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WITHIN THE LAW



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

SYNOPSIS

Mary Turner, a department store clerk, is sentenced to prison for three years for a theft she did not commit.

Edward Gilder, owner of the department store, consents to see Mary before she goes to prison, expecting her to confess.

Mary protests her innocence to Gilder and begs him to pay better wages to his clerks to save them from temptation.

After three years in prison Mary is freed, but the police prevent her holding positions. She jumps into the river to end her life, but is rescued by Joe Garson, a forger.

Mary forms a partnership with Garson and his gang, by which they kill rich victims in a legal manner, keeping "within the law."

Mary is warned by the police to leave town after she has formed the acquaintance of Richard Gilder, her former employer's son.

Eileen Morris, the girl who had committed the theft for which Mary was imprisoned, sees Mary and confesses her guilt.

Mary marries Dick Gilder without his father's knowledge and then refuses to sail for Europe with him.

Joe Garson, against Mary's protest, agrees with Eddie Griggs, another crook, to help commit a burglary in Gilder's home.

Edward Gilder sees his son's bride and tries to induce her to give up her husband. Dick refuses to leave her even when she tells him she is an ex-convict.

Inspector Burke calls on Gilder and tells him that a burglary at his home that night has been arranged through Griggs, a stool pigeon, to trap Mary Turner and her gang.

Garson and his gang break into Gilder's home and are followed by Mary, who is told of the proposed burglary. While they are there Dick returns home.

Garson learns that Griggs had helped put up the job on him, and he kills Griggs with a noiseless revolver. Inspector Burke arrives, finding only Mary and Dick with Griggs' body.

Mary and Dick are arrested after Mary says Dick killed Griggs, a burglar. Other members of the gang are arrested and "sweated" by Burke.

Inspector Burke has interviews with Aggie Lynch, a member of Mary's gang, and Mary, in which he gets little information.

Joe Garson, who has been arrested, is taken to Burke's office, from where he sees his pals taken to cells. The sight upsets his nerves.

When Burke calls Mary in and tells her she is under arrest for the murder of Griggs, Garson admits he killed the stool pigeon.

Garson, rather proud of his notoriety, is taken to the rogues' gallery to be photographed. Mary and Dick, left together, are soon in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Burglary at Gilder's.

THE entrance of the butler brought the inspector's thoughts back to the matter in hand.

"My man," he said authoritatively, "I want you to go up to the roof and open the scuttle. You'll find some men waiting up there. Bring 'em down here. They're police officers. You get 'em down here, and then you go to bed and stay there till morning. Understand?"

The butler looked at his master for guidance. Receiving a nod, he said:

"Very well, sir."

"How do you know they're going to break into the house tonight?" Gilder demanded of Burke, "or do you only think they're going to break into the house?"

"I know they are. I fixed it."

"You did?"

"Sure; did it through a stool pigeon."

"Oh, an informer?" Gilder interrupted, a little doubtfully.

"Yes," Burke agreed; "stool pigeon is the police name for him. Really, he's the vilest thing that crawls."

"But if you think that," Gilder expostulated, "why do you have anything to do with that sort of person?"

"Because it's good business," the inspector replied. "We know he's a spy and a traitor and that every time he comes near us we ought to use a disinfectant. But we deal with him just the same because we have to. Now, the stool pigeon in this trick is a swell English crook. He went to Garson yesterday with a scheme to rob your house. He tried out Mary Turner, too, but she told Garson to leave it alone. But he met Griggs afterward and agreed to pull it off. Griggs got word to me that it's coming off tonight, and so, you see, Mr. Gilder, that's how I know."

"I see," Gilder admitted without any enthusiasm. "But why do you have your men come down over the roof?"

"It wasn't safe to bring them in the

front way. It's a cinch the house is being watched. I wish you would let me have your latch key. I want to come back and make this collar myself."

"But why not stay, now that you are here?"

"Suppose some of them saw me come in? There wouldn't be anything doing until after they saw me go out again."

The hall door opened, and the butler re-entered the room. Behind him came Cassidy and two other detectives in plain clothes. At a word from his master the disturbed Thomas withdrew.

