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### WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA  
FROM THE PLAY OF  
BAYARD VEILLER

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Burke felt himself vaguely guilty as the cause of such suffering on the part of one so young, so fair, so innocent. But his well meant attempt to assuage the stricken creature's woe was futile. The sobbing continued.

"I'm afraid!" the girl asserted dismally. "I'm afraid you will—put me in a cell!"

"Pooh!" Burke returned gallantly. "Why, my dear young lady, nobody in the world could think of you and a cell at the same time—no, indeed!"

"Oh, thank you!"

"Are you sure you've told me all you know about this woman?"

"Oh, yes! I've only seen her two or three times," came the ready response.

"Oh, please, commissioner! Won't you let me go home?"

The use of a title higher than his own flattered the inspector, and he was moved to graciousness.

"Now, you see," he said in his heavy voice, yet very kindly, "no one has hurt you—not even a little bit, after all. Now, you run right home to your mother."

The girl sprang up joyously and started toward the door, with a final ravishing smile for the pleased official at the desk.

It was at this moment that Cassidy entered from the opposite side of the office. As his eyes fell on the girl at the door across from him his stolid face lighted in a grin. And, in that same instant of recognition between the two the color went out of the girl's face. The little red lips snapped together in a line of supreme disgust against this vicissitude of fate after all her maneuverings in the face of the enemy.

"Hello, Aggie," the detective remarked, with a smirk, while the inspector stared from one to the other and his jaw dropped from the stark surprise.

The girl returned deliberately to the chair she had occupied through the interview with the inspector and dropped into it weakly. It was after a minute of silence, in which the two men sat staring, that at last she spoke with a savage wrath against the pit into which she had fallen after her arduous efforts.

"Ain't that the—est luck!"

"Cassidy, do you know this woman?" asked Burke.

"Sure I do," came the placid answer. "She's little Aggie Lynch—con woman, from Buffalo—two years for black-mail—did her time at Burning."

For a little time there was silence, the while Burke sat staring at the averted face of the girl. Then he set his features grimly, rose from his chair and walked to position directly in the front of the girl, who still refused to look in his direction.

"On the level, now," the inspector demanded, "when did you see Mary Turner last?"

"Early this morning. We slept together last night because I had the willies. She blew the joint about half past 10."

"What's the use of your lying to me?"

"So help me," Aggie continued with the utmost solemnity, "Mary never left the house all night. I'd swear that's the truth on a pile of Bibles a mile high!"

"Have to be higher than that. Mary Turner was arrested just after mid-

"How long has she owned this gun?" he said threateningly.  
"She didn't own it."  
"Oh, then it's Garson's?"  
"I don't know whose it is," Aggie replied. "I never laid eyes on it till now."  
"English Eddie was killed with this gun last night. Now, who did it? Come on, now! Who did it?"  
"How should I know? What do you think I am—a fortune teller?"  
"Now, Aggie Lynch, you listen to me. Tell me what you know, and I'll see you make a clean getaway, and I'll slip you a nice little piece of money too. Now, what do you say?"  
"I say you're a great big stiff! What do you think I am?" Aggie wheeled on the detective. "Say, take me out of here. I'd rather be in the cooler than here with him!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### The Trap That Failed.

AS the scornful maiden went out of the door under the escort of Cassidy, Burke bowed gallantly to her lithe back and blew a kiss from his thick finger tips in mocking reverence for her as an artist in her way. Then when he learned that Edward Gilder had arrived he ordered that the magistrate and the district attorney be admitted and that the son also be sent up from his cell.

"It's a bad business, sir," Burke said with hearty sympathy to the shaken father after the formal greetings that followed the entrance of the two men.

"It's a very bad business."

"What does he say?" Gilder questioned.

"Nothing!" Burke answered. "That is why I sent for you. I suppose Mr Demarest has made the situation plain to you."

"Yes, he has explained it to me. It's a terrible position for my boy. But you'll release him at once, won't you?"

"I can't," Burke replied reluctantly, but bluntly. "You ought not to expect it, Mr. Gilder."

"Inspector," the magistrate cried brokenly, "you—don't mean—"

"I mean, Mr. Gilder, that you've got to make him talk. That's what I want you to do for all our sakes. Will you?"

"I'll do my best," the unhappy man replied.

A minute later Dick, in charge of an officer, was brought into the room. He was pale, a little disheveled from his hours in a cell.

The father went forward quickly and caught Dick's hands in a mighty grip.

"My boy!" he murmured huskily. Then he made a great effort and controlled his emotion to some extent.

"The inspector tells me," he went on, "that you've refused to talk—to answer his questions."

