

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATOS

CHAPTER ELEVEN (Continued.)

This time, he knew where he was. The exit, which was not secret, as it led to the Place du Palais-Bourbon, but nevertheless very safe, was that which Sauverand generally used when Florence admitted him.

Don Luis therefore went through the entrance hall and down the steps and, a little way before the pantry, came upon the cellar stairs. He ran down these and soon recognized the low door that served to admit the wine-casks. The daylight filtered in through a small, grated spy-hole. He groped till he found the lock. Glad to have come to the end of his expedition, he opened the door.

"Hang it all!" he growled, leaping back and clutching at the lock, which he managed to fasten again.

Two policemen in uniform were guarding the exit, two policemen who had tried to seize him as he appeared.

Where did those two men come from? Had they prevented the escape of Sauverand and Florence? But in that case Don Luis would have met the two fugitives, as he had come by exactly the same road as they.

"No," he thought, "they effected their flight before the exit was watched. But, by Jove! it's my turn to clear out; and that's not easy. Shall I let myself be caught in my burrow like a rabbit?"

He went up the cellar stairs again, intending to hasten matters, to slip into the courtyard through the outhouses, to jump into his motor, and to clear a way for himself. But, when he was just reaching the yard, near the coachhouse, he saw four detectives, four of those whom he had imprisoned, come up waving their arms and shouting. And he also became aware of a regular uproar near the main gate and the porter's lodge. A number of men were all talking together, raising their voices in violent discussion.

Perhaps he might profit by this opportunity to steal outside under cover of the disorder. At the risk of being seen, he put out his head. And what he saw astounded him.

Gaston Sauverand stood with his back to the wall of the lodge, surrounded by policemen and detectives who pushed and insulted him. The handcuffs were on his wrists.

Gaston Sauverand a prisoner! What had happened between the two fugitives and the police?

His heart wrung with anguish, he leaned out still farther. But he did not see Florence. The girl had no doubt succeeded in escaping.

Weber's appearance on the steps and the deputy chief's first words confirmed his hopes. Weber was mad with rage. His recent captivity and the humiliation of his defeat exasperated him.

"Ah!" he roared, as he saw the prisoner. "There's one of them, at any rate! Gaston Sauverand! Choice game, that! . . . Where did you catch him?"

"On the Place du Palais-Bourbon," said one of the inspectors. "We saw him slinking out through the cellar door."

"And his accomplice, the Levasseur girl?"

"We missed her, Deputy Chief. She was the first out."

"And Don Luis? You haven't let him leave the house, I hope? I gave orders."

"He tried to get out through the cellar door five minutes after."

"Who said so?"

"One of the men in uniform posted outside the door."

"Well!"

"The beggar went back into the cellar."

Weber gave a shout of delight.

"We've got him! And it's a nasty business for him! Charge of resisting the police! . . . Complicity! . . . We shall be able to unmask him at last. Tally-ho, my lads, tally-ho! Two men to guard Sauverand, four men on the Place du Palais-Bourbon, revolver in hand. Two men on the roof. The rest stick to me. We'll begin with the Levasseur girl's room and we'll take his room next.

Hark, forward, my lads!"

Don Luis did not wait for the enemies' attack. Knowing their intentions, he beat a retreat, unseen, toward Florence's rooms. Here, as Weber did not yet know the short cut through the outhouses, he had time to make sure that the trapdoor was in perfect working order, and that there was no reason why they should discover the existence of a secret cupboard at the back of the alcove, behind the curtains of the bed.

Once inside the passage, he went up the first staircase, followed the long corridor contrived in the wall, climbed the ladder leading to the boudoir, and, perceiving that this second trapdoor fitted the woodwork so closely that no one could suspect anything, he closed it over him. A few minutes later he heard the noise of men making a search above his head.

And so, on the 24th of May, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the position was as follows: Florence Levasseur with a warrant out against her, Gaston Sauverand in prison, Marie Fauville in prison and refusing all food, and Don Luis, who believed in their innocence and who alone could have saved them, Don Luis was being blockaded in his own house and hunted down by a score of detectives.

As for the Mornington inheritance, there could be no more question of that, because the legatee, in his turn, had set himself in open rebellion against society.

