

The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretie

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Give them to me." He then added, "is M. Bernardet here?"
 "Yes, M. le Juge."
 "Very well."
 Jacques Dantin remembered the little man with whom he had talked in the journey from the house of death to the tomb, where he had heard some one call "Bernardet." He did not know at the time, but the name had struck him. Why did his presence seem so much important to this examining magistrate? And he looked in his turn, bending his head, with his sandy hair, his bald forehead, on which the veins stood out like cords, over his notes, which had been brought to him; interesting notes, important, without doubt, for, visibly satisfied, M. Ginory allowed a word or two to escape him: "Good! Yes—yes—fine! Ah, ah! Very good!" Then suddenly Dantin saw Ginory raise his head and look at him, as the saying is, in the white of his eyes. He waited a moment before speaking and suddenly put this question, thrust at Dantin like a knife blow:
 "Are you a gambler, as I find?"
 The question made Jacques Dantin fairly bound from his chair. "Gambler! Why did the man ask him if he was a gambler? What was his habits, his customs, his vices even, to do with this cause for which he had been cited—to do with Rovere's murder?"
 "You are a gambler," continued the examining magistrate, casting from time to time a keen glance toward his eyes. He waited a moment before speaking and suddenly put this question, thrust at Dantin like a knife blow:
 "Are you a gambler, as I find?"
 "No," said Dantin. "No, I have never been in a gambling den." The response was short, crisp, showing a little irritation and stupefaction.
 "Assuredly," said the judge. "But you have no fortune. You have recently borrowed a considerable sum from the usurers in order to pay for some losses at the Bourse."
 Dantin became very pale, his lips quivered and his hands trembled. These signs of emotion did not escape the eyes of M. Ginory nor the registrar's.
 "It is from your little notes that you have learned all that?" he demanded.
 "Certainly," M. Ginory replied. "We have been seeking for some hours for accurate information concerning you; started a sort of dossier or rough draft of your biography. You are fond of pleasure. You are seen, in spite of your age—I pray you to pardon me; there is no malice in the remark; I am older than you—everywhere where is found the famous 'tout Paris' which amuses itself. The easy life is the most difficult for those who have no fortune. And, according to these notes—I refer to them again—of fortune you have none."
 "That is to say," interrupted Dantin brusquely, "it would be very possible for me, in order to obtain money for my needs, in order to steal the funds in his iron safe, I would assassinate my friend."
 M. Ginory did not allow himself to display any emotion at the insolent tone of these words, which he burst forth almost like a cry. He looked Dantin full in the face, and with his hands crossed upon his notes he said:
 "Monsieur, in a matter of criminal investigation, a magistrate asks for the truth, not to admit that anything is possible, even probable, but in this case I ought to recognize the fact that you have not helped me in my task. A witness finds you tete-a-tete with the victim and surprises your trouble at the moment when you are handing Rovere's papers. I ask what it was that happened between you. You reply that that is your secret, and for explanation you give me your word of honor that it had nothing whatever to do with the murder. You would yourself think that I was very foolish if I insisted any longer. True, there was no trace of any violence in the apartment, whatever subtraction may have been made from the safe. It appears that you are in a position to know the combination. It appears also that you are certainly in need of money, as clearly known as it is possible to learn in a hurried inquiry such as has been made while you have been here. I question you, I let you know what you ought to know, and you fly into a passion. And, note well, it is you yourself, in your anger and your violence, who speak first the word of which I have not pronounced a syllable. It is you who have jumped straight to a logical conclusion of the suppositions, which are still defective, without doubt, but are not the least superstitious. Yes, it is you who say that with a little logic one can certainly accuse you of the murder of the one whom you called your friend."
 Each word brought to Dantin's face an angry or a frightened expression, and the more slowly M. Ginory spoke the more measured his words, emphasizing his words with a professional habit, as a surgeon touches a wound with a steel instrument, the questioned man, put through a sharp examination, experienced a frightful anger, a strong internal struggle, which made the blood rush to his ears and ferocious lightnings dart through his eyes.
 "It is easy, moreover," continued M. Ginory in a paternal voice, "for you to reduce to nothingness all these suppositions, and the smallest expression in regard to your last interview with Rovere would put everything right."
 "Ah, must we go back to that?"
 "Certainly, we must go back to that. The whole question lies there. You come to an examining magistrate and tell him that there is a secret; you speak of a third person, of recollections of youth, of moral debts, and you are astonished that the judge strives to wreat the truth from you?"
 "I have told it."
 "The whole truth?"
 "It has nothing to do with Rovere's murder, and it would injure some one who knows nothing about it. I have told you so, I repeat it."
 "Yes," said M. Ginory, "you hold to your enigma. Oh, well, I the magistrate, demand that you reveal the truth to me! I command you to tell it."
 The registrar's pen ran over the paper and trembled as if it scented a storm. The psychological moment approached. The registrar knew it well, that moment, and the word which the magistrate would soon pronounce would be decisive.
 A sort of struggle began in Dantin's mind. One saw his face grow haggard, his eyes change their expression. He looked at the papers upon which M. Ginory laid his fat and hairy hands—those police notes which gossiped, as peasants say, in speaking of papers or writings which they cannot read and which denounce them. He asked himself what more would be disclosed by those notes of the police agents of the scandals of the club, of the neighbors, of the porters. He passed his hands over his forehead as if to wipe

