

MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William A. H. Wood

SYNOPSIS.
Peter Wayne and Tack Thayer had been college mates at Yale. Thayer was shot to death in his penthouse. After being questioned by Inspector Connolly, Thayer's wife, Martha, goes to the home of Wayne's sister, Carol, Mrs. Steve Wentworth, although Connolly suspects Martha and Evan Ross. Peter had gone West after his graduation to do chemical research for a big corporation until he stumbled on an alloy, sold his patents for cash and headed for Manhattan. He met Martha at Emma's night club and fell hopelessly in love. He knows Martha is innocent. Ross did appear immediately after the murder, but next day Connolly says Ross is in custody and has made a statement. He demanded Arthur Bouton, her counsel, succeed in bluffing him or until the next day, Peter went to Martha's room to see if he could get a lead from her.

CHAPTER XIX.
"So they've found Evan?" Martha said. "Mr. Bouton says he's made a statement, and he seems to be worried about it. But why, Peter? Evan can't have told them anything about how Tack was killed. He doesn't know. Mr. Bouton's afraid they'll use something Evan has said, or that they'll pretend he has said, to trap me into saying something foolish. But he can't be. I wouldn't believe anything like that, no matter what Inspector Connolly told me."
"Martha—" Peter didn't find it easy to go on.

"You know—there's something you ought to take into account. There was—wasn't there—an hour last night, after I went home from Sanborn's, when Ross wasn't with you?"
"The look in her eyes hurt him."
"Yes," she said. "There was."
"Well—you'll have to know this sooner or later. Mitchell says Ross might have gone to your house then."
"I see," said Martha, slowly. Then she lifted her eyes to Peter's. "He didn't," she said, quietly. "He was with Rita Gould."

"Do you know that, Martha?"
"I couldn't prove it," she said, "if that's what you mean. But I'm sure of it. I'm as sure as I am that you're sitting beside me now." Suddenly, as she went on, there was an extraordinary bitterness in her voice. "Oh, Peter—yes—yes, I'm sure—I know it! You—you must have seen how I looked when Evan and I came in, at Sanborn's. I'd been rude to you—there'd been that awful row at the Fantomas with poor Tack—and I didn't care! Nothing mattered!"

He looked at her. And he remembered. It was true. She had been radiant. He had never seen her look quite as she had then, as, defiantly, she kept Ross with her, off in their corner, refusing to share him with any one. The bitterness of that memory had been wiped out of his mind by all that had happened since, but he had carried it home with him; it had sharpened his anger with jealousy; steeled him in that abortive resolution of his to be done with her. Oh, yes—he remembered!

"You see—Peter—oh, my dear, I hate to tell you these things—I hate to hurt you! But I think it was the first time in weeks that I'd been sure of Evan—sure that he really did care for me—sure that, somehow, sooner or later, things would come right. And then—he made some excuse—he went off. And I knew why. I mean, I knew where he was going."
"Yes," said Peter. "Yes—you'd know. I see. Well—he can account for that hour, then, I suppose, with her to back him up."
"Yes," said Martha. She sighed, wearily. "I don't understand, Peter—I don't understand."

"What, Martha, dear?"
"Anything," she said. "Everything. Why—why Evan should have lied to me. Why—why he tried to make me think he cared when all the time—" "Hold on," said Peter. "I—Martha, I don't like the chap. But—you're fond of him. I'm with you about one thing—I'm damned sure he had nothing to do with Tack's—Tack's death. And—this Rita Gould—well, that sort of thing's queer. A woman like that gets hold of a chap. She makes him do things he wouldn't do if he were in his right senses. I mean—" Martha shook her head.

"I don't understand," she said again. "I know what you're trying to tell me, Peter. You're sweet. But I just don't understand."
Peter let that go. There was nothing more that he could say. He didn't, after all, understand it all so well himself that he was especially qualified to enlighten her. And, anyway, something else was on his mind.
"Martha, I think you'll have to tell me now, about that business with Benny, at Emma's. About the bracelet you wanted me to give him, I mean."
"That hasn't anything to do with all this, Peter," she said quietly.

"We can't be sure of that, Martha. Don't you see that there must be something we don't understand? There's a clew to this thing somewhere." He hesitated. "I told Bouton about it. I thought I ought to. And he says it may be very important. He thinks Benny's a crook."
"Oh, of course!" said Martha, almost smiling. She lay still, thinking for a moment. "All right," she said. "I'll tell you. But it won't help."
Peter leaned forward.
"Benny knew something about Tack," said Martha. Peter started.

