

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)
 They gave a simultaneous low whistle. "When did you see this person last?" Burke asked.
 "Before the funeral."
 Hardy was already leaving the room.
 "Get 'im quick, Hardy!" Burke yelled after him, and then turned to Soames. "Where did you find this, anyway? Sure you didn't make it yourself?"
 "Oh, no, sir, I wouldn't make it myself. I have no real reason to suspect him, sir, other than this puzzle; that is, no reason that everybody doesn't have."
 "But where did you find this?"
 "I didn't find it myself, sir. I didn't mean to intimate that I did. The undertaker turned it over to me. He thought it very funny, or at least very odd. I was helping him remove the flowers, sir, and it was under the last of the flowers—on the coffin!"
 But Burke was already slamming the door behind him as he followed Hardy in the search.

CHAPTER VIII.
Capture.
 Ed Howell, attorney-at-law, a shrewd fellow club member and business friend of Grant Fowler, parked his Duesenberg roadster on the drive way opposite the front steps of the Dunseath house and crossed the drive. As he reached the steps, he paused a moment to look down through the twilight reaches of the old orchard. Two dim figures were vaulting the fence. Was there a third figure father on? He could not be sure. Besides, it was none of his business. Then the two pursuing figures dissolved into the evening shadow.
 Shrugging his shoulders, Howell mounted the steps, and peered into the dim light of the hall. His hand reached for the doorbell, but, as he caught sight of the old huge brass knocker, shifted to it. "Might as well let 'em know I'm coming," he said to himself, as he manipulated it with energy. In a moment, Soames was running down the hall to throw the door wide and look oblique disapproval at the carelessly good-looking individual who confronted him. "May I ask what you wish?" Soames began icily.
 Howell waited for no further welcome, but pushed his way into the hall. "I'm E. H. Howell, jr.," he explained as he brushed past Soames. "Here's my card. I'm counsel for Mr. Grant Fowler, and I've run out to look over the ground and to give a message to Miss Helen Barr. You will tell her I'm here, please." With that he tossed his hat, muffled, and coast into the arms of the scandalized Soames.
 "Don't stand there staring," Howell continued. "Go tell Miss Barr I'm here, and that I want to see her. She'll want to see me, too."
 Soames jerked into life. The expression of him, from his nose did not alter as he crossed to the library to call Helen. "Miss Barr, there's a gentleman—if he can be called such—out there to see you. If you don't want to see him, I shall be happy to dismiss him. Very happy, indeed, Miss Barr. A lawyer, he calls himself, and says Mr. Fowler is his client, and he has a message for you. His name is Howell. Here's his card."
 Helen, as first worried and annoyed, jumped eagerly to her feet at the mention of Grant's name, and ran out into the hall. "I'm Helen Barr," she cried, "and oh, tell me how Grant is!"
 Howell's eyes had widened perceptibly as he saw Helen—the tense beauty of her face, and the trouble in her dark luminous eyes.
 "Let's go into some room where we can be alone," he began.
 "The music room," she proposed. "Everybody's likely to come into the library."
 "Now, there's nothing to worry about, Miss Barr," Howell told her when they had sat down in a corner. "I want you to be sure you know a few days, but there's nothing except circumstantial evidence, and circumstantial is my meat! I'll have him out all right. Listen: the chemists haven't found a trace of poison in that jade jar." He did not go on to state what the morning papers were to report; that the fire in the ashes of which it had been found, might, according to the chemist, have disposed of all trace of the poison, if there had been any; a fact which would make it harder not only to incriminate Grant, but also to clear him. But in failing to mention this, Howell was only running true to form. Winning difficult, criminal cases was part of that form, and reassuring distressed and charming women was the rest of it. And so he proceeded, for some minutes, in his attempt to restore quiet and confidence to the distraught face so near his own. "You see, he's only been held over for grand jury, Miss Barr. Then the authorities will trot out their two little bits of circumstantial evidence—if they're still holding together by that time, and attempt to have Grant indicted and held for a regular trial. Grand jury meets soon, but I may be able to get him out on bail before then. Meanwhile, I want you to keep your eyes open and let me know what you know, and we'll be out under the blue sky quick enough."
 "There's a little that I know already," she told him. "I don't know how much good it is, and maybe you'd better not waste too much time on it." Then she told him of the theft of the jewel and of the cross puzzle Minny had shown to Ed and herself as they came back from the funeral. "The puzzle may mean nothing in itself, and I don't suppose the person who wrote it had much to do with the rest of it. I think Chalfonte ought to be watched."
 "Yes, or maybe this Hindu friend of his, Grant's given me some of the dope on him. He'll probably bear a little examination. The way he acted at dinner on Thanksgiving Eve, and the theft of this emerald. . . . Oh, there's not a question of doubt, now, that we'll clear Grant. By the way, I want to see the detectives before I go."
 "I think you can, all right. They're around the house somewhere. Though come to think of it, not long before you came Burke and Hardy started outdoors on a run. Something's up. I don't know what."
 "Depend on it, then, something's about to break. I saw several indications of that before I came into the house. Two indications, at least, and maybe three—down in the orchard."
 As they reached the hall, Burke and Hardy appeared with Ghopal struggling between them, his eyes dilated with a look of fear and hysterical anger. He no longer looked the part of a prince of upper India. Rather he was a fanatical, teardrop bundle of coppery flesh, his English all forgotten, as he poured forth a stream of cascading, incomprehensible words, which, from their very speed of utterance, would have been beyond understanding in any tongue.
 "I don't get the make of the car," Howell observed to Helen, "but it's sure traveling on high. If words could

