

By Rube Goldberg

On the Atlantic

---Day by Day---

By O. O. MINTYRE.

On the Atlantic, April 9.—Of all the countries in Europe, returning travelers are the most enthusiastic about Germany. My information comes second hand. I was not there. It may be subtle propaganda, but I doubt it. They all say Germany is making a remarkable come-back.

It is leading in ship building and in people are the most prosperous in all Europe. Berlin is becoming a fashion center for women. The "Deutschland über alles" spirit will not die. Cities that were deserted are now bustling with life.

This from a director of a big British shipping line: "Germany is already showing an economic upswing. Unless the rest of Europe stops its stumps it will win." And as he talked I gazed out a window at the sea and could not help but think of the Lusitania and shudder.

The most satisfying thing to me about a trip to Europe is the larger appreciation we gather of our own country. The immensity of it is fairly staggering. We do not resort to subtleties that smoke screens Europe. We are direct. We know how to do things and do them well.

They like to call us boasting Americans. We do not like to boast. We have the goods. And there is infinitely more boasting among the English and French than there is among the Americans. I know nothing of diplomacy, but common sense tells me we should avoid all European entanglements.

We are sufficient to ourselves. This ended the sermon. And another little warning. Don't order eggs the fifth day out without first opening the porthole.

Land is not so far away. A few sea gulls have been sighted. We will probably have the American Channel Lightship by noon tomorrow and New York is only 33 miles from there.

The gentleman in the cabin next to mine has a double hyphenated name. But this swank does not prevent his winning all the high, low and middle long distance snoring records for the trip.

Several nights I wanted to hurl the verbal classic that once greeted Louis Mann during a banquet speech. It was "Louder and funnier!"

Those in a position to know, say I do not snore. But I talk in my sleep. After regaling myself with a cold baked potato at midnight last and falling asleep I jabbered for a half hour with the skipper of the ship. I told him I could run a ship better than he and that I wanted none of his impudent back talk. I intimated that I owned the ship, thus proving that I can lie while asleep as well as awake.

My official sweetheart for the rest of the voyage is a silver-haired little lady of 71 summers. She is from Wales and, as might be imagined, her name is Davis. She has never missed a meal. Her eyes are clear and her skin fair. The years have not left her dry and wrinkled. I do not believe anyone has enjoyed the voyage more than she and she has crossed many times. Not to grow old! Not to become bored! What an achievement!

A cockney voice at the door. "Boots, boots" and an extended hand. "The tipping time has arrived. Let them come, I'm used to it."

In the stateroom is an acrobatic troupe—Belshams, I believe—who are on their way to America for a vaudeville engagement. Each morning they are up early rehearsing their tumbling and their flying figures do much to relieve the tedium far down in the bowels of the liner. (Copyright, 1925.)

The Latest in Easter Bonnets.



THE SHOPPING HAT—THIS WILL MAKE YOUR MALE ESCORT PAY THE BILLS MORE PLEASANTLY AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T HAVE TO CARRY THE BUNDLES.



THE FLASK BONNET—THIS WILL INCREASE THE POPULARITY OF THE GIRL WHO WEARS A LARGE HEAD-SIZE—NO WORRY IF IT LEAKS—ALCOHOL IS GOOD FOR THE SCALP.



THE CROSS-WORD LID—THIS GIVES THE PERSON IN BACK OF YOU ON A TRAIN A PUZZLE TO WORK ON WITHOUT ASKING YOU FOR THE LOAN OF YOUR NEWS-PAPER.



THE RADIO TURBAN—IF YOU MEET A FRIEND ON THE STREET AND WANT TO TRY OUT A FEW NEW JAZZ STEPS, YOU'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT MUSIC.

OF COURSE, I COULD AFFORD TO BUY THE BEST CLOTHES, BUT I PREFER TO MAKE THEM MYSELF. THAT'S JUST PLAIN BOLONEY!

The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from Yesterday.)
"It's clear enough to me," Burke said to Jarvis, when he came into the library. "That we're going to get something out of this that will clear up all the mystery there's been so far. It's evident enough that Chalfonte is the man who's been sending the crossword puzzle. It's clear, isn't it? That he didn't do the murder—unless, of course, this is a case of suicide? I don't think that's likely. What I want you to do is to solve this crossword puzzle we found on Chalfonte's table. And I want you to solve it quick. For the moment, I'm trusting you. I've looked you up pretty thoroughly, and I don't believe you're the man we're after. The person I have in mind now I'm not telling you. But go ahead on this. The fellow shadowing Chalfonte after he left headquarters last night doesn't have much to say. Chalfonte ate dinner at the Dixie Cabaret, went out to Harry Vernon's, the lawyer's, and then came up here. Only one thing: The man had instructions only to shadow him as far as the house. All that the shadow saw when he followed in a taxi was that Chalfonte had been looking in a window, and when the lights of the car hit him, he staggered back like he didn't want to be caught looking in. Now it may be that he discovered something and that what he discovered is in this puzzle. Anyway, I want you to solve it." With this he handed the puzzle to Jarvis. Jarvis looked at it only a minute before he called after Burke. "Dose this look to you as if Chalfonte had made the other puzzles, too? It doesn't to me."