off the perspiration or to ease away a headache.
 "Come, now, it is not very difficult, and I have the right to know," said M. Ginory. After a moment Jacques Dantin said in a strong voice: "I swear to you, monsieur, that nothing Rovere said to me when I saw him the last time could assist justice in any way whatsoever, and I beg of you not to question me further about it."
 "I cannot, monsieur."
 "The more you hesitate the more reason you give me to think that the communication would be grave."
 "Very grave; but it has nothing to do with your investigation."
 "It's not for you to outline the duties of my limits or my rights. Once more I order you to reply."
 "I cannot."
 "You will not."
 "Annot," brusquely said the man run to earth, with an accent of violence.
 The duel was finished.
 M. Ginory began to laugh, or rather there was a nervous contraction of his mouth and his sanguine face wore a scoffing look, while a mechanical movement of his massive jaws made him resemble a bulldog about to bite.
 "Then," said he, "the situation is a very simple one, and you force me to come to the end of my task. You understand."
 "Perfectly," said Jacques Dantin, with the impulsive anger of a man who stumbles over an article which he has left there himself.
 "You still refuse to reply?"
 "I refuse. I came here as a witness. I have nothing to reproach myself with, especially as I have nothing to fear. You must do whatever you choose to do."
 "I can," said the magistrate, "change a citation for appearance to a citation for retention. I will ask you once more."
 "It is useless," interrupted Dantin. "An assassin! What folly! Rovere's murderer! It seems as if I were dreaming. It is absurd, absurd, absurd!"
 "Do you not wish to reply?"
 "I have told you all I know."
 "But you have said nothing of what I have demanded of you."
 "It is not my secret."
 "Yes; there is your system. It is frequent, it is common. It is that of all the accused."
 "Am I already accused?" asked Dantin, ironically.
 M. Ginory was silent a moment; then, slowly taking from the drawer of his desk some papers upon which Dantin could discern no writing this time, but some figures, engraved in black—he knew not what they were—the magistrate held them between his fingers so as to show them. He swung them to and fro, and the papers rustled like dry leaves. He seemed to attach great value to these papers, which the registrar looked at from a corner of his eye, guessing that they were the photographic proofs which had been taken.
 "I beg of you to examine these proofs," he said to the magistrate to Dantin. He held them out to him, and Dantin spread them on the table (there were four of them). Then he put on his eyeglasses in order to see better.
 "What is that?" he asked.
 "Look carefully," replied the magistrate. Dantin bent over the proofs, examined them one by one, divided rather than saw in the picture, which was a little hazy, the portrait of a man, and upon close examination began to see in the poster a vague resemblance.
 "Do you not see that this picture bears a resemblance to you?"
 This time Dantin seemed the prey of some nightmare, and his eyes searched M. Ginory's face with a sort of agony, an expression which M. Ginory would have said that a ghost had suddenly appeared to Dantin.
 "You say that it resembles me?"
 "Yes. Look carefully. At first the portrait is vague. On closer examination it comes out from the halo which surrounds it, and the person who appears there bears your air, your features, your characteristics."
 "It is possible," said Dantin. "It seems to resemble me. It seems as if I were looking at myself in a pocket mirror. But what does that signify?"
 "That signifies—Oh, I am going to astonish you. That signifies"—M. Ginory turned toward his registrar. "You saw the other evening, Favarel, the experiment in which Dr. Oudin showed us the heart and lungs performing their functions in the thorax of a living man, made visible by the Roentgen rays. Well, this is not any more miraculous. These photographs" (he turned now toward Dantin) "were taken of the retina of the dead man's eye. They are the reflection, the reproduction of the image implanted there, the picture of the last living being contemplated in the agony, the last visual sensation which the unfortunate man experienced at the moment he gave up his life as a witness—the image of the living person seen by the dead man for the last time."
 A deep silence fell upon the three men in that little room, where one of them alone lost his foothold at this strange revelation. For the registrar it was a decisive moment, when all had been said, when the man, having been questioned closely, jumps at the foregone conclusion. As for the registrar, however, it may have been pushed back by these daily experiences. It was the decisive moment, the moment when the line drawn from the water the fish is landed, writhing on the hook.
