

# THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN. (Continued.)

"There is a very simple way of thanking me, Monsieur le Prefet," said Don Luis, "and that is to allow me to carry out my task to the end."

"Your task?"  
"Yes, Monsieur le Prefet. My action of last night is only the beginning. The conclusion is the release of Marie Fauville and Gaston Saverand."

M. Desmalions smiled.  
"Oh!"

"Am I asking too much, Monsieur le Prefet?"

"One can always ask, but the request should be reasonable. And the innocence of those people does not depend on me."

"No; but it depends on you, Monsieur le Prefet, to let them know if I prove their innocence to you."

"Yes, I agree, if you prove it beyond dispute."  
"Just so."  
Don Luis' calm assurance impressed M. Desmalions in spite of everything and even more than on the former occasions; and he suggested:

"The results of the hasty inspection which we have made will perhaps help you. For instance, we are certain that the bomb was placed by the entrance of the passage and probably under the boards of the floor."

"Please do not trouble, Monsieur le Prefet. These are only secondary details. The great thing now is that you should know the whole truth, and that not only through words."

The prefect had come closer. The magistrate and detectives were standing round Don Luis, watching his lips and movements with feverish impatience. Was it possible that that truth, as yet so remote and vague, in spite of all the importance which they attached to the arrests already affected, was known at last?

It was a solemn moment. Every one was on tenterhooks. The manner in which Don Luis had foretold the explosion lent the value of an accomplished fact to his predictions; and the men whom he had saved from the terrible catastrophe were almost ready to accept as certainties the most improbable statements which a man of his stamp might make.

"Monsieur le Prefet," he said, "you waited in vain last night for the fourth letter to make its appearance. We shall now be able, by an unexpected miracle of chance, to be present at the delivery of the letter. You will then know that it was the same hand that committed all the crimes—and you will know whose hand that was."

And, turning to Mazeroux:  
"Sergeant, will you please make the room as dark as you can? The shutters are gone; but you might draw the curtains across the windows and close the doors. Monsieur le Prefet, is it by accident that the electric light is on?"

"Yes, by accident. We will have it turned out."

"One moment. Have any of you gentlemen a pocket lantern about you? Or, no, it doesn't matter. This will do."

There was a candle in a sconce. He took it and lit it.  
Then he switched off the electric light.

There was a half darkness, amid which the flame of the candle flickered in the draught from the windows. Don Luis protected the flame with his hand and moved to the table.

"I do not think that we shall be kept waiting long," he said. "As I foresee it, there will be only a few seconds before the facts speak for themselves and better than I could do."

Those few seconds, during which no one broke the silence, were unforgettable. M. Desmalions has since declared, in an interview in which he ridicules himself very cleverly, that his brain, overstimulated by the fatigues of the night and by the whole scene before him, imagined the most unlikely events, such as an invasion of the house by armed assailants, or the apparition of ghosts and spirits.

He had the curiosity, however, he said, to watch Don Luis. Sit-

ting on the edge of the table, with his head thrown a little back and his eyes roaming over the ceiling, Don Luis was eating a piece of bread and nibbling at a cake of chocolate. He seemed very hungry, but quite at his ease.

The others maintained that tense attitude which we put on at moments of great physical effort. Their faces were distorted with a sort of grimace. They were haunted by the memory of the explosion as well as obsessed by what was going to happen. The flame of the candle cast shadows on the wall.

More seconds elapsed than Don Luis Perenna had said, 30 or 40 seconds, perhaps, that seemed endless. Then Perenna lifted the candle a little and said:

"There you are."  
They had all seen what they now saw almost as soon as he spoke. A letter was descending from the ceiling. It spun round slowly, like a leaf falling from a tree without being driven by the wind. It just touched Don Luis and alighted on the floor between two legs of the table.

Picking up the paper and handing it to M. Desmalions, Don Luis said:

"There you are, Monsieur le Prefet. This is the fourth letter, due last night."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The "Hater."

M. Desmalions looked at him without understanding, and looked from him to the ceiling.

Perenna said:  
"Oh, there's no witchcraft about it; and, though no one has thrown that letter from above, though there is not the smallest hole in the ceiling, the explanation is quite simple!"

"Quite simple, is it?" said M. Desmalions.  
"Yes, Monsieur le Prefet. It looks like an extremely complicated conjuring trick, done almost for fun. Well, I say that it is quite simple—and, at the same time, terribly tragic. Sergeant Mazeroux, would you mind drawing back the curtains and giving us as much light as possible?"