"Capital!" said Don Luis, with a grin. "This is life as I understand it. The question is a simple one and may be put in different ways. How can a wretched, unwashed beggar, with not a penny in his pocket, make a fortune in 24 hours without setting foot outside his hovel? How can a general, with no soldiers and no ammunition left, win a battle which he has lost? In short, how shall I, Arsene Lupin, manage to be present tomorrow evening at the meeting which will be held on the Boulevard Suchet and to behave in such a way as to save Marie Fauville, Florence Levasseur, Gaston Sauverand, and my excellent friend Don Luis Perenna in the bargain?"

Dull blows came from somewhere. The men must be hunting the roofs and sounding the walls.

Don Luis stretched himself flat on the floor, hid his face in his folded arms and, shutting his eyes, murmured: "Let's think."

CHAPTER TWELVE

"HELP!"

When Lupin afterward told me this episode of the tragic story, he said, not without a certain self-complacency:

"What astonished me then, and what astonishes me still, as one of the most amazing victories on which I am entitled to pride myself, is that I was able to admit Sauverand and Marie Fauville's innocence on the spot, as a problem solved once and for all. It was a first class performance, I swear, and surpassed the most famous deductions of the most famous investigators both in psychological value and in detective merit."

"After all, taking everything into account, there was not the shadow of a fresh fact to enable me to alter the verdict. The charges accumulated against the two prisoners were the same, and were so grave that no examining magistrate would have hesitated for a second to commit them for trial, nor any jury to bring them in guilty. I will not speak of Marie Fauville; you had only to think of the marks of her teeth to be absolutely certain. But Gaston Sauverand, the son of Victor Sauverand and consequently the heir of Cosmo Mornington—Gaston Sauverand, the man with the ebony walking stick and the murderer of Chief Inspector Ancenis—was he not just as guilty as Marie Fauville, incriminated with her by the mysterious letters, incriminated by the very relation

of the husband whom they had killed?"

"And yet why did that sudden change take place in me?" he asked. "Why did I go against the evidence? Why did I credit an incredible fact? Why did I admit the inadmissible? Why? Well, no doubt, because truth has an accent that rings in the ears in a manner all its own. On the one side, every proof, every fact, every reality, every certainty; on the other, a story, a story told by one of the three criminals, and therefore, presumptively, absurd and untrue from start to finish. But a story told in a frank voice, a clear, dispassionate, closely woven story, free from complications or improbabilities, a story which supplied no positive solution, but which, by its very honesty, obliged any impartial mind to reconsider the solution arrived at. I believed the story."

The explanation which Lupin gave me was not complete. I asked:

"And Florence Levasseur?"

"Florence?"

"Yes, you don't tell me what you thought. What was your opinion about her? Everything tended to incriminate her not only in your eyes, because, logically speaking, she had taken part in all the attempts to murder you, but also in the eyes of the police. They knew that she used to pay Sauverand clandestine visits at his house on the Boulevard Richard-Wallace. They had found her photograph in Inspector Verot's memorandum book, and then—and then all the rest: your accusations, your certainties. Was all that modified by Sauverand's story? To your mind, was Florence innocent or guilty?"

He hesitated, seemed on the point of replying directly and frankly to my question, but could not bring himself to do so, and said:

"I wished to have confidence. In order to act, I must have full and entire confidence, whatever doubts might still assail me, whatever darkness might still enshroud this or that part of the adventure. I therefore believed. And, believing, I acted according to my belief."

Acting, to Don Luis Perenna, during those hours of forced inactivity, consisted solely in perpetually repeating to himself Gaston Sauverand's account of the events. He tried to reconstitute it in all its details, to remember the very least sentences, the apparently most insignificant phrases. And he examined those sentences, scrutinized those phrases one by one, in order to extract such particle of the truth as they contained.

For the truth was there. Sauverand had said so and Perenna did not doubt it. The whole sinister affair, all that constituted the case of the Mornington inheritance and the tragedy of the Boulevard Suchet, all that could throw light upon the plot hatched against Marie Fauville, all that could explain the undoing of Sauverand and Florence—all this lay in Sauverand's story. Don Luis had only to understand, and the truth would appear like the moral which we draw from some obscure fable.

