

# The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery  
By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"But that's where you come in. We've shifted him to a cell with a ditograph in it, and you're going in and have a chat with him. Pump him dry, see? Find out all you can. And remember that I'll be listening to you as well as to him; so don't try to stall or help him cover it. And what's most important, get him to talk in English. I'm going to get the truth on this case, and I'm going to get it now."

"You mean to use me in order to incriminate Ghopal Bose, then?"

"Well, Mr. Smith, I'll tell you right now, that you're going to do nothing of the sort. I'm as eager to clear this matter up as anybody, but I shall not break the bonds of friendship for anybody at any time."

"Now, don't get on a high horse with a high hat. You're no better than the rest of us, and you're going to do what I tell you. Look here!"

Smith pulled from an inside pocket the crossword puzzle which had been slipped under the door. "See that? Now, are you going to do as I tell you, or aren't you?"

"Where did that come from?"

"Chalfonte parried.

"Where it came from doesn't matter at present. What matters now is where you're going if you don't do what we tell you to do. Now, understand, you're not to speak one word in Hindi language to Ghopal Bose. You're to talk English all the time. He's not going to know about the ditograph at all, see? You're just going in there and get the dope."

"You seem very sure, Mr. Smith."

"I'm just as sure that you're going as that I am standing here."

At that moment the door down the corridor opened and a man raced after Smith. "Phone, Mr. Smith. Very important. Says his name's Lushington."

"You wait," Smith commanded.

Burke and Chalfonte waited for five minutes, for then the door came back. "Say, this thing's getting too much for me. The jeweler says this isn't Emily Dunsenath's emerald at all." Smith wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Lushington says he took the emerald to the jeweler, and the jeweler called him just a few minutes ago and asked him to come right over. Mrs. Dunsenath's emerald was perfect, he says, and this one has a slight flaw in it. It's luminous, like hers, but like hers, it's got a slight flaw in it, and also it weighs a fraction of a carat more than the Dunsenath jewel, and it's cut just a little different in one part. Say, what do you know about that?"

"Maybe it's an imitation," Burke offered.

"Yes, that's what I thought. Lushington says it isn't, though. He'd thought of it himself, and so had the jeweler; but they've got every expert in on it, and they've agreed that it's genuine, but not Mrs. Dunsenath's. Kunkle & Nathan set it for Mrs. Dunsenath years ago, and every big jeweler in town has seen it at one time or another, and Kunkle had written an article for a magazine, only Mrs. Dunsenath wouldn't let him publish it. He's in the measurements, and pictures and weight. Lushington says there simply can't be a mistake about it. Now—now what the deuce do you make out of this?"

"The first thing to make out of it," Chalfonte said, "might be this: that Ghopal Bose may not have stolen the emerald; you're actually inclined, myself, to believe he's innocent."

"Innocent—innocent like a wolf? You—you go in, Chalfonte, and get into the case. Smith's not ordering now; he was pleading."

"The situation is somewhat altered."

"All right, I'll go. Where is Ghopal?"

"This way." And Burke led him down the long corridor, where men sat quietly behind steel gratings. Some turned their faces to stare as he passed; others grinned brazenly at him. Then they descended a slippery, dank-smelling staircase, and passed a row of empty cells. A waiting-turkey opened a steel door. Burke pushed Chalfonte forward and the door clanged shut behind him.

As the door shut, all light seemed to go with it, and the clang reverberated in Chalfonte's ears and nerves. He shivered.

Then, as his vision grew used to the semi-darkness, he made out the figure of Ghopal Bose seated on the edge of a steel bunk. Ghopal regarded him with dark and steady eyes. Drawn with suffering as his face was, it still held a dignity that had been slowly formed by centuries of eastern wisdom. Two Occidental nights might touch it, but they could not destroy it.

"I hope it hasn't been too hard, Ghopal," Chalfonte began.

Ghopal shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing is too hard for one who has behind him centuries of calm fathers. It is only when one forgets that things are hard. Here, in the darkness, I have remembered, and they have not known what to do. It is when one is not wise that violence is the chosen way. It is only when our intelligence and wisdom are unequal to the task before us, that we resort to violence. On Saturday, I forgot; I struggled. Since then, these men have forgotten—if they ever knew."

"Well, that's probably putting it mildly, Ghopal," Chalfonte wondered what Bose would be making of this Orientalism.

"If only my English had not deserted me, I might have made matters clear on Saturday," Ghopal resumed.

"Yes, but can't you tell me now, and in English, all there is to be told? I'm convinced that you're innocent, Ghopal. I think it will take very little to convince the authorities."

"Yes, I will tell you, though in telling you, I may say some things which will wound you. In part, it concerns your father."

Chalfonte started. "I've been suspecting as much," he said. "I have been trying to remember something my father said when I was only a boy, something I overheard. But go on. You can probably help me to remember, and—" Chalfonte stopped. He had forgotten that they were being heard over the dictograph.

