

# THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER SIX. (Continued.)

Perenna took the card from the tray and read M. Desmaliens' name. He went to the window, opened it and, with the aid of the overhead mirror, looked into the Place du Palais-Bourbon. Half a dozen men were walking about. He recognized them. They were his usual watchers, those whom he had got rid of on the evening before and who had come to resume their observation.

"No others?" he said to himself. "Come, we have nothing to fear, and the prefect of police has none but the best intentions toward me. It was what I expected; and I think that I was well advised to save his life."

M. Desmaliens entered without a word. All that he did was to bend his head slightly, with a movement that might be taken for a bow. As for Weber, who was with him, he did not even give himself the trouble to disguise his feelings toward such a man as Perenna.

Don Luis took no direct notice of this attitude, but, in revenge, ostentatiously omitted to push forward more than one chair. M. Desmaliens, however, preferred to walk about the room, with his hands behind his back, as if to continue his reflections before speaking.

The silence was prolonged. Don Luis waited patiently. Then, suddenly, the prefect stopped and said:

"When you left the Boulevard Richard-Wallace, monsieur, did you go straight home?"

Don Luis did not demur to this cross examining manner and answered:

"Yes, Monsieur le Prefet."

"Here, to your study?"

"Here, to my study."

M. Desmaliens paused and then went on:

"I left 30 or 40 minutes after you and drove to the police office in my car. There I received this express letter. Read it. You will see that it was handed in at the Bourse at 9:30."

Don Luis took the letter and read the following words, written in capital letters:

This is to inform you that Gaston Sauverand, after making his escape, rejoined his accomplice Perenna, who, as you know, is none other than Arsene Lupin. Arsene Lupin gave you Sauverand's address in order to get rid of him and to receive the Mornington inheritance. They were reconciled this morning, and Arsene Lupin suggested a safe hiding place to Sauverand. It is easy to prove their meeting and their complicity. Sauverand handed Lupin the half of the walking stick which he had carried away unawares. You will find it under the cushions of a sofa standing between the two windows of Perenna's study.

Don Luis shrugged his shoulders. The letter was absurd; for he had not once left his study. He folded it up quietly and handed it to the prefect of police without comment. He was resolved to let M. Desmaliens take the initiative in the conversation.

The prefect asked:

"What is your reply to the accusation?"

"None, Monsieur le Prefet."

"Still, it is quite plain and easy to prove or disprove."

"Very easy, indeed, Monsieur le Prefet; the sofa is there, between the windows."

M. Desmaliens waited two or three seconds and then walked to the sofa and moved the cushions. Under one of them lay the handle end of the walking stick.

Don Luis could not repress a gesture of amazement and anger. He had not for a second contemplated the possibility of such a miracle; and it took him unawares. However, he mastered himself. After all, there was nothing to prove that this half of a walking stick was really that which had been seen in Gaston Sauverand's hands and which Sauverand had carried away by mistake.

"I have the other half on me," said the prefect of police, replying to the unspoken objection. "Deputy Chief Weber himself picked it up on the Boulevard Richard-Wallace. Here it is."

He produced it from the inside pocket of his overcoat and tried it. The ends of the two pieces fitted

exactly.

There was a fresh pause. Perenna was confused, as were those, invariably, upon whom he himself used to inflict this kind of defeat and humiliation. He could not get over it. By what prodigy had Gaston Sauverand managed, in that short space of 20 minutes, to enter the house and make his way into this room? Even the theory of an accomplice living in the house did not do much to make the phenomenon easier to understand.

"It upsets all my calculations," he thought, "and I shall have to go through the mill this time. I was able to baffle Mme. Fauville's accusation and to foil the trick of the turquoise. But M. Desmaliens will never admit that this is a similar attempt and that Gaston Sauverand has tried, as Marie Fauville did, to get me out of the way by compromising me and procuring my arrest."

"Well," exclaimed M. Desmaliens impatiently, "answer! Defend yourself!"

"No, Monsieur le Prefet, it is not for me to defend myself."

M. Desmaliens stamped his foot and growled:

"In that case . . . in that case . . . since you confess . . . since . . ."

He put his hand on the latch of the window, ready to open it. A whistle and the detectives would burst in and all would be over.

"Shall I have your inspectors called, Monsieur le Prefet?" asked Don Luis.

