

# The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

Down the hall she went on tiptoe, past Grant's door, past Chalfonte's, to Helen's room. With one hand on the knob, the trying of which told her the door was locked, she raised the other hand to rap gently. Just before she knocked, however, she glanced around to make sure again that the hall was empty.

Then, clinging to the doorknob, she stood transfixed with terror. Slowly, as her eyes grew wide, her hand left the door and without knocking, she retreated, mouse-like, to her own room, thanked her guardian angel that she had not touched her door, and then was inside, with the door quickly locked behind her. A lock was not enough, she decided. She wedged a tilted chair under the knob. Then she took this aside, moved her dressing table against the door, and put chairs between her bed and the dressing table in such a fashion that the door could not be opened without her bed's being moved.

Cordelia, the cook, on her way down to start breakfast in the morning, saw Minty's light still shining under the door.

"Miss Minty who am I gittin' up sooner than she used to," Cordelia thought to herself, "Wouldn't catch me crawling in so soon, less'n ah had to, mm-mm."

**CHAPTER VII.**  
**The Dunsenath Will.**

A great crowd of people had gathered about the house on Saturday afternoon before the time for the funeral, and another crowd about the gates of the cemetery. Only a few, however, besides those already present at the house, attended the actual services.

It was on the way home from the cemetery that Miss Minty drew from the pocket of her sealskin coat a bit of folded paper. Rose and Helen, who rode with her, watched her carefully.

"I have something here," Miss Minty began, "that I've decided I can't keep to myself any longer, and yet I don't like to do anything about it without somebody's advice. And in a case like this I want the advice of women—you know, Rose, what I think of women's intuition—and this is a case for it, if ever there was one. This paper was slipped under my door last night at three o'clock. It's a cross-word puzzle."

"Another?" Helen and Rose exclaimed together.

"Another. Furthermore, it indi-

## Europe

--Day by Day--

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Somewhere in Holland, April 2.—Holland has always appealed to my imagination. The Dutch are a sturdy race. From the train window I see a tiny herd of the small black and white grazing, tended by two blue-smoked peasants. It is a scene that might have been painted by Anton Mauve.

The little villages look so peaceful. The exteriors of the cottages are in bright colors, red, yellow, blue and green and the small windows are discreetly veiled in snowy curtains quaintly pleated. Outside many doors are wooden shoes arrayed in line, from father's huge ones to the tiny pair for baby.

Housewives of Holland are thrifty. They do not permit dust or dirt to be brought in from the street. Some of the homes have only two rooms, the bedroom and combination kitchen-parlor. Everything is polished and shiny. The kitchen ranges glitter with copper and brass utensils.

In the little cobblestone streets are women with their tightly laced bodices and starched lace caps. The men in their baggy trousers laced up the back and high caps. The blonde children in their suits of blue—shy and smiling. They wave at you, then run to hide.

In one home, they were having breakfast. Dry bread and cheese. The floor, a dado of old blue and white tiles, fairly shone. The dresser nearby was laden with crockery and glass. The windmills lazily turning are comforting and restful. There is a monotony of flat land.

Everyone in Holland seems happy and well contented. Everywhere are flocks of geese waddling along with their eternal quack-quack. The old men sit squatting in groups, puffing at their long cigars. The youths are big and strapping and exude health.

Just as I am in the midst of a Holland rhapsody, a man came through the train calling "Telegram! Telegram for Mr. Isaac Cohen!" I had to shake myself. Surely I must be dreaming.

Mr. Cohen, by the way, happened to be in my compartment. He is on his way to Amsterdam after being in America for 25 years. His berth is there. He has prospered in the mercantile business in a middle-sized city in Nebraska. I spoke to him of the indifference to human fretting in Holland. At the moment I rather thought I would like to spend my approaching old age there. Mr. Cohen had a broad, generous smile and shrugged. "The most monotonous country in the world," he said. "They become as clabby as their cheese."

I suppose Mr. Cohen is right. People who remain in America very long are not easily transplanted to other soil. It is my belief that most of the American living over here who try to give you the impression of contentment are merely "kiddings" themselves.

We in America are often accused of confounding bluffs with creation and noise with achievement. What I have seen of Holland is beautiful. There is no bustle nor noise. Yet you have the feeling of a lack of creation and a lack of achievement. So perhaps there is more to our rush and roar than Europeans think.

