

WITHIN THE LAW



By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER V. Keeping Within the Law.

MARY'S heart leaped at the possibility back of those three words, "within the law." She might do anything, seek any revenge, work any evil, enjoy any mastery as long as she should keep within the law. There could be no punishment then. That was the lesson taught by the captain in high finance. He was at pains always in his stupendous robberies to keep within the law. To that end he employed lawyers of mighty cunning and learning to guide his steps aright in such tortuous paths.

There, then, was the secret. Why should she not use the like means? Why, indeed? She had brains enough to devise, surely. Beyond that she needed only to keep her course most carefully within those limits of wrong-doing permitted by the statutes. The sole requirement would be a lawyer equally unscrupulous and astute.

She took Joe Garson into her confidence. He was vastly astonished at the outset and not quite pleased. To his view this plan offered merely a fashion of setting difficulties in the way of achievement.

Presently, however, the sincerity and persistence of the girl won him over. The task of convincing him would have been easier had he himself ever known the torment of serving a term in prison. Thus far, however, the forger had always escaped the penalty for his crimes, though often close to conviction. But Mary's arguments were of a compelling sort as she set them forth in detail, and Garson agreed that the experiment should be made.

An agreement was made by which Joe Garson and certain of his more trusted intimates in the underworld were to put themselves under the orders of Mary concerning the sphere of their activities. Furthermore, they bound themselves not to engage in any devious business without her consent. Aggie, too, was one of the company thus constituted, but she figured little in the preliminary discussions, since neither Mary nor the forger had much respect for the intellectual capabilities of the adventuress, though they appreciated to the full her remarkable powers of influencing men to her will.

It was not difficult to find a lawyer suited to the necessities of the undertaking. Mary selected Sigismund Harris, an attorney, just in the prime of his mental vigor, who possessed a knowledge of the law only to be equaled by his disrespect for it.

Forthwith the scheme was set in operation. As a first step Mary turned



Aggie's Winsome innocence.

became a young lady of independent fortune, who had living with her a cousin, Miss Agnes Lynch. The flat was abandoned. In its stead was an apartment in the Nineties on Riverside drive, in which the ladies lived alone with two maids to serve them.

Garson had rooms in the neighborhood, but Jim Lynch, who persistently refused the conditions of such an alliance, betook himself afar, to continue his reckless gathering of other folk's money in such wise as to make him amenable to the law the very first time he should be caught at it.

A few tentative ventures resulted in profits so large that the company grew mightily enthusiastic over the novel manner of working. In each instance Harris was consulted and made his confidential statement as to the legality of the thing proposed. After a few perfectly legal breach of promise suits, due to Aggie's winsome innocence of Garson, had been settled advantageously out of court Mary devised a scheme of greater elaborateness with the legal acumen of the lawyer to endorse it in the matter of safety. It was planned as the swindling of a swindler, which, in fact, had now become the secret principle in Mary's morality.

A gentleman possessed of some means, none too scrupulous himself, but with high financial aspirations, advertised for a partner to invest capital in a business sure to bring large returns. This advertisement caught the eye of Mary Turner, and she answered it. An introductory correspondence encouraged her to hope for the victory in a game of cunning against cunning. She consulted with Harris and especially with the legal acumen of the lawyer to endorse it in the matter of safety. It was planned as the swindling of a swindler, which, in fact, had now become the secret principle in Mary's morality.

This sum of \$30,000 was ostensibly to be devoted to the purchase of a tract of land, which should afterward be divided into lots and resold to the public at enormous profit. As a matter of fact, the advertiser planned to make a spurious purchase of the tract in question by means of forged deeds granted by an accomplice, thus making through fraud a neat profit of \$30,000.

No sooner was the \$30,000 on deposit in the bank than Mary Turner drew out the whole amount, as she had a perfect right to do legally. When the advertiser learned of this he was, naturally enough, full to overflowing with wrath. But after an interview with Harris he swallowed his wrath as best he might. He found he could not go into court with clean hands, which is a prime stipulation of the law, though often honored in the breach. So he let himself be maled in raging silence.

The event established Mary as the arbiter in her own coterie. She next decided that a certain General Hastings would make an excellent sacrifice on the altar of justice—and to her own notorious profit. The old man was a notorious rascal, of most unsavory reputation as a destroyer of innocence. It was probable that he would easily fall a victim to the ingenious charms of Aggie. As for that precocious damsel, she would run no least risk of destruction by the satyr.

General Hastings met Aggie in the most casual way. He was captivated by her freshness and beauty, her demureness, her ignorance of all things vicious. Straightway he set snares. He showered every gallant attention on the naive, bread and butter miss and succeeded gratifyingly soon in winning her heart—to all appearance. But he gained nothing more, for the coy creature abruptly developed most effective powers of resistance to every blandishment that went beyond strict propriety. His ardor cooled suddenly when Harris served a summons in a suit for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise.

