

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"And not one cent for charity," Miss Minty whispered to Helen as they went up the stairs.

In Emily's room, with the detectives standing behind him, and the other members of the group behind the detectives, Lushington drew a small slip of paper from the innermost recess of his wallet, and worked carefully at the knob of the safe, his head tilted back as he sought the numbers through his fingers. The wheel of the dial waited in silence as he worked. "There," he said at last, "if I have done this correctly, the door should open."

He turned the lever slowly and threw back the door, disclosing a drawer. This he pulled out—and looked at it with opening mouth and staring eyes.

"The emerald is gone!" he cried. "No!" Burke started forward.

"But it is," Lushington showed him the empty metal drawer.

The whole group, silent, but with shaken nerves, was pressing toward the door, when a soft rap sounded on it. Instantly everybody stopped.

Burke opened the door, and they saw Soames step back as he saw the assembled company.

"I didn't know, sir, that anybody except the detectives were up here, sir, and Mr. Lushington, of course. I wanted to give you something, sir, that was found in rather an odd place; but I don't want to disturb anybody at present, sir. I can see you later."

Burke stepped into the hall with him and together they went down stairs.

"Well, what is it, Soames?"

"It's another one of those cross-word puzzles, sir. I worked out part of it by copying the original on a sheet of paper, sir, while you were all gone to the funeral. But when I had some of it worked out, I became frightened, and stopped. It would be a good thing to have some body else work it, anyway. I think myself, that I'm rather good at this sort of thing, if I may be pardoned for saying so, but in such a matter one likes to know as certainly as possible."

"Well, come on, get busy. Show me the puzzle, and let me see what you've worked out."

Whereupon Soames produced the puzzle—both the original and the copy, which was partly worked.

Burke paid small attention to the completed squares of the copy. Rather he was interested in the small straightline characters of the definitions of the original. He compared the letters with those in the puzzle.

Miss Minty had previously placed in his hands. "They're the same, and yet they're different," he said half to himself. "Which may mean a lot, or mean nothing. If this weren't the most devilish ticklish thing I ever got into, I'd start third degreeing the whole batch of them. Something would pop. . . . Now, you stay right here and work on this, Soames, do you hear me?"

"Certainly, sir."

"If you're not here when I come back, and if you don't have it worked, you'll get a little pile down town you haven't been looking for," he warned him.

Burke met Hardy, one of his assistants.

"What about it, chief?" Hardy inquired.

"Not much use to search 'em all now. There's no chance of the emerald's getting outside the house anyway—but come on outside, where we can talk."

Outside, he continued in low tones. The point is that I'm putting a little more faith in these puzzles. All these people are afraid of each other, afraid to make a direct accusation, and afraid to tell us their suspicions. The result is that when they have anything to go on, they're probably going to give it in these fool puzzles, now that the thing's started and they've got the idea. And I'm rather thinking that we're more or less helpless without what they can give us. Now here's a puzzle that was slipped under Miss Pitkin's door last night—at least that's what she said when she gave it to me just after we got back from the funeral. You can see for yourself how it works out. And he pointed to the name in the puzzle which had, the night before, confirmed Miss Minty's suspicions. "Of course, vertical 25 and horizontal 38 in the first puzzle, the one found on the dining room table, point to this person as much as to the one we've arrested. Furthermore, there's the possibility of connecting this second person with the theft of the emerald, and there's no possible connection that I can see between the first person and the emerald."

"I don't think, —self," Hardy answered, "that Emily Dunseath was murdered for the emerald. The jewel was on her hand until the coroner gave it to Lushington and Lushington locked it in the safe. We have two crimes to deal with, not one."

"I'm not so sure. It didn't look at first like a murder for robbery, but it does now. And I'm not sure that there isn't more than one in it. Did you notice that look Miss Minty gave Helen Barr with Lushington spoke about having a bodyguard for the emerald?"

"I did, but I can't see those two doing this thing—at least not together."

"You're letting your prejudices get in front of your eyes. I'm willing to see anything I can see. Another thing: Soames, the butler, just came to me with another cross word puzzle. He worked it out in part while we were at the funeral, and is in there now, working on a copy he made. We can begin to trace these puzzles now, too, for I have enough specimens of their handwriting to give to Henry Talbot. That boy could tell you which fly got in the ink and walked across the blotter. I have letters of acceptance of Mrs. Dunseath's invitations, and other things from Ghopel and Minty, and the copies of the ink of definitions for that first cross word puzzle. . . . But we'll go in and see what Soames has done with this latest one."

