

WITHIN THE LAW



By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER III.
The Victim of the Law.

YES, Glider did know. The mention of the name was like a spell in the effect it wrought on the attitude of the irritated owner of the store. Instantly his expression changed.

"How extremely awkward!" he cried, and there was a very real concern in his voice. He regarded Smithson kindly, whereas that rather piling gentleman once again assumed his martial bearing. "You were quite right in coming to me." For a moment he was silent, plunged in thought. Finally he spoke with the decisiveness characteristic of him. "Of course there's nothing we can do. Just put the stuff back on the counter and let her go."

But Smithson had not yet wholly unburdened himself. He again cleared his throat nervously.

"She's very angry, Mr. Glider," he announced timidly. "She—er—she demands an—er—an apology."

The owner of the store half rose from his chair, then threw himself back with an exclamation of disgust.

"God bless my soul!" he cried. Again he fell silent, considering the situation which Smithson had presented. At last, however, he mastered his irritation to some degree and spoke his command briefly. "Well, Smithson, apologize to her. It can't be helped."

When Smithson had left the office Glider turned to his secretary.

"Take this," he directed, and he forthwith dictated the following letter: J. W. Gaskell, Esq., Central National Bank, New York.

"My Dear Mr. Gaskell—I feel that I should be doing less than my duty as a man if I did not let you know at once that Mrs. Gaskell is in urgent need of medical attention. She came into our store today, and—"

He paused for a moment. "No, put it this way," he said finally: "We found her wandering about our store today in a very nervous condition. In her excitement she carried away about \$100 worth of rare lace. Not recognizing her, our store detective detained her for a short time. Fortunately for us all, Mrs. Gaskell was able to explain who she was, and she has just gone to her home. Hoping for Mrs. Gaskell's speedy recovery, and with all good wishes, I am yours very truly.

Smithson again entered the office, even more perturbed than before.

"What on earth is the matter now?" Glider spluttered suspiciously.

"It's Mrs. Gaskell still," Smithson replied in great trepidation. "She wants you personally, Mr. Glider, to apologize to her. She says that the action taken against her is an outrage, and she is not satisfied with the apologies of all the rest of us. She says you must make one, too, and that the store detective must be discharged for intolerable insolence."

Glider bounced up from his chair angrily.

"I'll not discharge McCracken," he vociferated, glaring on Smithson, who shrunk visibly.

"But about the apology, Mr. Glider," he reminded, speaking very deferentially, yet with insistence.

"Oh, I'll apologize," he said with a very smile of discomfiture. "I'll make things even up a bit when I get an apology from Gaskell. I shouldn't suspect that that estimable gentleman is going to eat humble pie, of my baking, from his wife's recipe. And his will be an honest apology, which mine won't." And he left the room.

It was on this same day that Sarah, on one of her numerous trips through the store in behalf of Glider, was accosted by a salesgirl, whose name, Helen Morris, she chanced to know.

Third time you have asked me about Mary Turner. What's it to you. I'd like to know?"

The salesgirl started violently, and a deep flush drove the accustomed pallor from her cheeks. She was obviously much disturbed by the question.

"What is it to me?" she repeated in an effort to gain time. "Why, nothing—noting at all, only—she's a friend of mine, a great friend of mine. Oh, yes!"

There was a monotone of desolation as she went on speaking in a whisper meant for the ears of no other. "It's awful—three years! Oh, I didn't understand! It's awful—awful!" With the final word she hurried off, her attitude one of wondering grief.

Sarah was thinking intently of Mary Turner after her return to the office. As she glanced up at the opening of the door she did not at first recognize the figure outlined there. She remembered Mary Turner as a tall, slender girl, who showed an underlying vitality in every movement, a girl with a face of regular features, in which was a complexion of blended milk and roses, with a radiant joy of life shining through all her arduous and vulgar conditions. Instead of this, now she saw a frail form that stood swaying in the doorway, that bent in a sinister fashion which told of bodily impotence, while the face was quite bloodless.

A man stood beside her, one of his hands clasped around the girl's wrist. It was Cassidy, from headquarters, who spoke in a rough, indifferent voice.

