

By Rube Goldberg

New York ---Day by Day---

By O. O. McIntyre.

New York, April 13.—There is an old Chinese in Pell street who sits in his little shop window from noon until Chinatown's bustle simmers down to vagrant whispers. He seems to have an expressionless Buddha with unwinking eyes. He is said to be past 50.

In all the 30 years he has been down there he has never been known to leave his shop. He knows nothing of the New York about him. His world is encompassed in what he sees while perched upon his stool. He has a white wife who is seen now and then.

She is a pallid creature with lifeless peroxide streaked hair and the filmy gaze of the opium addict. He seems not to notice her half-ghostly presence. There is a legend in Chinatown that his shop is merely a mission gesture.

He takes no interest in disposing of the wares on his shelf—dried fins, water-lily flour, lychees, punk-sticks and packages of tea. The story goes that he is a human devil chaser and that superstitious Chinese pay him fees to keep evil spirits away from them.

I visited his shop while in the quarter to talk to him. But he would not talk and was annoyed and in his piping voice said: "You no buy, go away! No talker." I went over to see Hong Lee, the printer, who often tells of Chinatown characters. But he refused to discuss this ancient.

At the mention of his name Chinatown closes up. Another thing to be noticed in Chinatown lately is the lack of business in the restaurants. The invasion of Chinese restaurants uptown has evidently caused a great loss of patronage.

Broadway now has a dozen gilded chop suey caravansaries. The Palais Royal has been over to Chinese food. So has old Churchills. They are gaudy affairs with jazz bands and huge dance floors and somehow lack

the atmosphere that Chinatown gives to them. Captain Churchill, incidentally, is often seen on his daily promenade down Broadway. He is still as straight as an arrow with a great shock of white hair and the bearing of a Chesterfield. There are no places like Churchills left on Broadway. It was the late afternoon rendezvous for the town wits, bon vivants, cartoonists, writers and playwrights. His was the open handed hospitality of the small town landlord.

A trembling old man came unannounced to my hotel the other day. He wanted me to become financially interested in an invention of his. For 30 years he has been seeking capital and he told me rather pathetically that in all that time had not received a word of encouragement. He is a watchman at night and during his waking hours by day he goes patiently on. He feels it has something that will benefit mankind if marketed and that alone impels him to continue his search despite his discouragements.

Pathetic old age touches me as nothing else does. There is an itinerant old knife grinder often seen in mid-town. He wears steel spectacles and is half blind and stooped. I saw him one day on one of those brown stone front stoops with his head cupped in his hands and there was a mist in his eyes. "I try so hard," he said, "but nobody seems to want me." That is the fate of the old who are penniless. Nobody wants them.

Spring has come to Fifth avenue. Lavender Joe with his satchel of sweet lavender has taken up his stand near St. Thomas's. The shy old fellow in shiny blue serge who sells the pink beribboned white puppies is in front of the library. And the chestnut vendors with their charcoal pots have scattered to the four winds.

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The Long Green Gaze

A Cross Word Puzzle Mystery

By Vincent Fuller

(Continued from yesterday.)

"There's Miss Minty, also, is she acting too openly? Remember this—she comes in for Chalfonte's money now, according to the terms of the will. There'd be a motive." Smith answered. "What we need is evidence."

"How about having Jarvis Marsden work on the police in a laboratory—under supervision—to see if he can find anything?" "That's a possibility. What we want to do with him at present is just about what we've done: Throw him off his guard by pretending to take him into our confidence. That was a good move, Burke, you had him work the puzzle Chalfonte left. I don't believe he's told a soul."

"Nope. . . . Pity that we can't trace horizontal 1 and 23 in the puzzle Chalfonte left. About the only person they rule out is Grant Fowler with his big paws."

"Hm-hm. Guess I'll talk a little with Jan Marsden. That fight that morning at the breakfast table. I'm not wholly satisfied there wasn't something back of that. Send her in, Burke."

Burke's entrance brought to an end a conversation between Ted and Janet that had begun as soon as they had met downstairs. Janet, going directly to the music room, had been playing the piano when Ted entered and inquired: "Why not something poppy?"

She had jumped from the stool. "Ted, you scared the wits out of me. I'm jumpy as I can be these days." "Nothing to be scared about in me, is there?" He crossed the room and stood beside her.

