

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER THREE (Continued)

The detective sergeant had flung himself between him and the door and was blocking his way. "Yes, half a moment. I am not of your opinion. It's far better that you should wait until the prefect comes."

"But I don't care a hang about your opinion!" "May be; but you shan't pass."

"What! Why, Alexandre, you must be ill!" "Look here, chief," said Mazeroux feebly. "What can it matter to you? It's only natural that the prefect should wish to speak to you."

"Ah, it's the prefect who wishes it? Well, my lad, you can tell him that I am not at his orders, that I am at nobody's orders, and that, if the president of the republic, if Napoleon I himself were to bar my way. Besides, rats! Enough said. Get out of the road!"

"You shall not pass!" declared Mazeroux, in a resolute tone, extending his arms.

"Well, I like that!" "You shall not pass."

"Alexandre, just count 10."

"A hundred, if you like, but you shall not."

"Oh, blow your catchwords! Get out of this!"

He seized Mazeroux by both shoulders, made him spin round on his heels and, with a push, sent him floundering over the sofa. Then he opened the door.

"Halt, or I fire!"

It was Mazeroux, who had scrambled to his feet and now stood with his revolver in his hand and a determined expression on his face.

Don Luis stopped in amazement. The threat was absolutely indifferent to him, and the barrel of that revolver aimed at him left him as cold as could be. But by what prodigy did Mazeroux, his former accomplice, his ardent disciple, his devoted servant, by what prodigy did Mazeroux dare to act as he was doing?

Perenna went up to him and pressed gently on the detective's outstretched arm.

"Perfect's orders?" he asked.

"Yes," muttered the sergeant, uncomfortably.

"Orders to keep me here until he comes?"

"Yes."

"And if I betrayed an intention of leaving, to prevent me?"

"Yes."

"By every means?"

"Yes."

"Even by putting a bullet through my skin?"

"Yes."

Perenna reflected; and then, in a serious voice:

"Would you have fired, Mazeroux?"

The sergeant lowered his head and said faintly:

"Yes, chief."

Perenna looked at him without anger, with a glance of affectionate sympathy; and it was an absorbing sight for him to see his former companion dominated by such a sense of discipline and duty. Nothing was able to prevail against that sense, not even the fierce admiration, the almost attachment which Mazeroux retained for his master.

"I'm not angry, Mazeroux. In fact, I approve. Only you must tell me the reason why the prefect of police—"

The detective did not reply, but his eyes wore an expression of such sadness that Don Luis started, suddenly understanding:

"No," he cried, "no! It's absurd. He can't have thought that! And you, Mazeroux, do you believe me guilty?"

"Oh, I, chief, am as sure of you as I am of myself! You don't take life! But, all the same, there are things—"

"Things—"

"coincidences—"

"repeated Don Luis slowly."

He remained pensive; and, in a low voice, he said:

"Yes, after all, there's truth in what you say. Yes, it all fits in. Why didn't I think of it?"

"My relations with Cosmo Mornington, my arrival in Paris in time for the reading of the will, my insisting on spending the night here, the fact that the death of

the two Fauvilles undoubtedly gives me the millions. And then—"

"and then—"

"why, he's absolutely right, your prefect of police! All the more so as—"

"Well, there, I'm a goner!"

"Come, come, chief!"

"A dead goner, old chap; you just get that into your head. Not as Arsene Lupin, ex-burglar, ex-convict, ex-anything you please—I'm unattainable on that ground—but as Don Luis Perenna, respectable man, residuary legatee, and the rest of it. And it's too stupid! For, after all, who will find the murderers of Cosmo, Verot, and the two Fauville, if they go clapping me into jail?"

"Come, come, chief—"

"Shut up! Listen!"

A motor car was stopping on the boulevard, followed by another. It was evidently the prefect and the magistrates from the public prosecutor's office.

Don Luis took Mazeroux by the arm.

"There's only one way out of it, Alexandre! Don't say you went to sleep."

"I must, chief."

"You silly ass!" growled Don Luis. "How is it possible to be such an ass! It's enough to disgust one with honesty. What am I to do, then?"

"Discover the culprit, chief."

"What! What are you talking about?"