M. Desmaliens did not reply. He let go the window latch and started walking about the room again. And, suddenly, while Perenna was wondering why he still hesitated, for the second time the prefect planted himself in front of him, and said:

"And suppose I looked upon the incident of the walking stick as not having occurred, or, rather, as an incident which, while doubtless proving the treachery of your servants, is not able to compromise yourself? Suppose I took only the services which you have already rendered us into consideration? In a word, suppose I left you free?"

Perenna could not help smiling. Notwithstanding the affair of the walking stick and though appearances were all against him, at the moment when everything seemed to be going wrong, things were taking the course which he had prophesied from the start, and which he had mentioned to Mazeroux during the inquiry on the Boulevard Suchet. They wanted him.

"Free?" he asked. "No more supervision? Nobody shadowing my movements?"

"Nobody."

"And what if the press campaign around my name continues, if the papers succeed, by means of certain pieces of tittle tattle, of certain coincidences, in creating a public outcry, if they call for measures against me?"

"Those measures shall not be taken."

"Then I have nothing to fear?"

"Nothing."

"Will M. Weber abandon his prejudices against me?"

"At any rate, he will act as though he did, won't you, Weber?"

The deputy chief uttered a few grunts which might be taken as an expression of assent; and Don Luis at once exclaimed:

"In that case, Monsieur le Prefet, I am sure of gaining the victory and of gaining it in accordance with the wishes and requirements of the authorities."

And so, by a sudden change in the situation, after a series of exceptional circumstances, the police themselves, bowing before Don Luis Perenna's superior qualities of mind, acknowledging all that he had already done and foreseeing all that he would be able to do, decided to back him up, begging for his assistance, and offering him, so to speak, the command of affairs.

It was a flattering compliment. Was it addressed only to Don Luis Perenna? And had Lupin, no right to claim his share? Was it possible to believe that M. Desmaliens, in his heart of hearts, did

not admit the identity of the two persons?

Nothing in the prefect's attitude gave any clue to his secret thoughts. He was suggesting to Don Luis Perenna one of those compacts which the police are often obliged to conclude in order to gain their ends. The compact was concluded, and no more was said upon the subject.

"Do you want any particulars of me?" asked the prefect of police.

"Yes, Monsieur le Prefet. The papers spoke of a notebook found in poor Inspector Verot's pocket. Did the notebook contain a clue of any kind?"

"No. Personal notes, lists of disbursements, that's all. Wait, I was forgetting, there was a photograph of a woman, about which I have not yet been able to obtain the least information. Besides, I don't suppose that it bears upon the case and I have not sent it to the newspapers. Look, here it is."

Perenna took the photograph which the prefect handed him and gave a start that did not escape M. Desmaliens' eye.

"Do you know the lady?"

"No. No, Monsieur le Prefet. I thought I did; but no, there's merely a resemblance—a family likeness, which I will verify if you can leave the photograph with me till this evening."

"Till this evening, yes. When you have done with it, give it back to Sergeant Mazeroux, whom I will order to work in concert with you in everything that relates to the Mornington case."

The interview was now over. The prefect went away. Don Luis saw him to the door. As M. Desmaliens was about to go down the steps, he turned and said simply:

"You saved my life this morning. But for you, that scoundrel Sauverand—"

"Oh, Monsieur le Prefet!" said Don Luis, modestly protesting.

"Yes, I know, you are in the habit of doing that sort of thing. All the same, you must accept my thanks."

And the prefect of police made a bow such as he would really have made to Don Luis Perenna, the Spanish noble, the hero of the Foreign Legion. As for Weber, he put his two hands in his pockets, walked past with the look of a muzzled mastiff, and gave his enemy a glance of fierce hatred.

"By Jupiter!" thought Don Luis. "There's a fellow who won't miss me when he gets a chance to shoot!"

Looking through a window, he saw M. Desmaliens' motor car drive off. The detectives fell in behind the deputy chief and left the Place du Palais-Bourbon. The siege was raised.

"And now to work!" said Don Luis. "My hands are free, and we shall make things hum."

He called the butler.

"Serve lunch; and ask Mlle. Levasseur to come and speak to me immediately after."

He went to the dining room and sat down, placing on the table the photograph which M. Desmaliens had left behind; and, bending over it, he examined it attentively. It was a little faded, a little worn, as photographs have a tendency to become when they lie about in pocket books or among papers; but the picture was quite clear. It was the radiant picture of a young woman in evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, with flowers and leaves in her hair and a smile upon her face.

"Mlle. Levasseur, Mlle. Levasseur," he said. "Is it possible?"

