THE OMAHA BEE: THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1925.



## (Continued from Yesterday.)

"Homicide squad," their leader ex-"She's dead," he informed them plained, "from the County Detective when he returned. "She died instan-Bureau. Where's the coroner?" taneously. It—it's very odd. Has she been ill? Has there been any occasion for her to take a powerful drug?' He turned to Miss Minty. drug?" He turned to Miss Minty. "No, Doctor, Emily went to bed feel-ing well, and got up this morning just as vigorous as ever. I—I thought that it seemed to agree with her to have the young people here. It seemed to soften her a bit—that is, i mean she seemed kinder last night than she often is." Jarvis Marsden's quiet voice inter-posed: "What indications do you find that a drug was taken?" "Why, the eyes—look at them—the nupils are contracted to pin points. It's an abnormal condition. Then-too, this sudden death. Mrs. Dun-seath had a splendid constitution. Her flusion of ill health was a pardon-shie eccentricity, ... But I've called the coroner and he will be here at once. In the meantime leave every-thing just as it is. Miss Minty, will the guests sat there sullenly. ner-vously. Ted smoked innumerable cigarets. Janet started to light one and down, pausing now and then for a low word to Rose. Grant looked glumly into the fire. Helen alone was absent. having been allowed to go to her room. As Hardy, the pleasanti-faced young fellow left in charge of them, stepped into the hall now and then, they saw through the opened door a camera being set up. Ques-tioned by Ted. Hardy explained that pictures of the body and of the din-ing room were being taken. Later, one of the men came in with a rough chart of the dining room to learn the exact location of each member at breakfast time. Then Burke, the chief of the detco-tives, appeared in the doorway with ig?" He turned to Miss Minty. the guests sat there sullenly, ner No, Doctor, Emily went to bed feel vously. Ted smoked innumerable

once. In the meantime leave every-thing just as it is. Miss Minty, will tives, appeared in the doorway with

ining just as it is. Miss Minty, will tives, appeared in the doorway with you come with me into the dining toom. I shall ask you to see that nothing is touched, and maybe there'd netter be witnesses. Everything must be left as it is—exactly as it is. You might come, too. Miss Mards-analysis."

den. And see the servants. Where's Soames?" "Here, sir." Soames answered, step-in for examination. Miss Minty went "Here, so." Soames answered, step-ping up. "And Johnson and Cordelia are right back there, sir. No one has been in the dining room since Mrs. Dunseath was taken out, sir. The routine of the household is sadly shat-"tell me just what happened this monotone. The preliminary questioning over.

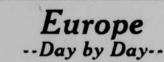
morning. Tell all you know." "Of course," Dr. Murdoch said to "Of course," Dr. Murdoch said to them when he returned from the din-ing room, "there may be some per-fectly simple explanation for all this. We'll wait for the coroner. But 1 must say that—er—the explanation doesn't seem to present itself to me." When, an hour later, the coroner confirmed Dr. Murdock's diagnosis, silence fell upon the nervous chatter ing group in the library, and when ing group in the library, and when he said; "For the present I shall have to hold you all under suspicion. The police will be here at once." there didn't want grapefruit and so called came a scream. Helen had fainted. for an orange, which was just as had for her, really, and she shouldn't have

## CHAPTER 111.

They were just bringing her to, when with a roar that startled the excited group in the library, a seven-passenger car raced up the lane and came to a stop under the ports

In a moment, Soames had "She said-well-if you must know answered the brisk tattoo on the door sir, she rebuked her for not-for not and the loud pealing of the bell, to adwearing a corset, if you have to know "And Janet was rude, very rude sir, though I don't like to say it, and

covered her face with her hands.