While Mazeroux was executing his orders and M. Desmalions glancing at the fourth letter, the contents of which were unimportant and merely confirmed the previous ones, Don Luis took a pair of steps which the workmen had left in the corner, set it up in the middle of the room and climbed to the top, where, seated astride, he was able to reach the electric chandelier.

It consisted of a broad, circular band in brass, beneath which was a festoon of crystal pendants. Inside were three lamps placed at the corners of a brass triangle concealing the wires.

He uncovered the wires and cut them. Then he began to take the whole fitting to pieces. To hasten matters, he asked for a hammer and broke up the plaster all round the clamps that held the chandelier in position.

"Lend me a hand, please," he said to Mazeroux.

Mazeroux went up the steps; and between them they took hold of the chandelier and let it slide down the uprights. The detectives caught it and placed it on the table with some difficulty, for it was much heavier than it looked.

On inspection, it proved to be surmounted by a cubical metal box, measuring about eight inches square, which box, being fastened inside the ceiling between the iron clamps, had obliged Don Luis to knock away the plaster that concealed it.

"What the devil's this?" exclaimed M. Desmalions.  
"Open it for yourself, Monsieur le Prefet; there's a lid to it," said Perenna.

M. Desmalions raised the lid. The box was filled with springs and wheel, a whole complicated and detailed mechanism resembling a piece of clockwork.

"By your leave, Monsieur le Prefet," said Don Luis.

He took out one piece of machinery and discovered another beneath it, joined to the first by the gearing of two wheels; and

the second was more like one of those automatic apparatuses which turn out printed slips.

Right at the bottom of the box, just where the box touched the ceiling, was a semicircle groove, and at the edge of it was a letter ready for delivery.

"The last of the five letters," said Don Luis, "doubtless continuing the series of denunciations. You will notice, Monsieur le Prefet, that the chandelier originally had a fourth lamp in the center. It was obviously removed when the chandelier was altered, so as to make room for the letters to pass."

He continued his detailed explanations:

"So the whole set of letters was placed here, at the bottom. A clever piece of machinery, controlled by clockwork, took them one by one at the appointed time, pushed them to the edge of the groove concealed between the lamps and the pendants, and projected them into space."

None of those standing around Don Luis spoke, and all of them seemed perhaps a little disappointed. The whole thing was certainly very clever; but they had expected something better than a trick of springs and wheels, however surprising.

"Have patience, gentleman," said Don Luis. "I promised you something ghastly; and you shall have it."

"Well, I agree," said the prefect of police, "that this is where the letters started from. But a good many points remain obscure; and, apart from this, there is one fact in particular which it seems impossible to understand. How were the criminals able to adapt the chandelier in this way? And, in a house guarded by the police, in a room watched night and day, how were they able to carry out such a piece of work without being seen or heard?"

"The answer is quite easy, Monsieur le Prefet: the work was done before the house was guarded by the police."

"Before the murder was committed, therefore?"

"Before the murder was committed."  
"And what is to prove to me that that is so?"

"You have said so yourself, Monsieur le Prefet; because it could not have been otherwise."

"But do explain yourself, Monsieur le Prefet," cried M. Desmalions, with a gesture of irritation. "If you have important things to tell us, why delay?"

"It is better, Monsieur le Prefet, that you should arrive at the truth in the same way as I did. When you know the secret of the letters, the truth is much nearer than you think; and you would have already named the criminal if the horror of his crime had not been so great as to divert all suspicions from him."

M. Desmalions looked at him attentively. He felt the importance of Perenna's every word and he was really anxious.

"Then, according to you," he said, "those letters accusing Madame Fauville and Gaston Saverand were placed there with the sole object of ruining both of them?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Prefet, before the murder. From the moment that we admit the innocence of Mme. Fauville and Gaston Saverand, we are obliged to conclude that, as everything accuses them, this is due to a series of deliberate acts. Mme. Fauville was out on the night of the murder: a plot! She was unable to say how she spent her time while the murder was being committed: a plot! Her inexplicable drive in the direction of La Muette and her cousin Saverand's walk in the neighborhood of the house; plots! The marks left in the apple by those teeth, by Mme. Fauville's own teeth; a plot and the most infernal of all!"

"I tell you, everything is plotted beforehand, everything is, so to speak, prepared, measured out, labelled, and numbered. Everything takes place at the appointed time. Nothing is left to chance. It is a work very nicely pieced together, worthy of the most skilful artisan, so solidly constructed that outside happenings have not been able to throw it out of gear; and that the scheme works exactly, precisely, imperturbably, like the clockwork in this box, which is a perfect symbol of the whole business and, at the same time, gives a most accurate explanation of it, because the letters denouncing the murderers were duly posted before the crime and delivered after the crime on the dates and at the hours foreseen."