 Jacques Dantin, with an instinctive movement, had reached, pushed back on the table those photographs which burned his fingers, like the cards in which some fortune teller has deciphered the signs of death.
 "Well," asked M. Ginory.
 "Well," repeated Dantin in a strangled tone, either not comprehending or comprehending too much, struggling as if under the oppression of a nightmare.
 "How do you explain how your face, your shadow if you prefer, was found reflected in Rovere's eyes, and that in his agony this was probably what he saw—yes, saw bending over him?"
 Dantin cast a frightened glance around the room and asked himself if he was not shut up in a madman's cell, if the question was real, if the voice he heard was not the voice of a dream.
 "How can I explain? But I cannot explain, I do not understand, I do not know—it is madness, it is frightful, it is foolish!"
 "But yet," insisted M. Ginory, "this folly, as you call it, must have some explanation."
 "What do you wish to have me say? I do not understand; I repeat, I do not understand."
 "What if you do not? You cannot deny your presence in the house at the moment of Rovere's death."
 "Why cannot I deny it?" Dantin interrupted.
 "Because the vision is there, hidden, hazy, in the retina; because this photograph, in which you recognize yourself, denounces, points out, your presence at the moment of the last agony."
 "I was not there! I swear that I was not there!" Dantin fervently declared.
 "Then explain," said the magistrate.
 Dantin remained silent a moment, as if frightened. Then he stammered: "I am dreaming! I am dreaming!" And M. Ginory replied in a calm tone:
 "Notice that I attribute no exaggerated importance to these proofs. It is not on them alone that I base the accusation. But they constitute a strange witness, very disquieting in its mute eloquence. They add to the doubt which your desire for silence has awakened. You tell me that you were not near Rovere when he died. These proofs, sir, refutable as a fact, seem to prove at once the contrary. Then the day Rovere was assassinated, where were you?"
 "I do not know. At home, without doubt. I will have to think it over. At what hour was Rovere killed?"
 M. Ginory made a gesture of ignorance and in a tone of raillery said:
 "That! There are others who know it better than I." And Dantin, irritated, looked at him.
 "Yes," went on the magistrate with mocking politeness, "the surgeons who can tell the hour in which he was killed." He turned over his papers.
 "The assassination was about an hour before midday. In Paris in broad daylight, at that hour, a murder was committed!"
 "At that hour," said Jacques Dantin, "I was just leaving home."
 "To go where?"
 "For a walk. I had a headache. I was going to walk in the Champs Elysees to cure it."
 "And did you in your walk meet any one whom you knew?"
 "No one."
 "Did you go into some shop?"
 "I did not."
 "In short, you have no alibi?"
 The word made Dantin again tremble. He felt the meshes of the net closing around him.
 "An alibi! Ah, that! Decidedly. Monsieur, you accuse me of assassinating my friend," he violently said.
 "I do not accuse. I ask a question." And M. Ginory in a dry tone which gradually became cutting and menacing said: "I question you, but I warn you that the interview has taken a bad turn. You do not answer; you pretend to keep secret I know not what information which concerns you. You are not yet exactly accused. But—but—you are going to be."
 The magistrate waited a moment as if to give the man time to reflect, and he held his hand after dipping it in the ink, as an auctioneer holds his mallet before bringing it down to close a sale. "I am going to drop the pen," it seemed to say. Dantin very angry, remained silent. His look of bravado seemed to say: "Do you dare? If you do dare, do it."
 "You refuse to speak?" asked Ginory for the last time.
 "I refuse."
 "You have willed it. Do you persist in giving no explanation? Do you intrench yourself behind I know not what scruple of duty to honor? Do you keep your systematic silence? For the last time, do you still persist in this?"
 "I have nothing—nothing—nothing to tell you," Dantin cried in a sort of rage.
 "Oh, well, Jacques Dantin—and the magistrate's voice was grave and suddenly solemn—"you are from this moment arrested." The pen, uplifted till this instant, fell upon the paper. It was an order for arrest. The registrar looked at the man Jacques Dantin, who did not move. His expression seemed vague, the fixed expression of a person who dreams with wide open eyes. M. Ginory touched one of the electric buttons above his table, and pointed Dantin out to the guards, whose shakos suddenly darkened the doorway. "Take away the prisoner," he said shortly and mechanically, and, overcome, without revolt, Jacques Dantin allowed himself to be led through the corridors of the palace, saying nothing, comprehending nothing, stumbling, occasionally like an intoxicated man or a somnambulist.
 (Continued Next Week.)