Don Luis did not once deviate from this method. If any objection suggested itself to his mind, he at once replied:

"Very well. It may be that I am wrong and that Sauverand's story will not enlighten me on any point capable of guiding me. It may be that the truth lies outside it. But am I in a position to get at the truth in any other way? All that I possess as an instrument of research, without attaching undue importance to certain gleams of light which the regular appearance of the mysterious letters has shed upon the case, all that I possess is Gaston Sauverand's story. Must I not make use of it?"

And, once again, as when one follows a path by another person's tracks, he began to live through the adventure which Sauverand had been through. He compared it with the picture of it which he had imagined until then. The two were in opposition; but could not the very clash of their opposition be made to produce a spark of light?

"Here is what he said," he thought, "and there is what I believed. What does the difference mean? Here is the thing that was, and there is the thing that appeared to be. Why did the criminal wish the thing that was to appear under that particular aspect? To remove all suspicion from him? But, in that case, was it necessary that suspicion should fall precisely on those on whom it did?"

The questions came crowding one upon the other. He sometimes answered them at random, mentioning names and uttering words

in succession, as though the name mentioned might be just that of the criminal, and the words uttered those which contained the unseen reality.

Then at once he would take up the story again, as schoolboys do when parsing and analyzing a passage, in which each expression is carefully sifted, each period discussed, each sentence reduced to its essential value.

Hours and hours passed. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, he gave a start. He took out his watch. By the light of his electric lamp he saw that it was 17 minutes to 12 o'clock.

"So at 17 minutes to 12 at night," he said, "I fathomed the mystery."

He tried to control his emotion, but it was too great; and his nerves were so immensely staggered by the trial that he began to shed tears. He had caught sight of the appalling truth, all of a sudden, as when at night one half sees a landscape under a lightning flash.

There is nothing more unnerving than this sudden illumination when we have been groping and struggling in the dark. Already exhausted by his physical efforts and by the want of food, from which he was beginning to suffer, he felt the shock so intensely that, without caring to think a moment longer, he managed to go to sleep, or, rather, to sink into sleep, as one sinks into the healing waters of a bath.

When he woke, in the small hours, alert and well despite the discomfort of his couch, he shuddered on thinking of the theory which he had accepted; and his first instinct was to doubt it. He had, so to speak, no time.

All the proofs came rushing to his mind of their own accord and at once transformed the theory into one of those certainties which it would be madness to deny. It was that and nothing else. As he had foreseen, the truth lay recorded in Sauverand's story. And he had not been mistaken, either, in saying to Mazeroux that the manner in which the mysterious letters appeared had put him on the track of the truth.

And the truth was terrible. He felt, at the thought of it, the same fears that had maddened Inspector Verot when, already tortured by the poison, he stammered:

"Oh, I don't like this, I don't like the looks of this! . . . The whole thing has been planned in such an infernal manner!"

Infernal was the word! And Don Luis remained stupefied at the revelation of a crime which looked as if no human brain could have conceived it.

For two hours more he devoted all his mental powers to examining the situation from every point of view. He was not much disturbed about the result, because, being now in possession of the terrible secret, he had nothing more to do but make his escape and go that evening to the meeting on the Boulevard Suchet, where he would show them all how the murder was committed.

But when, wishing to try his chance of escaping, he went up through the underground passage and climbed to the top of the upper ladder—that is to say, to the level of the boudoir—he heard through the trapdoor the voices of men in the room.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "the thing is not so simple as I thought! In order to escape the minions of the law I must first leave my prison; and here is at least one of the exits blocked. Let's look at the other."

He went down to Florence's apartments and worked the mechanism, which consisted of a counterweight. The panel of the cupboard moved in the groove.

Driven by hunger and hoping to find some provisions which would enable him to withstand a siege without being reduced to famine, he was about to pass through the alcove, behind the curtains, when he was stopped short by a sound of footsteps. Some one had entered the room.

"Well, Mazeroux, have you spent the night here? Nothing new!"

Don Luis recognized the Prefect of Police by his voice; and the question put by the Prefect told him, first, that Mazeroux had been released from the dark closet where he had bound him up, and, secondly, that the sergeant was in the next room. Fortunately, the sliding panel had worked without the least sound; and Don Luis was able to overhear the conversation between the two men.

"No, nothing new, Monsieur le Prefet," replied Mazeroux.

"That's funny. The confounded fellow must be somewhere. Or can he have got away over the roof?"

Opportunity Is Knocking.

