

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Wish there were a signature," Burke said.

"The writing's enough. It's almost a case already."

"Not quite. But it may be if we can get the facts that made the author of this puzzle suspect things. We can trace both of them by the handwriting, I think. Of course, it's difficult, but I think it can be done. We'll get letters, and I've just had them write out the definitions, and I'll collect them. We'll arrest this person now. Come on."

When the suspect had been led, white-faced and shaking, down the hall, and bundled into a car, Burke returned to the library to collect the list of definitions. With all of them in hand he turned to the table for the original list of definitions.

It was gone.

"Who has that original list—the one I dictated from?" he asked quickly.

"There was no answer."

"Where is it?"

"You—you left it on the table when they called you out," Miss Minty volunteered timidly. "And we—we all followed you into the hall, and one of your men made us come back. I—I don't remember seeing it when we came back."

"That's right," Ted affirmed. "I thought you'd taken it with you."

"The devil!" Burke snorted, and leaving the room he was heard to say: "That's just another put to crack."

Soames, erect and imperturbable at the door, was muttering to himself:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

CROSS QUESTIONS.

The talk following the arrest flowed on like a flood for an hour. Something had burst at last; for a moment the air was cleared of suspicion. But as the group talked on, examining all the possibilities of the case, the evidence against the one absent member seemed dimmer, and as its flimsiness became apparent, talk dwindled and suspicion rose again.

The last edition of the evening Chronicle, brought to the house by a much frightened messenger boy

accompanied by two friends, was the first clarification they had received; though the Chronicle, elated over its " scoop" of the other papers, referred to the alleged criminal only in terms of the puzzle which it alone had offered to the public.

"The person indicated in vertical 9 in the Chronicle's exclusive story of earlier this afternoon was arrested after that story had forced the authorities into action, and was bound over to the grand jury for the murder of Mrs. Emily Dunseath, who was poisoned at her breakfast table on Thanksgiving morning. The evidence on which the arrest was made was the finding in the suspect's room at the Dunseath mansion of the charred remains of a threatening letter and also on the finding, in the same place of what is now known throughout the city as vertical 25 and horizontal 38.

"The letter was one written to Mrs. Dunseath before the suspect went to Elm Hills. It has already been confessed that the letter was secured by the author, who preceded it to the Dunseath mansion, and burned it, supposedly in the fireplace. The charred fragments show a great bitterness over the fact that Mrs. Dunseath had refused to loan money.

Vertical 25 and horizontal 38 was brought into the house by Homer Chalfonte, who had just returned from the Orient."

A resume of the story Chalfonte had told Burke was then given.

Another story dealt with the chemist's report, and that story ended with the statement that the authorities would next engage in retracing the movements of each individual member of the household on the morning of the murder.

In fulfillment of the prediction, Burke appeared in the doorway as they finished reading the papers and asked for Rose Fabry. "Come into the dining room, Miss Fabry. The rest of you stay where you are till we want you."

Helen leaned toward Minty. "Miss Minty, do you suppose they'll be after me next? My fainting that morning—when they said Emily had been poisoned—do you suppose they'll try to connect me with the murder—just because of that?"

Miss Minty set her lips and did not answer.

In the dining room Burke seated Rose at the place she had occupied at the breakfast table on Thanksgiving morning. "Now," he said, "I want you to describe every action of yours in this room on Thanksgiving morning."

"Well, I came down stairs with Helen Barr, Miss Minty and Aunt Emily—we had met in the hall, Grant Fowler and Jarvis Marsden were already down—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that—that's been checked. Tell me what happened from the time you came in."

"Well, we all sat down at the table and the first thing Aunt Emily did was to poke at her grapefruit a little, and then she told Soames to give her an orange. Sometimes she'd do that, though not often, because she loved grapefruit. So he reached for an orange on the buffet—"

"Did he seem to take any particular ones?"

"Not that I recall. As I remember, he just took one out of the pyramid of them—there's always a pyramid of them there. And then Soames cut it in half and put it on a plate and handed it to her. She ate part of it, as I recall. I suppose you know how much was left better than I do."

"Yes, and now about the coffee?"

"I was drawing that from the percolator. It was on the table when we came in. I was sitting right where I am now—where you told me to sit." Rose smiled at him wily as she said this.

"Go on," he growled.

"And the first cup I drew for her she passed on to Chalfonte; said it had too much sugar. I'd been a little forgetful, maybe, with so many around and all. Then I drew another cup, put in the cream and sugar—one lump—and passed it to her."

"Why didn't she draw the coffee herself?"

"She did use to do it—when she first got the electric percolator. It was something to play with. But lately she'd been having me do it—she was sort of lazy, and that morning she wanted to talk and not be bothered, I suppose."

