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WITHIN THE LAW

By **MARVIN DANA**
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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Continued from page 6.

the world whom he really loved. He realized that his son loved the woman—nor could he wonder much at that. His keen eyes had perceived Mary Turner's graces of form, her loveliness of face. He had apprehended, too, in some measure at least, the fineness of her mental fiber and the capacities of her heart. Deep within him, denied any outlet, he knew here lurked a curious, subtle sympathy for the girl in her scheme of revenge against himself. Gilder, in his library this night, was pacing impatiently to and fro, eagerly listening for the sound of his son's return to the house. He was anxious for the coming of Dick, to whom he would make one more appeal. If that should fail—well, he must use the influence at his command to secure the forcible parting of the adventurers from his son.

Finally the son entered the room and went at once to his father, who was standing waiting, facing the door. "I'm awfully sorry I'm so late, dad," he said simply.

"Where have you been?" the father demanded gravely. But there was great affection in the flash of his gray eyes as he scanned the young man's face, and the touch of the hand that he put on Dick's shoulder was very tender. "With that woman again?" "No, father, not with her. She won't see me."

"Naturally! She's got all she wanted from you, my name."

"It's mine, too, you know, sir."

Gilder looked at his son with a strange, new respect.

"Dick," he cried—"boy, you are all I have in the world. You will have to free yourself from this woman somehow. You owe me that much."

"I owe something to her, too, dad."

"What can you owe her? She tricked you into the marriage. Why, legally it's not even that. There's been nothing more than a wedding ceremony. We must get you out of the scrape."

"I'm not sure that I want to get out of it, father."

"You want to stay married to this jail bird?"

"I'm very fond of her."

"Now that you know?"

"Now that I know," Dick said distinctly. "Don't you see, father? Why, she is justified in a way—in her own mind anyhow, I mean. She was innocent when she was sent to prison."

"Don't talk to me about her innocence. There's only one course open to you, my boy. You must give this girl up. If you don't what are you going to do the day your wife is thrown into a patrol wagon and carried to police headquarters, for it's sure to happen? The cleverest of people make mistakes, and some day she'll make one."

Dick threw out his hands in a gesture of supreme denial. But the father went on remorselessly.

"They will stand her up where the detectives will walk past her with



"I owe something to her, too, dad."

masks on their faces. Her picture, of course, is already in the rogues' gallery, but they will take another—yes, and the imprints of her fingers and the measurements of her body."

The son was writhing under the words. The woman of whom these things were said was the woman whom he loved. Yet every word had in it the piercing, horrible sting of truth.

"That's what they will do to your wife," Gilder went on harshly, "to the woman who bears your name and mine. What are you going to do about it?"

"It will never happen. She will go straight, dad. That I know. You would know it if you only knew her as I do."

Gilder was in despair. What argu-

ment could he have? He cried out sharply in desperation.

"Do you realize what you're doing? Don't go to smash, Dick, just at the beginning of your life. Oh, I beg you, boy, stop. Put this girl out of your thoughts and start fresh. You're all I have, my boy."

"Yes, dad," came the answer. "If I could avoid it I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world. I'm sorry, dad, awfully sorry." He hesitated, then his voice rang out clearly: "But I must fight this out by myself. Fight it out in my own way. And I'm going to do it!"

The butler entered.

"A man to see you, sir," he said. The master took the card. "Very well," he said, "show him up." His glance met the wondering gaze of his son.

"It's Burke," he explained.

"What on earth can he want—at this time of night?" Dick exclaimed.

"You may as well get used to visits from the police."

A moment later Inspector Burke entered the room.

"She's skipped!" he said triumphantly.

Dick made a step forward. His eyes flashed, and there was anger in his voice as he replied:

"I don't believe it."

"She left this morning for Chicago," Burke said, lying with a manner that long habit rendered altogether convincing. "I told you she'd go." He turned to the father and spoke with an air of boastful good nature. "Now, all you have to do is to get this boy out of the scrape and you'll be all right."

"If we only could!" The cry came with deepest earnestness from the lips of Gilder, but there was little hope in his voice.

"I guess we can find a way to have the marriage annulled or whatever they do to marriages that don't take," said Burke.

The brutal assurance of the man in thus referring to things that were sacred moved Dick to wrath.

"Don't you interfere," he said.

Nevertheless Burke held to the topic. "Interfere? Huh!" he ejaculated, grinning broadly. "Why, that's what I'm paid to do. Listen to me, son. The minute you begin mixing up with crooks you ain't in a position to give orders to any one. The crooks have got no rights in the eyes of the police. Just remember that."