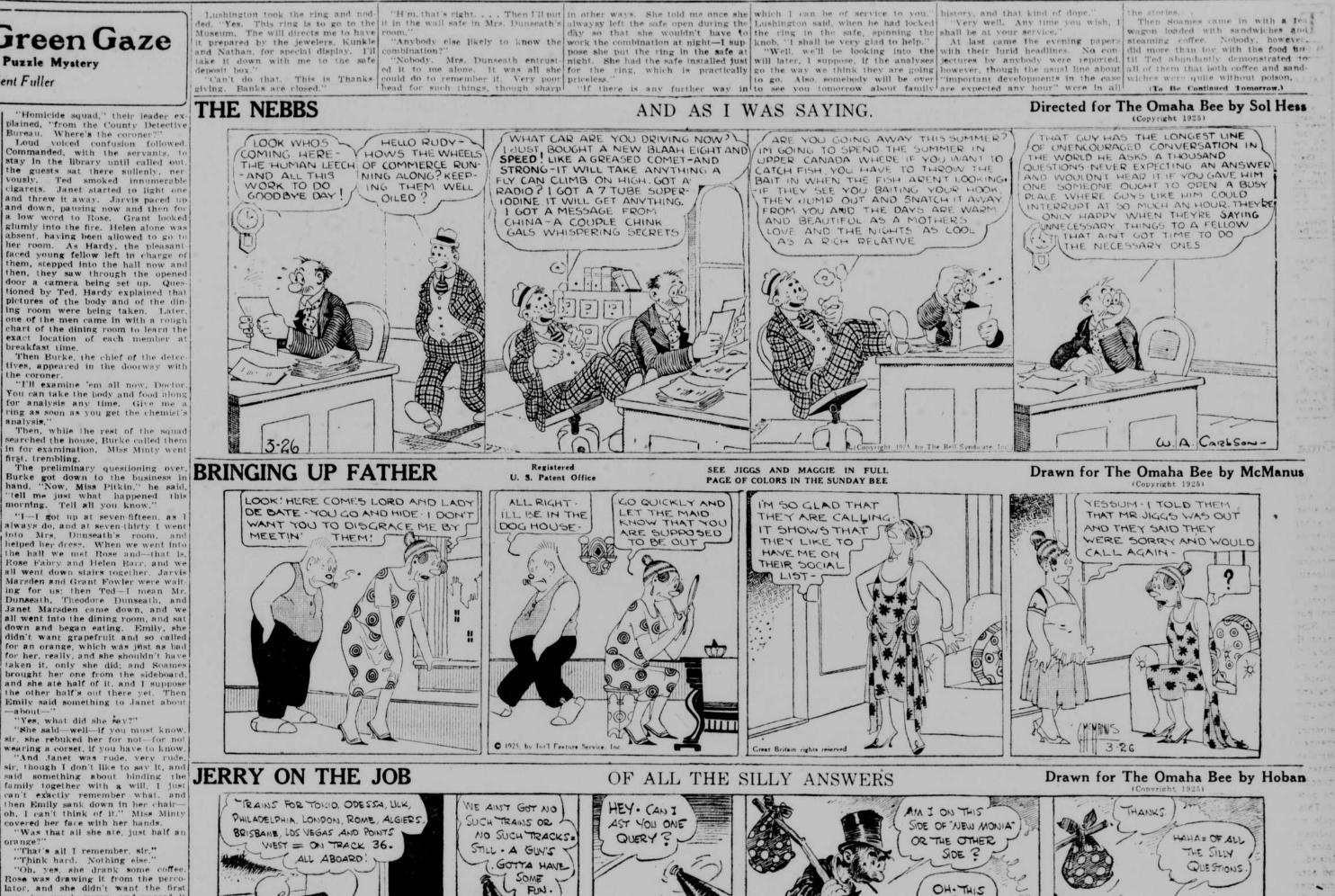


it six burly men

By O. O. M'INTYRE

orange? March 25 .- The French "That's all I remember, sir." "Think hard. Nothing else." Paris. journalist is perhaps the most poorly "Oh, yes, she drank some coffee paid in the world. He usually bedoes not apply to the correspondents lator, and she didn't want the first

Who represent American newspa-pers and press associations. They are who-whoever it was slitting next on weil paid. Paris has a hundred or more news-Mr. Chalfonte. And then they car papers-most of them fly by night ried her into the other room, and sheets that thrive on polite black. that's all I remember, except that mail. Le Petit Parisien has the argest circulation on the continent. The journalist here is generally a seedy type, affecting a wide brimmed hat and flowing tie. He hasn't the standing nor has he the lady's hand, Captain? It's "What about this big emerald or the touch and go of his American brother. The less important papers permit the reporter now and then to What about it?" boost some cafe and in exchange the reporter is able to have a few free meals for his tribute. Now and then this gentle grafting is extended to shops and stores and in this faching the jumpelier and stores and in this faching the jumpelier and stores and in this fashion the journalist is able tective looked at each other. "If there thinly to butter out his existence, were some good place to put it." "Mr. Lushington, Emily's lawyer The compensation is in the leisurely method of doing the work. And will be coming out soon, won't he? France loves leisure. "Scoops" or "beats" mean nothing. Le Journal has a magnificent din-ing salon in its building and at noon the executives are served with a the executives are served with a sumptuous luncheon with wine of out the day. One my one the mem-rare vintage to wash it down. This bers of the household were called out. midday feast occupies two hours, and returned. Reporters tried to slip from 12 to 2. Scores of stranded Americans sell other's nerves in the library tables Scores of stranded Americans sell other's nerves in the library, talking the three American newspapers—the Herald, Tribune and the Times. It is easy to see that all of them have quently replenished fire in the grate seen better days and have been above was powerless to dispel. their calling. One former American Within the hour. John Lushington -Emily's attorney for the last twenty show girl is selling papers in the years-came in, and Burke turned the Latin Quarter. emerald ring over to him. "You're the Coing to prison in France might executor, I suppose." not be a hardship to many Ameri-cans., Prisoners are served a bottle Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling of wine with their lunch and dinner. Wine is also served to inmates of insane asylums, An American called on me today interest me in a restaurant prof-TICKETS ect. He wanted a backer. I was flat. tered until I learned the project would require a working capital of \$30. He explained that he could rent a small building in Montmartre for 40 cents a day. Waiters are not paid a salary. They live on tips. The entire overhead, as he figured it, would be about \$1 a day. He told me that when I returned to France again he would have a small fortune awaiting me. I think he mistook me for a sort of fall guy from Niagara.







He was a pathetic wreck, trem bling from over-indulgence in drink and perhaps worse. He went from table to table to sketch diners for whatever they chose to give him. Paris has a respectful attitude toward beggars. They are never molestmit: In the hard boiled Roaring Forties of New York this fellow would have been given the "bum's "ush." The smart hotels and tea rooms do not bar dogs. They are fed and watered as a part of the establishment's service.

The Frenchman answers the telephone by saying "Al-low!" He does not become irritated when he is cut off, and this usually happens two or three times during a conversation. He passes a pleasantry with the telephone girl and waits until the wires are clear again.

THE

DOOR

I had a jovial comic opera scene with a taxi driver today. I asked him to drive me to a certain address. He ook me to five wrong places, each time with magnificent apologies and sesturing for being mistaken. The sixth time he made it. I can imagine bim telling his family tonight: "I trimmed another American boob to day." Yet the total fare including the tip was less than a quarter. And I enjoyed the ride.



SIDE



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