ODD ERRORS THAT CREEP INTO TYPE

Typographical errors that produced weird or comical effects are described by the St. Louis Republic in an article recalling the days when all of that newspaper's type was set by hand, before the introduction of typesetting machines, when the "copy," instead of being typewritten, was turned over to the printer in an infinite variety of good, bad and indifferent chirography.
 Comparatively few of the errors were allowed to contribute to the gaiety of the subscribers, and the majority squelched in the "House of Correction," as the proof room was facetiously called. From a collection made by a proof reader the following instances of ridiculous misreading of copy are taken:
 "His blushing bride" was transformed into "his blustering bride." A captain was said to have "served with destruction in the confederate army," but the writer thought he wrote "disjunction." Two pictures entitled "The Galley Slave" and "Each in Their Turn" were referred to as "The Galley I Love" and "Enoch in Shin Town."
 Having in mind the influence of former citizens of the land of the shamrock upon the political castles of the town, what more natural than the printerman should set up an "Irish District Court" when it should have been the "First District Court"? Professor Gecks was mentioned as having rendered "violent selections" rather than "violent selection."
 Somebody was quoted as saying that "all the singing folks on the vaudeville stage have hundreds of wives," but the copy when carefully examined was found to read "husbands or wives" and a sensation in the theatrical world was averted.
 "They sailed for three days around the cape and finally slaughtered a small Italian" was corrected to read "sighted a small island."
 On one occasion the reporter wrote of certain "dwarfed and hungered children," who were made to appear perhaps more pathetic when the compositor substituted the words "doored and haggard." "He takes delight in talking on his family shame" was a shameful thing to say about him, for "favorite chety" was meant. "Red Cross Society will fight Corbett" was the way a typesetter transformed the copy concerning a crusade against cholera.
 The Unprodigal Son.
 From the Washington Star.
 Otto E. Schaar, president of a club of New York waiters, said the other day of a parsimonious young man:
 "He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county."
 "This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the farm."
 "Well, finally the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on."
 "On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned very, very low, on a table by the bed, and went off to his own room with the caution:
 "When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp."
 Mr. Henpeck—But what about the "obey part" of the marriage ceremony?
 Mrs. Henpeck—Oh! that's only a bit of hot air to make the groom feel good.