As they came into the kitchen where Soames was at work, Soames rose from his chair and handed them the puzzle. All the squares were filled in. "Vertical 7 and 31 and horizontal 41 seem to be the significant ones," he said. Together they looked down at the puzzle:

THIRD CROSS WORD PUZZLE which the undertaker handed to Soames

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41	42

- 9. Fruit of the palm
- 11. Hush!
- 12. A piece of land
- 13. To sustain
- 15. Editor (abbr.)
- 21. A bird's note
- 22. Egyptian sungod
- 23. Father
- 24. Short laugh
- 26. A girl's name
- 28. Small body of water
- 30. To call out
- 31. Meadow
- 33. A dash
- 35. Concerning
- 36. A serif
- 38. Negative
- 39. Sailing aloft
- 41. Observe*
- 42. To muddle or confuse
- Vertical.
- 1. A degree of indignance
- 2. Preposition
- 3. Small rug
- 4. Tame animal
- 6. Since
- 7. A person in the house*
- 9. A girl's name
- 10. A Greek postess
- 12. Note in the scale
- 14. Means of transportation (abbr.)
- 17. A noise
- 19. A conjunction
- 23. To work at diligently
- 25. Conjunction
- 26. Before
- 27. Mohammedan deity
- 28. North-Italian city
- 29. Biblical place
- 30. To exult
- 32. Auditory organ
- 34. Continuation of vertical 7*
- 36. A franchise or privilege (Old Eng. law)
- 37. Conclusion
- 39. Holy person (abbr.)
- 40. Grand Duke (abbr.)
- (T. He Continued Tomorrow.)

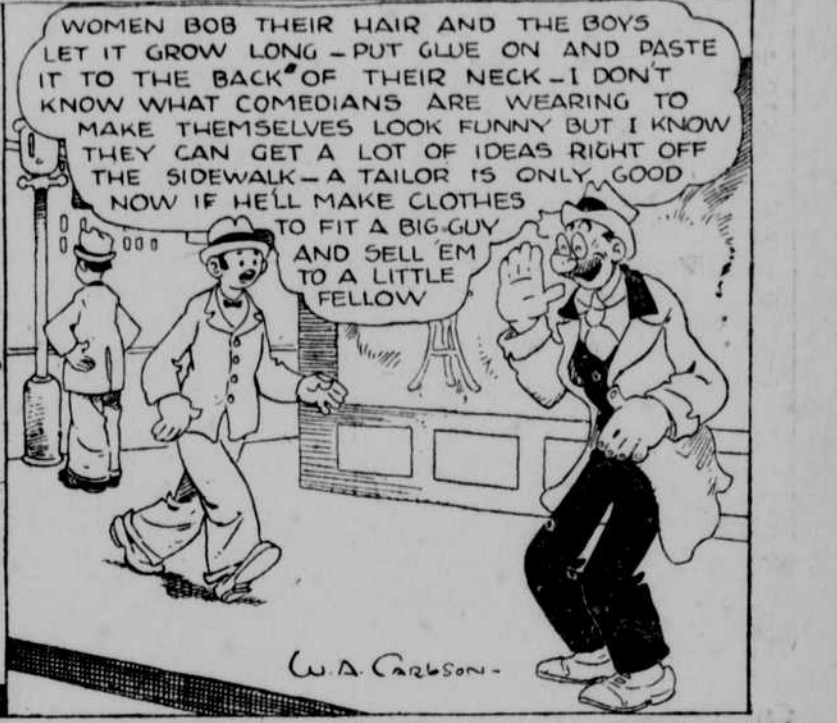
THE NEBBES



NOW AND THEN.



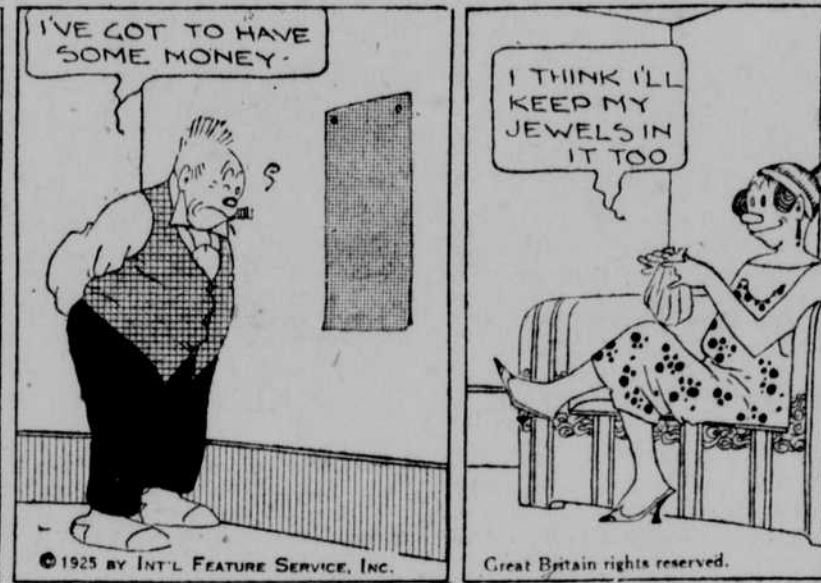
Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