outside. It's evident that Chalfonte was alone in that room for several hours. Furthermore, he seemed to be afraid that somebody might enter, or at least know that he was awake and at work. Of course, this death may be suicide. But I can see no reason for a suicide concerning the way in which he has killed himself. There is a reason for a murderer to conceal the way in which he kills. But how Chalfonte could have been killed—through the walls of the house, as it were—at six o'clock, I don't know. Is there anything that shows anybody up at six o'clock?"
"Sometimes may have been up then. He says he got up at six-twenty, and came right down to waken Chalfonte."
"It's evident that Chalfonte had the goods on somebody. Now who was it?"
"The puzzle may show that," Burke said. "I'll get it."
In two minutes he was back. "I had Marsden working it, you know, Doctor," he explained to the coroner. "Take a look at it, will you? I've warned Marsden to keep his mouth shut, and now look here." He lowered his voice for the remainder of what he had to say: "The thing we have to do is to keep this watched"—he pointed to vertical 10—"without anybody's suspecting that it's being watched. Then, if this vertical 9 is in it, the person indicated by the starred words, horizontal 1 to 25, is going to be back—some time."
The coroner and Marsden nodded assent, as together they bent over the puzzle, studying it.

Burke came back to examine it more closely. "Maybe you're right," he admitted. "But go ahead and solve it, and don't say a word about it to anybody else."
"Then I'll go to my room, where I won't be disturbed."
Next Burke sought Soames and questioned him, and then Ted. Their stories did not vary from what is already known.
Rose came next. She admitted, with a toss of her head, that she had been wakeful a great part of the night, that she had heard people coming and going, she had heard, also, the knocking of Chalfonte at the door, and had heard Soames going down to let him in. What they had said, she had not heard distinctly.
"How did you know that it was Soames going down to let Chalfonte in?"
"I didn't know. I just supposed that it was Soames. It would be his duty to let him in."
Burke tensed himself a little when Helen, the next to be quizzed, admitted that after the others had gone to bed she had descended to the library to get a book; that she had been quite unable to sleep.
"I got the encyclopedia. I wanted to look up something on—on Portugal."
"Where is it now?"
"In my room on the window sill."
"Were the lights on—the night lights—when you went down?"
"Yes, they were, just as usual."
"Was anybody else stirring when you went down?"
"Nobody. It was so ghostly I almost wished that somebody were."
"Did you hear any noises during the night?"
"I have a dim memory of a knocking. It roused me from sleep, and I set up in bed shivering. But I was worn out by that time, and when I heard Soames' voice, all quiet-like, I slipped to the door, opened it a crack, and saw Chalfonte go into his room. Then I dropped off to sleep again and didn't hear anything until I was wakened this morning by his knocking at Chalfonte's door."

Heroes of Flood to Receive Medals
Louisville, April 9.—Formal presentation of gold medals will be made to Miss Marion T. Stokes, local manager, and Miss Lydia Pautsch, assistant operator, employees of the Bell Telephone company, for their heroic work the night of the Louisville flood, September 30, 1923, when a dozen lives were lost at a banquet Friday night. The young women stuck to their posts sending out relief calls and press dispatches until the water rose to a depth of several feet in the office and put the switchboard out of commission.

Plattsmouth Woman's Club Elects Officers
Plattsmouth, April 9.—Plattsmouth Woman's club has elected the following officers for the coming year: Mrs. Allen J. Benson, president; Mrs. Luke L. Wiley, vice president; Mrs. William Woolcott, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Fred Lusch, recording secretary; Mrs. L. W. Egenberger, treasurer.

Nebraska City to Pave 25 Blocks This Summer
Nebraska City, Neb., April 9.—At a meeting of the city commission last night a new paving district comprising 25 blocks, was created. This project is to connect up with more than 80 blocks of pavement laid in this city last season. This will probably conclude the paving program for the city for 1925.

Londoner Visits Beatrice.
Beatrice, Neb., April 9.—Frank Opperman of London Eng., is visiting his sister, Mrs. M. E. Arkwright here. He states that conditions are bad in the old country, and may decide to locate here permanently.

THE NEBBS

LOOK WHO'S HERE!
ERNIE DUMPTY AND HIS WIFE HOPE KLOTZMEYER DUMPTY BACK FROM THEIR HONEY-MOON —
ERNIE — RUDOLPH'S FAVORITE (?) BROTHER-IN-LAW



HONEYMOON TRAIL.



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

REVENGE ENOUGH.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



TILLIE, THE TOILER.

By Westover



Barney Google and Spark Plug

THEY MISCALCULATED SPARKY'S SPEED.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

