

# MYSTERY OF THE BOULE CABINET

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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(Continued)  
"Pardon me for not introducing you, M. Pigot," said Godfrey. "This gentleman is Mr. Grady, who has been the head of our detective bureau; this is Mr. Simmonds, a member of his staff; this is Mr. Lester, an attorney and friend of mine; and this is Mr. Shearrow, my personal counsel. Mr. Grady, Mr. Simmonds and Mr. Lester were



"There are the Michaelovitch diamonds."

present last night," he added blandly, "when Crochard opened the secret drawer."  
"Is it true that the theft of the Michaelovitch diamonds was planned by Crochard?" asked Godfrey.  
"Undoubtedly. No other thief in France would be capable of it. He arranged the affair so cleverly that we were wholly unable to convict him unless we should find him with the stolen brilliants in his possession."  
"And you were not able to do that?"  
"No, we could discover no trace of the brilliants, though we searched for them everywhere."  
"But you did not know of the Boule cabinet and of the secret drawer?"  
"No; of that we knew nothing. I must examine that famous cabinet."  
"It is worth examining. And it has an interesting history. But you did know, of course, that Crochard would seek a market for the diamonds here in America?"  
"We knew that he would try to do so, and we did everything in our power to prevent it. We especially relied upon your customs department."  
"The customs people did their part," said Godfrey, with a chuckle. "They have quite upset the country! But the diamonds got in in spite of them, for, of course, a cabinet imported by a man so well known and so above suspicion as Mr. Vantine was passed without question."  
"Crochard won't try to sell them," said Godfrey.  
"Won't try to sell them?" echoed Grady. "What's the reason he won't?"  
"Because he hasn't got them," answered Godfrey, smiling with an evidently deep enjoyment of Grady's dazed countenance.  
"Oh, come off!" said that worthy disgustedly. "If he hasn't got 'em I'd like to know who has!"  
"I have," said Godfrey, and cleared my desk with a sweep of his arm. "Spread out your handkerchief, Lester," and as I dazedly obeyed he picked up a little leather bag, opened it and poured out its contents in a sparkling flood. "There," he added, turning to Grady, "are the Michaelovitch diamonds."  
"But I don't understand!" Grady gasped. "Have you got Crochard too?"  
"No such luck," said Godfrey.  
"Do you mean to say he'd give these up without a fight?"  
"My dear Grady," said Godfrey, "I haven't seen Crochard since the night you took him off the boat. I'd have had him, if you had let Simmonds call me. That's what I had planned. But he was too clever for us. I knew that he would come today."  
"You repeated that he would come today?" repeated Grady blankly. "How do you know that—or is it merely hot air?"  
"I knew that he would come," said Godfrey, curtly, "because he wrote and told me so."  
"M. Pigot laughed a dry little laugh. "The trouble was," continued Godfrey, "that I didn't look for him so

early in the day, and so he was able to send me on a wild goose chase after a sensation that didn't exist. There's where I was a fool. But I discovered the secret drawer ten days ago—while the cabinet was still at Vantine's—the evening after the veiled lady got her letters. It was easy enough. I am surprised you didn't think of it, Lester."  
"Think of what?" I asked.  
"Of the key to the mystery. The drawer containing the letters was on the left side of the desk; I saw at once that there must be another drawer, opened in the same way, on the right side."  
"I didn't see it," I said. "I don't see it yet."  
"Think a minute. Why was Dronet killed? Because he opened the wrong drawer. He pressed the combination at the right side of the desk, instead of that at the left side. The fair Julie must have thought the drawer was on the right side, instead of the left. It was a mistake very easy to make, since her mistress doubtless had her back turned when Julie saw her open the drawer. The suspicion that it was Julie's mistake becomes certainty when she shows the combination to Vantine, and he is killed, too. Besides, the veiled lady herself made a remark which revealed the whole story. She said she was accustomed to opening the drawer with her left hand, instead of with her right. After that, there could be no further doubt. So I discovered the drawer very simply."  
"Yes," I said, "and then?"  
"Then I removed the jewels, took them down to a dealer in paste gems and duplicated them as closely as I could. I had a hard time getting a good copy of this big rose diamond."