In a corner was a half obliterated and hardly visible signature. He made out, "Florence," the girl's name, no doubt. And he repeated:

"Mlle. Levasseur, Florence Levasseur. How did her photograph come to be in Inspector Verot's pocketbook? And what is the connection between this adventure and the reader of the Hungarian count from whom I took over the house?"

He remembered the incident of the iron curtain. He remembered the article in the *Echo de France*, an article aimed against him, of which he had found the rough draft in his own courtyard. And, above all, he thought of the problem of that broken walking stick conveyed into his study.

And, while his mind was striving to read these events clearly, while he tried to settle the part played by Mlle. Levasseur, his eyes remained fixed upon the photograph and he gazed absent mindedly at the pretty lines of the mouth, the charming smile, the graceful curve of the neck, the admirable sweep of the shoulders.

The door opened suddenly and Mlle. Levasseur burst into the room. Perenna, who had dismissed the butler, was raising to his lips a glass of water which he had just filled for himself. She sprang forward, seized his arm, snatched the

glass from him and flung it on the carpet, where it smashed to pieces.

"Have you drunk any of it? Have you drunk any of it?" she gasped, in a choking voice.

He replied:

"No, not yet. Why?"

She stammered:

"The water in that bottle . . . the water in that bottle—"

"Well?"

"It's poisoned!"

He leapt from his chair, and, in his turn, gripped her arm fiercely:

"What's that? Poisoned! Are you certain? Speak!"

In spite of his usual self control, he was this time thoroughly alarmed. Knowing the terrible effects of the poison employed by the miscreants whom he was attacking, recalling the corpse of Inspector Verot, the corpse of Hippolyte Fauville and his son, he knew that, trained though he was to resist comparatively large doses of poison, he could not have escaped the deadly action of this. It was a poison that did not forgive, that killed, surely and fatally.

The girl was silent. He raised his voice in command:

"Answer me! Are you certain?"

"No . . . It was an idea that entered my head—a presentiment . . . certain coincidences—"

It was as though she regretted her words and now tried to withdraw them.

"Come, come," he cried, "I want to know the truth: You're not certain that the water in this bottle is poisoned?"

"No . . . it's possible—"

"Still, just now—"

"I thought so. But no . . . no!"

"It's easy to make sure," said Perenna, putting out his hand for the water bottle.

She was quicker than he, seized it and, with one blow, broke it against the table.

"What are you doing?" he said angrily.

"I made a mistake. And so there is no need to attach any importance—"

Don Luis hurriedly left the dining room. By his orders, the water which he drank was drawn from a filter that stood in a pantry at the end of the passage leading from the dining room to the kitchens and beyond. He ran to it and took from a shelf a bowl which he filled with water from the filter. Then, continuing to follow the passage, which at this spot branched off toward the yard, he called Mirza, the puppy, who was playing by the stables.

"Here," he said, putting the bowl in front of her.

The puppy began to drink. But she stopped almost at once and stood motionless, with her paws tense and stiff. A shiver passed through the little body. The dog gave a hoarse groan, spun round two or three times, and fell.

"She's dead," he said, after touching the animal.

Mlle. Levasseur had joined him. He turned to her and rapped out:

"You were right about the poison—and you knew it. How did you know it?"

All out of breath, she checked the beating of her heart and answered:

"I saw the other puppy drinking in the pantry. She's dead. I told the coachman and the chauffeur. They're over there, in the stable. And I ran to warn you."

"In that case, there was no doubt about it. Why did you say that you were not certain that the water was poisoned, when—"

The chauffeur and the coachman were coming out of the stables. Leading the girl away, Perenna said:

"We must talk about this. We will go to your rooms."

They went back to the bend in the passage. Near the pantry where the filter was, another passage ran, ending in a flight of three steps, with a door at the top of the steps. Perenna opened this door. It was the entrance to the rooms occupied by Mlle. Levasseur. They went into a sitting room.

Don Luis closed the entrance door and the door of the sitting room.

"And now," he said, in a resolute tone, "you and I will have an explanation."

(Continued Next Week.)

### Preparing For a Harvest.

From the *Youth's Companion*.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch tells a story with a moral that should be considered by every young woman who is in the habit of choosing the particularly unfortunate kind of hat that the young woman in the street car wore. The hat was trimmed with artificial oats, which nodded and trembled, persistently tickling the ear of the man seated next to her. He stood in silence for some time; then he ostentatiously took a huge pocketknife out of his pocket and began to sharpen it on the sole of his boot.

"Whatever are you going to do-d-d-o?" cried the girl.