M. Desmalions remained thinking for a time and then objected:

"Still, in the letters which he wrote, M. Fauville accuses his wife."

"He does."

"We must therefore admit either that he was right in accusing her or that the letters are forged!"

"They are not forged. All the experts have recognized M. Fauville's handwriting."

"Then?"

"Then—"  
Don Luis did not finish his sentence; and M. Desmalions felt the breath of the truth fluttering still nearer round him.

The others, one and all as anxious as himself, were silent. He muttered:

"I do not understand—"

"Yes, Monsieur le Prefet, you do. You understand that, if the sending of those letters forms an integral part of the plot hatched against Mme. Fauville and Gaston Saverand, it is because their contents were prepared in such a way as to be the undoing of the victims."

"What! What! What are you saying?"  
"I am saying what I said before. Once they are innocent, everything that tells against them is part of the plot."

Again there was a long silence. The prefect of police did not conceal his agitation. Speaking very slowly, with his eyes fixed on Don Luis' eyes, he said:

"Whoever the culprit may be, I know nothing more terrible than this work of hatred."

"It is an even more improbable work than you can imagine, Monsieur le Prefet," said Perenna, with growing animation, "and it is a hatred of which you, who do not know Saverand's confession, cannot yet estimate the violence. I understood it completely as I listened to the man; and, since then, all my thoughts have been overpowered by the dominant idea of that hatred. Who could hate like that? To whose loathing had Marie Fauville and Saverand been sacrificed? Who was the inconceivable person whose perverted genius had surrounded his two victims with chains so powerfully forged?"

"And another idea came to my mind, an earlier idea which had already struck me several times and to which I have already referred in Sergeant Mazeroux's presence: I mean the really mathematical character of the appearance of the letters. I said to myself that such grave documents could not be introduced into the case at fixed dates unless some primary reason demanded that those dates should absolutely be fixed. What reason? If a human agency had been at work each time, there would surely have been some irregularity dependent on this especially after the police had become cognizant of the matter and were present at the delivery of the letters."

"Well," Perenna continued, "in spite of every obstacle, the letters continued to come, as though they could not help it. And thus the reason of their coming gradually dawned upon me: they came mechanically, by some invisible process set going once and for all and working with the blind certainty of a physical law. This was a case not of a conscious intelligence and will, but just of material necessity. \* \* \* It was the clash of these two ideas—the idea of the hatred pursuing the innocent and the idea of that machinery serving the schemes of the 'hater'—it was their clash that gave birth to the little spark of light. When brought into contact, the two ideas combined in my mind and suggested the recollection that Hippolyte Fauville was an engineer by profession!"

The others listened to him with a sort of uneasy oppression. What was gradually being revealed of the tragedy, instead of relieving the anxiety, increased it until it became absolutely painful.

M. Desmalions objected:  
"Granting that the letters arrived on the dates named, you will nevertheless have noted that the hour varied on each occasion."

"That is to say, it varied according as we watched in the dark or not, and that is just the detail which supplied me with the key to the riddle. If the letters—and this was an indispensable precaution, which we are now able to understand—were delivered only under cover of the darkness, it must be because a contrivance of some kind prevented them from appearing when the electric light was on, and because that contrivance was controlled by switch inside the room. There is no other explanation possible."

(Continued Next Week.)

Hawaii will breed goats on a large scale.

## BOMBING WORK MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL

### Airmen of Allied Forces Resort to Many Tricks to Fool the Enemy.

Behind British Lines in France.—(By mail)—One of the most exciting tasks to which airmen are assigned is what is known as "desultory bombing" over one spot for an hour or so. The object is to distract the attention of the aircraft defenders of a given district, and a machine carrying a dozen or more bombs is employed for the work.

At first the airmen, a pilot and an observer, approach their target cautiously. With engines throttled down, they glide nearer and nearer. Below, all is quiet. No German searchlights are sweeping the sky. When the attackers are almost over their objective a rocket rises toward them and bursts into a cluster of red stars. The machine has been discovered. At once six or seven searchlights are turned toward the plane. The pilot looks at his watch; it is time to begin his desultory bombing.

