

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross-Word Puzzle Mystery

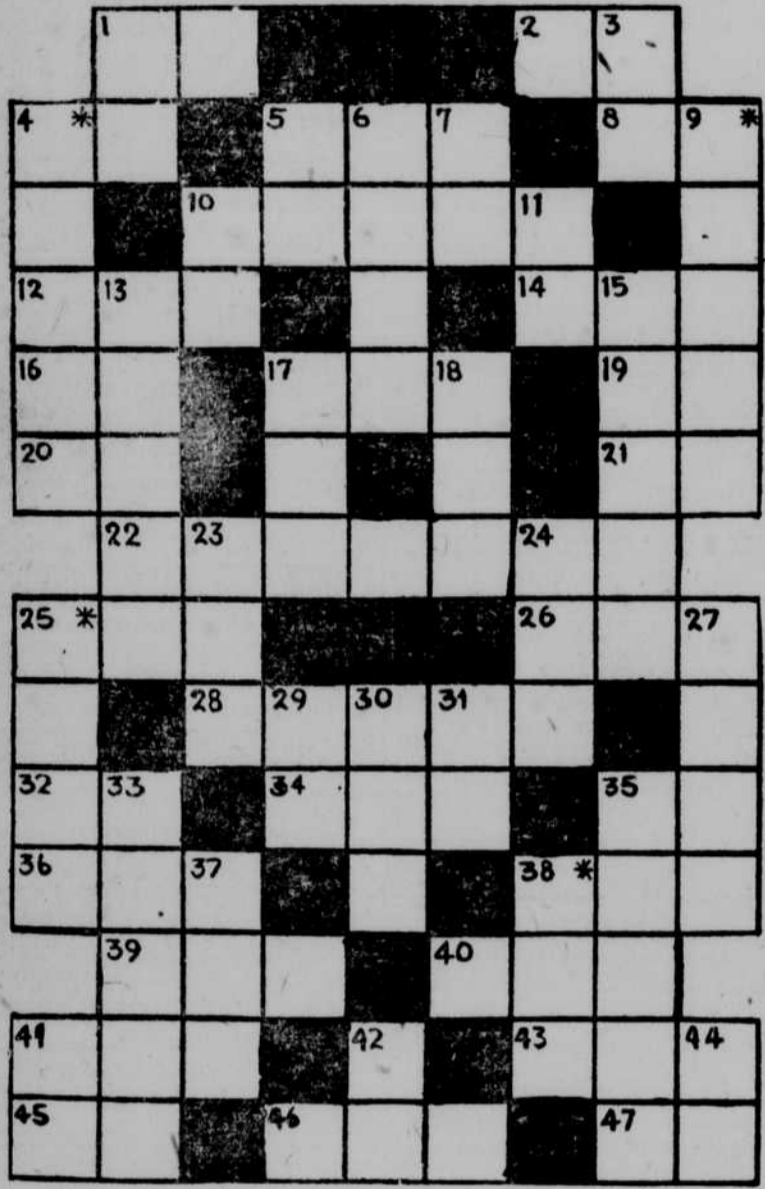
By Vincent Fuller

(Continued From Saturday.)

With simulated difficulty and enough assurance to lend credibility to the idea that he was working the puzzle for the first time, Ted worked the puzzle:

between them degenerate into a sort of bitter memory. And so, in the nice casual way of such-like people, he sent her this thing, in the bottom of a great chest filled with money and lovely garments, and rich viands.

FIRST CROSS WORD PUZZLE
Found on the Dining Room Table.



Horizontal.

1. An infection.
2. A preposition.
4. A pronoun (pl.).
5. A he-cat.
6. King of Bashan.
10. Wearies.
12. And so forth (abbr.).
14. Son of Abijah.
16. Railroad (abbr.).
17. Southern state (abbr.).
19. Holy name (abbr.).
20. Well (Greek).
21. And (Latin).
22. Quack medicine.
23. Flick.
24. Not on.
25. Part of the arm.
26. First tone of the scale.
27. Used in rowing.
28. Greek letter M.
29. Consume.
30. A vase.
31. Past of sit.
32. Etruscan god.
33. Masculine title.
34. To unite.
35. Bone.
36. Help.
37. A thoroughfare (abbr.).

and she was supposed to spend the money with a month in whatever way she wished, wear the garments, eat the viands, and at the end, when she came to—horizontal 38—again she smiled—"she used its contents, and that was all. There was a pleasant little verse on the side of it. A free translation would go something like this:

"Let Death perfect and remember, O Once Beloved, What longer life would only mar and forget."

They do such things better in the Orient, you'll grant."

"Maybe so," the only poet who talks to me is Eddie Guest. But what I'm interested in now, is this: This thing isn't in your room—it's just being searched. Where did you put it?"