My impression of Amsterdam is just a blur. Upon my arrival was a cable from Paris which made it imperative to leave by first train. I had only three hours and little over and the most important piece of baggage I carry was lost. I felt much like one of those dumb-looking immigrants at Battery park trying to find his way uptown. I went from one place to another, trying to make myself understood and was always met by a shake of the head, indicating they didn't know what I was talking about. I remembered Mr. Cohen's hotel and sent for him. He gave generously of his time and I was able to find my baggage, catch the train, utterly exhausted.

By this time, everybody had returned from the cemetery; the last sightseers had withdrawn, and John Lushington was warming his hands before the library fire, preparatory to reading the will.

One by one the relatives came in. Burke sat beside Lushington, and two other detectives stood in the doorway.

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### THE NEBBES



### TAMING THE SHREW.



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### Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



### BRINGING UP FATHER



### SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE



### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



### JERRY ON THE JOB



### ANYWAY THAT'S HOW IT SOUNDED.



### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



### TILLIE, THE TOILER



### By BRIGGS



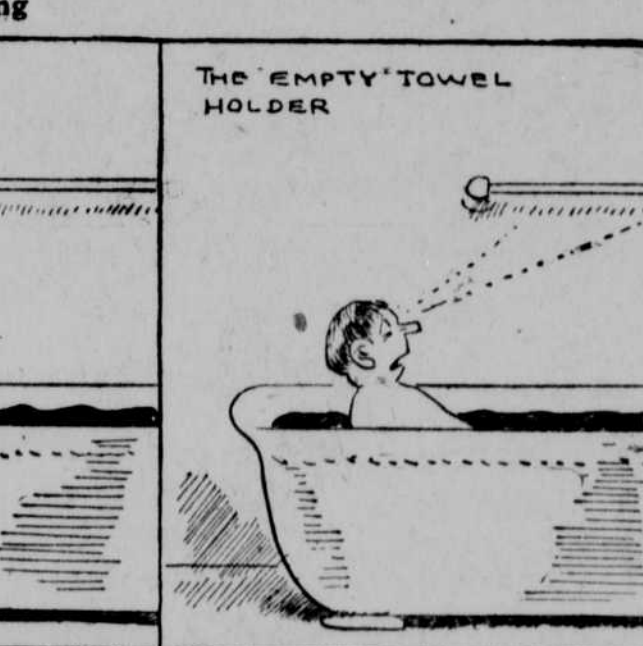
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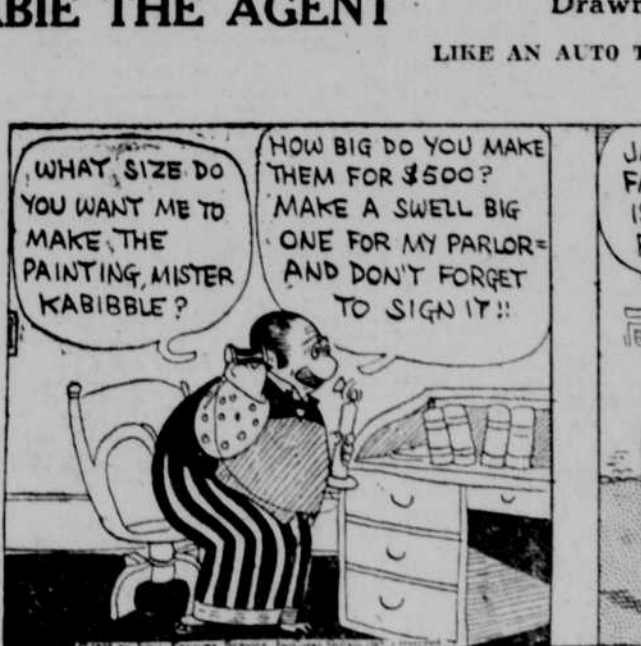
### How to Start the Day Wrong



### By BRIGGS



### ABIE THE AGENT



### Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



### THE WRANGLE WITH THE WIFE ABOUT BIG WAGES TO SERVANTS AND NO TOWELS IN BATH ROOM -



### LIKE AN AUTO TO HIM.



### JAY WEAVER 1925



### JAY WEAVER 1925

