't have keys."

"That's right, too," said Peter. "I remember." He frowned. "Then—but then—at that rate—one one but Mrs. Thayer went up after her husband—!" "Like hell no one did!" said Charley scornfully. "Some one got away with the gun. Don't forget that. They's no gettin' around that. Except—hell, there's one chance in a million that she did it, and chucked the gun off the roof, and some one picked it up and carried it away. But we search the whole block within fifteen minutes of the time she got in. Me! I'm forgettin' that. Besides, if that dame pulled it, and pulled it that way—well, I'm a Chinaman. It's not her style."

"Of course it's not, but I didn't think—" Peter stopped. Charley grinned at him, and finished his drink. "Didn't think a rughneck like me would be sizin' up a dame and figurin' what she's likely to do and not to do, eh? Listen, fella—I ain't much on the book stuff, but if you're goin' to get anywhere 'bout a dick you got to know something about this here psychology, take it from me. How's the cellar?" Peter called Manuel, and Charley with a fresh drink beside him, went on.

(To be continued.)

## 598,911 Licenses For Radio Issued

### 133,454 Sales Recorded for Last Year—1931 Still Leading

Radio sets to the number of 133,454 were sold in Canada last year. This was not a big sale for the last few years of the industry, but the use of radio in the Dominion was largely extended during the twelve months. The number of radio receiving licenses issued during the calendar year 1931 was 598,911, while for the eleven months of the current fiscal year, which ended with February, 1932, it reached 737,568. The census figure of the number of receiving sets in use in Canada on June 1, 1931, is 770,436. As this number is considerably in excess of the number of sets licensed at the end of the previous December, it is probable that the number of sets now in use also exceeds the number of licenses issued up to the end of February.

During 1932 the number of radio sets sold followed production very closely. In the first quarter production amounted to 42,404 sets and sales to 42,404. In the second quarter the output was 6,393 and sales 11,210. In the third quarter production was 30,804 and sales 34,200, and in the final quarter production was 41,841 and sales 45,540. For the entire year production totalled 121,468 machines worth \$6,808,877 at factory prices, while the value of the sets sold during the year at factory prices was \$6,758,959. Ontario led in volume of sales during 1932, taking 39.3 per cent and British Columbia and Manitoba tied for third place at 9.6 per cent each. Saskatchewan came next in order and was followed in turn by Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

## Jobless Build Colony on Long Island Tract

Middle Island, L.I., N.Y.—Miles of carrots, peas, corn and turnips are growing in the fields of the colony for unemployed here, fostered by the Emergency Shelter of New York City, and Mr. Walter D. Britt, director of the farm, is certain the project is headed for definite success. The colony, which includes more than 25 unemployed men and their families, was started several weeks ago and will be increased gradually until it numbers approximately one hundred families.

Men on the farm are obliged to work four or five hours a day in the fields and the women to sew two hours a day. A playground has been constructed for the children. Tents are used as living quarters, and a community hall also has been erected. Many eyes are being focused on the colony here and it is believed that similar farms will be established elsewhere soon.

## Newsboy Keeps Record of Miles and Earnings

Winston-Salem, N.C.—Here is one newsboy who can tell you just how many miles he has traveled, delivering morning and afternoon newspapers in the city of Winston-Salem and what his work has netted him per mile. His name is Timmett Cribbin, son of the Rev. E. M. Cribbin, rector of Saint Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church. Young Cribbin started carrying papers on Oct. 1, 1932. Since that time he has delivered 44,415, has walked 1162 miles, and his average income a mile has been 10.2 cent. He contends that every "business man" should take inventory of his activities as well as his earnings.

Webber Jackson, a Ballarat brick-maker who looked after the parish church clock, prophesied that it would stop when he died. It stopped on the day of his death. Bicycle-users in Great Britain are estimated to number about 7,000,000.

## When Strangers Distrust Children

### The Youngsters Naturally Become Timid and "Scary" — Treat them as Human Beings, Not Unnecessary Objects

Frank, aged five, was playing an exploring game—his tour of exploration being limited to the block in which he lived instead of the country along the Lower St. Lawrence. He saw a big white dog cross the block of grass in front of a house and trot around to the back yard. Frank crossed the grass and followed the dog. The Millers were on the porch. "Hey, there, boy, keep off the grass. What are you doing here?" boomed Mr. Miller's voice from behind the vine.