"Now," Burke went on briskly as the door closed behind the servant, "where could these men stay out of sight until they're needed?"

There followed a little discussion which ended in the selection of a storeroom at the end of the passage on the ground floor.

"And now, Mr. Gilder," the inspector said energetically, "I'm going to show you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there."

"But the boy," Gilder protested. "What about him? He's the one thing of importance to me."

"If he says anything more about going to Chicago just you let him go, that's all! It's the best place for him for the next few days."

"You're in charge here," Burke said to Cassidy, "and I hold you responsible. I'm coming back to get this bunch myself, and I'll call you when you're wanted. You'll wait in the storeroom out there and don't make a move till you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs. He's got a whistle, and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?" Cassidy declared an entire understanding of the directions.

As the men left the room Burke turned again to Gilder.

"Just one thing more," he said. "After I've gone I want you to stay up for a half hour anyhow, with the lights burning. Do you see? I want to be sure to give the Turner woman time to get here while that gang is at work."

Gilder scrupulously followed the directions of the police inspector. Unhappily he had remained in the library until the allotted time was elapsed. He sidged from place to place, his mind heavy with distress under the shadow that threatened to blight the life of his cherished son. Finally, with a sense of relief he put out the lights and went to his chamber.

His thoughts were most with his son, and ever as he thought of Dick his fury waxed against the woman who had enmeshed the boy in her plotting



Mary Was Utterly Wretched.

for vengeance on himself. And into his thoughts now crept a doubt, one that alarmed his sense of justice. A horrible suspicion that he had misjudged Mary Turner crept into his brain and would not out. He fought it with all the strength of him, and that was much, but ever it abode there.

Mary Turner herself, too, was in a condition utterly wretched, and for the same cause. Dick Gilder. That source of the father's suffering was hers as well. She had won her ambition of years—revenge on the man who had sent her to prison. And now the joy of it was a torture, for the puppet of her plans, the son, had suddenly become the chief thing in her life.

She had taken it for granted that he would leave her after he came to know that her marriage to him was only a device to bring shame on his father. Instead he loved her. That fact com-

ed the secret of her distress. He loved her. More, he dared believe, and to assert boldly, that she loved him. Had he acted otherwise the matter would have been simple enough. But he loved her—loved her still, though he knew the shame that had clouded her life, knew the motive that had led her to accept him as a husband. More—by a sublime audacity he declared that she loved him.

There came a thrill in her heart each time she thought of that—that she loved him. The idea was monstrous, of course, and yet—Here, as always, she broke off, a hot flush blazing in her cheeks.

Mary Turner was just ready for bed when a note came by a messenger who waited for no answer, as he told the yawning maid. As Mary read the roughly scrawled message, she was caught in the grip of terror. The man who had saved her from death had yielded to temptation. As he had saved her so she must save him. She hurried into the gown she had just put off. Then she went to the telephone book and searched for the number of Gilder's house.

A few moments before Mary Turner received the note from the hands of the sleepy maid one of the leaves



Dacey With a Ferret Face.

of the octagonal window in the library of Richard Gilder's town house swung open under the persuasive influence of a thin rod of steel, cunningly used, and Joe Garson stepped confidently into the dark room.

For a space he rested motionless, listening intently. Reassured, he drew out an electric torch and set it glowing. A little disk of light touched here and there about the room, traveling very swiftly and in methodical circles. Satisfied by the survey, Garson crossed to the hall door, where he listened for any sound of life without and found none. The door into the passage that led to the storeroom where the detectives waited next engaged his businesslike attention. And here again there was naught to provoke his suspicion.

It seemed to him that everything was in readiness for the coming of his associates. There remained only to give them the signal in the room around the corner where they waited at a telephone. He seated himself in Gilder's chair at the desk and drew the telephone to him.

"Give me 999 Bryant," he said. There was a little wait. Then an answer in a voice he knew came over the wire.

Garson picked up a penholder from the desk and began tapping lightly on the rim of the transmitter. It was a code message in Morse. In the room around the corner the tapping sounded clearly, ticking out the message that the way was free for the thieves' coming.

For a final safeguard Garson search-

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