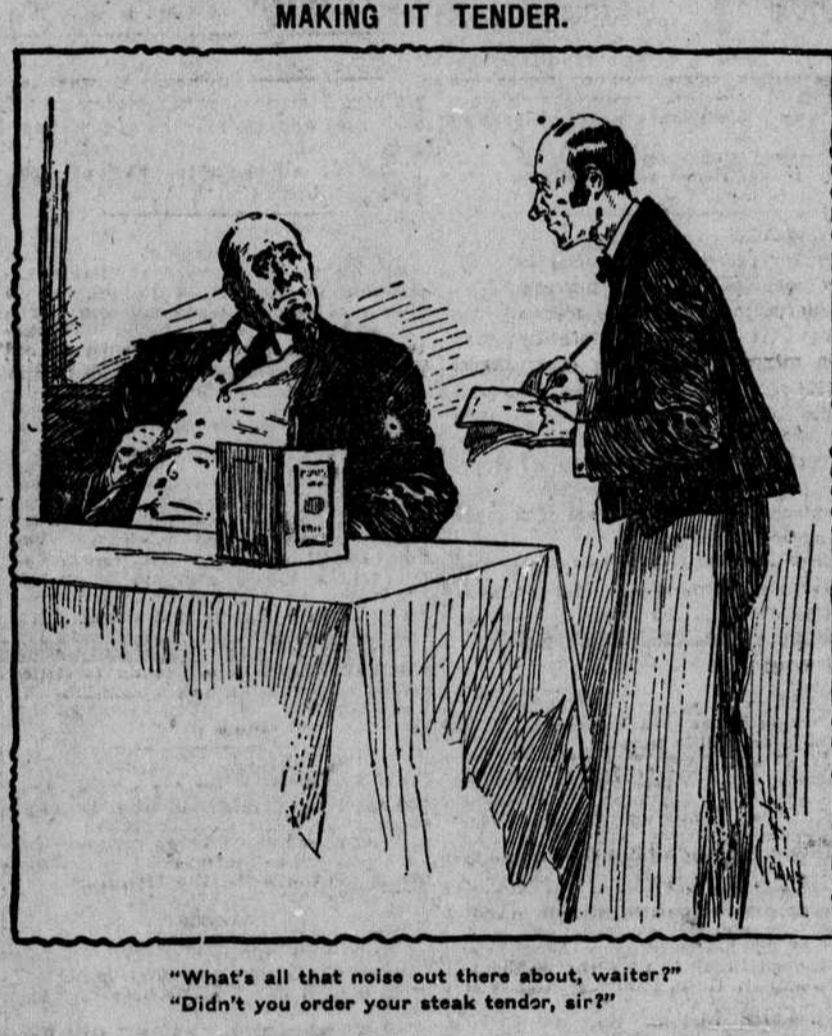
WOMAN'S WAY.
 Bessie—I don't believe a word of it.
 Bert—A word of what?
 Bessie—Of what you just now said.
 Bert—But I didn't say anything.
 Bessie—Why if it's all the same, I don't believe a word of what you would have said if you had said anything.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

"Do you think the sins of the fathers are visited on the sons?"
 "Well, I don't know. Sometimes when I see and read about the sons of some of our great men it strikes me that if they are proof of that doctrine their dads must have been pretty bad men."

SADDENING.

"I'll never forget the funny tales My grandpa used to tell me. I laughed at them, for they were good; I chuckled then delightedly. I can't forget them now because Most any day some good friend nalls Me and proceeds to tell as new Some of those old familiar tales."



MAKING IT TENDER.
 "What's all that noise out there about, waiter?"
 "Didn't you order your steak tender, sir?"



NO LACK OF MOTIVE.
 "Why wouldn't the editor take your poem?"
 "He said the motive was weak—as if a thirst that's lasted ten days wasn't motive enough!"

SOME EXAMPLES OF IRISH "BULLS"

The Quick Witted Son of Erin Is Famous for Verbal Trappings.

