

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued From Saturday.)

As the search started, Ghopal came to life again. Protest followed protests as they went first through his pockets, and then started on his turban. As Burke fingered the pale blue folds of it, Ghopal surpassed himself.

The women turned at a low exclamation from Burke, who had just unloosened a silver ornament on the turban. As they beheld the length of shimmering pale blue silk unwound from Ghopal's head, they all started, entranced by the color and delicacy of the fabric.

"Look!" cried Helen, as the last fold shook loose, and across the floor rolled a small green luminosity, eerily radiant.

As the hairs hung back, in fascinated horror, Burke and Hardy collapsed in a scramble to retrieve the gem.

When Ghopal saw Burke standing upright, smiling, and holding the emerald in his hand, he lunged frenziedly out of the chair in which he had been sitting, and struck at Burke with his hand-cuffed fists.

Burke warded off the blow, and the other men secured Ghopal again, pinning him in his chair with the pale blue length of silk that had been his turban. Ghopal's disordered black hair fell about his tense face, and on the brownish pallor of which glistened great beads of sweat.

Chalfonte looked on, shocked into silence.

"What's he been saying, anyway?" Burke demanded. "You know his language, don't you?"

"Only a little, and I can get almost nothing when he goes so fast," Chalfonte answered. "He claims the emerald is his. . . It is mine, though, dog, was part of it. It is mine, unspokeable fifth of an unbeliever. . . maybe, something about desecration, too, and vengeance of the gods. And he's quite vehement about its being his."

"He can explain it all later in a nice big room," Burke commented. "We'll take him to headquarters and let him get the taste of truth on his tongue. We're going to get to the bottom of this thing now. . . And as for that emerald, well, I'll take it to Washington myself."

"But wait a minute," he snapped out, as Hardy was about to leave with Ghopal. "Wonder what he did with the setting. Where is it, you brown devil?"

Ghopal was silent now, a wounded fury in his eyes. He sat as if he were withdrawn to some secure recess of the spirit, where he brooded over the injuries done him, and offered silent prayers to invisible deathless gods. The questions Burke

flung at him might as well have been flung at a bronze image. "All right, all right," Burke said at last. "He'll talk tonight at headquarters, and he'll be glad of the chance."

As Chalfonte took a step forward, as if he were going to accompany Ghopal, he was halted by Burke's hand on his arm. "You stay right here, Mr. Chalfonte. When we want you, we'll tell you."

He had pulled Howell into the music room. "Listen," she exclaimed. "I just know he killed Aunt Emily, too! Grant told you how he scared her at dinner the night before she was killed. They'll all tell you the same thing. Now Grant will get off without any question, won't he?"

"Won't he?" she pleaded, when Howell did not answer immediately. "Of course, he'll get off. They can't hold him." Howell left indefinite reasons for their not holding Grant. It was hard to explain to the frantic hope in the dark eyes watching him, just why Grant might not be immediately released.

"It may take a day or two, Miss Barr. There's so much red tape, you know." Red tape, he thought on to himself, of connecting the theft of a jewel two days after a murder with the actual murder itself. "I'll go on down town now," he went on, "and get just as much done as I can. And probably I'll be out tomorrow, and take you out to see Grant. Keep a stiff upper lip and open eyes, and don't lose heart. Everything's going to come out all right. So long." A moment later the lights of a limousine were cutting a wide yellow swath through the foggy November night.

Sobbing quietly with relief, her fears drugged with hope, Helen watched from the window until the small red tail-light of the car had disappeared from view.

The others, she found, had gone to their rooms with surprisingly little talk, and she decided to do likewise. She must be at her best when she met Grant.

Homer Chalfonte alone remained behind. He sat in an armchair before the fire in the library, his head bowed on his hands, thinking. Vague memories stirred drowsily in the back of his mind. But as he reached them, they eluded him, diving down into the dark waters of memory, reappearing farther on, only to elude again his desperate pursuit.