"That wasn't wise under the circumstances," the father remonstrated hurriedly. "However, now, Demarest and I are here to protect your interests, so that you can talk freely. Now, Dick, tell us! Who killed that man? We must know. Tell me."

Demarest went a step toward the young man. "Dick, I don't want to frighten you, but your position is really dangerous. Your only chance is to speak with perfect frankness. I pledge you my word I'm telling the truth. Dick, my boy, I want you to forget that I'm the district attorney and remember only that I'm an old friend of yours and of your father's who is trying very hard to help you. Surely you can trust me. Now, Dick, tell me: Who shot Griggs?"

"I shot Griggs," said the young man. Demarest realized that his plea had failed, but he made an effort to take the admission at its face value.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because I thought he was a burglar."

"Oh, I see!" he said, in a tone of conviction. "Now, let's go back a little. Burke says you told him last night that you had persuaded your wife to come over to the house and join you there. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Now, tell me, Dick, just what did happen, won't you?"

There was no reply, and, after a little interval, the lawyer resumed his questioning.

"Did this burglar come into the room?"

Dick nodded an assent.

"And he attacked you?"

There came another nod of affirmation.

"And there was a struggle?"

"Yes."

"And you shot him?"

"Yes."

"Then, where did you get the revolver?"

Dick started to answer without thought.

"Why, I grabbed it!" Then, the significance of this crashed on his consciousness, and he checked the words trembling on his lips. "So," he said with swift hostility in his voice, "so, you're trying to trap me, too! You! And you talk of friendship. I want none of such friendship."

But Burke could be no longer restrained.

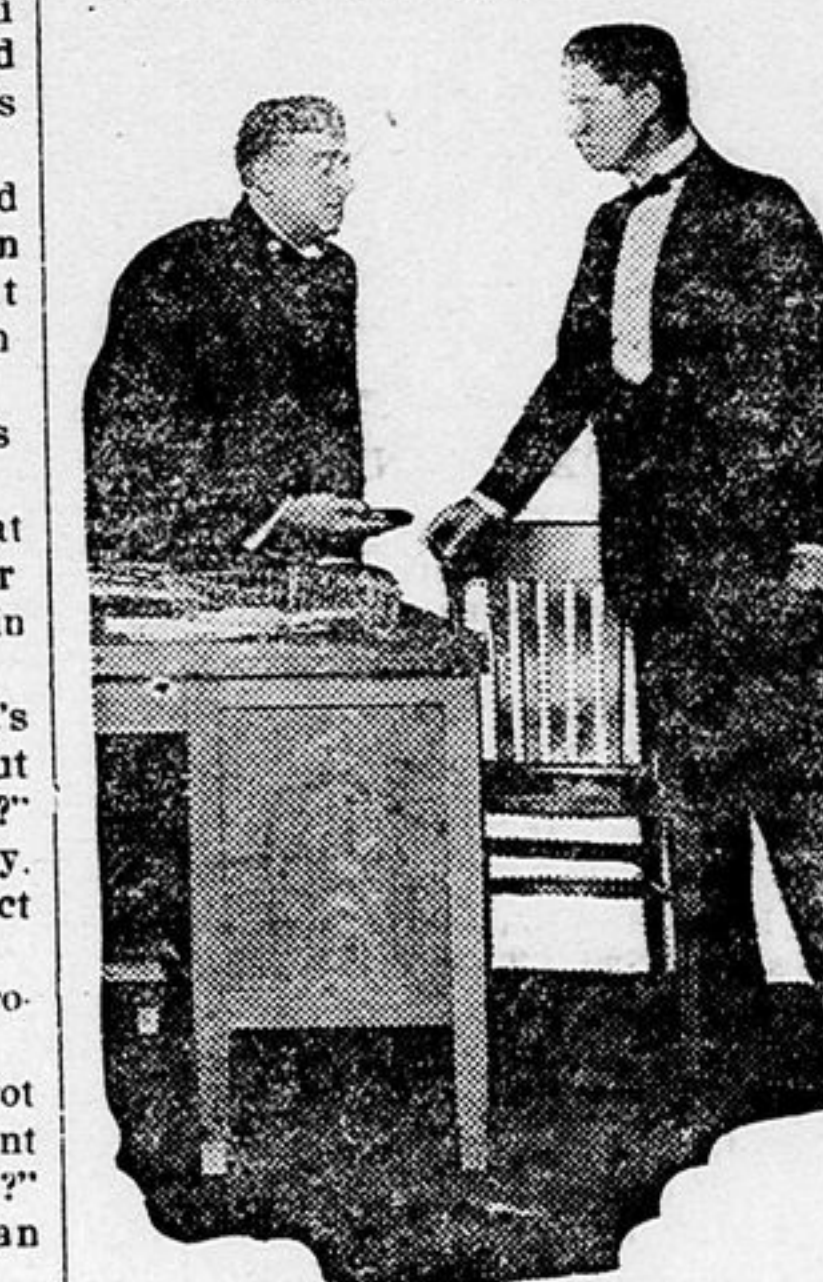
"You don't want to take us for fools, young man," he said, and his big tones rumbled harshly through the room. "If you shot Griggs in mistake for a burglar why did you try to hide the fact? Why did you pretend to me that you and your wife were alone in the room when you had that there with you, eh? Why didn't you call for help? Why didn't you call for the police as any honest man would naturally under such circumstances?"

