

# New York ---Day by Day---

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, April 12.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up and with Gene Markey, the book reviewer, to greet Ashton Stevens, the dramatic critic, against his going to Europe and had a bite with Ina Claire who was in high looks and bravely gay.

And we talked very big about literature, albeit I know very little about it and so to Gramercy Park to see H. Roth's new son. Thence to R. Long's luncheon to Michael Arlen the tangle writer, and found him a very small, shy young man but he won our hearts by his frankness.

In the evening to the Madison to a dinner Henry Sell gave and young Arlen also there and, too, Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Norman Hapgood, Joseph Moore, Irvin Cobb, Ralph Barton and all of our wives and mighty mirth we had. So home late and to bed.

Ever since the promulgation of that phantasy that Eugene Walter snarled at crusts on a Bryant Park bench before New York claimed him as a writing genius, there has been talk of a cozy home for scribblers.

I have never met a writer who actually entered the class of hunger. O. Henry perhaps came nearest to it in New York in the last decade.

Anyway there is to be a nifty little attic for writers in the new Author's league studio apartment building. It will be 13 stories high and above these will rise a tower four stories high.

In less affluent writing days, if any, I used to journey to second-hand clothes shops on Second avenue in the spring to dispose of my winter suit. It became a sort of high adventure.

The suit was usually of brown. With uncanny instinct and before I opened the package the overlord would say: "If it is brown, I don't

want it!"—and my heart would sink. "It is not now a niftick blue suit I could use it," and then he would open and inspect the brown suit, with well feigned disgust. "How much?" he would inquire in a voice that indicated any price was too much.

He would offer \$5.50 and moan because the suit was not of blue. But I always held out and in the end got my price. Once I did capitulate for \$5.50 and have been kicking myself ever since.

The last stand of the combination shooting gallery and penny peep-show is on Sixth avenue. An impresario in cowboy hat, blue flannel shirt and rattlesnake belt presides. There are also many mechanical fortune telling devices, weight lifting machines and the like. The proprietor tells me most of his patrons are city folk and the heaviest rush of trade is after the theater.

The library wall on Forty-second street is the pitch ground of the night peddlers. For five cents one may scan the heavens through a telescope. Also on the Lord's prayer engraved on a pin head. Brown devil men sell naughty French pictures. Silk neckties for a dime—with the whispered implication they were stolen. A strange crew of salesmen. They mingle together but rarely converse. A few sales a night seem to meet their needs.

I have a note from Reconciliation Department of a New York bank. I fear to open it. I suppose they cannot reconcile incoming checks of mine with the amount deposited.

## Bozo Butts---They Drive Him Nuts.



## THE NEBBES



## LIZZIE.

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

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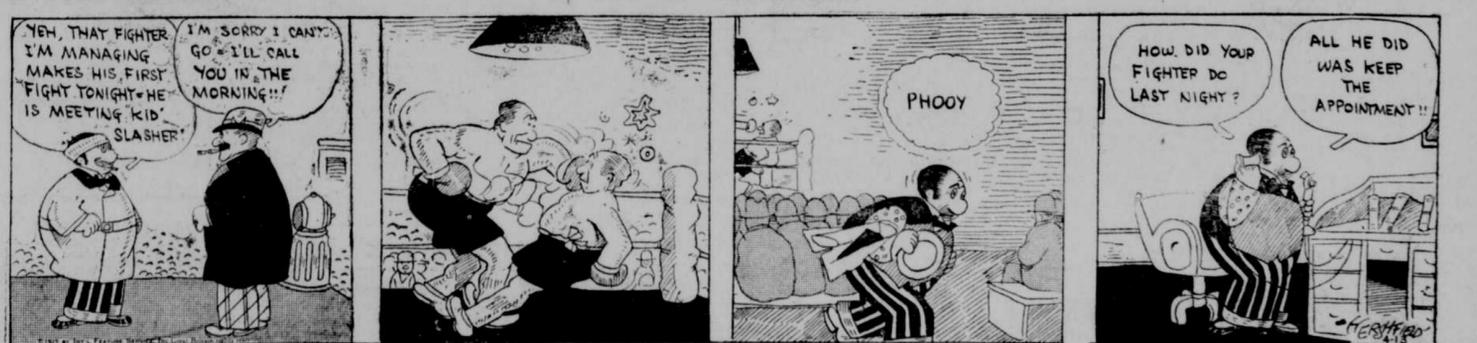
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## ABIE THE AGENT