"The district attorney told me to bring this girl here on my way to the Grand Central station with her."

"Mr. Glider will be right back. Come in and wait."

The two went forward very slowly, the officer, carelessly conscious of his duty, walking with awkward steps to suit the feeble movements of the girl. Sarah at last found her voice for an expression of sympathy.

"I'm sorry, Mary," she said hesitatingly. "I'm terribly sorry, terribly sorry!"

The girl did not look up. She stood still, swaying a little, as if from weakness.

"Are you?" she said. "I did not know. Nobody has been near me the whole time I have been in the Tombs."

"Why?" Sarah exclaimed, "there was Helen Morris today! She has been asking about you again and again. She's all broken up over your trouble."

"Who is Helen Morris?" the lifeless voice demanded. There was no interest in the question.

Glider entered the office with the quick, bustling activity that was ordinarily expressed in his every movement. He paused as he beheld the two visitors, then he spoke curtly to the secretary.

"You may go, Sarah. I will ring when I wish you again."

There followed an interval of silence while the secretary was leaving the office and the girl with her wanderer stood waiting on his pleasure. Glider cleared his throat twice in an embarrassed foreign to him before finally he spoke to the girl.

"Mr. girl," Glider said, gently—his hard voice was softened by an honest regret—"my girl, I am sorry about this."

"The voice of the girl rang clear. There was a note of insistence that got."

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promise, I'll see what can be done about getting you out of your present difficulty." He picked up a pencil, pulled a pad of blank paper convenient to his hand and looked at the girl expectantly, with aggressive inquiry in his gaze. "Tell me now," he concluded, "who were your pals?"

"I have no pals!" she ejaculated furiously. "I never stole anything in my life. Must I go on telling you over and over again?" Her voice rose in a wall of misery. "Oh, why won't any one believe me?"

"Unless you can control yourself, you must go." Glider pushed away the pad of paper and tossed the pencil aside in physical expression of his displeasure.

"Why did you send that message if you have nothing to say?" he demanded, with increasing anger.

"I have something to tell you, Mr. Glider," she cried quietly. "Only I—I sort of lost my grip on the way here, with this man by my side."

"Well?" Glider insisted querulously, as the girl hesitated.

"When you sit in a cell for three months waiting for your trial, as I did, you think a lot. And so I got the idea that if I could talk to you I might be able to make you understand what's really wrong. And if I could do that and so help out the other girls, what has happened to me would not, after all, be quite so awful—so useless, somehow." Her voice lowered to a quick pleading, and she bent toward the man at the desk. "Mr. Glider," she questioned, "do you really want to stop the girls from stealing?"

"Most certainly I do," came the forcible reply.

The girl spoke with a great earnestness deliberately.

"Then give them a fair chance." The magnate stared in sincere astonishment over this absurd, this futile suggestion for his guidance.

"What do you mean?" he vociferated, with rising indignation.

"Why," she said very gently, "I mean just this: Give them a living chance to be honest."

"A living chance?" The two words were exploded with dynamic violence. Glider found himself unable to express the rage that flamed within him.

The girl showed herself undismayed by his anger.

"Yes," she went on quietly, "that's all there is to it. Give them a living chance to get enough food to eat and a decent room to sleep in and shoes that will keep their feet off the pavement winter mornings. Do you think that any girl wants to steal? Do you think that any girl wants to risk?"

By this time, however, Glider had regained his power of speech, and he interrupted stormily:

"And is this what you have taken up my time for? You want to make a maudlin plea for guilty, dishonest girls, when I thought you really meant to bring me facts?"

"We work nine hours a day," the girl's quiet voice went on, a curious pathos in the rich timbre of it, "nine hours a day for six days in the week. That's a fact, isn't it? And the trouble is an honest girl can't live on \$6 a week. She can't do it and buy food and clothes and pay room rent and carfare. That's another fact, isn't it?"

Mary regarded the owner of the store with grave questioning in her violet eyes.

"I don't care to discuss these things," he declared peremptorily as the girl remained silent for a moment.