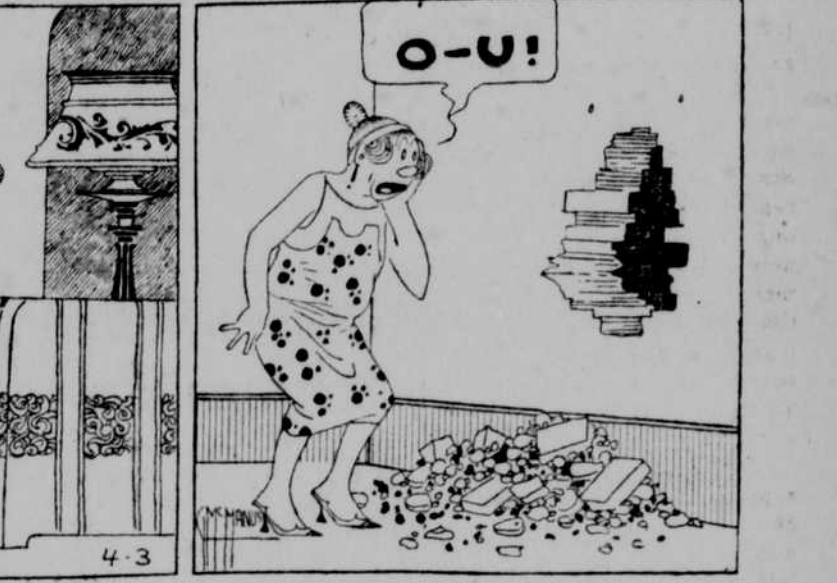
BRINGING UP FATHER



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



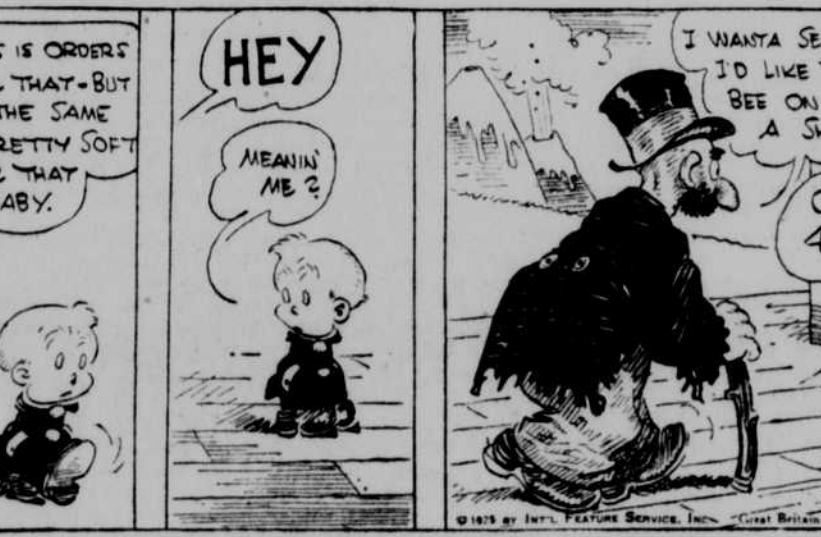
Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB



A MEMBER OF THE NON-WORKMEN'S UNION.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



TILLIE, THE TOILER



By BRIGGS



By Westover



Europe --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, April 2.—I spent my last night in Paris at the top of Montmartre hill among the dreamers, poets and philosophers, watching the lights twinkle up from below. The great white cathedral of the Sacre Coeur was silhouetted in the distance.

I dined at Nini's in a little, narrow alley-like street. It is a step from the Place du Tertre and many a famous artist has drawn out a fragrant meal there. Along the curbs were models and painters in corduroys singing to guitars.

Nini's place is typically Parisian. The past is still the past there. You enter through the kitchen to be greeted by Nini herself. She has a robust and matronly figure and wears a snowy, crackling apron. She has a ruddy face and sharp tongue.