Out in the hall, Soames looked the chain on the front door, quoting softly to himself:

"A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true. Yes, and a single alf were the clue."

CHAPTER IX. Unseen Listeners.

On Monday, after lunch, Chalfonte prettily paced the library, smoking his browned calabash, knocking the ashes out of it, fidgeting nervously, smoking again. Occasionally he tried to read, but the papers had nothing new that was new to him. The theft of the jewel had superseded the murder in the public interest, but only a garbled version of the fact appeared in print. Two of the stories, by overstressing his connection with Ghopal, hinted at himself, without definitely linking him with either crime.

"Curse it all, what did Ghopal mean by stealing in a home where he was a guest, if he had to steal? . . . These Hindus, what did he mean by stealing, anyway? anywhere? . . . His jewel, indeed! Caught red-handed, and still maintains that the emerald is his? . . . And what the deuce did he do with the ring. . . And the murder. . . Did he murder, too? I don't see how. . . and yet. . . he got into that safe, somehow. . . But I was with him every minute on Thanks giving morning."

Three times in the long Sabbatical boredom of the day before, when there had been no developments, as the papers called them—as if both murderers and detectives were enjoying a day of rest—Chalfonte had persuaded Hardy to call himself, and to request permission to visit Ghopal. After a final and positive and rather nasty refusal, Hardy had declined to call again. "Sorry, Mr. Chalfonte," he said, "but there's nothing doing. I guess they're showing your friend the goldfish, all right, like they said they would."

"Showing him the goldfish?" Chalfonte queried.

"Yes—making him talk a little. Persuading him. When they're doing that, you can bet they don't want you around. You see, they'll want to connect him with the murder somehow, and they haven't got any too much to do on. I'd like to help you, but there's none of you that's too clear, and I can't let you leave without putting you under arrest."

Again Chalfonte knocked the glowing tobacco from his pipe into the fireplace, and without knowing what he had done, filled the pipe again. Here it was Monday afternoon, and still no word from Ghopal. Then he raised his head to look quickly at the door. Hardy stood there smiling.

"All right, Mr. Chalfonte. Get your hat and coat. We'll be going down now. Just get a message from headquarters to bring you down. No—not under arrest. The district attorney, who's taking the case in hand now, thinks maybe you can get him to open up. Ready to go?"

"Almost—Soames, my coat and hat, and take this pipe to my room, and bring me a half dozen cigars out of the box on the window sill. . . I'll tell Miss Minty where I'm going so that they won't get any fool notions into their heads."

Once outside, they found the wind was cold, but the invisible sun, for the first time in a week, in a mere portion of the heavens was lighting the hazy clouds to a silver flame. There was a bracing friendliness about the earth which he had sadly missed in the past few days, Chalfonte realized. And he was going to see Ghopal—there was some satisfaction in that.

In an hour they were approaching the gray stone bulk of the county courthouse, winding their way through the stream of traffic.

Inside the first room of the district attorney's office they waited a long ten minutes. Several fluffy-haired stenographers, wearing neatly pressed plates to Chalfonte's type, were more busily between powderings of the nose and casual glances at his tall, weather-beaten form.

Slowly the minutes passed. . . Then a door marked "Private" opened and Smith, the district attorney, came out—a slight, fair-haired man, erect and youthful at forty-five. Burke was with him.

"Mr. Chalfonte, I take it," Smith extended his hand, "all right, we're ready."

Leaving the offices, they crossed to that part of the building which comprised the county jail. Pausing, Smith turned to Chalfonte and explained: "Here's the dope, Chalfonte. This Hindu won't talk. He's like a clam. Also, he's gone on a hunger strike. We've done about all we know, but we're no farther ahead than we were Saturday. The Sphinx hasn't anything on Ghopal Bose. You sort of have to land it to him, too. It takes stuff to do what he's doing."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Bozo Butts---They Drive Him Nuts.