Mazeroux, in his turn, took him by the arm and, clutching him with a sort of a despair, said, in a voice choked with tears:

"Discover the culprit, chief. If not, you're done for—that's certain—the prefect told me so."

"The police want a culprit—"

"One has got to be found."

"It's up to you to find him."

"What you have, Alexandre, is a merry wit."

"It's child's play for you, chief. You have only to set your mind to it."

"But there's not the last clue, you ass!"

"You'll find one—you must—"

"I entreat you, hand them over somebody—"

"It would be more than I could bear if you were arrested. You, the chief, accused of murder! No, no—"

"I entreat you, discover the criminal and hand him over—"

"You have the whole day to do it in—"

"and Lupin has done greater things than that!"

He was stammering, weeping, wringing his hands, grimacing with every feature of his comic face. And it was really touching, this grief, this dismay at the approach of the danger that threatened his master.

M. Desmaliens' voice was heard in the hall, through the curtain that closed the passage. A third motor car stopped on the boulevard, and a fourth, both doubtless laden with policemen.

The house was surrounded, besieged.

Perenna was silent.

Beside him, anxious faced, Mazeroux seemed to be imploring him.

A few seconds elapsed.

Then Perenna declared, deliberately:

"Looking at things all round, Alexandre, I admit that you have seen the position clearly and that your fears are fully justified. If I do not manage to hand over the murderer or murderers of Hippolyte Fauville and his son to the police in a few hours from now, it is I, Don Luis Perenna, who will be lodged in durance vile on the evening of this Thursday, the first of April."

CHAPTER IV.

THE CLOUDED TURQUOISE.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when the prefect of police entered the study in which the incomprehensible tragedy of that double murder had been enacted.

He did not even bow to Don Luis; and the magistrates who accompanied him might have thought that Don Luis was merely an assistant of Sergeant Mazeroux, if the chief detective had not made it his business to tell them, in a few words, the part played by the stranger.

M. Desmaliens briefly examined the two corpses and received a rapid explanation from Mazeroux.

Then, returning to the hall, he went up to a drawing room on the first floor, where Mme. Fauville, who had been informed of his visit, joined him almost at once.

Perenna, who had not stirred from the passage, slipped into the hall himself. The servants of the house, who by this time had heard of the murder, were crossing it in every direction. He went down the stairs leading to a ground floor landing, on which the front door opened.

There were two men there; of whom one said:

"You can't pass."

"But—"

"You can't pass! These are our orders."

"Your orders? Who gave them?"

"The prefect himself."

"No luck," said Perenna, laughing. "I have been up all night and I am starving. Is there no way of getting something to eat?"

The two policemen exchanged glances and one beckoned to Silvestre and spoke to him. Silvestre went toward the dining room and returned with a horse shoe roll.

"Good," thought Don Luis, after thanking him. "This settles it. I'm nabbed. That's what I wanted to know. But M. Desmaliens is deficient in logic. For, if it's Arsene Lupin whom he means to detain here, all these worthy plain clothesmen are hardly enough; and, if it's Don Luis Perenna, they are superfluous, because the flight of Master Perenna would deprive Master Perenna of every chance of seeing the color of my poor Cosmo's shakels. Having said which, I will take a chair."

He resumed his seat in the passage and awaited events.

Through the open door of the study he saw the magistrates pursuing their investigations. The divisional surgeon made a first examination of the two bodies and at once recognized the same symptoms of poisoning which he himself had perceived, the evening before, on the corpse of Inspector Verot.

Next, the detectives took up the bodies and carried them to the adjoining bedrooms which the father and son formerly occupied on the second floor of the house.

The prefect of police then came downstairs; and Don Luis heard him say to the magistrates:

"Poor woman! She refused to understand. When at last she understood, she fell to the ground in a dead faint. Only think, her husband and her son at one blow!"

"Poor thing!"

From that moment Perenna heard and saw nothing. The door was shut. The prefect must afterward have given some order through the outside, through the communication with the front door offered by the garden, for the two detectives came and took up their positions in the hall, at the entrance to the passage, on the right and left of the dividing curtain.

"One thing's certain," thought Don Luis. "My shares are not booming. What a state Alexandre must be in! Oh, what a state!"

At 12 o'clock Silvestre brought him some food on a tray.

And the long and painful wait began anew.