"How do I know? I'd say you were the last person on earth to be afraid of, but in this house, at this time, I'm—well, I'm jumpy, that's all, and I suspect everybody. Even Jarvis, sometimes; he walks around so distracted-like. I can't make him out any more, or anybody else."

"How do I know you're not the murderer, or the jewel thief, or maybe both, as far as that goes?" "I suppose you don't know, unless you're both of them yourself."

"Listen, Jan, if there's any one thing certain, it's the fact that you and I aren't in on this little deal. Whoever did it, we didn't. That gives us something to go on; and once this thing is cleared up, there's just this much about it: Even though it didn't come the way we thought it would, the fact is that we're going to have a little spare cash for once in our lives. Now the way it looks to me is this: dividing the estate breaks up a fine old property. Personally, I hate to see it cut up into little hunks."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" "You talk like it was impossible to do anything. That isn't so. There's something we can do about it, you and me, that will keep it from going to pieces altogether."

"Listen, Teddy, that's a darn poor way to propose. It strikes me. I'd never have thought it of you. Who gave you the notion?" "Aunt Emily, I suppose."

"My name's Theodore." "Listen, Teddy, this is no time for such remarks, and I'm not the one to make them to. Go talk to Helen or Rose or Minty. Let me recommend Minty to you—secure, reliable, no tarts for liquor, willing to lead a proper domestic life, and to call you Theodore until death do you part."

"But, Janet, I'm serious about this. There's nothing to stand in the way, now. We've been through a battle together, and we know what each other's made of, and Helen and Grant are pairing off, ready to sit out the dance of life forever, and Rose and Jarvis will be cooing somewhere. Why not us?"

"Because I'm not ready to sit out the dance of life. Not even a little encore. We're not going to be kept in this house forever. It's only the fearing of making it seem that we're running away that keeps us here, really. And when we get out, we'll be darned unlikely to go anywhere together. When I'm out of this, I don't want to live in the next few years. I admit—if it's any consolation to you—that you're the one person in the house that it doesn't give me the heebie-geebies to talk to. But there's a lot of men outside the house who keep me a lot calmer than you do. So I turned again to the piano and played softly. It was at this moment that Burke appeared in the doorway."

"Miss Marsden—want to see you a minute," he said. "I'll be right in." Janet squared herself and left, making a confused grimace at Ted.

The hour and a half she was gone seemed a day and a night to Ted. "It's all about my fight with Emily at the breakfast table," she reported when she returned. "Over and over and

over again, with all their past notes spread out before them. Oh, Ted, you don't suppose they think I did it, do you? Ted, do you?" "Of course not," he assured her, but his arm was more reassuring than his words, and she kissed her again and again. "This is the first time since the night before Thanksgiving," he said solemnly, "but now, thank God, they're something, don't they, Jan?" He ran his hand up through her shingle bob and pulled her head back until her eyes looked full into his own. "Don't they, Janet?" he repeated, and then cried out in sudden alarm as she sprang from his arms and found the door. "They mean only that I'm a smaller fool than I thought I was—and that you're a bigger one!" she said, and vanished.

"Well, the devil," was all Ted could find to say. As he went into the hall, following Janet, he saw Rose putting on her hat and coat. Burke standing beside her, and Soames, already in his long black overcoat, standing with Smith by the narrow corridor leading to the portecochere.

"All right, I'm ready," Rose said to Burke, with a trace of sharpness in her tone. Then, giving Ted a troubled smile as she passed, she went through the door, and Ted saw her enter the official car that was purring impatiently under the marquee.

"Soames and Rose. . . ." he murmured. "Rose and Soames—and now what?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Shadow Shapes

At the courthouse, Rose was taken to one room, and Soames to another. As Smith was following Rose, an assistant called him aside to hand him a cablegram from Hong Kong. "Wei Lu, antique dealer, confesses to selling six to eight jade jars each year. Sold one to Chalfonte. No jar ever contained poison."

"That just about clears Grant Fowler, then, doesn't it?" he said, and went in to question Rose, more determined than ever to extract from her—or from Soames—some admission or clue that would lead to something definite.

