

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I wish to heaven," Janet confided to him in a whisper, "that I hadn't been scrapping with her just before it happened. Of course, there can't be any real connection, but I'd feel a lot more comfortable if I hadn't been shooting off my mouth so. It gives me the willies. Nobody's thinking about you in this."

"That detective is—he was inquisitive as well, he had me all haled up."

Jarvis, who had finished eating first, after a few words with Burke, took a central position on the hearth, facing them all. "I'd like to say a few words if you don't mind," he said, "as soon as the servants come in. This is a pretty nasty situation for all of us, and it seems to me we have to look at the thing frankly."

Sommes, Johnson and Cordelia, the negro cook, stepped just inside the door.

"It's a hard thing to say," he continued, "but it looks very much as if one of us was a murderer. I know that's a hard word, but that's exactly what every one of you is thinking to himself, and you know it. We can talk more surely, of course, after the analyses have been made. If they confirm the doctor's and the coroner's judgment, this thing is serious. And there's just this about it. We're all heirs in Aunt Emily's will—at least it's what we've been told is true. We don't know about the servants, but Soames may come in for something. That isn't to point suspicion at Soames; it's just to make it clear we're all in on it." Soames shifted his weight from one leg to the other.

"That means that until some clues are found, we're all equally under suspicion. The detective may discover at once who is guilty. When all our movements have been traced, and the food analyzed, there ought to be a pretty clear case. Of course, they may not find the person at once. In any event, it's the duty of each of us to use his head, to turn over every item that might bear on the matter, to review very carefully the day's events, and to do everything, in short, to help catch the guilty person. Furthermore—he took a step for-

Europe

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Paris, March 26.—People who live by their wits naturally gravitate to Paris. The bulk of the floating population is here to spend—and there are always plentiful crumbs for the gleaners. I met an unusual fellow of this type today.

He was nattily dressed—smart suit, white gloves and walking stick. He swung along with me on the Champs Elysees. He suggested several adroit measures for separating me from the pitiful remnants of my traveler's check book.

And when he saw the folly of it he began to talk of himself with a naive frankness. Fifteen years ago he said he was a "Comte to Glory man" with an itinerant hot-goseler. It was his job to lead the procession to the mourner's bench for which he was paid \$2 a night.

Race tracks then claimed him and he told of the days he served as a foot at Latonia, Havre de Gras and other racing centers. Next a "shell" at county fairs, which career was ingloriously ended by a five-month term in the county calabose.

He knew the half-world of wire tapping and confidence schemes along Broadway and had figured in many. Ten years ago he became an ocean greyhound and traveled back and forth on liners mauling the unsuspecting with cold decks. He was finally barred.

So he came to Paris. And has lived in rather a grand fashion ever since. He said he only interested himself in boobs who had what he called "important money." He intimated that in certain shady transactions he had police protection for a split of the spoils.

There is an agency on the Capucines that furnishes hired professional mourners for funerals. It is their job to don black frock coats and walk along with the hearse. Every Frenchman stops and lifts his hat until a funeral procession passes. The very poor hire wreaths of tin flowers for a few sous to be placed on the coffin of their dead.

The most pathetic American I have met in Paris is one who decided to surprise his fiancée by an unexpected visit. He arrived at Cherbourg in the evening. She had left for America that morning.

Fruit merchants in Paris have monograms on their fruit. A paper pattern is pasted on the fruit as it is growing and the sun rays cause the imprint. Monogrammed fruit is about double the price of ordinary fruit.

Florence and Palmer Jones are two Southern dandies who run The Rendezvous Florence at 36 Rue Pigalle. It opens at 2 o'clock in the morning and remains open all night. They sing negro songs, the "mammy" craze having swept Montmartre. Three of the smartest clubs in Paris are run by American negroes. "Sneezes," a New York character, is opening up another place for the summer. When they become too prosperous, however, France has a way of shutting them up.

Incidentally France had a way of shutting me up today. I was prowling about a department store which for the American is a real mystic maze. I was after some shaving soap and for at least an hour I was sent one way or another and wound up finally at the department for ladies' chemises. When I asked to see shaving soap a lady began pulling out one chemise after another from the shelf. So I collected all my furious blushes and walked right straight home. I had really nothing to say.

The little flower girls that tag your heels at night with faded bouquets reveal the laxity of French laws to protect children. Hundreds of them are out until long after midnight and many may be seen sound asleep in doorways adjacent to theaters and cafes.

Janet's bidding. "Why didn't you give the definitions along with the puzzle, Grant?" she asked.

Grant became even redder of face. "Janet, you don't think I made that do you? . . . I have enough on my mind without doing any kid tricks like that. I've been suspecting you and Ted, to tell the truth. And I don't think you ought to do such things. This is serious enough without anything like that. Here I'm kept from my office all this time, and no end in sight. Every deal I have will go to smash. This thing is just about going to ruin me. And Helen's all shot to pieces."

"I didn't mean to accuse you of it,

really, Grant. . . . You're an old dear, of course, even if you can't think of anything except Helen and real estate. . . . You haven't seen anything of a list of definitions, have you?"

"Not a word of one."

"I'm going to take this thing to Burke," Ted announced, picking up the paper in which Janet had nuni-

bered the squares of the design. Burke he found in the dining room with other members of the "Pencil-squad." All of them had papers and charts in hand, and Burke had small time for him.

"No, young man, I'm not going to work on a clue that somebody's dragging across the trail, just to please

a college boy's curiosity. . . . You work on it yourself, if you want to. My business isn't finding a three letter word meaning 'em' but a two-lettered being meaning 'murdered.' Now you clear out."

"Well, do you give me leave to work on this myself, then?"

"All the leave you want, just so

you stick around here, and don't bother us."

With a flushed face Ted left the room. "I'll show that bird who has the most ivory in his head. I may not be good enough for college, but I'm sure just as good as he is as a detective. And here goes."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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