Sir Richard Steele, that famous Irish knight of cleverness and wit, once invited an English nobleman to visit him by saying, "If, sir, you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there!"
 It was this same Sir Richard that, on being asked why his countrymen made so many bulls, replied, "I cannot tell if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy if an Englishman was born in Ireland, he would make as many."
 An Irishman who married at 19 repented of his choice and swore that he would not get married so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.
 On examining an invoice of goods, a merchant found everything correct except one hammer, which was missing. "Oh, don't be unaisy, sir," cried the Irish assistant. "Sure I must have taken it out to open the hoghead!"
 "Whinver anyone's asked me what country I lolke best, I've always told him Oirland," said a sturdy laborer. "But," he added, "no one's iver asked me yit."
 The Irish porter of a Dublin grocer was accused of stealing chocolate. In court his master charged him with selling it, thus wounding his pride. "Indade, sir," he said, "do you think I'd have sold it?" "Then what did you do with it?" was asked. "Since you must know, I took it home, and me an' my old 'oman made tay of it."
 A salesman in the old country recommended a certain rich material by saying, "Madam, it will wear forever and make a petticoat afterward."
 Two members of the bar, Doyle and Yelverton quarreled and came to blows. Doyle knocked Yelverton down twice and exclaimed, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" At this, the other rose, screaming, "No, sir, never! I defy you, I defy you!" You could not do it!
 A proud maternal heart declared that there was never such another as her son Bill, who had made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head and had wood enough left to make one more.
 "I wish never again to see you more!" declared a lover furiously. "Kape your spake to yourself then!" retorted the girl. "I am sure I can live without either it or your company." "I am sure so can I then!" came the surprising answer.
 An Irish carpenter sent in a bill for "hanging two barndroos and himself, seven hours, two dollars and a half."
 A young woman admitted that she liked her lover very much, but said she was the darling of a widowed mother, whose kindness could not be equalled. "Marry me," begged the enthusiastic lover, "and see if I don't beat your mother!"
 "As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a son of Erin, "I met Michael Connolly. 'Connolly,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Keefe,' says he. 'Keefe!' says I, 'that's not my name!' 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not Connolly!' With that we looked again at each other, and sure enough it was my father of us."
 An Irish paper told of a poor deaf man named Gaff, who was killed by being run over by a locomotive. "And he received a similar injury this time last year," added the paper.

WHAT DOES IT COST US TO FIGHT FIRES?

National Commission Is Gathering Data to Ascertain Cost of Fire Protection.

Washington—The national conservation commission is trying to find out what it costs the country to fight fires. The commission is an indication of the substantial progress of its preliminary work. For a time, perhaps, the men who undertook to prepare an inventory of the country's present natural wealth and the outlook for the future feared that the task was going to prove too gigantic for them to finish in time to submit to the first full meeting of the commission, December 1. But they say now there is no doubt that they will place in the hands of the commission a practically complete inventory upon which that body can base its further studies and recommendations.
 This city fire fighting system investigation is part of a general study of the conservation of life and property. The commission is compiling an immense amount of accurate information concerning the nature and extent of loss of life and property from fires, the cost of insurance, water systems and fire departments, and the possibility of preventing fires through the use of fire-resisting building materials and of fire-proofing systems, and the desirability of changes in building systems. The letters which are going out now ask for figures on the total cost of each city's present distributing system, with the amount of fire and the number of hydrants, and the cost of the water used. They ask further for an estimate of the cost of the system and materials that would be required if the necessity for fire service were omitted only a domestic supply were needed. Such cities as have a separate high pressure fire system, or contemplate installing one, can give actual figures of the cost of fighting fires; for others the expense can be deduced with tolerable accuracy.
 Some of the city officials regard their information as confidential, so that no figures will be available until tabulations of totals can be worked out.
 She Supported Them.
 Mr. Rich—Do you have any trouble in supporting your family, Rastus?
 Rastus—No, sah, but mah wife experiences some trouble in dat responsibility, sah.
 His One Failing.
 Winks—There's one thing I don't like about Cook.
 Dinks—What is that?
 Winks—Why the infernal, half-witted, illiterate slob is always calling sombody names.