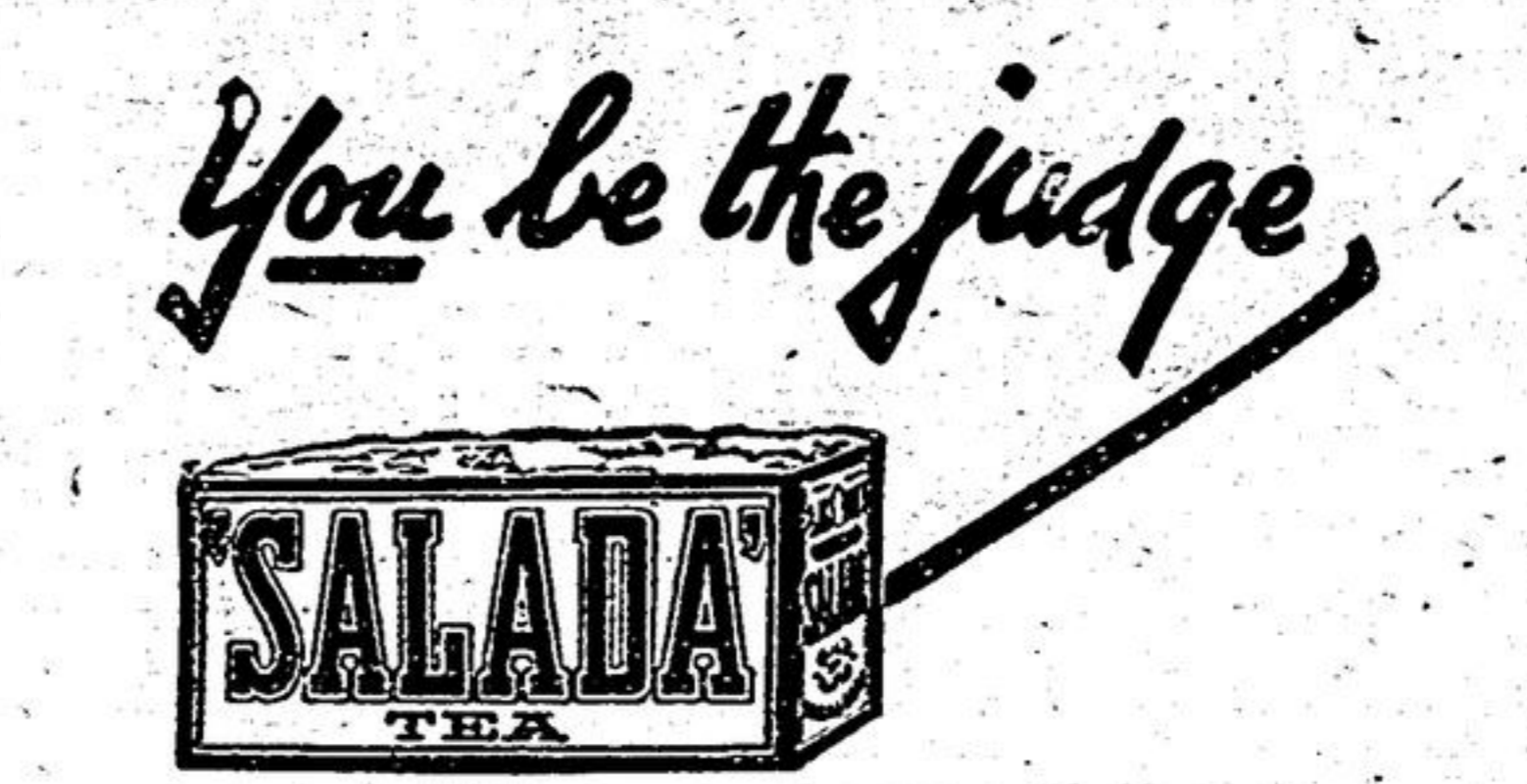
Ordered Away Frank stopped like a startled deer, then padded back to the pavement as fast as he could go. His eyes were big. "Nobody had ordered the dog away. But then, he was a boy! He went along for a couple of houses and sat down on some steps. It was nearly bedtime and he was tired. Two rose bushes grew on either side of the top step. He crawled over to one and smelled the single big red rose that was out. A girl on a bicycle rode up to the steps and dismounted. "Don't touch that rose," she said, sharply. "Run along home. If I hadn't come you would have pulled it, wouldn't you?"

"I was just smelling it." "Well, go home. You mustn't sit around on other people's steps." Frank obeyed. At last he left the steps. He stood looking up and down the street. He didn't want to go home. That meant bed. He proceeded with his cruising. In "Wrong" Again A green car stood beside the curb. It looked like Uncle Mack's car, but he knew it wasn't. However, he sat down on the running board and, picking up some little twigs, laid them beside him. He made a square and big "A" and an "M".

Cannot something be done to make casual picnickers, motorists and smokers see that a trifling carelessness can break hearts? — Toronto Mail and Empire. A copy of Plato's "Republic," borrowed 50 years ago from St. Andrew's University library by a student, has been returned with the apologetic explanation that though he has kept it so long, he has been too busy to finish reading it.