From an Address by Francis H. Sisson, Vice President Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, at Atlanta, Ga.

The national debts of the powers now fighting are multiplying at a prodigious rate. To be sure, our own debt is mounting rapidly, but by virtue of our unequalled wealth, we are certain to be in a sounder and stronger position financially, industrially and economically than any other nation when peace finally comes.

Requests for credit must necessarily accompany the demands for goods which Europe will make in this country after the war, and we shall be asked to take in partial payment, at least, securities which will give us an interest in foreign enterprises of all kinds. The policy will be new to us, although we should not forget that Great Britain gained the foremost rank in foreign trade by this method, and Germany, her chief rival, adopted the same plan in reaching out for foreign markets.

Latin-America was a large borrower of European capital before the war, and the development of the potentially great commercial empires to the south was arrested when the fiscal flow from over the seas was interrupted. But just as Latin-American countries have been compelled to seek funds in increasing quantity here during the last three years, so they will seek money in the United States after the war.

South America, with its vast wealth in forest and mineral resources, and its ability to feed the world for centuries, is perhaps the most promising virgin soil for investment in all the world. Gratifying results are rewarding those who have devoted themselves to the development of the dormant wealth of the southern continent.

South America is too large and its population too small, its means of transportation too limited and imperfect, its labor too unskilled, its banking facilities too inadequate, to permit rapid systematic development of its resources. To recognize this fact, however, is to realize the immense possibilities which these regions offer to the patient explorer and promoter—be he individual or corporation, be he backed merely by his own energy and capacity, or by the millions of powerful interests; be he forester, cattle breeder, engineer, merchant, banker, or investor.

BUT FEW FOREIGNERS VOTE IN ARGENTINE

Buenos Aires (by mail).—Only 21 citizens of the United States registered for the municipal elections in Buenos Aires under the new law which gives the vote to foreigners in municipal elections. The census of 1914 showed that there were 3,449 Americans in the Argentine republic. It is estimated that this number has double since the war began and that most of them are living in Buenos Aires.

The newspapers commented unfavorably on the fact that, of the 120,000 foreigners in the city who were entitled to vote, only 13,615 registered and said this showed that they had no interest in the city beyond making as much money as possible and then returning to their native countries. The papers argued from this that the foreigner's collaboration in the city government could never be depended upon.

The census of 1914 showed that

there were nearly as many aliens in Buenos Aires as natives, 777,845 foreigners and 797,969 natives. In order to give this great foreign population a voice in the city government a law was passed recently extending the vote to all aliens who were married to Argentine women, or who had children born in Argentina, or who paid a specified amount of house rent. This included nearly all the married foreigners in the city. Unmarried foreigners were entitled to the vote if they paid as much as 50 pesos a year in taxes.

The nationalities most largely represented in the registration were Italians, 6,447; Spaniards, 5,004; French, 508; Russians, 481; Uruguayans, 377; Germans, 139; English, 144.

One of the newspapers in commenting unfavorably on this rejection of the ballot by the foreigners, said it was an "inexplicable social phenomenon."

UNCLE SAM PRACTICES ECONOMY HE PREACHES

Partly Worn Clothing of Soldiers Is No Longer Allowed to Be Thrown Away.

Louisville, Ky.—Some of the economies practiced by Uncle Sam in these spendthrift days would make a thrifty housewife envious. The good old days in the army when the soldier was allowed to overdraw his clothing allowance without an explanation are past.

A "busted" pair of trousers and half worn out shoes are rejuvenated at the army camps and cantonments and made to serve again. Even the manes of army horses are scrupulously saved and sold to upholsterers.

Torn trousers and worn shoes must be produced before a like article in good order is issued. No limit is placed on the amount of clothing a man can get so long as he wears out that which is issued to him.

At Camp Zachary Taylor, near Louisville, and at every other training center in the country no condemned article is allowed to go to the scrap heap if some part of it can be salvaged and used to repair some other piece of equipment. No waste of materials about the camp is allowed to go unnoticed or unchecked.

Too many broken pieces of bread in a garbage can will bring to the commander of the unit a notice from the commanding general of the camp to have his cooks issue bread in smaller slices so that none will be wasted. The general has learned of the waste through daily reports laid on his desk.