"Don't worry, miss," said the man, testing the blade on his thumb. "But the next time as them oats gets in my ear there's going to be a harvest."

### Navy Slang Cataloged.

From the New York Tribune.

Angel cake and wine—bread and water.  
Ballast—hash.  
Battleship—battleship.  
Before the stick—called before the captain.  
Black gang—firemen and engine room men.  
Bolo men—warrant officers.  
Boot—a recruit.  
Brig—prison.  
Buddy—shipmate.  
Charley Noble—smoke stack.  
Chow—food.  
Dream sack—hammock.  
Flat foot—sailor.  
First luff—executive officer.  
Galleys—kitchen.  
Galleys rat—cook.  
Gear—equipment.  
General cargo—Sunday night supper.  
Jack of the dust—storekeeper.  
Java—coffee.  
Jimmy legs—master-at-arms.  
Kitty—scrub brush.  
Leather neck—a marine.  
Nigger beefsteak—liver.  
Rise and shine—get up and work.  
Schooner on the rocks—stew.  
Scullery maid—dishwasher.  
Spigs—electricians.  
Spig—foreigner.  
Split kid—small gunboat.  
Tender—pepper.  
Turn to—get to work.

### Boy-Ed Writes on U. S.

From the London Times.

Captain Boy-Ed, the notorious German naval attaché at Washington, is now openly described as "President of the News Bureau and of Press Department of the Admiralty Staff." He delivered a lecture a few days ago at Munich on "The United States and the Submarine War," in which he declared that the intervention of America could not possibly have been prevented, unless Germany had been ready definitely to abandon all prospects of victory.

Captain Boy-Ed admits that the increase in American shipbuilding has been enormous, but he says that wooden ships have been proved to be uneconomical, that the necessary coal and steel are lacking for the construction of steel ships, and that there is difficulty in training workmen, and that there is also difficulty in manning the ships. Captain Boy-Ed still asserts that the Americans desire merely to maintain a balance between England and Germany, and he says that it is impossible for America to check the steady reduction of allied tonnage.

### The Farmer's Hours.

From the *Troquois (S. D.) Chief*.

In commenting on the daylight saving plan the Huronite says: "To the farmer the new law will be of inestimable value. It will be the means of allowing him much more time in the morning and evening to carry out his work, which this year is needed more than ever." The Huronite is evidently laboring under the delusion that the daylight law regulates the sun and adds an extra hour of daylight to every 24 hours, this extra hour of daylight taking the place of an hour of darkness. At least that is the only way it could allow the farmer "much more time in the morning and evening to carry out his work." It may be news to the Huronite, but during these busy months farmers utilize all daylight hours, regardless of what the clock says.

### Her Objection.

From London Answers.

Mrs. Higgins was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and every one. But at last the vicar thought he had found something about which she could make no complaint—the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles around.

"Ah, for once you must be well pleased," he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. "Every one's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year."

The old lady glared at him as she answered:

"They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?"

### Well Mated.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"They are ideally mated."  
"So?"  
"Yes, they learned to play bridge from the same instructor."

### Unanimous.

From the Ground Hog.

"I was reading where Mr. Edison says that four hours' sleep is enough for any man."  
"That seems to be the baby's idea, too."

For heating small rooms a gas wall radiator, resembling the usual hot air affair, has been invented.

### SHE'S HEROINE OF CAPITAL ROMANCE



Miss Elsie Calder.

Washington, D. C., April 29.—The recently announced engagement of Miss Elsie Calder, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Calder, and Lieut. Robert C. Lee, U. S. N., is of particular interest to friends here, as the love affair has been recorded as a distinctly official romance.

Both of the young people are of the Washington official set and it was at an official reception at Washington two years ago that they first met. Miss Calder has spent but little time in Washington during the past winter, having a greater interest in the war work she has been occupied in Brooklyn than in any social affairs Washington might in offer just now.

## AMERICAN HOSPITAL OPENS IN LONDON

Is Located in Home of Noted Author Who Donated It For That Purpose.

Liverpool.—The first hospital for American soldiers in Great Britain has been opened in Liverpool. All other hospitals thus far opened in the British Isles have been for American officers. The Liverpool hospital is known as American Red Cross military hospital No. 4 and is situated in the Mossley Hill district, the most fashionable residential section about three miles from the downtown business part of the city. Already many American soldiers occupy its cheerful wards and many others in the convalescent stage, clad in hospital pale blue are walking about the spacious grounds.

