

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery By Vincent Fuller

CHAPTER I. The Dunseath Emerald.

It was a confounded nuisance, Ted Dunseath decided, to have to go out to Aunt Emily's on the night before the Thanksgiving football game; especially when you were so nearly broke that you couldn't hire a taxi cab. At best, the old suburb of Elm Hills was a dismal place, the walk was dismal, and he was dismal, to begin with. That last talk with the Dean! "No profit from a further connection with the University... the Board of Deans has decided... immediate expulsion... need not to further into the facts." Facts! Not facts were needed, but pull! And what was the use of having a third cousin like Jarvis Marsden rating a full house in the chemistry department if he wouldn't use his influence? And now that fat-headed Perkins would be leading the yell and songs at the stadium tomorrow...

steps, he saw, through the library window, Jarvis Marsden's fine dark head above a chair. Rose Fabry sat beside him. Grant Fowler was farther on. Rose looked just the same as ever: gold hair with auburn lights in it; eyes like not sapphires—but a cool blue wine, maybe. Touch of amethyst in 'em when she was mad. And she wouldn't get. Two years ago... the devil... she was the right sort for that old fish, Jarvis. They were probably engaged by this time. He rang the bell. Aunt Emily would have the door looked if the prince of Wales were coming.

"Those who stood before the tavern shouted: 'Open, then, the door!' You know how little while we have to stay. And, once departed, may return no more."

Only we know you will return, Mr. Theodore. Our only fear was that you might not be able to get off, sir, because of the game."

"They made an exception in my case. Where's Aunt Emily? I suppose I have the some old room back in the nursery?" Grant Fowler gave him his best retractor's grip, and Rose advanced to greet him, followed by Jarvis. "Aunt Emily will be so glad you could come, Ted," Rose informed him; and a smile, instantly suppressed, flickered across Jarvis' face.

"Yes," Jarvis added, as they went into the library, "she was very eager to have all of us. Even Homer Chalfonte is turning up. He's been in India for the last ten years, but I don't suppose you remember him."

"A legend and a name," Ted murmured, and stepped closer to the table in order to see clearly the dark girl in the winered gown sitting by the fireplace. As she uncrossed her legs, her rolled stockings and slim knee disappeared. Her dress blurred into the color of the hurl mahogany behind her, and her face was camouflaged against one of the fluted columns rising at either end of the mantel. "I know," Jarvis continued, "that Janet, at least, has only the faintest memory of him."

"Well, good Lord, Janet!" Ted burst out, and rushed around the table to catch her hands in his. "You remember me, anyway, don't you—even if I didn't recognize you at first?"

"Oh, yes, I remember you—moderately well. I couldn't forget that hair anyway. It's just as red as ever. But isn't it exciting about Homer Chalfonte? And he's bringing an East Indian, a Hindu, with him. Gopal Bose, his name is. I do hope he wears a turban."

"Oh, he's probably some coffee-colored Hindu valet," Ted answered, and shortly went up to dress.

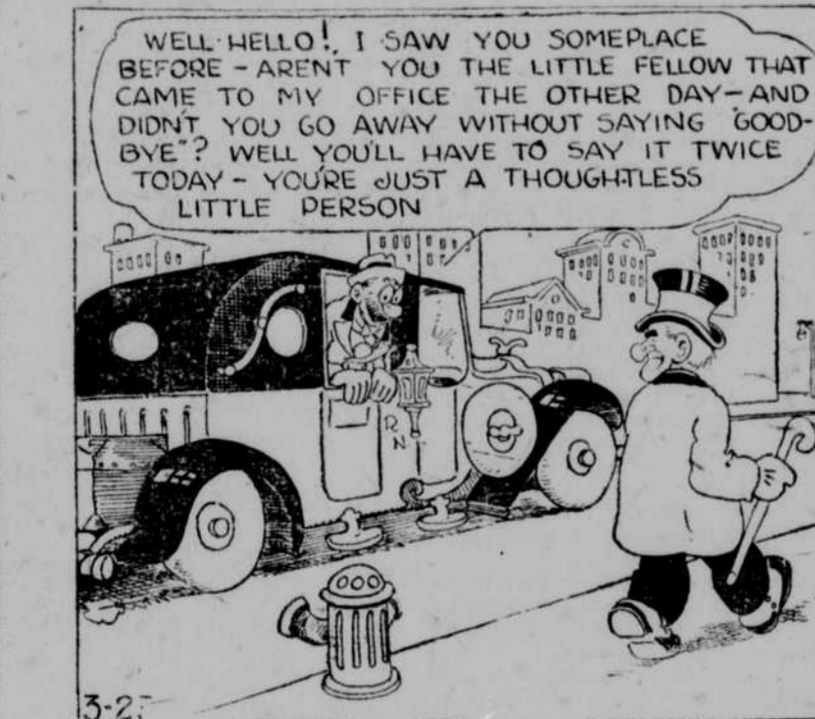
Dressing, he remembered that Soames had said Aunt Emily was still in her room. Instead of going down to join the others, he waited on the landing of the "grand staircase" under the stained glass window. Miss Minty appeared first, and then Aunt Emily, leaning her gray silk bulk upon Minty's arm, and tapping with a cane as she slowly advanced. Miss Minty's pinched, narrow little face lighted up as she saw Ted, but Aunt Emily, Ted noticed with perturbation, only scowled down at him and began to grumble as she descended the first flight of stairs.