He'd been sure, of course, that blackmail, in some form, had been involved, but he'd been equally sure that whatever Benny knew, and had been using, had involved either Ross or Martha herself. "Tack got tight, one night, and got into a crap game, and lost a lot of money. He didn't have enough to pay, and they turned ugly—they wouldn't take his cheque. If he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have done it, but he let them have a certified cheque he happened to have with him—something he was supposed to have turned in at the office."
"He got the money the next day—his mother was over here, then, and he managed it, somehow. But, when he gave them the money they wouldn't give up the cheque. I think they lied—first, and pretended it was lost—but, of course, they kept it so that they'd have something on him. Benny was in that—Ross was in the game, too, and lost some money—not as much as Tack; it was before Tack began hating Evan so, you know."
"Well, Tack didn't take that very seriously, apparently. He'd paid the money, and he got payment stopped on the cheque—he put in the money, at the office, first, to cover it, and then explained that it was lost, and he had to put up a bond of some sort, it all was all right."
"He told you all about it, didn't he?"
"Oh, yes! Tack and I were always good friends, Peter, really. We'd started rowing a lot about Evan by the time you came along, but in between we were all right. Well, Tack seemed to forget it, and so did I. Until Benny got hold of me, one night, at Emma's, and said Tack still owed money for that crap game, and the men he owed it to were tired of waiting, and if they didn't get it they were going to the firm and take the cheque and tell the whole story."
"By that time Tack was in very wrong with his mother, and you see didn't like him at the office, you know—oh, I mean, they like him, all right, but Tack was tight all the time, and he wasn't doing any work. It would have made a frightful mess. Benny said he liked Tack, and he'd tried to help him—he pretended, you see, that he was just acting for these other men and that it made it better for Tack for him to be mixed up in it. And he said he was afraid that if he put it up to Tack Tack would do something silly."
"I was, too, Peter. You got to know a lot about us, but I don't think you ever realized what a frightful temper Tack had. He was perfectly capable of killing some one. That was why I was always so careful about keeping him and Evan apart late at night, when Tack was tight. And I was terribly afraid that if he really thought any one was trying to blackmail him he'd shoot them—he'd have thought he had a right to do it, I think. So—so—well, I agreed to find the money myself, somehow."
"And, of course, once I'd started, there wasn't any end to it. That night I'd promised to pay five hundred dollars, and I simply hadn't been able to get it—they insisted on cash, always, of course. I knew I was going to have it the next day, but Benny wouldn't wait. He was the one who suggested that I should give him the bracelet—he said he'd give it back as soon as I gave him the money, but he wouldn't have, I suppose."
"Not a chance," said Peter. "He was disappointed when I gave him the cash, I thought."
"So—that's the story, Peter. You can see it hasn't anything to do with—Tack's being killed."
"I'm not so sure," said Peter. "I'm going to tell Mitchell and Bouton, anyway. It can't do Tack any harm now for them to know."
"No, I suppose not," said Martha, with a sigh.

Peter left her then; the drug seemed to be regaining its power over her, and she was yawning.
Peter went out, after a dinner eaten hurriedly, with all three of them, he and Carol and Steve, trying, pretty obviously, to talk of anything but the murder of Tack Thayer, and to think of any one rather than the girl who lay—awake, they all hoped—in Carol's guest room, and the boy who, by this time, the law being done with him, lay—somewhere else, forever still.

He couldn't fit what Martha had told him into the crazy pattern of this crime. Nor could he see why Connolly was so viciously sure of the strength of his case against Martha, as, only too plainly, he was. Everything the police themselves believed, it seemed to Peter, tended to clear her, rather than to implicate her; the evidence, or lack of evidence, rather, about the pistol; their certainty that the murderer could have reached the roof without Axel's knowledge; her movements the night before. By Connolly's own showing Ross was no longer suspected of firing the shot.

(To be continued.)
In the ninth century, the Emperor Charlemagne commanded his people to grow certain herbs and vegetables in their gardens.

Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

In the days when William Butler Yeats, Irish poet and playwright, was living in the celebrated rooms over a small bootmaker's shop in Woburn Buildings—a somewhat dingy part of London, not far from Euston Station—John Drinkwater called on him one day to be warned that the poet was expecting A. H. Bullen, the Elizabethan scholar and publisher, and that when Bullen arrived, Drinkwater would have to make himself scarce as they had some private business to transact. Bullen was publishing Yeats at the time.

