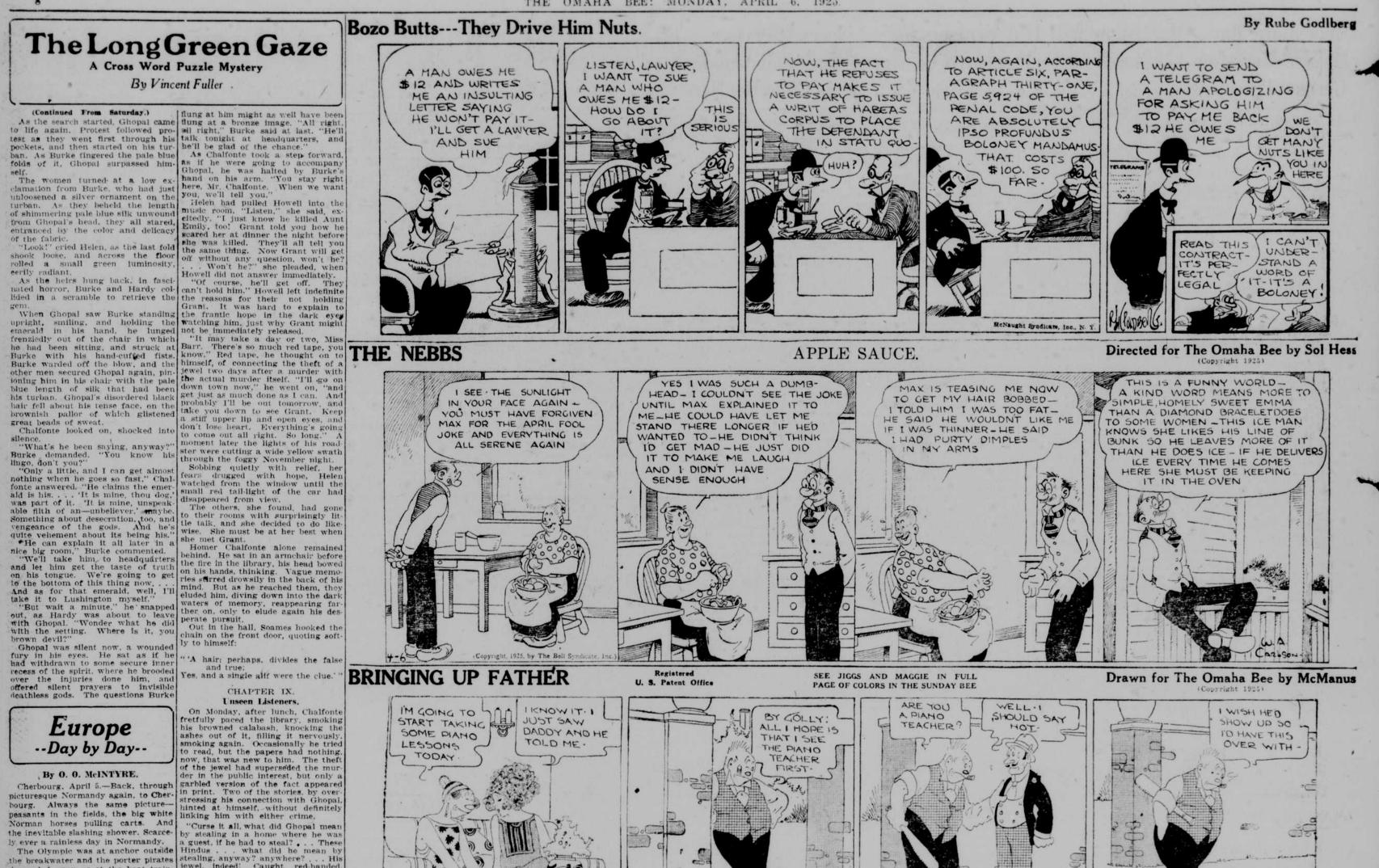
THE OMAHA BEE: MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1925.



the breakwater and the porter pirates descended upon us at the boat train. ' was determined not to give another ip in France. Porters are paid by the steamship companies for the work descended upon us at the boat train. Just the steamship companies for the work der..., Did he murder, too? I don't

they do. Mine was a scarred and scowling brigand. He stood waiting with hand extend-

ed after his casual service. When he became insistent I suggested a retreat for him that would take him

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

Every hotel servant in Paris comes mostly in their own pockets. France has a blind spot for this petty graft.

had the feeling of a slate pencil being pulled through my teeth. The purser came to the rescue and gave me a creakless 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 Princ Antoine Bibesco. And Count Ver- that. chere Uchida. Zoology is represented In 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 home-going happiness reading: "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 ready."

der..., 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 Thanksgiving morning.

Three times in the long Sabbatical ABIE THE AGENT retreat for him that would take him out of the Cherbourg chill. He blasphemed me in French and i dittoed in English—winning fair hondittoed in English—winning fair hon-ors. For once I felt rather iron-willed. We waited in the foggy dampness on the tender while the usual custom haggling 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.

"'Showing him the goldfish?' Chalfonte queried.

"Yeh-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 some how, 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 with-

to you with a subscription blank for out putting you under arrest." some charity, which, I am told, goes Again Chalfonte knocked the glow ing tobacco from his pipe into the fire-place, and without knowing what he

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 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 wide 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 real-ized. And he was going to see Gho-pal-there was some satisfaction in the

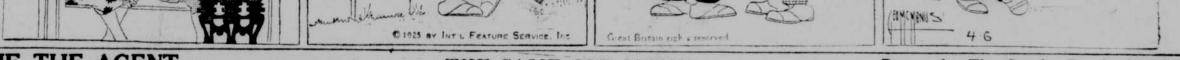
that. In an hour they were approaching the gray stone bulk of the county courthouse, winding their way through the stream of traffic.

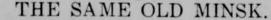
Inside the first room of trame. Attorney's office they waited a long ten minutes. Several fluffy-haired stenographers, seeming strangely out

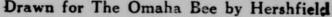
stenographers, seeming strangely out of plate to Chalfonte, typed more or less busily between powderings of the nose and casual glances at his tall, weather-beaten form. Slowly the minutes passed. . . . Then a door marked "Private" opened and Smith, the district attorney, came out—a slight, fair-haired man, erect and youthful at forty-five. Burke was with him.

was with him. "Mr. Chalfonte, I take it." Smith extended his hand. "All right, we're

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 night stewart. He is broken and bent. "In drinking to the health of others," he said, "I hast my own." Copyright, 1925.)

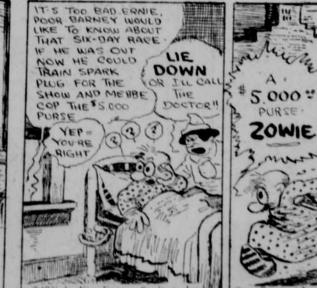














TOTSTOVER 4.6

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

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