She hurls orders at the shivering man of all work—a patient creature perpetually cowed. Nini does all the cooking and her eccentricities of speech blend with her culinary skill. Only twice has she been down to Paris. Her world is Montmartre.

Off the kitchen is the tiny dining room, seating about 12. It is shining. A small piano has bracketed coal oil lamps. Through the windows the moon was whitening the stones in the court. A long-haired poet stopped there to sing for sous flung in his velvet cap.

Nini knows what wine is needed. There is poetry to her poulet roti avec pommes frites. Montmartre says Nini has grown rich. On gala occasions she will wear her diamond-clusters of them.

The sommelier—or wine waiter—in cafes is a type. He serves only the wine and is distinguished from his fellow waiters by a black apron. He is always red-faced and pudgy and usually tipsy from consuming the left overs in the bottles he serves. He moves about turtle fashion to keep from staggering on his feet.

The Days of Real Sport



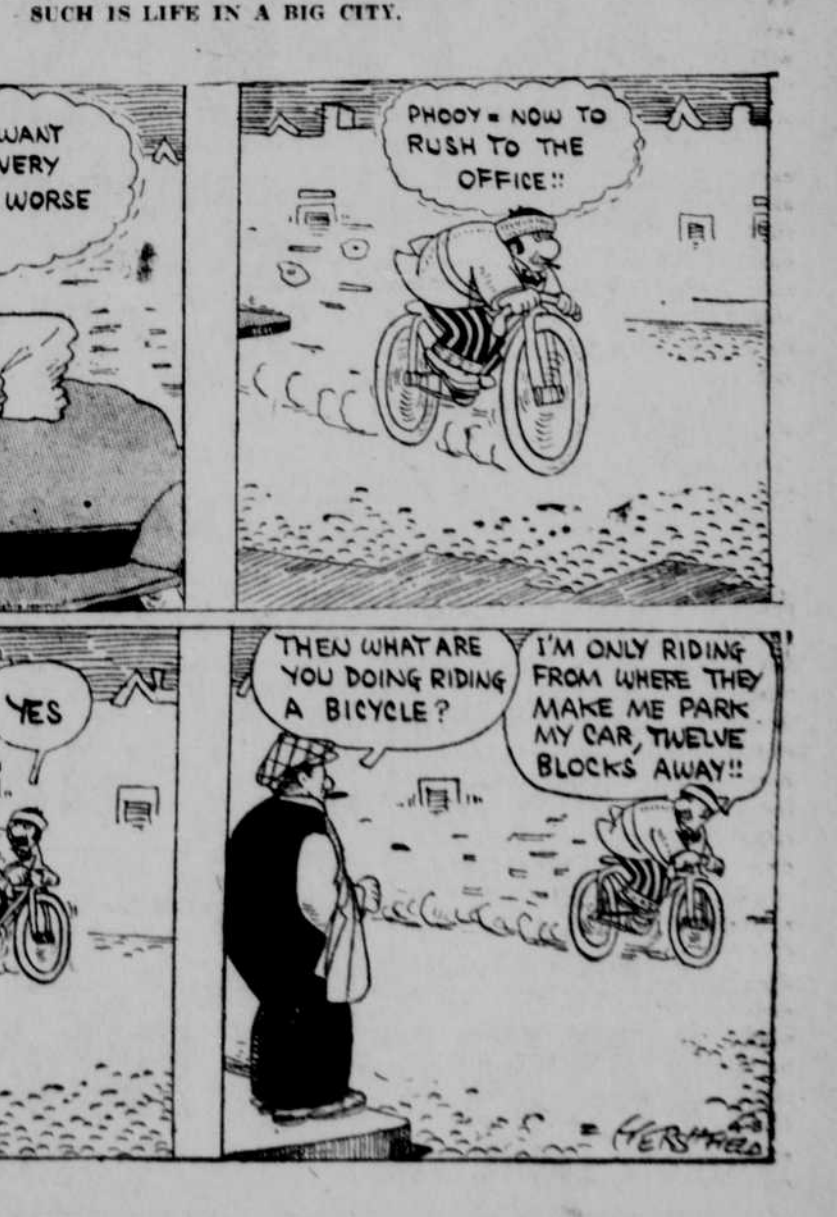
ABIE THE AGENT



By BRIGGS



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



BEFORE THE DAY OF THE VACUUM CLEANER

YES

I'M ONLY RIDING FROM WHERE THEY MAKE ME PARK MY CAR TWELVE BLOCKS AWAY!!