What he had found out by cablegram, Smith realized, Ed Howell could also discover, and probably had. And that would mean that Grant Fowler would have to be let out on bail, at least. Letting him out would leave the department without a single valid arrest to its credit. Everything touched up to this time had led nowhere—or almost nowhere. And there seemed no way of hurrying the chemists, who were still investigating Chalfonte's death and the manner of it.

But though determined, Smith had no very lively hope that he would obtain anything from Rose in the long hours he intended to quiz her before flashing on the screen the film already prepared.

At first Rose answered his questions easily. She told of her past life with Emily Dunsenath, of the death of her parents when she was a young girl, of life in a boarding school to which Emily Dunsenath had sent her, of vacations at the Dunsenath house with the other cousins coming and going.

"She has educated all of you cousins, hasn't she?" Smith asked. "She has."

"Don't you think that very generous of her?" "I do." "Though there are some who don't who think she did it simply out of family pride. It never seemed that way to me."

"Who were the ones who thought that?" "—do I have to tell?" "You do."

"Well, Jarvis Marsden, for one, has said it, though I don't believe he has felt that way in recent years."

"Who else?" "Grant Fowler, maybe, and Theodore Dunsenath."

"Was there any talk of that kind the night before Thanksgiving?" Rose smiled. "Not that I remember."

"Why do you smile?" "The question seemed an odd one, that was all—connecting such sentiments with Thanksgiving."

"It's an odd case. Somebody connected murder with Thanksgiving. Was there any such talk Thanksgiving morning?" "None."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

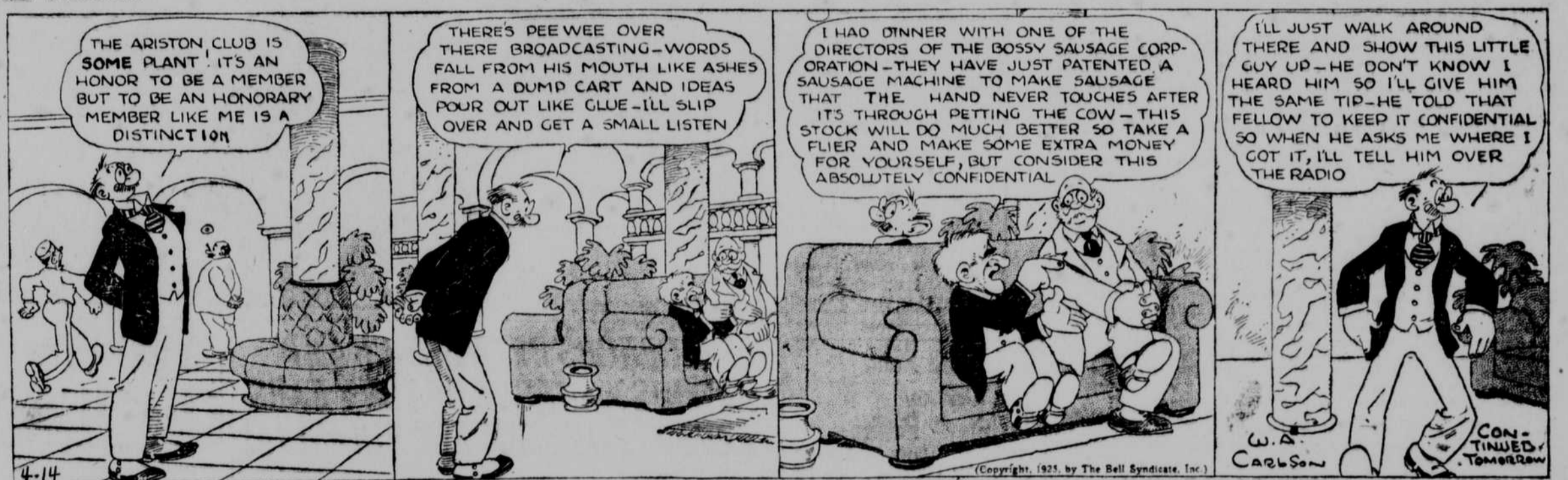
People Who Put You to Sleep---Number Ninety-Five.



THE NEBBS

UNDER YOUR HAT.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess (Copyright 1925)



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 (Copyright 1925)



ABIE THE AGENT

SOME LITTLE DEDUCTOR.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



TILLIE, THE TOILER.

By Westover



Barney Google and Spark Plug

BARNEY WANTS A BIT OF CENSORING DONE.

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