

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"She's dead," he informed them when he returned. "She died instantly. It's very odd. Has she been ill? Has there been any occasion for her to take a powerful drug?" He turned to Miss Minty.

"No, Doctor, Emily went to bed feeling well, and got up this morning just as vigorous as ever. I thought that it seemed to agree with her to have a young people here. It seemed to soften her a bit—that is, I mean she seemed kinder last night than she often is."

Janet Marsden's quiet voice interposed: "What indications do you find that a drug was taken?"

"Why, the eyes—look at them—the pupils are contracted to pin points. It's an abnormal condition. Then, too, this sudden death. Mrs. Dunsath had a splendid constitution. Her illness of ill health was a pardonable eccentricity. . . . But I've called the coroner and he will be here at once. In the meantime leave everything just as it is. Miss Minty, you come with me into the dining room. I shall ask you to see that nothing is touched, and maybe there'd better be witnesses. Everything must be left as it is—exactly as it is. You might come, too, Miss Marsden. And see the servants. Where's Soames?"

"Here, sir," Soames answered, stepping up. "And Johnson and Cordelia are right back there, sir. No one has been in the dining room since Mrs. Dunsath was taken out, sir. The routine of the household is sadly shattered."

"Of course," Dr. Murdoch said to the others when he returned from the dining room. "There may be some perfectly simple explanation for all this. We'll wait for the coroner. But I must say that—the explanation doesn't seem to present itself to me."

When, an hour later, the coroner confirmed Dr. Murdoch's diagnosis, silence fell upon the nervous chattering group in the library, and when he said: "For the present I shall have to hold you all under suspicion. The police will be here at once," there came a scream. Helen had fainted.

CHAPTER III.
A House Divided.

They were just bringing her to when with a roar that startled the excited group in the library, a seven-passenger car raced up the lane and came to a stop under the portico. In a moment, Soames had answered the bell, the door opened and the loud peeling of the bell, to admit six burly men.

Europe

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Paris, March 25.—The French journalist is perhaps the most poorly paid in the world. He usually becomes a professional pickthack. This does not apply to the correspondents who represent American newspapers and press associations. They are well paid.

Paris has a hundred or more newspapers—most of them fly by night sheets that thrive on polite blackmail. Le Petit Parisien has the largest circulation on the continent. The Journalist here is generally a sandy type, affecting a wide brimmed hat and flowing tie.

He hasn't the standing nor has he the touch and go of his American brother. The less important papers permit the reporter now and then to boost some café and in exchange the reporter is able to have a few free meals for his tribe.

Now and then this genial grafting is extended to shops and stores and in this fashion the journalist is able to butter out his existence. The compensation is in the leisurely method of doing the work. And France loves leisure. "Scoops" or "heats" mean nothing.

Le Journal has a magnificent dining salon in its building and at noon the executives are served with a sumptuous luncheon with wine of rare vintage to wash it down. This midday feast occupies two hours, from 12 to 2.

Scores of stranded Americans sell the three American newspapers—the Herald, Tribune and the Times. It is easy to see that all of them have been better days and have been above their calling. One former American show girl is selling papers in the Latin Quarter.

Going to prison in France might not be a hardship to many Americans. Prisoners are served a bottle of wine with their lunch and dinner. Wine is also served to inmates of insane asylums.

An American called on me today to interest me in a restaurant project. He wanted a backer. I was flattered until I learned the project would require a working capital of \$30. He explained that he could rent a small building in Montmartre for 40 cents a day. Waiters are not paid a salary. They live on tips. The entire overhead, as he figured it, would be about \$1 a day. He told me that when I returned to France again he would have a small fortune awaiting me. I think he mistook me for a sort of fall guy from Niagara.

He was a pathetic wreck, trembling from over-indulgence in drink and perhaps worse. He went from table to table to sketch diners for whatever they chose to give him. Paris has a respectful attitude toward beggars. They are never molested. In the hard boiled Roaring Forties of New York this fellow would have been given the "bum's rush." The smart hotels and tea rooms do not bar dogs. They are fed and watered as a part of the establishment's service.

The Frenchman answers the telephone by saying "Allow!" He does not become irritated when he is cut off, and this usually happens two or three times during a conversation. He passes a pleasant time with the telephone girl and waits until the wires are clear again.

I had a jovial comic opera scene with a taxi driver today. I asked him to drive me to a certain address. He took me to five wrong places, each time with magnificent apologies and gesturing for being mistaken. The sixth time he made it. I can imagine him telling his family tonight: "I trimmed another American boob to-day." Yet the total fare including the tip was less than a quarter. And I enjoyed the ride.

(Copyright, 1925.)

Lushington took the ring and nodded. "Yes. This ring is to go to the Museum. The will directs me to have it prepared by the jeweler, Kunkle and Nathan, for special display. I'll take it down with me to the safe deposit box."

"Can't do that. This is Thanks giving. Banks are closed."

"Hm, that's right. . . . Then I'll put it in the wall safe in Mrs. Dunsath's room."

"Nobody else likely to know the combination?"

"Nobody," Mrs. Dunsath entrusted it to me alone. It was all she could do to remember it. Very poor head for such things, though sharp

in other ways. She told me once she always left the safe open during the day so that she wouldn't have to work the combination at night—I suppose she put the ring in the safe at night. She had the safe installed just for the ring, which is practically priceless."

"If there is any further way in which I can be of service to you," Lushington said, when he had locked the ring in the safe, spinning the knob. "I shall be very glad to help."

"Well, we'll be looking into the matter later, I suppose. If the analyses go the way we think they are going to go. Also, somebody will be over to see you tomorrow about family history, and that kind of dope."

"Very well. Any time you wish, I shall be at your service."

At last came the evening papers with their lurid headlines. No one returned by anybody were reported, however, though the usual line about "important developments in the case" were expected any hour" were in all

the stories.

Then Soames came in with a tea tray loaded with sandwiches and steaming coffee. Nobody, however, did more than look at the food with Ted abundantly demonstrated to all of them that both coffee and sandwiches were quite without poison.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE NEBBS



AND AS I WAS SAYING.



BRINGING UP FATHER



SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB



OF ALL THE SILLY ANSWERS



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



TILLIE, THE TOILER



ABIE THE AGENT



By Westover



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling



By BRIGGS



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