"Did she drink her coffee right away?"

"No, she sort of looked at it first, and then at Janet, and then she rebuked Janet, and Janet answered back—do you want the exact words?"

"No," he got that stuff.

"Well, when Janet answered so rudely, Aunt Emily glared at her, drank a big swallow of coffee, and set the cup down and started to drink in her chair. She kept staring at her

Europe --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE

Monte Carlo, March 30.—This is a high spot of the world for beauty. Yet it reminds you of the magnificent rose whose petals conceal the poisonous asp. There were two suicides this week. A youth and an old man who had been unlucky at "rouge et noir."

Yet the ball spins merrily on. Life is cheap. Money is God. You see the blue of the sea, the heavenly tint of a cloudless sky, women with the grace and beauty of the swans in the lake. It is all ravishing and exciting. Gaiety, splendor, the whirlwind of death.

I have come from 43% de Paris in the fatal lift to have one down to the mysterious passages, where there is a valet in livery every ten yards. This maze of passages leads to the gambling rooms. I am a newcomer and, as is the rule, a spy trails me.

This espionage is to make certain I make no effort to annoy patrons by asking a loan should I lose. There is the drone of the croupiers. Feverish crowds are watching a dried-up little Egyptian potentate, who lights one cigaret after another, and is losing heavily.

For three days they say he has lost and not once has his expression changed. Monte Carlo has seen this stoicism suddenly break many times. Last week, they tell me of a man who lost four days in silence. Suddenly he shrieked and rushed out toward the sea babbling and quite mad.

Several prodigal sons of American millionaires are here. Money has come easily. Here it will go with greater ease. I wagered a few trifling amounts at roulette, lost once, won once, lost four times and quit. I have never been thrilled by gambling.

Gambling here is only for a man with the wealth of a Schwab, who happens to be here, although I have not seen him in the gambling rooms. He spends most of his time walking by the sea with his personal physician.

The Monte Carlo Carlton has an edition that might quickly be added in New York midnight clubs. The director has engaged the services of a trained bear, a magnificent brute that dances with the ladies. He is as docile as a kitten and as playful. He lumbers about on the polished floor with the ladies, seemingly enjoying it superbly. My one impression is that he is safer to dance with than the professional dancers there. He does not steal jewels or attempt polite blackmail.

Russian Royal poverty stalks all over Europe. The Grand Duke Dimitri is here selling champagne. He was once a rare judge of good wine. Now he sells to those who enjoyed his lavish hospitality. He has given his coat of arms away with his services. The Dimitri Institute will sell on all the labels of the bottles he sells.

Monte Carlo is the most gloriously outrageously vulgar place in the world. All the men seem fabulously rich and the ladies are those who seem to know only fabulously rich men. There is something gruesome about the old women who gamble here. Their hands appear claws and their faces hawk-like. They go to the Casino at 10 in the morning during the lull carrying smelling salts. Greed and avarice have claimed them.

One of the "mysterious strangers" at the gaming tables is a poly-poly man whose head is bereft of hair as a sick onion. Some say he is a Hollander. And that he is deaf and dumb. He acquires a beautiful Russian looking lady about but has never been seen to speak to her nor does she address him.

Oh, Man!

IMPRESSING A GREAT AUDIENCE WITH HIS POWERS OF ORATORY

AND THE SAME MAN ADDRESSING HIS SON

—NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY—IMPROVE YOUR TIME—STUDY HARD—PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE FUTURE—DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME—

—AND THE SAME MAN ADDRESSING HIS SON

—NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY—IMPROVE YOUR TIME—STUDY HARD—PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE FUTURE—DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME—

By BRIGGS

emerald ring. I do remember this, too, that she just got the cup over the saucer, and the last inch or two it dropped. I'd say, I mean she'd lost control of it by then."

"All right, that's all."

Burke watched her with troubled eyes as her gleaming hair disappeared in the dimly lit hall outside. "Then he came to. 'Half an orange, and

half a cup of coffee, and—and that's all. And those dumbbell chemists can't find a thing in 'em. Looks like you ought to be able to put two halves together and get one—some one, anyway. But if it was in the coffee, then why didn't this Chalfonte that she passed the first cup to, get poisoned?" And this butler, Soames— he couldn't tell in advance that she

would want an orange, because sometimes she did take grapefruit. There doesn't seem any way the thing could have been done."

Helen called next, was made to sit in the same place she had occupied the morning of the murder, and questioned at length, much as Rose had been. Nothing, however, was revealed that was not already known.

Each person, as he left the room, went directly to his bedroom. They seemed to have no longer any need to communicate, and had nothing to say. Suspicion, remounting in each breast, drove them apart. Each had his own thoughts. Each needed to mull things over. Each seemed freed of all the rest. Yet though separated in

their own rooms, they were all bound into a unity of dread and distrust.