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



## TILLIE, THE TOILER.

By Westover



## Barney Google and Spark Plug

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## The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery By Vincent Fuller

(Continued From Saturday.)

"Do you hope for much from that, Burke?"

"Well, have to get each one into a state of mind about it first—grill them for several hours, and then, when their nerves are pretty well shot, flash this film on the screen suddenly in the room where they're sitting. If one of them's guilty, they're pretty sure, in my estimation, to break down. Somebody did this."

"Yes, we've used it—at least," Smith smiled wryly. "The thing that I want now is to have that library searched. The architect's plans don't show anything in the nature of a secret panel. And the architect—he must be eighty now—remembers nothing of the kind. The workman are scattered, and we can't reach them. Still, that emerald was in that room, and must be there still. That would be the only reason for the thief's going down there at night."

"Why, his assistant, Smith went into the room to supervise the search. Measurements were already being taken by his assistants; walls and woodwork were being carefully sounded for hollow spaces. Books were taken from the shelves and examined, and the shelves also were scrutinized with extreme care. The furniture was probed. And all the work went on noiselessly, so as not to arouse suspicion on the part of those above. Still, that emerald was in that room, and must be there still. That would be the only reason for the thief's going down there at night."

"We won't find anything until we tear the room down," Smith told Burke in discouraged tones. "And we can't do that yet. We might find the emerald, but it's the thief we're after—the thief and the murderer."

"Have you heard from the reports yet?"

"Not a word. I'm expecting them every minute."

"Whereupon Smith ordered the room set to rights, and in the dining room smoked a cigaret with Burke."

"They were interrupted by the arrival of one of Smith's assistants. 'Henry Talbot's report, Mr. Smith. I brought it right out.'"

"Smith grabbed the report, and to Burke he and Burke bent over it. When they raised their eyes to look at each other, there was renewed life in their faces. 'We might as well go up to this first one's room, and quiz her a little there,' Burke said. 'That will give the people time to clear out.'"

"Accordingly, a minute later, Helen Barr was admitting them to her room, in answer to a soft rap on her door. 'The thing we want to know, Miss Barr, is your reason for suspecting Homer Chalfonte, and for writing a cross-word puzzle casting suspicion on him and slipping it under the door of Miss Pitkin's room in the middle of the night?'"

"Helen's eyes widened. 'I did nothing of the kind.'"

"Oh, yes, you did. We're not here to argue it. We're here to get your reasons."

"But what makes you think I did?" Her breath was coming quickly.

"The report about Henry Talbot's handwriting expert, for one thing. You worked carefully, we'll admit, but still, in the haste of printing the letters, you couldn't help contracting the long years of established habits of writing. An occasional stroke betrays you, an occasional curl of the letters. There's no use in trying to conceal the fact."

"I—I did do it. I don't know why I lied about it. I thought I couldn't be traced by anybody. . . . I wrote it, not so much because I had any real evidence against Homer Chalfonte, as because I was so worried about Grant—Mr. Foster. I knew he wasn't guilty. And after all, Homer Chalfonte had had that jar. It was his—he brought it here, he placed it in Grant's room. A plant—you call it, don't you? And . . . that's all there is to it." Her voice quickened then. "And doesn't Homer Chalfonte's suicide—"

"What makes you think it was suicide?"

"Why, everything. He—he murdered—I'm sure he did—he got the emerald back. He thought by rights that it belonged to him or to his family. And then he felt he was traced, and would be discovered, and committed suicide. That's what I think, and nothing can shake the thought out of my head. Besides, think of the doors and windows locked on the inside."