"We're trying to save you," the father pleaded tremulously.

Burke persisted in his vehement system of attack. Now, he again brought out the weapon that had done Eddie

Griggs to death.  
"Where'd you get this gun?" he shouted.  
"I won't talk any more," Dick answered simply. "I must see my wife first." His voice became more aggressive. "I want to know what you've done to her."  
"Did she kill Griggs?" Burke questioned roughly.  
Dick was startled out of his calm. "No, no!" he cried, desperately.  
"Then, who did?" Burke demanded sharply. "Who did?"  
"I won't say any more until I've talked with a lawyer whom I can trust." He shot a vindictive glance toward Demarest.  
The father intervened with a piteous eagerness.  
"Dick, if you know who killed this man you must speak to protect yourself."  
The face of the young man softened as he met his father's beseeching eyes. "I'm sorry, dad," he said, very gently. "But I—well, I can't!"  
Again, Burke interposed.  
"I'm going to give him a little more time to think things over. Perhaps he'll get to understand the importance of what we've been saying pretty soon."  
He pressed the button on his desk.

"Where'd you get this gun?" and, as the doorman appeared, addressed that functionary.  
"Dan, have one of the men take him back. You wait outside."  
Dick, however, did not move. His voice came with a note of determination.  
"I want to know about my wife. Where is she?"  
Burke disregarded the question as completely as if it had not been uttered and went on speaking to the doorman, with a suggestion in his words that was effective.  
"He's not to speak to any one, you understand." Then he condescended to give his attention to the prisoner. "You'll know all about your wife, young man, when you make up your mind to tell me the truth."  
Dick turned and followed his custodian out of the office in silence.  
As the doorman reappeared Burke gave his order. "Dan, have the Turner woman brought up."  
The inspector next called his stenographer and gave explicit directions. At the back of the room, behind the desk, were three large windows, which opened on a corridor, and across this was a tier of cells. The stenographer was to take his seat in this corridor, just outside one of the windows. Over the windows the shades were drawn, so that he would remain invisible to any one within the office while yet easily able to overhear every word spoken in the room.  
When he had completed his instructions to the stenographer Burke turned to Gilder and Demarest.  
"Now, this time," he said energetically, "I'll be the one to do the talking. And get this: Whatever you hear me say don't you be surprised. Remember, we're dealing with crooks, and when you're dealing with crooks you have to use crooked ways."  
Then the door opened, and Mary Turner entered. She paid absolutely no attention to the other two in the room, but went straight to the desk and there halted, gazing with her softly penetrant eyes of deepest violet into the face of the inspector.  
Under that intent scrutiny Burke felt a challenge and set himself to match craft with craft. His large voice was modulated to kindness as he spoke in a casual manner.  
"I just sent for you to tell you that you're free."  
"Then, I can go?"  
"Sure, you can go."  
Without any delay, yet without any haste, Mary glanced toward Gilder and Demarest, who were watching the scene closely. Then, she went toward the outer door of the office.  
Burke waited until she had nearly reached the door before he shot his bolt.  
"Garson has confessed!"  
Mary turned and confronted the inspector, and answered without the least trace of fear, but the firmness of knowledge:  
"Oh, no, he hasn't!"  
"What's the reason he hasn't?" Burke roared out wrathfully.  
"Because he didn't do it!"  
"Well, he says he did it!"  
Mary, in her turn, resorted to a bit of finesse, in order to learn whether or not Garson had been arrested.  
"But how could he have done it, when he went?" she began.  
"Where did he go?"  
"You ought to know, since you have arrested him, and he has confessed." Burke was frantic over being worst-



"Where'd you get this gun?"

Continued on page 7

### Weak Heart



Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, the heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and alterative should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is

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"On the level, when did you see Mary Turner last?"