The hospital proper occupies Mossley House, the former home of Dr. Edmund Knowles Muspratt, a noted authority on chemistry and one of Liverpool's leading citizens, who when he heard that the Americans wanted it gladly turned it over to them. It occupies the highest elevation in the city. A typical old gothic style English town house, it stands in the center of seven acres of beautiful grounds, the flower gardens of which are rapidly being converted into plots for raising vegetables. An American flag, flying from the tall staff in front of the grounds can be seen a great distance, and assists visitors to find the place.

The head of the hospital is Major Udo J. Wile, Medical Officers Reserve Corps, United States Army, who is a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Major Wile came here last November and has worked untrudgingly to outfit the institution. In this he has been assisted by Joseph R. Morris of Chicago, representing the American Red Cross. The major's staff consists of five officers—three captains and two lieutenants. The personnel of the place includes 10 American Red Cross nurses, 13 sergeants and 20 privates, Miss Marion Wheeler, a graduate of the New York hospital, is chief nurse.

Major Wile is proud of the fact that 34 days after Mossley House was taken over it was a fully equipped American hospital ready for its first patients. Today it has 100 beds with room for expansion to 200 beds. The institution is equipped throughout on the American plan. This especially is true of the hot water heating plant and of the plumbing and electrical installations, all of which work was facilitated largely through the schemes of the British Royal Engineers who helped draw up the plans and put them into execution in these days of labor shortage.

The hospital now has 10 wards for soldiers, two small officers' wards and in operating room, besides the administrative offices. It boasts two ambulances of the latest type, one given by Richard Pearce, an American resident in Liverpool and the second by an anonymous donor.

About 200 yards from the hospital they are building two isolation wards, each designed to accommodate 100 contagious disease patients. These are one story structures of brick and concrete. Each will have four 10-bed wards with two small wards in the center for officers. A feature will be discharge rooms where outgoing patients can don their new garments.

### PROFITEERS NUMEROUS AMONG HUNGARIANS

Washington—Austria-Hungary is afflicted with a horde of food profiteers and hoarders, according to Hungarian newspapers just received here. The government, they claim, has proceeded against 194 persons in 31 cases of profiteering and hoarding. Many of the schemes for the securing of food are original.

One man, a printer of Budapest, carried on a flourishing business in food cards—which he had printed himself. He got two years. Another man, a discharged soldier, took lodgings under false names and received cards for each name. When arrested he had 23 food cards and 16 false registration papers.

### TRANSPLANT BIG HERD OF ALASKA REINDEER

Cordova, Alaska, (by mail).—Alaska reindeer which heretofore have roamed only in the tundra country of the Seward peninsula of northwestern Alaska, are to be planted in the Copper River valley of southwestern Alaska, north of Cordova. The reindeer originally were brought by the United States government from Siberia and transplanted in northwestern Alaska.

The task of transplanting the animals has been undertaken by the bureau of native education. Herders will bring the deer overland this spring from Nome to Cordova, a distance of approximately 900 miles.

### German Ways in Chile.

From the London Times.

A correspondent in Chile draws attention to an organization in that country called the "German Chilean League" (Deutsch-Chilienische Bund). It is rich and well managed, and there is no doubt that it is an outwork of the Pan-Germans. In a recently published expensive and well arranged almanac the objects and aspirations of the league are defined. Appended is a translation of some of the passages of this document.

The league desires to bind and strengthen the bond of Germanism in the country. By close friendships with the better class Chileans of other descent, it aims at propagating German ways in Chile.

The objects of the league are: The study of Germanism in Chile; close friendship and relationship between Germany and Chile; the maintenance, strengthening, and propagation of kultur in Chile. Our principal efforts must be devoted to the first two objects by means of the propagation of the schools and of the press, and to the last object by means of a thorough administration.

In these perilous times, when German ends itself fighting nearly the whole world, it is incumbent upon the league to devote itself to its ends, and it is during these times that the league finds the justification of its existence and well being for the development of German enterprises, of German schools, and education.

The league regards the fight for Chilean neutrality as its duty. It regards the work for Germanism during the war as war assistance, its demand for money for the purpose as an aid to war expenses.

### Coeds in the Library.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Is this the botanical library? Well, I should like to have a copy of Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies.'"

"Will you please give me a copy of Ibsen's 'Book III?'"

"I would like to have G. B. Shaw's 'The Way of All Flesh!'"

"What book do you desire?" the young man at the desk asked the modest young lady.

"Why, sir, where do you keep 'Romance'?"

"You will find 'Romance' in the little dark corner, miss."