"A very interesting theory, Miss Barr—except that it may not take all the facts into account. . . . For but you had no other reason for suspecting Chalfonte, other than the ones you've given?"

"No, none that I can remember now. . . . If I think of any I'll tell you."

"Very good of you. . . . All right, I guess that's all. Don't write any more puzzles, though, is my advice to you." Smith rose as he spoke. "You're hardly clever enough for that."

Then they left. As they went down the hall toward Miss Minty's room, Burke opened his notebook and pointed out an item to Smith. The item read: "Helen Barr faints when the doctor announces death by poison."

Smith nodded his head. "Anxious to make it suicide, too," he murmured.

Miss Minty Pitkin, similarly confronted in her room, admitted at once that she had slipped the puzzle that had been slipped under her door, and had worked it at once, and had reported it the next day to Helen and Rose, and had—as she pointed out—given it to Burke on returning from the funeral.

"And now about this puzzle you wrote, Miss Pitkin. Why did you write it—the one you placed under the flowers on the coffin, I mean?"

"Yes, I wrote that, and I'll tell you exactly why. First, though, I'd like to know how you know I wrote it."

"Tracing such handwriting as yours is very difficult, Miss Pitkin. It was very easy, in fact. I suppose that your years and the nervous tension of the whole affair betrayed you more easily than you think."

"All right. But I don't pretend for a minute that I didn't write it. Just note that, young man. Now I'll tell you why I did it. I worked the puzzle that was slipped under my door, as I told you. That pointed suspicion at Homer Chalfonte—whom I had suspected all along anyway—and that's the Hindu. Well, I know, I'm as rightfully worried about Grant. Almost hysterical, she was. So I went right down to her room and was going to tell her about it."

"You went to Miss Barr's room with the puzzle that was slipped under your door, eh?" Smith smiled, and glanced at Burke.

"I did. Wasn't it a natural thing to do?"

"Certainly."

"Well, just as I was about to rap on her door I glanced around and saw something that gave me the scare of my life." She paused to note with lively eyes the effect of her announcement.

"Yes, go on, Miss Pitkin."

"I saw the shadow of a head on the wall, an enormous shadow—it was the shadow of a head with a turban on it! Now what that Hindu was up to, I don't know. I didn't wait to find out. I went back to my room as fast as I could go and wrote a puzzle about him, and that was the puzzle I slipped under the flowers on the coffin the next morning."

"You couldn't see what Mr. Bose was doing?"

"No. And I didn't wait to find out."

"On which wall was the shadow?"

"The south one. It was cast by the light burning downstairs. I've thought since that he must have been on the landing."

This information touched Smith to action. He wondered, as he left the room with Burke, if he had been really in releasing Ghop. He knew Ghop, who had returned to the Dunsath house, was as ready to tell what he knew, apparently, as Miss Minty had been ready to tell about him.

"Yes, I was out in the hall on that night. You know that the emerald really belongs to the god of my people. I was trying to get it, and admit that I was. But I could do nothing with the safe in Mrs. Dunsath's room. And as I was returning to my room, I was aware that somebody was moving about softly, downstairs. I crouched and tried to see who it was. I couldn't see."

"Could you tell whether it was a man or a woman?"

"No—the sounds were too soft, and I could see nobody to go on. I went down to see if I could see anybody else moving. It must have been Miss Pitkin. Naturally I did not want to be seen prowling around. I did not know whether I had been seen or not. But I did not—what do you call it?—wish to 'take a chance.' Hence I retired to my own room."

Together Burke and Smith reviewed their findings in the kitchen, the inmates of the house having been released from their rooms.

"Apparently, we've only cleared the jungle of some underbrush, but we ought to be able to see the big things all the better. At least, we ought to be able to see where the big things are. For one, I'm still convinced that the emerald's hidden somewhere in the library. I have that much faith in Chalfonte's puzzle. Then, we have Helen Barr—her theory of suicide, her agitation—which doesn't mean much in itself. Still, it's clear that she isn't acting openly, as most of the others seem to be."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)