Presently the doorbell rang. "I went downstairs with Yeats," relates Drinkwater (in "Discovery," the second volume of his fine autobiography—the first volume was "Inheritance," and there is more to come). "He opened the door and Bullen was standing there, the cape of his plaid draped over a bundle of folios under one arm and two or three folios under the other. Yeats greeted him in rich Irish tones, 'Ah, Bullen, will you go to the corner and get threepence worth of cream,' offering coppers which there was no hand free to take.

Prior to that visit, and when John Drinkwater was one of the leading lights of the Birmingham Repertory Company, Yeats had visited Drinkwater at his lodgings in Birmingham. "He stayed with me, and at night I was anxious to see that he was warm enough in his room, there being a heavy frost outside," reminisces John. "I lighted his gas-stove, and left him. I returned later to find he had donned a thick white sweater over his nightgait, which stood out in consequence like a ballet skirt, and when in my solitude I ventured a third call he was in bed covered by a large pony-skin hearthrug from the floor. The next day I left him in my room to himself, and at lunch time he told me he had done an excellent morning's work, having written four lines and destroyed them."

A story of Figaro, French poodle—told by his master, Colonel A. A. Anderson, noted American artist and sportsman (in "Experiences and Impressions"):
"Not feeling very well one day, I was lying on the lounge in my studio alone. Figaro seemed to realize my condition and appeared to be very anxious about me. A girl model whom I was painting at the time came into the studio and over to the lounge to shake hands with me. Figaro objected to her attentions, however, growled, and grabbed her by the wrist.
"From that time on he took a great dislike to this model, growling every time she came to the studio. Figaro never injured anything in the studio except on one occasion. I had painted a head of this model and just before going to lunch one day placed it against the wall with the face exposed. Figaro was left alone in the studio; and while I was gone he completely destroyed the picture with his claws."
"Something of an art critic, eh!"

To extract the essential soul and flavor of certain books one should endeavor to read them in the exact surroundings in which they were conceived, as in surroundings as nearly

as similar as may be, holds Edwin Valentine Mitchell (in "Strange News of Books"—a jolly, useful little booklet.) For example:
Shakespeare: One would naturally read Shakespeare in Warwickshire meadow in buttercup time; or else in Norfolk Chapel at Arundel.
Arlen (Michael, Mr.): The words of this ingenious author will most agreeably, I think, be read in the butler's private bar at the "Running Footman" public house off Berkeley Square, during the London season.