"And I have no wish to discuss anything," Mary returned evenly. "I only want to give you what you asked for—facts. When they first locked me up I used to sit and hate you."

"Oh, of course!"

"And then I thought that perhaps you did not understand—that, if I were to tell you how things really are, it might be you would change them somehow."

"I" he cried incredulously. "I change my business policy because you ask me to!"

There was something imperturbable in the quality of the voice as the girl went resolutely forward with her explanation.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Our Readers
Gleaned from the Newspaper
Files of Many Years Ago.

Nathan, of the House of Solomon, is back again.

Schnasse has returned home from a long visit to Wisconsin. He had a famous sleigh ride while there, 130 miles in one day or more, we forget just how.

Curtis, formerly of the firm of Wayman & Curtis, is in town on a short visit to his friend and former partner.

F. W. D. Hollbrook, late of Plattsmouth, remembers the Herald and changes his address to Shelburne Falls, Mass. The Herald sends greetings to him and his family.

Wm. L. Hobbs is doing what more of our business men should be doing. He is sending three copies of the Herald to friends in the east. He called around Monday and helped the good cause \$12.85 worth. May you live long and be happy.

Father Bobal called in at the Herald office last week and we had a very pleasant chat, as we always do when he calls. Father B. is an intelligent man, with liberal views of life.

Rudolph Heisel's house on the hill, west of the High school, burned up last Thursday evening. It all came from a kerosene lamp, and the fire boys could not get there before it went up. Insurance \$600.

St. Leger Beck arrived here last week from Cheyenne. We understand he will take his family back with him as soon as the U. P. blockade is opened.

A family by the name of Reichart, living seven miles west of town, are all down with the smallpox. Uncle Jake Vallery, Mr. Lenhoff, Guthman and others have been very generous to them; the county commissioners have been applied to, and the sheriff has procured nurses and attendance.

Rush O. Fellows, one of the printers in this office, slipped on the stairs coming out of Fitzgerald's hall on Friday evening last, after the ball, and sprained his wrist so severely that he will not be able to work for some weeks. This is a great loss to Rush as well as to the Herald, as we have just got work in now that he could do to advantage.

Mr. Brooke Reed, from Council Bluffs, who has many friends here, has been stopping in Plattsmouth for a week's vacation.

Mrs. B. Spurlock left last Sunday for Marysville, Mo., to visit her father, who has been very sick for some time.

Mrs. E. E. Cunningham, wife of Gen. Cunningham, went east to Cleveland, to attend a famous water cure, her health having been very poor for some time. The Herald hopes she may return buoyant with health and spirits.

Bob Donnelly dropped a red-hot plough share on his foot Saturday. Bob is going to turn granger now and handle cold plough shares after this; no more hot ones in his.

A very pleasant little party went up to Omaha Saturday to see Janushek, the great tragedienne. A part of the company came down to La Platte in a carriage Sunday morning and thence by the iron horse home.

Fred Lenhoff's barn caught fire on Saturday evening and burned to the ground. Spontaneous combustion, Fred says. Pipe and lantern, the verdict of the coroner. Loss, 10,000 bricks.

Mr. Pronger's youngest son, Johnnie, was badly kicked in the face by a horse yesterday morning. The boy was hanging to the pony's tail when he fell, but still kept his hold. After going around the yard that way he let go and the pony stopped and turning around commenced smelling him, when the boy struck him across the nose with a stick. The pony instantly wheeled and kicked him with both hind feet, cutting his face badly.

Out on the B. & M. railroad employes met with a very narrow escape from a serious accident last week. A locomotive was backing some cars to couple on to some other empty cars at the freight depot and he was engaged in coupling them. In some manner his arm got caught between the bumpers of the cars, fastening it so that he could not remove it. The fright and pain caused him to cry out, which attracted the attention of Mr. Morgan Waybright, who was working close at hand, and he ran up to see what was the matter. He immediately ran to the engineer and told him to pull up a little, as a man had his arm crushed between the bumpers, which was done and the poor fellow was released from his uncomfortable situation; when, strange to say, not a bone or even the skin was broken, although his arm was bruised considerably, thus agreeably disappointing those who were working around the depot at the time, for they, as a matter of course, supposed that his arm was crushed. Taken in all it was one of the narrowest escapes we have heard of.

