

“Mr. Carraway, this is my friend Mr. Wolfsheim.” A small, flat-nosed Jew raised his large head and regarded me with two fine growths of hair which luxuriated in either nostril. After a moment I discovered his tiny eyes in the half darkness. “--So I took one look at him,” said Mr. Wolfsheim, shaking my hand earnestly, “and what do you think I did?” “What?” I inquired politely. But evidently he was not addressing me, for he dropped my hand and covered Gatsby with his expressive nose. “I handed the money to Katspaugh and I sid: ‘All right, Katspaugh, don’t pay him a penny til he shuts his mouth.’ He shut it then and there.” Gatsby took an arm of each of us and moved forward into the restaurant, whereupon Mr. Wolfsheim swallowed a new sentence he was starting and lapsed into a somnambulatory abstraction.” “This is a nice restaurant here,” said Mr. Wolfsheim, looking at the Presbyterian nymphs on the ceiling. “But I like across the street better!” “Hot and small-yes,” said Mr. Wolfsheim, “but full of memories.” “The old Metropole,” brooded Mr. Wolfsheim gloomily. “Filled with faces dead and gone. Filled with friends gone now forever. I can’t forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening. When it was almost morning the waiter came up to him with a funny look and says somebody wants to speak to him outside. ‘All right,’ says Rosy, and begins to get up, and I pulled him down in his chair. ‘Let the bastards come in here if they want you, Rosy, but don’t you, so help me, move outside this room.’ It was four o’clock in the morning then, and if we’d of raised the blinds we’d of seen daylight.” Mr. Wolfsheim’s nose flashed at me indignantly. His nostrils turned to me in an interested way. “I understand you’re looking for a business gonnegtion.” “No? Mr. Wolfsheim seemed disappointed.” “I beg your pardon,” said Mr. Wolfsheim, “I had a wrong man.” A succulent hash arrived, and Mr. Wolfsheim, forgetting the more sentimental atmosphere of the old Metropole, began to eat with ferocious delicacy. His eyes, meanwhile, roved very slowly all around the room - he completed the arc by turning to inspect the people directly behind. “He has to telephone,” said Mr. Wolfshiem, following him with his eyes. “Fine fellow, isn’t he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman.” “He’s an Oggsford man.” “He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College? It’s one of the most famous colleges in the world.” “I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. But I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself: ‘There’s the kind of man you’d like to take hom and introduce to your mother and sister.’” He paused. “I see you’re looked at my cuff buttons.” They were composed of oddly familiar pieces of ivory. “Finest specimens of

human molars,” he informed me. He flipped his sleeves up under his coat. “Yeah, Gatsby’s very careful about women. He would never so much as look at a friend’s wife.” When the subject of this instinctive trust returned to the table and sat down Mr. Wolfsheim drank his coffee with a jerk and got to his feet. “I have enjoyed my lunch,” he said, “and I’m going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.” “Don’t hurry, Meyer,” said Gatsby, without enthusiasm. Mr. Woldshiem raised his hand in a sort of benediction. “You’re very polite, but I belong to another generation,” he announced solemnly. “You sit here and discuss your sports and your young ladies and your--” He supplied an imaginary noun with another wave of his hand. “As for me, I am fifty years old, and I won’t impose myself on you any longer.” As he shook hands and turned away his tragic nose trembling. “He becomes very sentimental sometimes,” explained Gatsby. “This is one of his sentimental days. He’s quite a character around New York--a denizen of Broadway.” “Who is he, anyhow, an actor?” “No.” “A dentist?” “Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he’s a gambler.” Gatsby hesitated, then added coolly: “He’s the man who fixed the World’s Series back in 1919.” It never occurred to me that one man could start to play with the faith of fifty million people--with the single-mindedness of a burglar blowing a safe. “How did he do that?” I asked after a minute. “He just saw the opportunity.” “Why isn’t he in jail?” “They can’t get him, old sport. He’s a smart man.”