Circumstances did not seem propitious, but Ted was on his feet, effusively, at once, taking Miss Minty's place. Still Emily Dunseath said nothing. "Hadn't you better rest, here, Aunt?" he inquired, and guided her to the semicircular seat under the window. "There's a little matter I'd like to talk over with you before you go down."

His aunt subsided heavily and turned slowly her large pale eyes on him. Qualling a little before the cold perfection of her scrutiny, he looked down at her faint silvery gray mustache above her lipless mouth. "Young man, I don't think I have much to say to you. I consider that your actions have disgraced the name of Dunseath. I had a note from the President explaining it all, and I fully agree with him. Further, I have half a mind to disown you entirely. I shall see how you conduct yourself while you're here. And I don't want you to ask any favors of me for a year. At the end of that time we'll see. Now help me get up. Minty, hand me my cane. You're as much of a fool as Teddy."

Miss Minty gave Ted a quick, frightened look as she helped him down the remaining stairs. Ted sat stricken. No more cutting

THE NEBBBS



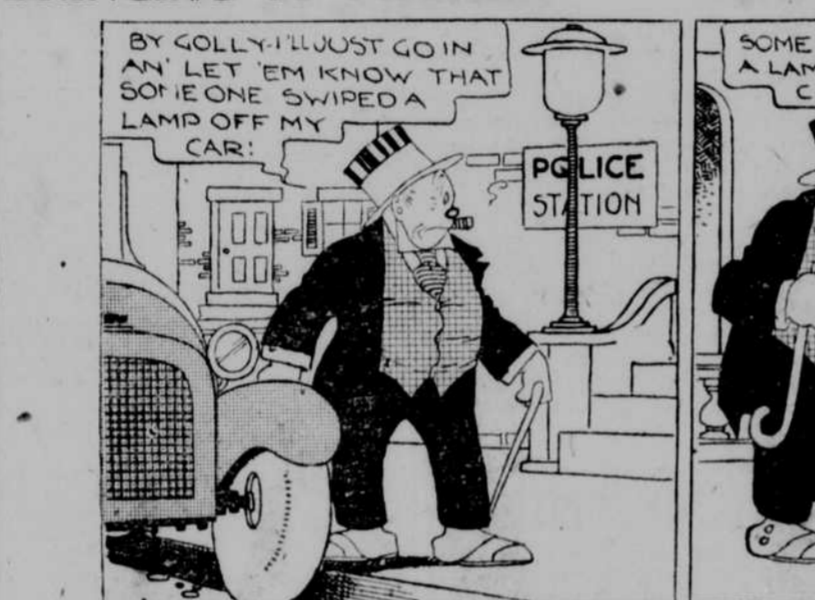
AND CAESAR HAD HIS BRUTUS.



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BRINGING UP FATHER



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New York Day by Day

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, March 22.—The most sophisticated persons in Paris are the young chausseurs attached to every hotel and cafe. Their English is flawless. Their range in age from 14 to 18 and their duties are multitudinous. They act as interpreters, brain with taxi drivers after midnight, carry messages and other chores. They are hardened to vice and few Montmartre secrets escape them. Many are vendors of drugs. They make more in tips than head writers and numberless French so-called lower classes live in luxury off their young sons. Class distinction in France is maintained. Someone has compared it to a glass of ale, frothy at the top, dregs at the bottom and solid in the middle. The chausseur in his environment usually becomes a cutpurse and comes to a bad end. I notice in today's paper that one at the age of 15 has been arrested for giving a woman a knockout drop and then scampering away with her purse and jewels. Rubbing against life in the raw has made them quick and mentally alert. They know of the foulest dens in Paris and will escort you there for the sake-off they receive from the proprietors. They are on salary to drum up business. It is rather disheartening to see youth so spoiled and gives Americans a fresh appreciation of the manner in which we guard the morals of our young. I talked to one stationed in front of a night haunt on the left bank. He said he usually became intoxicated before the night was over, but that he had not yet become addicted to cocaine. He intimated most of his fellow chausseurs were "dopes."

Behind the barred doors of many sordid looking streets in Paris are some of the most beautiful courtyards. Streets here speak still for men who are now dust. Others bear the names of royal houses, of kings' ministers and mistresses. At night Paris streets are deserted for the true Parisian goes to bed early. Ten o'clock is late for him.

The Paris drayman is a merry fellow, cracking his whip over the head of his huge Norman horse. His long spindly dray usually carries barrels of red wine. He treats them as airy things and tosses, twirls and trundles them about as though they were feathers. The drayman is generally whistling or singing.

Nearly all cabaret entertainers here are Russian. So many are broke that they gladly work for a few francs. I have never been able to catch their magic caprice or alien jocularity. I have seen so many of them do that sitting down dance that even at my age I believe I could do it myself. Perhaps Paris is making me spry.

Count Bont de Castellane, former husband of Anna Gould, is a familiar figure about the Ritz. Despite his years he is still an active and dashing figure in Parisian life. The count dresses with meticulous care and his clothes are the handiwork of masters. And speaking of clothes, what Europe calls the smoking jacket and what we call the dinner suit or tuxedo is completely out of fashion here. In all the smart assemblages at the Ritz for dinner last night there were only two dinner suits—one was my own and the other belonged to a gentleman who looked as though he might be the leading chiropractor of Russett Gap, Ia.

I also saw the famous Mrs. Nash last night who has been heralded as the best dressed woman in Europe. She had just come from Cairo after showing her husband, an Egyptian bey, her arms bore jewels from the wrist to the elbow and if jewels make one well dressed she was. Mecowin. (Copyright, 1925.)

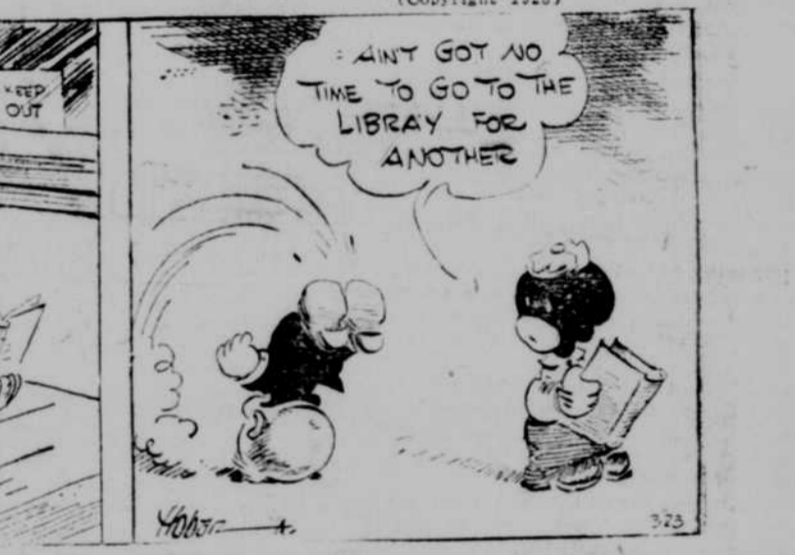
JERRY ON THE JOB



NO TIME TO WASTE.



Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



TILLIE, THE TOILER



By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT



By Westover



When a Feller Needs a Friend.



By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT



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