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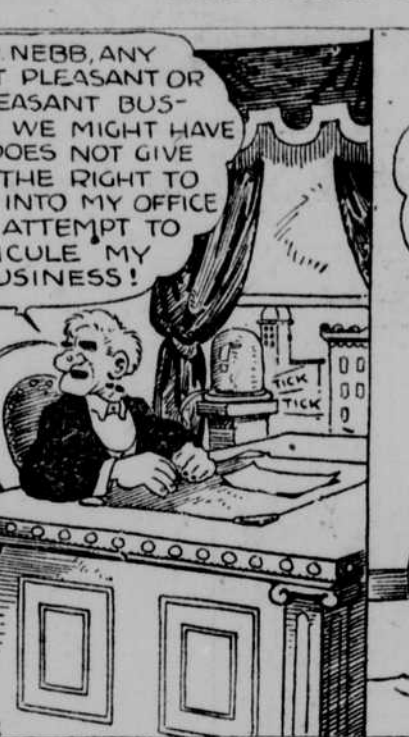
THE NEBBS



WELCOME STRANGER.



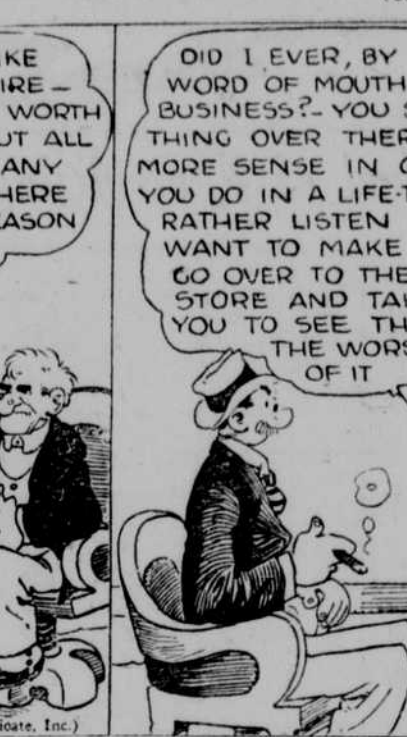
BRINGING UP FATHER



JERRY ON THE JOB



TILLIE, THE TOILER



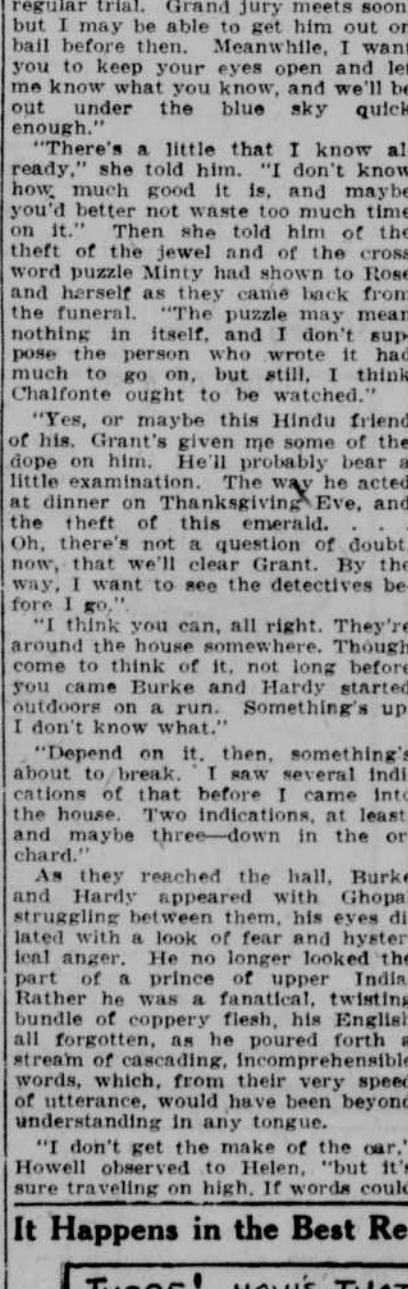
ABIE THE AGENT



Europe - Day by Day

By O. O. MINTYRE.
 Paris, April 3.—Jed Kille, one of the cabaret kings of Montmartre, an American and friend of the prince of Wales, dropped around today to take me to see one of the most unusual human beings I have ever encountered. His name is Jim Eroy. He is 38 years old and was born at Blackpool, England.
 Eroy is armless. At the age of 8 his clothes caught fire and amputation of both arms at the sockets was necessary. He does almost anything you and I do with our hands with his feet. They are encased in a sort of glove. We sat at a table.
 He wears shoes that are slipped off easily. His right leg is more agile and he uses it most. You have no sense of physical deformity. He makes gestures with his right foot as naturally and gracefully as we do with our right hand.
 He poured a glass of light wine into his glass, sipped it. Then took a box of matches, opened it, lit his cigar and smoked. Patrons a few tables away were not conscious of something unusual. He dresses himself as quickly as men with hands, even to buttoning his collar and tying his necktie.
 He keeps his money in his shoes and can tell the denominations of various English coins by the touch. For five years he was a jeweler's engraver and he writes a beautiful stroke with either foot. He has great strength.
 He asked me to try to bend the tin cap of a bottle with the fingers of both hands. I failed. He put it between the great toe and next one and crushed it together easily. Eroy is far above the average in intelligence. He speaks English, German, French and Italian fluently.
 When he lost his arms, he lost his sense of balance, and it required three years of patient effort to learn to walk again. He believes there is no physical disability that cannot be overcome. When we departed he reached up to the hat rack, selected his hat and clapped it to his head with no apparent effort.