But Dick was not listening. His thoughts were again wholly with the woman he loved, who, as the inspector declared, had fled from him.

"Where's she gone to Chicago?"

Burke answered in his usual gruff fashion, but with a note of kindness that was not without its effect on Dick.

"I'm no mind reader," he said. "But she'll probably stop at the Blackstone—that is, until the Chicago police are tipped off that she is in town."

The face of the young man took on a totally different expression. He went close to the inspector and spoke with intense seriousness.

"Burke," he said pleadingly, "give me a chance. I'll leave for Chicago in the morning. Give me twenty-four hours start before you begin hounding her."

The inspector smiled acquiescence. "Seems reasonable," he admitted.

"No, no, Dick," the father cried. "You shall not go! You shall not go!"

The inspector shot a word of warning to Gilder in an aside that Dick could not hear.

"Keep still," he replied. "It's all right."

"You give me your word, inspector," Dick said, "that you won't notify the police in Chicago until I've been there twenty-four hours?"

"You're on," Burke replied genially. "They won't get a whisper out of me until the time is up."

"Then I'll go," Dick smiled rather wanly at his father. "You know, dad, I'm sorry, but I've got to do what I think is the right thing."

It was not until the door was closed after Dick that Burke spoke.

"He'll go to Chicago in the morning, you think, don't you?" he asked.

"Certainly," Gilder answered. "But I don't like it."

"Best thing that could have happened! You see, he won't find her there."

"Where did she go then?" Gilder queried, wholly at a loss.

"Nowhere yet. But just about the time he's starting for the west I'll have her down at headquarters. Demarest will have her indicted before noon. She'll go to trial in the afternoon, and tomorrow night she'll be sleeping up the river. That's where she is going."

Gilder stood motionless for a moment. "But," he said wonderingly, "you can't do that."

"Well, perhaps I can't, but I will! Suddenly his face grew hard. His heavy jaw shot forward aggressively as he spoke.

"Think I'm going to let that girl make a joke of the police department? Why, I'm here to get her, to stop her anyhow. Her gang is going to break into your house tonight."

"What?" Gilder demanded. "You mean she's coming here as a thief?"

"Not exactly," Inspector Burke confessed, "but her pals are coming to try to pull off something right here. She wouldn't come, not if I know her. She's too clever for that. Why, if she knew what Garson was planning to do, she'd stop him."

The inspector paused suddenly. For a long minute his face was seamed with thought. Then he smote his thigh with a blow strong enough to kill an ox. His face was radiant.

"I've got her!" he cried. "He went to the desk where the telephone was and took up the receiver."

"Give me 3100 Spring," he said. As

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He wanted for the connection he smiled widely on the astonished Gilder. "Headquarters?" he called. "Inspector Burke speaking. Who's in my office? I want him quick." He smiled as he listened, and he spoke again to Gilder. "It's Smith, the best man I have. That's luck, if you ask me." Then again he spoke into the mouth piece of the telephone.

"Oh, Ed, send some one up to that Turner woman. You have the address. Just see that she is tipped off that Joe Garson and some pals are going to break into Edward Gilder's house tonight. Get some stool pigeon to band her the information. You'd better get to work quick. Understand?"

The inspector hung up the receiver and faced his host with a contented smile.

"What good will all that do?" Gilder demanded impatiently.

"She'll come to stop 'em. When we get the rest of the gang we'll grab her too. Just call your man for a minute, will you, Mr. Gilder?"

Gilder pressed the electric button on his desk. At the same moment, through the octagonal window, came a blinding flash of light that rested for seconds, then vanished. Burke was startled by the mysterious radiance.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

"It's the flashlight from the Metropolitan tower," Gilder explained. "It swings around this way about every fifteen minutes. The servant forgot to draw the curtains."

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Continued next week

Immigration to Canada in 1913 was 418,870, made up of 156,284 British, 115,751 American and 146,135 from all other countries.

There are nine cases of smallpox in the household of Geo. McCaulay, rural mail driver at Mapleton, but all are nearly recovered except himself. The family had the disease five weeks before knowing what it was.

Hon. Dr. Roche and Hon. Mr. Pelletier are reported to have fallen out because the former wants to overhaul the immigration staff at Quebec.

North Wellington Conservative Association passed a resolution against the spread of dual language in the Post Office Department.

The Canadian Pacific Railway's assets, according to a valuation just completed, are worth about \$846,000,000, and its total income for the year ending June last, \$139,305,000.

The Montreal Financial Times, published in the Herald Building, owned by D. Lorne McGibbon and edited by the former vice-president of the Herald, says Sir Hugh Graham is the purchaser of the Herald.