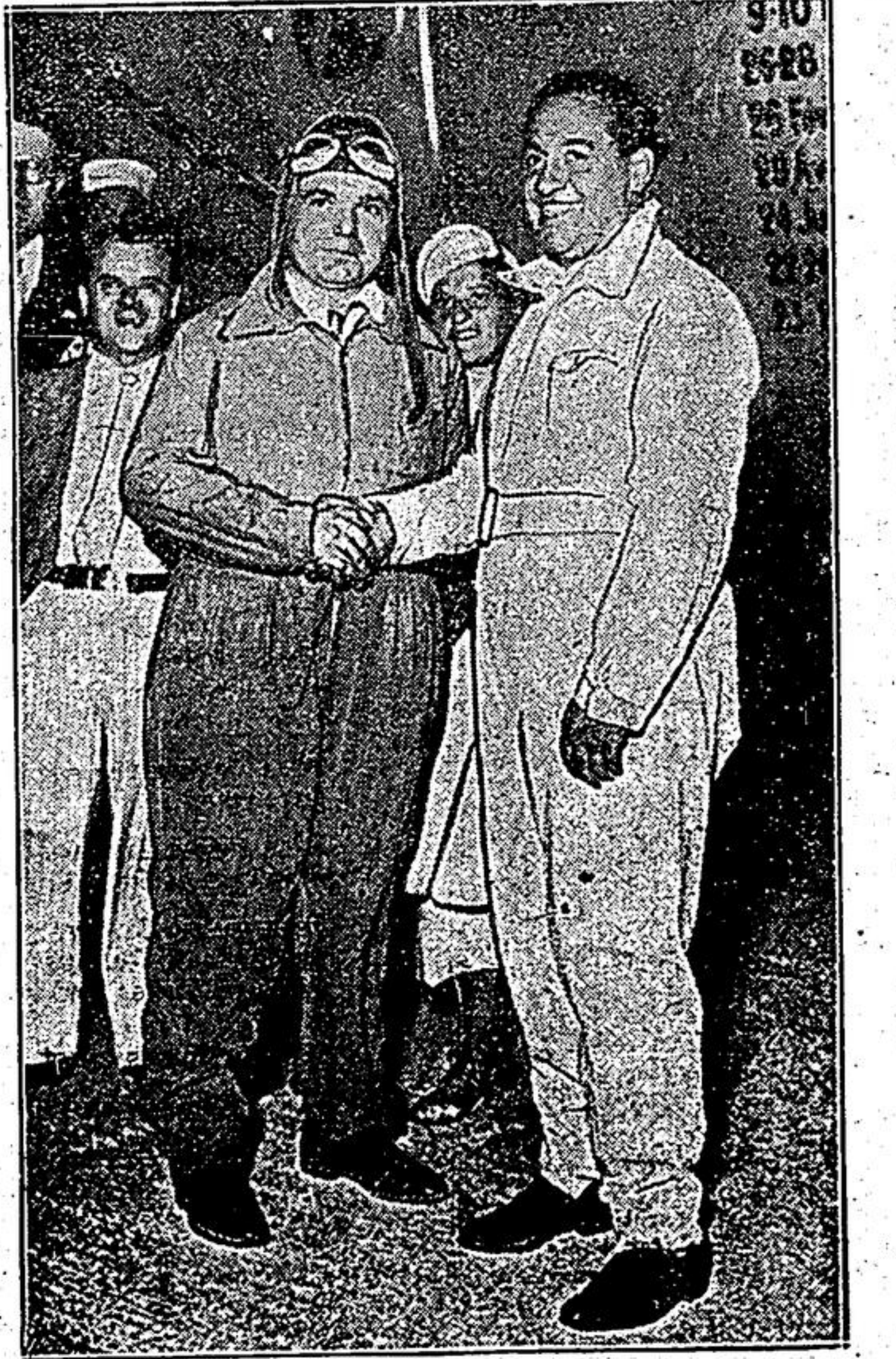
Some more:
Kipling (Mr.): The words of this famous author are most profitably read in the Crystal Palace on Empire Day, during a massed Brass Band Contest, if that can be arranged.
Chekhov: To extract the best from this author and his English imitators, their work should be read in a dimly lit dissecting room—the corpse rather damp and the surgeon and his assistants rather sick of it, in a moody, gaga sort of way.

Quite so.
The first rule to be observed in caring for one's personal library is to weed it frequently, advises Mr. Mitchell. Charles Lamb had perhaps the simplest method for disposing of his superfluous books. He treated them in precisely the same manner in which Becky Sharp treated the copy of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary which had been given her as a grudging gift. Lamb threw his unwanted volumes out the window. Even books which had been inscribed to Lamb by their authors were found by Lamb's neighbors on his lawn at Hampstead. It was the contents and not the bindings of books which he revered.

At a Chinese theatre in Peking— from "Once Upon a Time and Today," by Maud Nathan:
"I watched with interest and amazement a unique custom. Up and down the aisles went the ushers, the boys bearing trays piled high with towels which had been wrung out in hot water. These were presented to individuals in the audience, who would take one, mop the brow, wipe the hands, and return it to the boy, who put it in a bag. When this bag was full, he tossed it over the heads of the audience to another boy on the opposite side of the theatre, who returned the compliment by throwing back a pack of towels which had been freshly wrung out in hot water. It was an astonishing sight to see these packages of towels hurtling over the heads of the audience."

Girl Doesn't Know if She's Hired or Fired
Washington.—There's a young miss at the Recovery Administration who wants to know if she's hired or fired. Anyway, she has worked three weeks and there's been no pay. It happened this way:
The young lady completed typing her application for a clerical job with the NRA. In bustled an executive. "Take this letter," he commanded. She did, and several more.
A second executive sent her on an errand. Thus began three weeks' work, 10 hours a day.
Now the NRA finds no record she was hired.
"Government has not any too rosy a record in running itself thus far," Henry Ford.

Set New Long-Distance Record



Maurice Rossi and Paul Codos, French aviators, set their silver monoplane down at Rayak Syria after tacking 560 miles on to long hop record. They are shown at New York just before leaving.

Buy Quality

History of Old England Told in Coloured Scenes

London.—A fascinating way of learning about the people who lived in England from the earliest known times up to the fourteenth century has been made possible by an artist, Mr. T. Ives-Lloyd, who has modeled in color a series of seven scenes, so realistic, and so exquisite in detail, that as you look at them in the strong artificial light, you seem to be transported to those long-ago times, and to be living through the experience of the men, women and children who formed the British race.

