

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery
By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER VI.
In the Night Watches.
In Minty Pitkin's room, the ghostly, luminous hands of the little French clock on the dressing table pointed almost to the hour of three when Miss Minty awoke with a start, sat up in bed with her hair pressed to her mouth, and tried to suppress the shrieks of terror that threatened to issue wildly at any moment.

An instant before she had been sound asleep, but now something—she knew not what—had happened. A whispering something. Something that left her completely and tremblingly awake. Then, slowly, as an image darkens into being, developing in a negative in a dark room, the something became, in her apprehension, Somebody.

Furthermore, that Somebody was very near. Perhaps in the room. Still, nothing showed between her and the almost invisible wash of gray that was the night outside. Quietly, slowly, noiselessly, her hand left her mouth and groped through the night above her for the chain of the reading lamp on the head of her bed. The flood of brilliance that came with the slight click of the switch showed her the room—empty, save for her terrified self. She jumped as the little clock chimed three.

Her glance went to the door. Somebody, she was sure, stood without. She waited, rigid. Then a white sheet of paper advanced under her door. Miss Minty was paralyzed with terror as she watched it, and came to herself only as she heard soft, careful feet gliding away down the hall.

Waiting another minute, she slipped quietly out of bed, jumping as the springs gave a minute squeak, and slipped under Miss Minty's door at night.

Slipped Under Miss Minty's Door at Night.

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | | | | | |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 |
| 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 |
| 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 |
| 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 |
| 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 |

- Horizontal.**
1. A precious stone.*
 5. To cover.
 9. Mythological character that was changed into a spider.
 11. Senior (abbr.).
 13. Deathly pale.
 14. Tone in the scale.
 15. Light brown.
 17. Agricultural product.
- Vertical.**
1. Jokes.
 2. Member of an Indo-Chinese tribe of upper Burma.
 3. A period of time.
 4. Whip.
 5. Liquid sour milk.
 6. A hostel.
 7. Point of the compass.
 8. To avoid by dexterity.
 9. Person in the house.*
 12. An Egyptian ruler.
 14. Belonging to a relative.*
 16. A negation.
 18. A game.
 20. A variety of fish.
 21. Physicians (abbr.).
 23. Gives off.
 25. Serfs.
 27. Grant.
 28. Vases.
 31. Encountered.
 32. The inner self.
 34. Egyptian god.
 35. Half a type space.

Europe --Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Monte Carlo, March 31.—Monte Carlo is irregular and capricious in its construction. It expresses coquetry and grace. There is nothing about it to indicate permanency. You get the same impression that you do of a crepe de chine lady. She has her hour and fades.

It is the clearing house of despair. Nowhere else in the world have I seen men and women begin the day with a pint of champagne. Nerves seem to be on constant edge. Men sit at the al fresco tables with their bottles of brandy, constantly flurrying. Each has his own system.

And each has the dream of being the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Automobile drives are lovely. All along the Riviera are beautiful little dining spots. For lunch today I stopped at a little place near the sea.

The proprietor was formerly a New York head waiter. He would serve us if we gave him time. Americans, he said, always want to rush. He would not be rushed. That is why he came back here. It was much ado about nothing. An hour's wait brought no better meal than one on the fly in a Broadway quick lunch place.

Gouging is terrific. A room that could be duplicated in New York for a day with infinitely better service cost \$15.50. Still you cannot help but feel the glamour. Monte Carlo as a resort contributes not a jot of importance to the scheme of things.

Yet it lifts its head in a grand manner as the emblem of a frivolous experiment. Not once do I ever peep through. I was politely waved away from a casino this afternoon. My collar was the same hue of a colored shirt. White collars must be worn.

I was tempted to say "You don't tell me!" or something snappy. But as usual all the caustic things I might have said were thought up several hours later in the quiet of my room.

The Prince of Monaco's oceanographic exhibit lures thousands. All the slimy monsters of the sea are on display. The "poor fish" exhibit may be seen along the terraces and in the gambling rooms.

Tommyhawk Wis., is known to me only because it is the birthplace of my friend H. T. Webster, the cartoonist. At an adjoining table to mine this morning a lady joined the group. She was rather easy on the eyes. I heard her remark that she had lived in Tommyhawk all her life. Ziegfeld should send one of his scouts out there if she happened to be a sample. She was about the most beautiful lady I have seen in Europe.

Wherever I go I generally rub

picked up the folded paper. Then, as if the bed were a fortress in which she would not be harmed, she climbed quickly into it, snuggling beneath the covers. It was a full minute before she dared, with trembling hands, to open the folded paper, though she knew, even as she opened it, that it would be what she had dimly expected, another cross-word puzzle.

The sight of something as familiar as a puzzle gave her a confidence she had lacked. In a moment she had marched bravely across the whole ten feet of space that separated her from the dressing table, had secured a pencil, and had lugged the huge dictionary from the window sill to her bed.

"They can't scare me with one of these things," she affirmed to herself, but her voice shook, and her knees were weak. "I'm too old a hand at 'em, and I'd like to see any one of 'em I couldn't work. No sir, they can't scare Minty Pitkin with a cross word puzzle. I can mind my em's and en's as well as I can mind my p's and q's, and if there are any abbreviations left that I don't know, I'll have them in three minutes. If there's something in this house that can make this puzzle, then there's somebody that can solve it, and as Teddy would say, 'I'm the boy.'" At the sound of one of the noises that ordinarily would have been only the undisturbed murmur of the night, she shook like a leaf, and the face she turned to her mirror was small and drawn and ashen.

But as she decided that the cause of the noise was only the wind, a look of a narrow, fanatical shrewdness returned. With unsteady, trembling hands she tried the door to make sure it was locked. Then, gathering her implements of attack about her, she set to work, propped up in bed beneath her reading lamp.

SECOND CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.
Slipped Under Miss Minty's Door at Night.

31. Bishop's headdress.
32. To such an extent.
34. Returning evil for evil.*
36. Declare.
37. Vocal music.

20. A variety of fish.
21. Physicians (abbr.).
23. Gives off.
25. Serfs.
27. Grant.
28. Vases.
31. Encountered.
32. The inner self.
34. Egyptian god.
35. Half a type space.

1. Jokes.
2. Member of an Indo-Chinese tribe of upper Burma.
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She worked carefully, stumbling about for some time over vertical 8, catching the horizontals easily, but spending fifteen minutes over horizontal 22, turning to the e's in the dictionary only by accident, where she found the obsolete form she was looking for.

It was with a gasp of astonishment that she filled in the last square, and looked back at the starred words, horizontals 1 and 34 and verticals 10 and 14. But quickly she told herself, "I've suspected that all the time." Then, for several minutes she sat quietly thinking. At last a look of determination set her face in fragile gray lines.

Sitting nervously on the edge of her bed, she put on her slippers and an old-fashioned kimono of flowered silk. Opening her door, she peered inquiringly into the dimly lighted hall. Its emptiness reassured her, and she pulled her door softly to behind her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
Clerk—Here's a man complains that the stock we sold him is full of water. Office Manager—Send him a blotter.

THE NEBBS



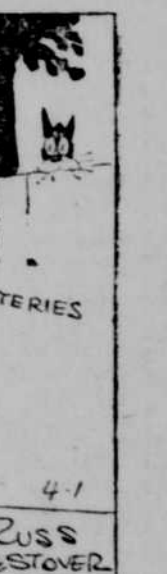
BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



TILLIE, THE TOILER



Real Folks at Home (a bricklayer)



APRIL FIRST.

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