Every pair of shoes condemned as unfit for further use passes under eyes of skilled shoemakers in olive drab, drawn from the ranks. A surprisingly large percentage find their way back into the quartermaster's stock to be reissued. Some of them are practically reconstructed.

A soldier wears the seat out of a pair of khaki trousers, and gets a new pair. The soldier-tailor in the shops of the condemnation and reclamation division finds another pair which have faded to about the same shade and replaces the missing seat. The garment goes back into store and is reissued for garrison wear.

As with trousers and shoes, so with every piece of personal equipment issued to a soldier. Nothing is wasted, nothing is scrapped that possibly can be of use, and the scrap material itself is carefully conserved for sale.

All horses used by the army have their manes roached. White and grey hair is kept together while all sorrel, bay and black hair goes into another lot. Each kind of hair is also divided into two lots, that from southern horses and that from northern horses. Dark horses' hair brings about 70 per cent more than light. Southern horses have coarse heavy hair in the mane which is not so valuable as that from the finer haired northern type.

Besides the condemnation and reclamation division is ceaselessly at work in every training center pushing a campaign of publicity, and many of Uncle Sam's soldiers when they go back to civil life will go back better business men because they have been trained to watch the little "leaks."

CALIFORNIA HAS BIG EXPOSITION PLANNED

Oakland, Cal.—The Pacific coast land and industrial exposition, which will open here on September 9 to run for a period of 23 days, is the most pretentious exhibit devised since the Panama-Pacific International exposition.

held in San Francisco during the year 1913. Thirty acres of ground will be required for the various pavilions and buildings which will contain the exhibits. One-half million square feet of floor space will be devoted to the showing of these exhibits, which includes all the products of the field and manufactory.

The site selected surrounds the great civic auditorium, which will be one of the main buildings of the exposition. This building is 400 feet long and 200 feet wide and cost \$1,000,000 to build. It will seat 10,000 persons. The acreage fronts on Lake Merritt, considered one of the beauty spots of the city.

The principal buildings will be two states and counties pavilions, each 250 feet long and 150 feet wide; the manufacturers' department, 200 feet square; the automobile department, 200 feet square; tractor department, 100 feet square; live stock, 480 feet long and 140 feet wide. A stadium with seating capacity for 5,000 persons will be constructed in which to hold athletic games as well as to parade live stock.

A section 700 feet long and 120 feet wide has been set apart for amusements of various sorts. This will include the concessions with all the latest novelties offered for the entertainment of the public.

The exposition is a nonmoney making scheme designed to exploit the resources of the Pacific coast. One hundred and forty business men of the city constitute the advisory board and they are contributing their services. No salaries are attached to any of the offices. Any profits which may accrue will be donated to organizations active in war work.

The scheme of architecture will be the Old Mission, which is typical of California. The streets, avenues and courts will be embellished by trees, flowers, statuary, groups and fountains. New ideas on illumination are being evolved, the plan being to make this as much a feature as it was in the case of the San Francisco exposition three years ago.

According to the promoters, the exposition sprang from the belief that an actual display of the products of the farming and manufacturing activities of the Pacific coast will accomplish results which will materially aid in winning the war.

An awards committee is compiling a premium list covering awards in all departments and selecting competent judges.

Sea Heroes.

Herman Whitaker, in the Independent. "A radio to the bridge of our destroyer told of a steamer being shelled by a submarine. She was too far away for us to help, but it drew a reminiscence from the skipper, who had joined us on the bridge."

"Someone will go to her assistance and if she puts up a fight like the old I— they'll stand a fine chance to be saved. We were 90 miles away when we got her first call and while we were smoking it over the ocean, just hitting the tips of the wave, the L kept us posted on the fight. It was like reading the rounds of a championship battle on a bulletin board: 'Bridge shot away.' 'On fire in two places!' 'Have extinguished the fire!' 'We have thrown code books and papers overboard!'"

"We were still 30 miles away when this happened. But we wireless her not to surrender and received a reply that would make a fine subtitle for a movie melodrama—'Never.' And she did not—thanks to the American naval gunners who refused to stop firing until the captain deemed it time to haul down his flag."

On Board the Transport. From Harper's Magazine.

Sympathetic Friend—How do you feel now, Ed? Sealsick Soldier—Don't ask me, but if you know any guy that wants the freedom of the seas, tell him he can have it. 'at got no use for it.

(Continued Next Week.)