He flies steadily on, although a barrage of bursting shells lies now in front of him. The observer looks through the wires of his bomb sight to the ground below. At the proper instant he thrusts his lever forward and releases the bombs. A few seconds later he sees the flash of their explosions, and above the crackling barrage he can hear two dull roars. He signals to the pilot and the machine turns away, away from the fiery ring of shells and searchlights.

A few miles away the airplane flies to and fro at top speed. The puzzled searchlights vainly feel the sky in all directions and then, one by one, are switched off. Then the plane quickly moves again toward the target. Another bomb is dropped. As it explodes the searchlights reappear and the barrage is renewed while through the thickly grouped shell bursts are threaded the chains of green flaming globes, which are used by the Germans to track the machine. Again the machine flies away, and this time, to bewilder still more the soldiers below, the observer fires a white light which slowly drifts below and fades out. All the searchlights follow it until it dies. Repeatedly the airmen return to the attack. Bombs are dropped at intervals until the end of the hour, when the machine departs, flickering fires and clouds of smoke telling of the havoc wrought by the bombs.

## CAMP CODY SOLDIERS ARE WELL ENTERTAINED

Camp Cody, New Mexico—Soldiers in training here do not depend upon outside theatrical companies for their entertainment. The division exchange theater is the most popular place in camp, for there the best entertainers of Camp Cody appear almost nightly. A number of the men who took part in the Cody minstrels remain in camp, and, with the assistance of others recruited from among the selective draft troops recently sent here, the soldiers are given high class entertainments. A typical program at the division exchange theater includes an eccentric musical act, during which the musician squeezes music from everything from a biscuit box to a row of pop bottles. Such direct songs by the various "Scotties" in camp, vocal soloists, mental numbers and concerts by the regimental bands. The theater is under the direction of the division adjutant.

### Pullman Wages and Tips.

From the Indianapolis News.  
Simultaneously with the announcement that the government is to continue to operate the Pullman company comes an order raising the wages of its employees on the same basis as the advance recently given railroad workers. The industrial relations commission once found that the average salary of porters was from \$27.50 to \$35 a month and of conductors from \$70 to \$90 a month.

Most of the porters will probably have their wages increased by almost half. The question now arises whether tip or not to tip. For years, the charge against the Pullman company that its porters were not paid enough has been answered to the effect that their wages were raised to affluent proportions by tips. When it was suggested that the public should not be expected to pay the wages of Pullman car employes in addition to the usual fares, the response was made that the company had no way of curbing the generosity of travelers and that if they would tip it was proper for that source of income to be taken into consideration in computing wages.

Possibly the porters received many tips that they would not otherwise have got because it was generally understood that they were dependent on tips for a living. With their wages substantially advanced a different situation exists. The traveler who gave up a quarter with a smile for the badly paid victim of corporate rigidity may feel differently toward a better paid government employe. The government can not with propriety force any class of its employes to prop up the tips of citizens for a livelihood.

### Danger Signal and Loafers.

From the Saturday Evening Post.  
Many states have passed laws against habitual idlers—which is a late start in attacking the vice of laziness; for it is just as much a vice as drunkenness or opium eating. It destroys the manhood in a man and the integrity of his character. We have known our share of drunks and dope fiends. We have seen those who seemed fairly hopeless shake off their vice and emerge useful, honorable men. According to our observation, however, a man once really sunk in the vice of laziness seldom gets out—but remains the nearest to absolute zero in human character.

Laziness has not been attacked as other vices have. There have been few warnings, rebukes, inhibitions. The young man hangs round pool rooms—or round club halls if he has money. He engages in imitation work—petty, incidental jobs; or golf if he can afford it. He is not girding himself; he is not attacking a problem of his life; he is loafing. But if he does not indulge in the recognized vices nobody says decisively "This will not do!"

### A Whole Man or None.

From the Oregon Journal.  
Little Freddie had just been put in a khaki suit with long trousers. "Mama," he asked, "am I a man now like papa?"

"I suppose so," she replied.  
"Well, then," he continued, "I guess I'll take a dime out of my bank and go down to the barber shop and get shaved."

## IRISH FARMERS ARE WARNED OF POSITION

### Standish O'Grady Asserts They Are Insulting Their Best Friends.

Dublin (by mail).—Irish farmers have been the most backward of all classes in regard to recruiting for the army. Standish O'Grady, a distinguished Irish writer, the author of several Irish novels and historical works, has issued a warning to them that, under the land purchase acts, they hold their lands by an act of the imperial parliament; that parliament has advanced over \$500,000,000 for the purchase of the land from the landlords, has handed it over to thousands of peasant farmers, and is collecting from them the purchase money by annual installments, less in amount than their old rents.