These dioramas, as they are called, have already had a quite an eventful history of their own, having been sent to Belgium for display in the Antwerp Exhibition, and later taken across the Atlantic to be shown in Buenos Aires. Now, however, they have found a permanent home in London, having been presented to the London Museum by their owner, Mr. E. S. Makower.

The first scene is of the sweeping downs of Sussex, about the year 2000 B.C., and shows a prehistoric mine being worked by rough men, partly clothed in fur, who are getting flint for the making of tools and weapons from layers in the chalk. A strongly notched trunk of a fir tree acts as a ladder; the picks are made of deer horns; while a wicker basket has been woven to haul the flint to the surface. In the distance circular dwellings are seen with smoke rising from an open fire in the ground.
In the second scene is depicted prehistoric Britain, about 1500 B.C. Copper, with its alloy bronze, has been discovered in the hilly banks of a picturesque river, and men, clothed in skins, are busy obtaining the metal from surface workings and smelting it in simple furnaces, after which implements are cast by pouring the molten metal into moulds of stone, clay or bronze.

The women, whose hair hangs in two long plaits over their shoulders, and are busy cooking food on an open fire have made, while children play games in the sunshine. A useful-looking boat is moored to the bank, and we feel that civilization is going on apace.
In the third scene is shown the Roman invasion of Britain under the Emperor Claudius in the year 43 A.D. The Emperor, who is seated on a wooden pile on the banks of the Thames, is receiving the submission of British chieftains. In the background is seen a native village in flames, with a mounted Roman soldier driving a herd of long-horned cattle to safety. The Emperor's plumed helmet is placed at his feet, while a wreath of silver leaves encircles his head. He is attended by soldiers in scarlet, and by men wearing the skins of wolves and lions on their heads and shoulders.
Another invasion is depicted in the fourth scene, which shows London being sacked by the Saxons. The belongings of the inhabitants are being carried off through the fine Roman gateway of the city, while the buildings are in flames.

In the fifth scene the first recorded Viking invasion of Britain in 787 A.D. is shown. It is now the Saxons' turn to defend the shores, and one is seen endeavoring to summon aid by blowing a horn, while dogs dash down to the beach in an attempt to frighten off the Vikings who, having left their graceful sailing ships, are wading ashore.
Number six depicts the building of the Tower of London in 1078, with William the Conqueror seated on a white horse in the foreground. The famous white Tower, which William ordered to be built for the purpose of overawing the citizens, is going up, stage by stage, within a corner of the old Roman walls, and close to the Thames. The work of construction is being supervised by the Bishop of Rochester, also seated on a white horse, while, at his side, a monk is examining a scroll containing the plans of the building. The workmen must have done their job well, for the old White Tower still stands, and is visited by numbers of boys and girls every day.

And now we come to the last scene, which is not laid in England, but in Belgium. Here we see the emigration of the 70 Flemish weavers from Antwerp to England in 1331. Owing to heavy floods, about the year 1106, the people had been driven from their homes and had made their way to England, where they settled in Norfolk, carrying on their famous weaving industry. They must have proved themselves to be good neighbors for, in 1331, the King invited 70 more Flemish weavers to take up their abode in England under royal protection. The scene is laid on the quay, with a strong sailing boat waiting alongside. Peasants

London Models In Paris Show

Young British Designers Capture Imagination of Foreign Buyers—Quaker Bonnet is "Daring Innovation"

My first report on the Paris autumn and winter collections, writes Victoria Chapelle in the London Daily Mail, is of a show by two young British designers, whose audacity in bringing over their models from London has completely captured the imagination of the foreign buyers.
When I found my way to their temporary salon in the Faubourg St. Honore I found it crowded.
The collection is one of the most practical we are likely to see over here, although the evening gowns are occasionally almost medieval in their magnificence.
But Peggy Morris, the designer—whose clothes are being shown with Jeff's hats—is out to prove that coats may be both important and chic without adding \$26 or so to their cost by the addition of enormous fur collars.