**CHAPTER XVIII.**  
**Crochard Writes an Epilogue.**  
GODEFREY picked the big diamond from the heap and held it up between his fingers. "It's a beauty, isn't it?" he asked.  
M. Pigot smiled a dry smile.  
"It is the Mazarin," he said, "and is worth three million francs. There is a copy of it at the Louvre."  
"Well," continued Godfrey, "after I got the duplicates, I rolled them up in the cotton packets, and placed them back in the drawer, being careful to put the Mazarin at the bottom, where I had found it. Crochard knew that the game was up the instant he opened the first packet. Do you suppose he would be deceived? Not by the best reproduction ever made!"  
And then I remembered the slow fidget which had crept into Crochard's cheeks as he opened that first packet. "I didn't expect to deceive him," Godfrey explained. "I just wanted to give him a little surprise. And to think I wasn't there to see it!"  
"But if he knew they were imitations," I protested, "why should he go to all that trouble to steal them?"  
"That's what puzzled me last night," said Godfrey, "and, for that matter, it puzzles me yet, but I'm ready to turn these diamonds over to you. I should like you to count them, and give me a receipt for them."  
"And then, of course, you will write the story," sneered Grady, "and give yourself all the credit."  
"Well," asked Godfrey, looking at him, "do you think you deserve any?"  
And Grady could only crimson and keep silent. "As for the story, it is already written. It will be on the streets in ten minutes, and it will create a sensation. Please count the diamonds. You will find 210 of them."  
"That is the exact number stolen from the grand duke," remarked M. Pigot and fell to counting. The number was 210.  
"Mr. Shearrow has the receipt," Godfrey added, and Shearrow took a paper from his pocket, unfolded it and read the contents.  
It proved to be not only a receipt, but a full statement of the facts of the case, without omitting the details of the robbery and the credit due the Record for the recovery of the diamonds. Grady's face grew redder and redder as the reading proceeded.  
"I won't sign no such testimonial as that!" he barked. "Not on your life I won't!"  
"Your resignation was accepted at noon today by the mayor," said Godfrey.  
"My resignation?" snorted Grady. "I never wrote one!"  
"Tell the public that, if you want to," retorted Godfrey coldly. "That's your affair. You ought to have phoned it in when I told you to. Now, Simmonds."  
Grady crushed his hat upon his head, strode to the door, jerked it open and banged it behind him.  
"Now, Simmonds," Godfrey repeated, as the echo died away, and Sim-

monds came forward and signed. I witnessed the signatures, and Godfrey, with more eagerness than he had shown in the whole affair, caught up the paper and sprang with it to the door.  
"Get that down to the office as quick as you can," he said to a man outside. "I'll phone instructions. That," he added, closing the door and turning back to us, "is my reward for all this, or rather, the Record's reward. And now, gentlemen, Mr. Shearrow has his car below, and I think we would better drive around to some safe deposit box with this plunder."  
It was perhaps ten days afterward that Godfrey dropped in to see me one evening. "Lester," he said, "I am going to claim that cabinet."  
"On what grounds?" I demanded.  
"Because the man who owned it gave it to me, and he got a paper out of his pocketbook and handed it across to me."  
I opened it and recognized the delicate and feminine writing which I had seen once before.  
My Dear Sir—I find that I made the mistake of underestimating you, and I present you my sincere apologies. I trust that at some future time it may be my privilege to be again engaged with you. The result is certain to be most interesting. But at present I find that I must return to Europe by La Bretagne, since after the trouble I have taken it is impossible that I should consent to part with the brilliants of his highness the grand duke. As a slight souvenir of my high regard I trust you will be willing to accept the cabinet Boule, which I am certain that good M. Lester will surrender to you if you only let him this letter. The cabinet is not only interesting in itself, but will be doubly so to you because of the part it has played in my little comedy. And I should like to know that it adorns a corner of your home.  
Till we meet again, dear sir, believe me your sincere admirer,  
CROCHARD.  
The Invincible.