 The pastry queen of Paris is picturesque. Her throne is in marble or in wood, ornate with moulding and stands on a tessellated floor. She does not touch the pastry. This office is left to an inferior who is adept in the art of wrapping eclairs, savarins and religieuses in paper that is two sizes too small. The pastry shops are tiny and the walls are shining mirrors.
 Jay Gould, the young New York actor—not the millionaire—is in Paris with his bride, the beautiful Lorraine Manville. Their romance began in a play in which they were featured. We had lunch with them today. Jay looks thin and drawn as the result of the prize fight scene eight times a week in which he received a clout on the jaw that would send almost any husky to dreamland. I gather that Jay is through with the stage. He is a finished actor, but not the type to be hypnotized by public plaudits.
 My trunks are packed and in a few hours I leave Paris to sail in the Olympic from Cherbourg. I have never left Paris with less regret. I find a marked change in attitude toward Americans. We have become the prey of the shopkeepers. There is a shocking lack of the friendly warmth that used to make Paris one of the most hospitable cities in the world. Any number of people have come here to spend several weeks and remained only a few days. They are going on to Brussels, Berlin, Rome and Venice. Three times this morning I discovered deliberate grafting in settling accounts. My usually placid temper has soured. As I write this, the line of servants who have been generously tipped are waiting out in the hall to pounce upon me. I am determined not to give them another sou. But I wouldn't bet on it. For I happen to be just what they think I am—a prize American spy.

It Happens in the Best Regulated Families



THE NEBB (continued)



BRINGING UP FATHER (continued)



JERRY ON THE JOB (continued)



TILLIE, THE TOILER (continued)



ABIE THE AGENT (continued)



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