In the study and in the house, the inquiry, which had been adjourned for lunch, was resumed. Perenna heard footsteps and the sound of voices on every side. At last, feeling tired and bored, he leaned back in his chair and fell asleep.

It was 4 o'clock when Sergeant Mazeroux came and woke him. As he led him to the study, Mazeroux whispered:

"Well, have you discovered him?"

"Whom?"

"The murderer."

"Of course!" said Perenna. "It's as easy as shelling peas!"

"That's a good thing!" said Mazeroux, greatly relieved and failing to see the joke. "But for that, as you saw for yourself, you would have been done for."

Don Luis entered. In the room were the public prosecutor, the examining magistrate, the chief detective, the local commissary of police, two inspectors, and three constables in uniform.

Outside, on the Boulevard Suchet, shouts were raised; and, when the commissary and his three policemen went out, by the prefect's orders, to listen to the crowd, the hoarse voice of a newsboy was heard shouting:

"The double murder on the Boulevard Suchet! Full particulars of the death of Inspector Verot! The police at a loss!"

Then, when the door was closed, all was silent.

"Mazeroux was quite right," thought Don Luis. "It's I or the other one that's clear. Unless the words that will be spoken and the facts that will come to light in the

course of this examination supply me with some clue that will enable me to give them the name of that mysterious X, they'll surrender me this evening for the people to batten on. Attention, Lupin, old chap, the great game is about to commence!"

He felt that thrill of delight which always ran through him at the approach of the great struggles. This one, indeed, might be numbered among the most terrible that he had yet sustained.

He knew the prefect's reputation, his experience, his tenacity, and the keen pleasure which he took in conducting important inquiries and in personally pushing them to a conclusion before placing them in the magistrate's hands; and he also knew all the professional qualities of the chief detective, and all the subtlety, all the penetrating logic possessed by the examining magistrate.

The prefect of police himself directed the attack. He did so in a straightforward fashion, without beating about the bush, and in a rather harsh voice, which had lost its former tone of sympathy for Don Luis. His attitude also was more formal and lacked that geniality which had struck Don Luis on the previous day.

"Monsieur," he said, "circumstances having brought about that, as the residuary legatee and representative of Mr. Cosmo Mornington you spent the night on this ground floor while a double murder was being committed here, we wish to receive your detailed evidence as to the different incidents that occurred last night."

"In other words, Monsieur le Prefet," said Perenna, replying directly to the attack, "in other words, circumstances having brought about that you authorized me to spend the night here, you would like to know if my evidence corresponds at all points with that of Sergeant Mazeroux?"

"Yes."

"Meaning that the part played by myself strikes you as suspicious?"

M. Desmaliens hesitated. His eyes met Don Luis' eyes; and he was visibly impressed by the other's frank glance. Nevertheless he replied, plainly and bluntly:

"It is not for you to ask me questions, monsieur."

Don Luis bowed.

"I am at your orders, Monsieur le Prefet."

"Please tell us what you know."

Don Luis thereupon gave a minute account of events, after which M. Desmaliens reflected for a few moments and said:

"There is one point on which we want to be informed. When you entered this room at 2:30 this morning and sat down beside M. Fauville, was there nothing to tell you that he was dead?"

"Nothing, Monsieur le Prefet. Otherwise, Sergeant Mazeroux and I would have given the alarm."

"Was the garden door shut?"

"It must have been, as we had to unlock it at 7 o'clock."

"With what?"

"With the key on the bunch."

"But how could the murderers, coming from the outside, have opened it?"

"With false keys."

"Have you a proof which allows you to suppose that it was opened with false keys?"

"No, Monsieur le Prefet."

"Therefore, until we have proofs to the contrary, we are bound to believe that it was not opened from the outside, and that the criminal was inside the house."

"But, Monsieur le Prefet, there was no one here but Sergeant Mazeroux and myself!"

There was a silence, a pause whose meaning admitted of no doubt. M. Desmaliens' next words gave it an even more precise value.

"You did not sleep during the night?"

"Yes, toward the end."

"You did not sleep before, while you were in the passage?"

"No."

"And Sergeant Mazeroux?"

Don Luis remained undecided for a moment; but how could he hope that the honest and scrupulous Mazeroux had disobeyed the dictates of his conscience?