"He's a good sport, isn't he?" asked Godfrey, as I silently handed the letter back to him. "What do you say about the cabinet?"  
"I suppose there is no doubt that Crochard bought it," I said.  
"So that it is mine now?"  
"Yes; when did La Bretagne sail?"  
"A week ago today. She is due at Havre in the morning."  
"Did you warn them?"  
"Warn them of what?"  
"That Crochard is after the diamonds. They went back on La Bretagne, I suppose?"  
"Yes—and Pigot went with them. So why should I warn any one? Surely they know that Crochard will get those diamonds if he can. It has become a sort of point of honor with him, I imagine. It is up to them to take care of them."  
"That oughtn't to be difficult," I said. "The strong room of a liner is about the safest place on earth."  
"Yes," Godfrey agreed and blew a meditative ring toward the ceiling.  
And presently he went away without saying anything more.  
Two weeks later a black headline caught my eye:  
MICHAELOVITCH JEWELS FALSE!  
French Detective Takes Back Paste Imitations From America.

Fraud Discovered When the Grand Duke Michael Sends Them to a Jeweler To Be Reset.  
I had no need to read the article which followed, for I saw in a flash what had occurred. I saw, too, why Crochard had retained the paste jewels—he had use for them. How or where the substitution had been made I could only guess.  
Who, I wondered, had bought the Mazarin? Surely there was a diamond most difficult to sell. It could, of course, be cut up. But that would be sacrilege. One morning in the personal column of Le Matin appeared a notice, of which this is the English:  
To M. the Director of the Museum of the Louvre.  
It has been my good fortune to come into possession of the rose diamond known as the Mazarin. It is my wish to restore it to your collection, in order that it no longer be necessary to delude the public with an imitation of colored glass. It will give me great pleasure to present this brilliant to you with my compliments provided his highness the Grand Duke Michael, who preceded me in possession of the diamond, will join me in the gift. Should he refuse it will be my melancholy duty to cleave the diamond into a number of smaller stones, as it is too large for my use. But I hope that he will not refuse.  
CROCHARD.  
The Invincible.  
What could the grand duke do? To have refused, would have made him the butt of the boulevards. Besides, he was, after all, losing nothing which he had not already lost. So, with a better grace than one might have expected, he consented to join in the restoration. Two days later the director of the Louvre discovered a packet upon his desk. He opened it and found within the Mazarin. When you visit the Louvre, you will see it in the place of honor in the glass case in the center of the gallery of the Apollo, with an attendant on guard beside it.  
And Crochard? I do not know. Each morning, I read first the news from Paris, searching for the "Invincible" in some new incarnation.  
THE END.

## ATTRACTIONS AT THE THEATRES

**PARK THEATRE**  
"Traffic in Souls" Wins Applause.  
How thoroughly in sympathy the public is with those carrying on the fight against the outlaws of society has been most positively emphasized by those comprising the several audiences that have witnessed the remarkable series of scenes that are now being shown at the Park Theatre under the title of "Traffic in Souls." There are a number of scenes, notably the raid, the mob, and finally the row of cells in which are incarcerated the whole despicable gang, both men and women, that never fail to elicit rounds of applause.  
When Sam Howe's famous "Lover-makers" company comes to the Park Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday, local theatregoers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves what a real, live, and most burlesque organization is. Dispensing with the conventional first and second parts, with an olio sandwiched in between, the management offers a pretentious musical comedy in two acts and four scenes entitled "The Kissin' Maid." It is the joint effort of Edwin Hanford and Mr. Howe, who as usual will be an important factor in the funmaking. The supporting company is all that could be desired and includes Florence Bennett, Vera Desmond, Dollie Dupree, Count DeVassey, Stef Anderson, Fred. Nolant, Harry Prescott, Ed Guin, Butler Mandeville, and twenty-four bewitching show girls.

**POLI'S THEATRE**  
Opening today at Poli's Main street theatre, will be a program of extraordinary attractions, headed by the Imperial Opera Co. of sixteen of the best known of the country's grand opera singers. Music lovers will be afforded a rare treat by the classical compositions of the world's most famous music composers, which are included in the repertoire of this noted company of singers. With scenery and costumes appropriate to the selection, the presentation will leave nothing to be desired and the size of the company ensures an ample ensemble. The Imperial Opera Co. has been heading the bill at Poli's big New Haven house during the past week. As an extra fun attraction a "Greasy Pole" climbing contest is to be held this evening which will furnish riots of laughter. A prize of five is offered to the winner. A stirring photodrama, "The Grip of Circumstances" just released, has been secured by special arrangement. The other acts of the week are: Pilot & Scofield, classy performers in comedy singing and dancing; Garcinetti Bros., in a whirlwind trampoline act; Stewart & Hall, in "Novelties"; Bobbe & Dale, in classy novelties of singing and talking; and Jim Reynolds, Broadway's famous comedian.