## Story of a Country Fire

It is an old farming district on high, rolling land. They are not the sort of farmers who have ruthlessly cleared the land. They have cherished the woods so that a future generation will benefit. They have left fine old avenues of trees alongside the roads. Town picnickers and motorists have been wont to seek out those side roads with their chance-like arches. Early in June came a frost which nipped the gardens. Right after that the dry spell set in. The thermostat fluctuated around 112 to 116 degrees in the shade. What had not already been bright by the turn of the season began to turn yellow under the burning sun. Those who feared that their wells might run dry drew water from the swamps for their vegetable gardens so that the household food, at least, might be saved. Most of the farmers started their labors at dawn to avoid working their horses in the midday heat. They are that sort of kindly, careful people. One afternoon when the ground was like a furnace, one man looked up to see a flame rising high as the trees in the woods by the road. The alarm spread. All rushed to the scene. No city fire department—nothing with which to fight the threatening flames but the tired energy of men and women who were already battling for their next year's sustenance with all their strength. The fire, started by carefree picnickers, was rushing before the wind over the blistered, dry grass which fed it like kindling. Women as well as men carried water from the nearest swamp—a distance about equal to three city blocks. It was under control by dark. But the men took turns watching it every night until the rain came eleven days later—men who had to work all through the day in that blistering sun to make a living off the fine farms established through generations of careful agriculture. Just a small fire. The public has not heard of it, for the loss in cash value was not big enough to make headlines. Through the carelessness of a few picnickers the lot of men taxed almost to the limit of endurance has been bitterly aggravated. One of the finest old avenues of trees in Ontario has gone; just a scared track is left. The very beauty which the town visitors had sought has been ruined.



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"Scram!" yelled a young man slamming a screen door. "Beat it, kid. But clean off that mess first. Of all the impudence!" Frank brushed off the twigs and walked away backwards, his finger in his mouth, big eyes staring at this new Nemesis. Finally he turned and ran. Before he got home again, however, he had been told by a cross old man who had to step sideways to get out of his road to "watch where he was going," had been ordered away from a parked baby carriage into which he was peeping, and had had a child's wagon jerked from under him by an impatient mother who accused him of being about to steal it. Mother's Affection At last he started home. He hadn't gone far when he heard his mother's anxious voice calling "Frankie!" over and over. "Goodness but I was worried!" she cried. "I thought daddy was here while I washed the dishes. You mustn't wander away, dear. Someone might want a nice little boy and take you away."

"Do people like boys?" asked Frank. "Like them!" She gave him a big hug and cuddled him on her lap. "Like them. I should say so. That's what little boys are for—to make people happy. There, dear, she slid him down. "Get it," Mrs. Simson next door was holding out a bouquet. Frank went over slowly, took the bouquet, and ran. "Thank you," called his mother. Then, "You mustn't be so scary. People aren't going to hurt you. They like little boys." Frank yawned. He wondered if mother knew anything about it. Why do people so distrust strange children?

How I long for the day when the tea-roses open their buds! Never did I look forward so intensely to anything; and every day I go the rounds, admiring what the dear little things have achieved in the twenty-four hours in the way of new leaf or increase of lovely red shoot. The hollyhocks and lilies (now flourishing) are still under the south windows in a narrow border on the top of a grass slope, at the foot of which I have sown two long borders of sweet peas facing the rose beds, so that my roses may have something almost as sweet as themselves to look at until the autumn, when everything is to make place for more tea-roses. The path leading away from this semicircle down the garden is bordered with China roses, white and pink, with here and there a Persian Yellow. I wish now I had put tea-roses there, and I have misgivings as to the effect of the Persian Yellows among the Chinas, for the Chinas are such sweet little baby as though they intended to be big things, and the Persian Yellows look bushes. It was no doubt because I was so ignorant that I rushed, in where Teutonic angels fear to tread and made my tea-roses face a northern winter; but they did face it under six branches and not one has suffered, and they are looking to-day as happy and as determined to enjoy themselves as any roses, I am sure, in Europe.—From "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," (New York: Macmillan).

## Woman Gives Blood to Sick Without Charge

Giving her blood to sick people without charge is Mrs. Fannie Barton's avocation and all the recipients have been strangers save one. Within four years she has undergone 24 transfusions and only in two instances did she receive remuneration. "I like to do things for people," she said. "It's enough to know that maybe I've helped save someone's life." Doctors at the University Hospital, Augusta, Georgia, know she will come any hour of the day or night. Within a period of 14 days she gave blood four times. She never feels any physical reaction. Once she dropped household duties, gave a quart of blood, walked home, cooked supper for 10 people, milked two cows and finished the family washing. The possibilities of a motor-car as an agent of destruction are twenty times as great as those of a peccol cycle.

## Proving That Absence Does Help



Frank Borzage, Hollywood luminary, and Mrs. Borzage decided to part for six months each year to keep romance burning. When Mrs. Borzage returned from a stay in Honolulu Borzage chartered an airship, flew over the ship and dropped flowers to his wife.

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