He replied:

"Sergeant Mazeroux went to sleep in his chair and did not wake until Mme. Fauville returned, two hours later."

There was a fresh silence, which evidently meant:

"So, during the two hours when Sergeant Mazeroux was asleep, it was physically possible for you to open the door and kill the two Fauvilles."

The examination was taking the course which Perenna had foreseen; and the circle was drawing closer and closer around him. His adversary was conducting the contest with a logic and vigor which he admired without reserve.

(Continued Next Week.)

Progress Without Germany.

From the Delincoeur.

Everybody wondered, you will recall, what we would do without German scientists. We'd all been brought up to believe that we were deeply dependent on them for scientific progress in all lines. When we all get time to think of something besides war, we'll be astonished at the progress made by our chemists, our engineers and our medical men, as well as by countless other men of research ability who have hitherto been submerged by the "Made-in-Germany" slogan that has obsessed the world.

Just in passing, Dr. Simon P. Flexner, of the Rockefeller institute of New York, reports the discovery of a substitute for salvarsan, hitherto the only known cure for certain disease. Salvarsan was a Germany discovery. Dr. Flexner also announces the wonderful discovery that tetanus or lockjaw, hitherto practically incurable, can be cured by an injection into the veins of a 4 per cent solution of ordinary epsom salts!

Yes, it looks as if we could muddle along, if Germany will only give us time.

The Pan-American Spirit.

Robert Lansing, in Munsey's Magazine.

For a long time there has been manifested a stronger and stronger feeling that the American republics constitute a group which is more closely bound together than other nations of the world, because of their common ideals and common aspirations—a feeling which has been emphasized by their geographical isolation from other countries. I believe that this consciousness of unity is today general throughout North and South America, and that it has become and will increasingly be a powerful factor in our political and commercial intercourse. It is the bond of sympathy which draws together the 21 republics of our western world and makers of them the American family of nations.

We term this feeling the "Pan-American spirit," and from it springs the policy of Pan-Americanism which the American government has so strongly advocated and will continue to advocate and follow in its intercourse with its neighbors.

Pan-Americanism is more unselfish and broader in its scope than the Monroe doctrine. It is international and not national in its conception. Its ideal is helpfulness and cooperation; and real helpfulness and effective cooperation demand intimate knowledge and mutual sympathy.

To that end all who believe in the Pan-American doctrine should allow no opportunity to pass which will unite us more closely commercially, industrially and socially with our American neighbors. Even today, when some of the nations of North and South America are at war with Germany, and others, by severing diplomatic relations, have registered their protests against the flagrant violations of law and humanity of which the German government has been guilty, while others still continue to be neutral in the great conflict, the Pan-American spirit lives; and it will live so long as the republics of this hemisphere remain uncontaminated by the evil impulses which plunged Europe into war.

NEW CHIEF OF ARMY KIN OF WASHINGTON

From the New York Times.

They are about to put the youngest major general at the head of the general staff of the United States army, and news dispatches from Washington hall the move as a big advance in speeding up our war work. Those who know Maj. Gen. Peyton Conway March, the man selected to become acting chief of staff and later to succeed General Bliss as permanent chief, with promotion to a full generalship, say that from the time he entered West Point and played on the first football team the military academy ever had, his record has been one of aggressiveness, initiative, organizing power, and a passion for getting a thing done.

During the Spanish-American war, in the fighting about Manila, the fire from a blockhouse on a hill just outside the American lines became so threatening that General MacArthur saw it would have to be stopped at once. He called for a commanding officer who would volunteer to take the enemy position.

"Well," shouted Captain March, and before the words were well out of his mouth he was over the embankment with half a hundred of his men behind him. They were artillerymen and had no arms except revolvers. According to the rules, a charge against a fortified position with revolvers couldn't succeed. But Captain March did it. That is the way he has always worked.

It is generally known that General March went over with Pershing to have complete charge of the American artillery in the front. The newspapers during the last few days have borne testimony of the effectiveness of the American artillery methods, and officers and civilians returning lately from France have brought back word of the success of General March's created by energy and skill in organization of his branch of the service.

An expert knowledge of general fighting conditions is one of the valuable qualifications of the new chief of staff. He knows from first hand how our methods of training have worked out. He knows the practical necessities of equipment—what should be pushed and what may wait.