A MAN OWES ME \$12 AND WRITES ME AN INSULTING LETTER SAYING HE WON'T PAY IT-- I'LL GET A LAWYER AND SUE HIM

LISTEN, LAWYER, I WANT TO SUE A MAN WHO OWES ME \$12-- HOW DO I GO ABOUT IT? THIS IS SERIOUS

NOW, THE FACT THAT HE REFUSES TO PAY MAKES IT NECESSARY TO ISSUE A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS TO PLACE THE DEFENDANT IN STATU QUO

NOW, AGAIN, ACCORDING TO ARTICLE SIX, PARAGRAPH THIRTY-ONE, PAGE 5924 OF THE PENAL CODE, YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY IPSO PROFUNDUS BOLONNEY MANDAMUS-- THAT COSTS \$100.50 FAR

I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM TO A MAN APOLOGIZING FOR ASKING HIM TO PAY ME BACK \$12 HE OWES ME



THE NEBBS

APPLE SAUCE.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



ABIE THE AGENT

THE SAME OLD MINSK.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



TILLIE, THE TOILER.

By Westover



Barney Google and Spark Plug

A CHANCE BARNEY CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



Europe --Day by Day--

By O. O. McIntyre

Cherbourg, April 5.—Back, through picturesque Normandy again, to Cherbourg. Always the same picture—peasants in the fields, the big white Norman horses pulling carts, and the inevitable slashing shower. Scarcely ever a rainless day in Normandy.

The Olympic was at anchor outside the breakwater and the porter pirates descended upon us at the boat train. It was determined not to give another jump in France. Porters are paid by the steamship companies for the work they do. Mine was a scarred and scowling brigand.

He stood waiting with hand extended after his casual service. When he became insistent I suggested a retreat for him that would take him out of the Cherbourg chill. He blasphemed me in French and I dithered in English—winning fair honors. For once I felt rather killed.

We waited in the foggy dampness on the tender while the usual custom hagglng was taking place. Ancient Cherbourg was etched in the falling dusk. It reeks of antiquity. The people seem listless and even the dogs were baying their woe.

And, speaking of dogs, there is a gentle-eyed pointer with a collection box strapped to his back that meets all steamers. The animal collects—or is supposed to—for the unfortunate animals of Cherbourg. I suspect it is another gesture in French penny graft.

Every hotel servant in Paris comes to you with a subscription blank for some charity, which, I am told, goes mostly in their own pockets. France has a blind spot for this petty graft. It would not be interested in a law to stop gouging tourists. That is the national sport.

It was a mighty relief to step up the gangplank to the Olympic. I have crossed in—you do not cross "on" a steamer. Europe, but "in"—it before. It is swift and sturdy and somehow manages usually to have a gay and sporty passenger list.

My stateroom was amidships and the pitch of the boat caused a mighty creaking—like that of a giant shoe. I had the feeling of a slate pencil being pulled through my teeth. The purser came to the rescue and gave me a creaseless room.

I notice among the passenger list Sir E. Mackay Edgar and man servant, and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and man servant. It would be appropriate for two other passengers to be listed: Mrs. O. O. McIntyre and man servant.

Royalty is represented by Prince Antoine Bibesco. An Count Verchere Uchida. Zoology is represented by a Mr. Wolff, Miss Baer, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Lyon and Mr. Lepperd.

A gaudy printed card was slipped under my door in the midst of my morning bathing routine. "Apply at once to Mr. M. Fothergill on deck C for your return voyage." I wrote on the reverse side: "Don't be silly. Am not returning." And sent it back.

I have lost so many hats and caps from the promenade decks that I took the precaution to journey to the Latin quarter before leaving Paris to purchase a black tam worn by the Basque students. It would require a typhoon to lift it off. I suppose I will be mistaken for a poet or painter and already I find myself growing a little sad-eyed and temperamental.

I have found quite a philosopher in a quaint and venerable steward. He is broken and bent. "In drinking to the health of others," he said, "I eat my own."

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