Mr. O'Grady reminds the farmers that "in supporting an attempt to overthrow the authority of the imperial parliament, they are trying to overthrow the very power which they owe their existence as proprietors and which alone can maintain them in secure ownership."

"Is it likely," he asks, "that the imperial parliament, having its hundreds of thousands of discharged, brave, loyal soldiers to provide for, will leave Ireland in the ownership of men, a mere class, who in this deadly crisis, this life and death struggle, are proving themselves foes of England, of Great Britain, of the British empire—whom it ought to be their Anglo-Irish empire, and of their great allies, the Irish? They will not respect the brand new land titles which they themselves have made and can unmake."

"With every day that passes the temper of England is rising. Let it rise a little more and things will happen."

The question of the future of Ireland as peasant proprietors has certainly been exercising the minds of some Irish farmers in a very different direction from that indicated by Standish O'Grady. A leading Dublin lawyer told the Associated Press representative that he had been emphasizing to a local group of farmers in the country, an influential farmer, as to his attitude towards the war, and asking him what he supposed his position would be if the Germans won the war and came to Ireland. The reply he got was that the Germans completely overthrew the British empire, the Irish farmers would be no worse off and might be better; there would no longer be any legal authority to collect the land installments, the Germans might remit them, and leave them the land for nothing. The Sinn Fein leaders in Dublin have no such delusions, but it is asserted that followers of this type throughout the country have enabled them to win elections.

## YANKEES MISS THE DOUGHNUT GIRLS

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR.

United Press Staff Correspondent.

With the American Army in France (by mail)—There is gloom in a certain regiment of Yankees, and it is not because they haven't had opportunity to whip boches.

The regiment is going to lose what the men consider their most valuable asset, the McIntyre sisters, also known as the Salvation Army girls. The McIntyre sisters—Gladys and Irene—who have made chocolate, doughnuts, pies and sandwiches for the boys of this regiment, sent letters for them, banked money, and who have been "good sisters" to every fellow in the regiment, have been transferred to a new post.

The troops holding this part of the line want to adopt the McIntyre sisters permanently—and who wouldn't? "They're good pals, not dolls," is the way the doughboys compare the rugged, lively American sisters with French girls out near the front. When the doughboy comes around, he usually is eager to work, and he's happiest who is given a job flipping doughnuts, cutting wood, or doing anything to help the McIntyre sisters. It is a happy American family, this, out here where the shells rain in all too regularly, interrupting even pie making and doughnut dipping, for orders are that every-thing should be done in a hurry, when they begin a bombardment. Practically every house in town has been hit and partly demolished.

These American soldier girls have a doughnut handy to sleep in. While they were absent at the front, the doughnuts came through the roof and punctured the bed full of holes. There is plenty of excitement in this work, but very little time to get excited.

It is easy to see why there is gloom in a certain regiment at the front. Of course, the doughnuts are not just arrived in the little village to take over the already established canteen of the McIntyre sisters. But they are not the same as your own favorite tried-and-true, stick-through-shot-and-shell sisters, the doughboys say. These brave pioneer girls are needed to begin another post. One thing is sure, some other regiment is going to be made awfully happy when the McIntyre sisters join it.

## NAVAL RECRUITING IN IRELAND IS BRISK

Dublin (by mail).—Lieutenant Percy, director of naval recruiting in Ireland, declares that recruiting for the British navy was never more brisk in Ireland than it is at present. There are Irishmen in every department from the admirals down, and the recruiters in the towns and villages throughout Ireland are always warmly welcomed. Dublin has just given a cordial send-off to a number of recruits of the trawler section of the royal naval reserve. This branch appeals particularly to Irish fisher boys who have experienced in the past few months around the Irish coasts the cruelties of which the German submarine campaign is the worst. The recruits paraded the streets of Dublin accompanied by bluejackets and marines and the band of the Berkshire regiment. Among the inscriptions on the banners in the procession were: "The Germans are sinking Irish ships and murdering Irishmen. Join us and avenge these crimes."  
"We are Betty's boys, brother Irishmen, come along."

Work.  
From the Boston Transcript.  
No longer will you be permitted to turn up your nose at work; you must turn up your sleeves at it. Golfers will naturally choose field work. Those who want light work can attend to the arc lamps. Writers will have work enough selling their work. Spenglers will continue to work their quailances, and rakes will be given garden work.

Vessels lined with metal that will conduct electricity to heat heat in Ireland as they are poured from in another have been patented by an inventor in Pennsylvania.