"In my room. If it isn't there, it has been stolen."

"All right, that's all. Go up to your room and wait there until I send for you."

Ghosal Bose was summoned next, but he could throw no further light on the story Chalfonte had told. Sending him into the dining room, Burke went up to talk with Ted.

"It's this way, Dunsenath," he began, shutting the door of the familiar room behind him. "We have enough copies of the morning paper for everybody—the paper this morning had just the design in it, and I'm going to have you all in the library, working on that puzzle. You'll have to do a little acting and pretend that you know nothing about it, and work it along with the rest. So will Chalfonte, whom I've just been talking to. I'll tell you in advance that I'm doing that just to watch some of the people concerned, the individual named in vertical 9 particularly. I've got to have you all down there or it won't go quite right. Come on, then."

"Has anything been found yet?" Ted inquired on the way down.

"When I get ready to tell you something, I'll probably tell you. Not before," Burke answered shortly, they were all assembled in the library, and Burke was explaining the puzzle to them. "You can look on it as a vaudeville act, if you care to," he informed them, "prepared to make pleasant a rather boring day. But before we begin, number the verticals and horizontal, and I'll dilate the definitions."

Burke looked at it dazedly. "That don't tell me much."

"Look at the starred words—see those horizontal and verticals."

"What about vertical 25 and horizontal 38?"

Ted told him all he knew.

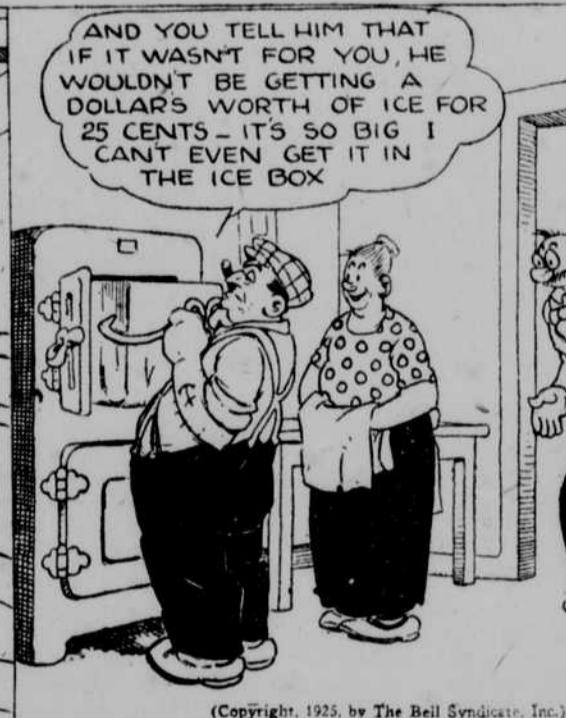
"And what about vertical 40?"

"I don't know anything more about that than you do."

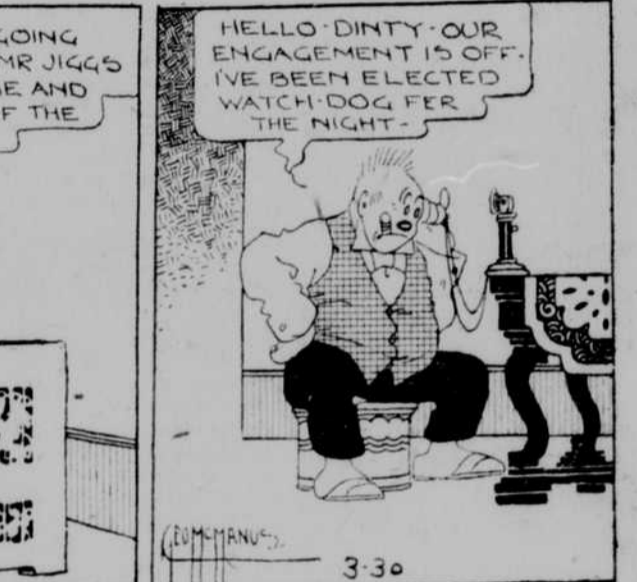
"Do you have any idea who wrote this?"

"All right, then, go ahead," he commanded, and feverishly they began, each separated from the others by a distance of a yard or two. A feverish business was in the air, a strange silence, as if some supernatural examination were being given, with life or death at the marks to be assigned. Burke, placing the original of the list of definitions before him, touched the squares of the puzzle with a pencil now and then; but his eyes were on the person whose room, since the solution of vertical 9, was being searched upstairs—while its occupant sat in the corner of the library, frowning over the puzzle that had led to the search.

THE NEBBES



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



TILLIE, THE TOILER



Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life



A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.



BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



TILLIE, THE TOILER



Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life



By BRIGGS ABIE THE AGENT



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