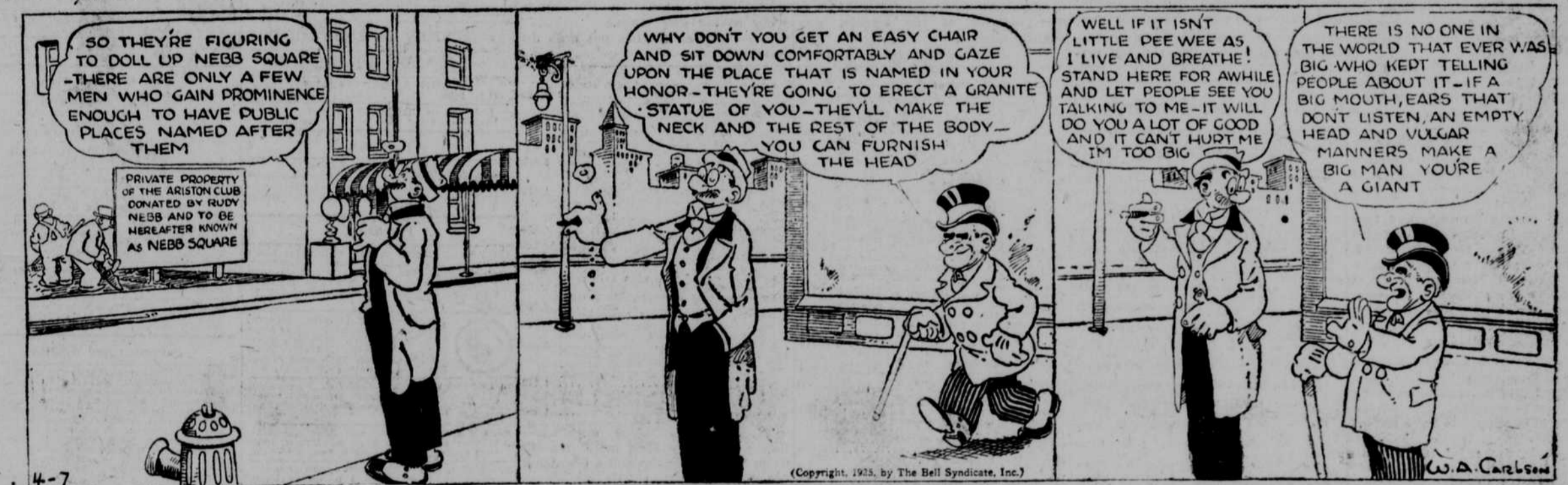
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## TILLIE, THE TOILER.

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## Barney Google and Spark Plug

## SPARKY TAKES THE AIR IN GREAT SHAPE.

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## On the Atlantic --Day by Day--

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

On the Atlantic, April 6.—This morning I was up to watch the sunrise. The sea inspires me as nothing else. The blood of piracy must have run in my ancestors. I dream of them bounding from bowsprit to bowsprit with rings in their ears and knives in their teeth.

There was a calm save for the rhythmic plough! plough! like wet wash against the washing board. The sun was gliding the clouds and pouring a slender stream of phosphorescence on the dancing foam. Far off was a tiny puff of smoke from a tramp steamer bound for heaven knows where.

A few sailors were out pulling at their early morning tobacco quids. They are silent, taciturn men. They may stand huddled together for an hour without a word. Modern inventions have deprived them of much romance of sailing but the romance of the sea goes on forever.

I watched one deck swabber. He had the build of a corsair. Despite the cold he was barefoot and his hairy chest was bare. His beard had been stained a vivid red. There was a savage like vanity about him in spite of his humble task.

I tried to engage him in conversation but he was as shy as a mouse and answered only in monosyllables. My language was not his. His was the staccato language of the dead and gone days: "Down with your helm! Haul sheets! Hoist topsails!"

The breakfast horn sounded. And I heard a little boy in a cabin say: "Mother is a parade coming!" I went down to see the dog passengers. There are only two. Sealingsham, named Craig and Dinky; and they seemed to be standing the voyage well. Bless 'em.

The Ocean Times amuses me. Here is its leading news today: "Calro: Three Zaghulst candidates have organized a relief fund for victims of the Assouan flood." That is hot stuff. I don't imagine a passenger aboard knew until this morning there had been a flood in the Assouan.

The most pathetic person on board to me is one of those buck teeth debutantes from New York who is anxious to be seen, admired and petted. And nobody is doing it.

The young page who answers the bells on my deck is 17 years of age and has crossed the Atlantic 71 times. He came from a family of seagoing folk. His mother is a steward on a Cunarder. His father is on a long Mediterranean cruise. Two older brothers are in the British navy.

Silly rumors scatter over every ship. This time it was the sinister whisperings of dreaded typhus. You heard of it everywhere—the lounge, smoking rooms, an on promenade decks. The ship surgeon tells me the only passenger laid up is a man who cracked his toe against a steamer trunk.

All I have been sitting at my typewriter in a rather agreeable frame of mind. The boat is steady and New York is only four days away. Then I happened to glance at a card on the wall above my desk. It reads: "In case of emergency, passengers will be directed by the crew for embarkation in the open boats." And now a perfectly good day is ruined.

Irving Berlin would probably get a kick out of an incident on the promenade deck today. A Senegalese passenger was whistling his latest tune, "All Afloat."

Tonight the moon rode high richly silvers the whole expanse of the sea. On the second deck I saw a bare headed man stand at the rail for at least a half hour, lost in reverie. Then he crossed himself and his lips mumbled in prayer. A wayer, as Goubi, for those who have gone down to the sea in ships.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Men are creatures who cut down great trees to make room for a city and then plant little saplings to beautify it.—Sandusky Register.