STRAIGHT AND SLIM.
She is making collars of the coat material or ingeniously placing large piped motifs on the shoulders to give a totally new shoulder effect, almost suggestive of the bottle-neck line.
The line of the day dresses is very straight and slim, but for the evening: skirts is considerably wider.
An off-the-shoulder movement is introduced on another black velvet ensemble which has a most remarkable coat.
This garment, practically fitting to the waist, has a very wide skirt and sleeves which are no less than a yard and a half in width.
EIGHT-INCH COLLAR.
The blouse-and-skirt idea is played on here very cleverly for evening, especially in one outfit, which has black velvet skirt and a gold brocade blouse, with an eight-inch high collar. There were little draped velvet toques, above which nodded half a dozen tiny ostrich plumes, and adoptions of the turban in cotton, velvet, chenille with feathers set at the back.
Just as in the dress houses, the milliners here are using an enormous amount of angora fabrics and this London collection shows something new in angora berets and sports hats.
There is one daring innovation—after the hard lines of the summer—a little Quaker bonnet which the designer describes as being the ideal autumn hat, since it is warm, keeps the hair tight, and frames the face charmingly.

Motors Give to Cyclists Under Denmark Laws
In Denmark the bicyclist always has the right of way. There are no exceptions and no excuses. Automobile drivers who dislike dodging bicycles ought, certainly to leave their cars behind when they visit the little land of the Danes. True, most two-wheeled riders there usually hold out a hand to right or left when about to swerve from a straightforward route—so habitually, in fact, that many Danes unconsciously do so even on foot! and not a bad idea at that. But a cyclist may cut in, from either side, at any time, on any street or road.
An excellent highway runs up the east coast of the island of Zealand, from Copenhagen's to Hamlet's Elsinore and the popular sea beach beyond. But it is not open to automobiles on Sundays between the middle of May and the end of summer, except to car owners who live along it. All summer, bicyclists swarm along that road on the Sabbath; but the mere automobilist must go far inland and take a narrow, winding, and withal poor road, which is usually so crowded with other motor-cars that he will probably decide to stay home next time instead of trying to go for a swim. And no doubt it serves him right for owning a car and paying the aristocrat.
The constant motionless sailing through the air of solemn-faced people on bicycles—high-hatted ministers of the church, frock-tailed ministers of the Government, haughty ladies in limousine garb, stolid old ladies from the country, waiters in full dress, irrespective of the hour of the day—is one of the principal sights of Denmark, its most distinguishing characteristic. Out in the country old peasant women whom you would never suspect of mounting anything more unseemly than a rocking-chair, sedately and noiselessly glide past on bicycles.—Harry A. Fraack, in "A Scandinavian Summer." (New York: Century.)

Masefield Upholds Poetry
Wrexham, Wales.—What the world longs for is poetry, Mr. John Masefield, Britain's poet laureate, said here, but it invents substitutes, such as speed, to obtain the excitement that poetry would give.
Mr. Masefield spoke at the Welsh Eisteddfod. "Poets," he said, "have begun to think they are not wanted by the world because poetry has been separated from the heart of the world."
Another poet present at the Welsh festival is the Rev. Simon Bartholomew Jones, who, like Mr. Masefield, was a sailor in his youth. The Rev. Mr. Jones, the son of a Cardigan farmer, has six brothers, every one a poet.

Victorian Fussiness To Be Replaced by Chinese "Placidity"

So Says Paris Designer Who Has Launched Models on Simple Lines Influenced by Oriental Art

Paris.—The first gun in a war against Victorian "fussiness" was fired at the fashion shows when Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli launched models of the extreme simplicity influenced by Chinese designs and art.
The designer, declaring she had been impressed by the "placidity of the Chinese" and desired to give the same influence to clothes, displayed cats simply cut like coolie and mandarin coats and frocks; trimmed with Chinese designs. The collection was announced as based on the idea that simplicity followed the slender silhouette with normal waistline and skirt lengths and widened shoulders.
Fabrics included rich quilted tafetas, deeply crinkled crepes and wools in such colors as bright Peiping red, dark betel red, bright cathyay blue, light celeste blue, gobi beige and tibetan brown.
Many coats cut on the simplest lines had quilted or padded linings reminiscent of Oriental fashions. Dark crepe frocks had round necklines like Chinese women's coats.

Canadian Salmon Trade to Benefit
Paris.—As the first direct result of the recently signed Franco-Canadian trade treaty, France has granted Canada a tinned salmon quota for 13 months beginning next October of 74,600 quintals, with a value of 30,000,000 francs, as compared with the 1932 quota of 6,000 quintals, with a value of 1,628,000 francs.
The new Canadian quota will mean a big reduction in the quota from Japan, which attempted to monopolize the market during the period of 18 months when no trade treaty existed between France and Canada.
A quintal is about 110 pounds.

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