John McCarthy of Otse county called at the Herald office and left us a copy of the Investigator to read.

Gen. Jeff G. Davis, the Modoc conqueror, is in the city, the guest of Chaplain Wright. We are very much pleased to have so deservedly popular an officer as Gen. Davis visit our city.

Hon. John Chapman, U. S. marshal for the western district of Iowa, has been visiting his brother, Samuel, in this place this week.

Henry Dubois, well known in the state as importer and breeder of fine horses, was in town Tuesday. He goes to New York next week.

Miss Julia Porter, daughter of W. B. Porter, esq., now at Washington, D. C., sends us a very neat note and takes a Herald to give her the news from old Cass while in Washington.

A Mr. Thos. L. Stephens has taken editorial management of the Glenwood Opinion, in place of W. P. Robinson, who hereafter will attend to the financial interests.

Rev. G. C. Betts of Kansas City, formerly rector of St. Luke's church in this city, spent three or four hours with relatives and friends here on Wednesday last.

The Herald paid a visit to the handsome little town of Weeping Water week before last. Since we came to Cass county it has grown from a mere point, with a store and a mill, to the dimensions of a very neat little village. The houses are substantial and the yards show New England thought and taste. It now has aspirations for the county seat, whether it can make the rifle is not for the Herald to say. One thing we do know, that Mr. Reed took us in his buggy and showed us a beautiful plateau for a town, and also some as fine country off to the S. W. in Cass county as we have ever seen. We then came round by Mr. Tewksbury's mill and found himself and madam well, and a great increase in their family around them. The merchants at Weeping Water are all in good spirits, have done a good business and never croak. Besides the mill at W. W. village (Clinton & Johnson's) there is another mill two miles below, and a good water power between town and that. Already there are three mills within five miles along the river. Weeping Water no doubt is destined to be a manufacturing point of some magnitude at no distant day.

Gen. Cunningham, T. W. Shryock and Alex Schlegel went to Omaha Monday we believe.

Charles Holmes and Gal. Parmele received sixteen head of fine horses last week, which they will dispose of at reasonable terms.

Mrs. Kate Adams, wife of Hiram Adams, died at the residence of her husband last Thursday. Mr. Adams lost his only child by death on Monday.

Master Clemie Chase, editor of the Excelsior, a child's paper published at Omaha, called on the Herald last Friday. Master Clemie, although a lad yet, has edited a paper for several years; he is a printer, pressman, roller boy and editor-in-chief, all in one.

Somebody sent Joe Buttery a handsome waterproof overcoat, cape and all, by express, and he don't know who it was. He hereby returns thanks for the same.

J. I. Datesman and family have gone to Council Bluffs to live. We are sorry to lose Mr. Datesman and hope he may meet with the success he deserves in his new home.

Mr. Benjamin W. Briggs, lately of Illinois, but now of South Bend, Neb., called on the Herald yesterday. Mr. Briggs has lately moved to Nebraska and we wish him great success.

There was a great horse race in Plattsmouth last week between Henry Boeck and the big brown and Johnny White with the little bay, both to wagons, big wagons, best out of one, and Henry quartered on Johnny and beat.

Weeping Water, April 27. Ed. Herald.—Seldom has our community been more startled than by the announcement last Friday morning that a little daughter of T. L. Evans had been burned to death. Mr. Evans, who lives several miles south of town, was engaged in burning corn-stalks or stubble, his children being with him in the field. One of the girls, aged about 9 years, in some way caught her clothes on fire while she was at quite a distance from her father. Being of course frightened, she screamed and ran with all her might until the last stitch of clothes was burned from her body, her father being unable to overtake her until after she had fallen down. She lived about six hours, being conscious all the time. Complaining but little, and trying to comfort her sorrow-stricken parents by assuring them that she was not afraid to die, Dr. Thomas, who was one of the most terrible sights he has ever seen, the flesh being cooked to a crisp.

Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For pure Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't want any more when you buy cheap or inferior baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's pure, economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any other brand.