**THE LYRIC**  
"The Last Days of Pompeii."  
Since the showing of George Kleine's photo drama exquisite "The Last Days of Pompeii" at the Lyric in December hundreds have requested a return engagement and in accordance with the popular demand of the Lyric's many patrons the management have arranged a return engagement for the first three days of this week with a new scene. "The Last Days of Pom-

peii" will be presented at the Lyric in a manner individually new to the motion picture world. The program has been arranged with a special musical setting and an augmented orchestra of talented musicians. One hundred voices will be heard in the pandemonium scenes which will make this grand production extremely realistic. Mr. John de Persia, the noted reader and lecturer, will appear in a prelude and interlude to "The Last Days of Pompeii."  
"The Last Days of Pompeii" is the most stupendous and spectacular production ever attempted. Three thousand people were used in the Arena and Eruption scenes and the skill with which this tremendous amount of people is posed before the camera and the wonderful lifelike effects obtained are unmistakable proof of the superior qualities of the Italian producers and stage directors over all their competitors.

**THE PLAZA**  
The famous Werner Amoros Trope, fresh from a triumphant tour of the middle-west will be a big attraction on the Plaza bill for the first half of the week commencing with the performance this afternoon. Some of the cleverest exponents of the terpsichorean art may be found in the cast and the juggling is immense. Brooks & Mack in their comedy skit entitled "Fifty Miles From Somewhere" is another splendid booking. J. W. Cooper, recognized as one of vaudeville's cleverest ventriloquists, will be a welcome figure on the bill. More fun will be furnished by Felix Young, the funniest of all extemporaneous comedians. Roper's Aerial Gymnastics, vaudeville's most sensational and thrilling acrobatic novelty will be included in the program. The fourth reel of the famous "Our Mutual Girl" series will be an added attraction. She is also seen at the Piping Rock Races and Bonwit Teller & Co.'s store on Fifth Avenue. "A Robust Romeo," "Ferey's First Holiday," "The Faucod Prodigal" and "At the Potter's Wheel" will be shown.

**SOME TIME WE WILL RECOVER FROM OUR ATTACK OF FRENZIED VIRTUE**  
By United States Senator LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN of Illinois  
We ought to quit gazing on our garbage cans and see some of the cleanliness of human life. We cannot persist forever in EXPLOITING OUR WHITED SEPULCHERS and not become morbid.  
The social system is NOT A ROTTEN BEAST. That some of its members are does not prove the former. Some time we will recover from our attack of frenzied virtue.  
WE ARE NOT AS GOOD AS THE IDEALIST WISHES US. NEITHER ARE WE AS SAD AS THE SENSATIONAL NOVEL SAYS WE ARE. WE NEED ALL THE ENCOURAGEMENT POSSIBLE TO GROW BETTER. WE DO NOT GET IT BY REVOLTING, HATEFUL CHARACTERS SERVED UP IN READING MATTER IN BOOK FORM. THERE IS LESS GOOD INCULCATED BY THE PORTRAYAL OF EVIL TO BE AVOIDED THAN BY HOMELY VIRTUES EMULATED. IN SHORT, WE NEED BOOKS THAT CAN BE READ BY EITHER SEX WITHOUT A CHAPERON AND NEWSPAPERS WITHOUT A PARENT'S EXPURGATION.  
Many wise men have sought to survive their death by linking their names with some enduring thing that succeeding generations may value and so be reminded of who bestowed the blessing on them. Lincoln once despondingly said he had joined his name with no enduring question and no one thing to save him from being forgotten that he had ever lived. A few short years from that time he was ELECTED PRESIDENT, passed through the FIERY ORDEAL OF CIVIL WAR and died a martyr to his ideals of republican government.

# AMUSEMENTS

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