There is the unanimous opinion among army men that March is the best man for the high place to which he has been assigned. There is also that unanimity, already mentioned, as to his strictness. Beyond those two points you can get a little variety of opinion, according to the nature of the office questioned. If it is an older man, on the active or retired list, under whom March has served, he will tell you that the general is a great teacher. Men who were young officers in the so-called days of the "old army," before the heavy artillery regiments ceased to exist as such, and who served then under March in the old 6th and 8th artillery, think of him in very much the same way as university graduates think of a favorite old professor who made them work like dogs but gave them the essentials of their after success.

Other officers shamelessly take the "I-told-you-so" attitude after the fact. They knew all the time that some day "Boston C. March" would be the head of the army, although they didn't think it would come so soon.

"How did you know it?"

"Just because he had it in him," is the unsatisfactory answer given in lieu of a detailed character analysis of the man. Some can go a little further.

"General March," said one brigadier, "always had the makings of a chief of staff in him because he could see the army as a whole. He was and is a great artilleryman. The artillery is his special branch of the service, but he always has had interest and love to spare for the infantry and cavalry and engineers. He is both a scientific specialist and an all round soldier."

The first time that General March brought back something from abroad was in 1904, when he returned from his post as one of the American military observers assigned to General Kuroki's army in the Russo-Japanese war. He was then a captain of artillery attached to the first

division of the general staff and accompanied Major General Crowder, then a colonel and chief of that division of staff. They were both with Kuroki at the Yalu. When the Spanish-American war began, General March, then a first lieutenant in the regular army, had just been graduated from the artillery school at Fort Monroe. He was thus well prepared, and when John Jacob Astor gave a battery for service in the Philippines, March was made a captain of volunteers and put in command.

The Astor battery was one of the notable organizations of the war. Made up from volunteers in New York, it was largely composed of college men and attracted the attention of the country hardly in less degree than Roosevelt's Rough Riders. March was himself, perhaps, prouder of the fact that he got his men to the Philippines and back again without a death through disease than he was of the exploits of the battery in service.

The father of the chief of the general staff and the other March brothers were Francis Andrew March, the philologist and chief Anglo-Saxon scholar in America and for many years professor of English at Lafayette. Another uncle of the general was Moncure D. Conway, another of the noted intellectuals and a great leader of the liberal movement in religion a generation ago.

The new chief of the general staff can trace two lines of relationship with George Washington. General March's grandfather, Walker Peyton Conway, was the son of John Moncure Conway and Catherine Walker Peyton, a daughter of Col. Valentine Peyton, who fought in the revolution. The latter's wife, Mary Bailey Washington, was the sister of Col. William Washington, a cousin twice removed of George Washington. The grandfather of Mary Bailey Washington and George Washington was the same man.

The other line of relationship, which connects General March with Washington runs back through the Moncure and Davel families to Hannah Ball, half sister of the mother of Washington. Through these same families the general is connected with Sir Walter Raleigh.

Wages Soaring In Japan.

From the Columbus Dispatch.

Higher wages, shorter hours and increased cost of raw materials is putting an end to the cheap products of Japan. The bugaboo of cheap labor and long hours that our business men have been seeing when looking toward Japan and thinking of industrial competition, is fading away. According to a commercial agent who has just returned from Japan, wages have advanced 25 per cent within the last year, and hours have been shortened 10 per cent. Further increases in wages and further reductions in working hours is expected. He says he no longer fears Japanese competition for he believes that it will not be long until the Japanese manufacturer must meet the American manufacturer upon more nearly equal grounds. The Japanese peril never did exist to any alarming extent. There never was any danger of war between the two nations and Japan never stood any chance of robbing the American manufacturer of his trade. There is a place in the sun for both the United States and Japan, and they will find their places. The American workman can hold his own against all the world as he has been holding it, and Japan was never so foolish and will never be so foolish as to run the risk of losing her best customer. The United States takes 75 per cent of Japan's exports, and the wily little fellow from across the Pacific understands what that means.

Some More Censuring.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A school girl was required to write an essay of 250 words about a motor car. She submitted the following:

"My uncle bought a motor car. He was riding in the country when it busted up a hill. I think this is about 20 words. The other 230 are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town."