At last, after his long hours of duty, Burke tucked his muffer in, buttoned his coat around him, and with a word to the guard outside, left the house and its occupants alone.

A dim light burned in the halls. Otherwise suspicion and troubled sleep darkly filled the oratorical mag-

nificance of the old house as with a somber whisper.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Clean tiled hearths with a cloth dampened with turpentine and dry with a clean cloth. Washing tiles with soap and water splits the glaze and enamel.

THE NEBBBS

LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL REAL ANTIQUE CHAIR I BOUGHT—IT CAME FROM THE HOME OF SOME RICH NOBLEMAN—IT'S 17TH CENTURY FURNITURE—ONLY COST \$40.00

DON'T DROP ON IT! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO—BREAK IT?

THIS MUST HAVE COME FROM SOME TORTURE CHAMBER—IF A GUY COMMITTED MURDER THEY MADE HIM SIT ON IT FOR AN HOUR—THIS WOULD BE A SWELL CHAIR FOR MY OFFICE FOR THOSE GUYS WHO PAY SOCIAL VISITS DURING WORKING HOURS—THEY WOULDN'T STAY SO LONG

IN MODERNIZING YOUR HOME DON'T GET TOO ANCIENT—LET'S STILL BUY MODERN OLD-FASHIONED COMFORTABLE FURNITURE—40 DOLLARS ISN'T MUCH DOUGH BUT IT'S A LOT IF YOU DON'T GET ANYTHING FOR IT—IN THAT CHAIR YOU GET ABOUT \$700 WORTH OF CHAIR AND THE REST HISTORY

3-31

(Copyright, 1925, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

W. A. CARLSON

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

(Copyright 1925)

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER

I'VE GOT TO GET SOME MONEY—THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT—BUT WHERE?

HELLO—JIGGS—DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS ABOUT DUGAN BEING LEFT A FORTUNE?

POOR DUGAN THAT LIVES ON CLANCY STREET

HE OWES ME FIFTY DOLLARS—(JUST GO AN' COLLECT IT—IM IN LUCK!

SURE HE WOZ LEFT A FORTUNE—HE WENT BACK HOME IN EUROPE TO COLLECT IT—

3 31

© 1925 by Int'l Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

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

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

(Copyright 1925)

JERRY ON THE JOB

HELLO—IS THIS THE LACK-OF-EMPLOYMENT AGENCY? WELL—SEND US A PAINTER WILL YA?

YES—RIGHT AWAY.

NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS MEET THE BRUSH PUSHER AND TELL HIM WHAT HE'S GOTTA DO

GEE—THIS BABY WONT DO—HE'S TOO OLD.

Y' MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK—AS WELL GO BACK—YOU WONT DO—YOU CANT RUN.

AMGOSH—DO YOU SUPPOSE WERE GOIN TO STOP A TRAIN JUST TO LET YOU PAINT IT?

3 31

© 1925 by Int'l Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

(Copyright 1925)

By Westover

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Westover

TILLIE, THE TOILER

I FEEL KIND OF WORRIED ABOUT MAC—HE MIGHT GET SICK AGAIN IF HE WORKS AGAIN FOR TOO HARD

I GUESS HE WANTS TO CATCH UP IN HIS WORK, TILLIE

BUT, MR. SIMPKINS, MAC'S BEEN SITTING ON THAT STOOL ALL DAY—HE DIDN'T EVEN GO OUT TO LUNCH—AND NO FRESH AIR EITHER

SAY, MAC, IDN'T WANT YOU TO HAVE ANOTHER BREAKDOWN—GO OUT AND TAKE A WALK IN THE FRESH AIR

LISTEN, MAC, WILL YOU TAKE THIS PURSE BACK WHILE YOU'RE OUT? I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, I DON'T WANT IT

3 31

© 1925 by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

By BRIGGS

ABIE THE AGENT

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

WHAT'S THAT?

YOU HEARD ME—WE'RE ALL CROOKS AT HEART AND THAT INCLUDES YOU

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ABE??

HOLD THE WIRE—A MINUTE!

I HEAR YOU HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH SIGMUND ON THE TELEPHONE!

FOR NO REASON HE CALLS ME UP AND SAYS WE ARE ALL CROOKS AT HEART AND HE INCLUDED ME

I BET IT MADE YOU SORE—WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN HE SAID THAT TO YOU??

WHAT COULD I DO? I OFFERED A FELLER IN THE OFFICE \$25 FOR A GOOD ANSWER TO IT!!

3 31

© 1925 by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

By BRIGGS

ABIE THE AGENT

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield