

# The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Just notice Chalfonte's eyebrows, will you?" she whispered as the soup plates were being removed. Chalfonte, in earnest conversation with Emily, was leaning toward her his big head, and Emily was looking down at the silverware. His eyebrows, black and shaggy and not over an inch long—as if they had been burnt off in some one of the adventures which his whole presence connoted—ticked at intervals as he talked, and deep wrinkles flew across his forehead and disappeared again into the yellowed skin. Ghopal, Ted, who was intently watching each motion of Emily's hands so that he could duplicate her manners at the table.

As the talk lulled before the desolate silence, Chalfonte rose above the silence. "Of course, such emeralds are very rare, Aunt Emily—practically unobtainable."

"I'd forgotten all about that ring of hers," Janet confided to Ted. "Just look at it, will you?"

As Ted started to reply, Janet nudged him to be silent, for Chalfonte was speaking again. "If the jewel were in my family still, I shouldn't be in the hole I'm in now. It must be worth—"

He spread his hands suggestively and shrugged his shoulders.

Emily smiled at him with a trace of contempt. "My boy, if your father had been such a fool, you might have it still."

The whole table was listening now.

"When we broke up," Emily went on, "I offered him the ring, of course. But he refused it and went back to the India all you Chalfontes have been so silly about. Said I could throw it down the sewer for all he cared. Well, I didn't; and here it is, right on my hand, where it's been for thirty years. Of course, when I married Alan Dunsenath, I changed it to another finger. But—huh!—when Dunsenath died I changed it back again. . . . I don't suppose you know, at that, all his properties, do you?"

"Aunt Emily, you're a gold-digger when she was young," Janet informed Ted in a whisper.

"Of course," Chalfonte replied. "Emily interrupted him and whispered something in the butler's ear, so some one crossed to the door. "Watch now!" she commanded the whole table, and held her wrinkled hand in front of her. The huge eared, thick as her finger, flashed under the lights. "Watch now!" she repeated, but suddenly the room was dark.

"How can we?" Janet giggled, and then cried, "Oh!" for through the darkness a green radiance turned and wavered, flashed, went out, and shone again. "Oh, oh!" Janet was saying.

"I'd forgotten all about that!" Grant's voice boomed across the table, and Aunt Emily continued to wave the jewel, and as the moments passed, it seemed to grow in size, and then to

already at the piano, and Helen and Minty found chairs for Jarvis. In a low voice Helen spoke to Jarvis: "Rose looks sweet, doesn't she?" And I've always thought she was marvelous, patient with Emily—can sit in the room with her for hours at a time. She plays wonderfully well too. Just with the same cool precision with which you do your labora-

at Ghopal, not at herself. Ghopal smiled.

When the others had separated, Miss Minty was still fluttering about with uneasy glances at the little girl. Helen placed a consoling arm about her. "Come into the music room, Miss Minty. Rose is going to play."

Those left in the library joined the others in the music room. Rose was

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ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE.

## New York - Day by Day -

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, March 23.—The expatriated ladies who live in luxury in Paris on alimony have their trail of glorified wasters—broken counts, impudic dukes and the like. They are a fine feathered hand-kissing crowd of leeches.

They live the same as the Paris gigolo and are of the same stamp save they have the background of family. They know how to dance, wear well fitting clothes and turn pretty phrases but they haven't one son to rub against another.

These women seem to feed on their flattery. One is notorious for her Sunday night parties. She is the only woman present and generally there are 12 or 15 profligates who wine, dine and accept the costly gifts she bestows at each plate.

Paris laughs up its sleaze, and no doubt the guests do the same thing. Any number of American women have gigolos to dance attendance upon them. The gigolo is the pomaded top that has his replica in the New York lounge lizard.

He anchors around hotels and ingratiates himself with middle-aged wives who are over here for a fling. They act as dance partners and escorts and their fee is 100 francs a day with the understanding that all incidental expenses are paid by the women.

One young man who used to be a professional dancer at Bustanoby's in New York is one of the brood. He came from a village in the middle-west. His father is a respectable manufacturer. The son is now a parasite equipped with a jaunty monocle.

France displays a great loyalty for its popular idol. Mistinguett is the most popular actress in France and she packs her theater. Not for what she does today but for what she has done in the past. She is far past the age of high kicking but she still does her dances. Her voice is cracked and she is about as agile as a clam. In America she would long since be in the discard.

The laundries of France are noted and the French dry cleaners are models for the world. Not so many years ago France set its laundry weekly across the channel to London. Very little laundry work was done in Paris. The first laundry was built by Charvet, a fashionable haberdasher.

Those who come to France this summer expecting to find prices very cheap are going to be disappointed. Nothing is cheap here any more. Hotels are more expensive than those of New York. Women's gowns cost as much and with the duty more. The country has seen that Americans will pay almost any price and they charge it.

Paris skies at night appear to be resting on the rooftops. There is a full and brilliant moon just now and the puffs of white clouds seem to be racing by it. In the quiet little streets you see lovers clinging together and watching the panorama for hours. It is like a visible poem.

Paris is soon to become a port which will mean the end of the Silver Nine as a bit of beauty. The Seine is to be dredged and widened by a canal from Rotterdam. It means a heavy blow to that contemplative society of faulk Waltons who pass their lives in dreamy pursuit of the poison. They rarely make a catch but day by day they go there to idle and dream away the hours.