Even while this affair was still in the course of execution Mary found herself engaged in a direction that offered at least the hope of attaining her great desire—revenge against Edward Gilder. This opportunity came in the person of his son, Dick. After much contriving, she got an introduction to that young man. Forthwith she showed herself so deliciously womanly, so intelligent, so daintily feminine, so singularly beautiful that the young man was enamored almost at once. The fact thrilled Mary to the depths of her heart, for in this son of the man whom she hated she saw the instrument of vengeance for which she had so longed. Yet this one thing was so vital to her that she said nothing of her purposes, not even to Aggie, though that observant person may have possessed suspicions more or less near the truth.

It was some such suspicion that lay behind her speech as, in negligence, she sat smoking a cigarette, while watch-

ing Mary, who was adjusting her hat before the mirror of her dressing table one pleasant spring morning.

"Dollin' up a whole lot, ain't you?" Aggie remarked affably, with that laxity of language which characterized her natural moods.

"I have a very important engagement with Dick Gilder," Mary replied tranquilly.

"Nice boy, ain't he?" Aggie ventured insinuatingly.

"Oh, I suppose so," came the indifferent answer from Mary as she tilted the picture hat to an angle a trifle more jaunty.

"I don't get you, Mary. You never used to look at the men. The way you acted when you first run round with me, I thought you sure was a suffragette. And then you met this young Gilder—and—good night, nurse!"

"His old man sends you up for a stretch for something you didn't do, and you take up with his son like!"

"And yet you don't understand!" There was scorn for such gross stupidity in the musical voice.

Aggie choked a little from the cigarette smoke as she gave a gasp when suspicion of the truth suddenly dawned on her slow intelligence.

"Hully gee!" Her voice came in a treble shriek of apprehension. "I'm wise!"

"But you must understand this," Mary went on, with an authoritative note in her voice. "Whatever may be between young Gilder and me is to be strictly my own affair. It has absolutely nothing to do with the rest of you or with our schemes for money making. And, what is more, Agnes, I want to know what you meant by talking in the public street yesterday with a common pickpocket."

Aggie's childlike face changed swiftly to sullenness, as she eyed with indignation the girl who had just spoken to her in that manner.

"You know perfectly well, Mary Turner," she cried indignantly, "that I only said a few words in passing to my brother Jim. And he ain't no common pickpocket. Hully gee! He's the best dip in the business."

"But you must not be seen speaking with him," Mary directed, with a certain air of command now become habitual to her among the members of her clique. "My cousin, Miss Agnes Lynch, must be very careful as to her associates."

"He just stopped me to say it's been the best year he ever had," she explained, with ostentatious vanity.

"How can that be when the dead line now is John street?"

"The dead line!" Aggie scoffed. "Why, Jim takes lunch every day in

headquarters just for a little excitement, 'cause Jim does sure hate a dull life. Say, he told me they've got a mat at the door with 'Welcome' on it in letters three feet high. Now, what do you think of that! And, oh, yes!" she continued happily, "Jim, he lifted a leather from a bull who was standing in the hallway there at headquarters. Jim sure does love excitement."

Mary lifted her dark eyebrows in half amused inquiry.

"It's no use, Agnes," she declared, though without entire sincerity. "I can't quite keep up with your thieves' argot—your slang, you know. Just what did this brother of your do?"

"Why, he copped the copper's kale," Aggie translated, glibly.

Mary threw out her hands in a gesture of dismay.

Thereupon the adventuress instantly assumed a most ladylike and mingling air which ill assorted with the cigarette that she held between her lips.

"He gently removed a leathern wallet," she said sedately, "containing a large sum of money from the coat pocket of a member of the detective force. The elegance of utterance was infinitely done. But in the next instant the ordinary vulgarity of enunciation was in full play again. "Oh, gee!" she cried gaily. "He says Inspector Burke's got a gold watch that weighs a ton, an' all set with diamonds, which was give to 'im by admiral's friends! We didn't contribute."

"Given to him," Mary corrected, with a tolerant smile.

"What difference does it make?" Aggie demanded scornfully. "He's got it, ain't he? Just as soon as I get time I'm goin' after that watch—believe me!"

"No, you are not. You are under my orders now. And as long as you are working with us you will break no laws."

"But I can't see," Aggie began to argue with the petulance of a spoiled child.

"When you were working alone did you have a home like this?"

"No."

"Or such clothes? Most of all, did you have safety from the police?"

"No; but, just the same, I can't see—"

"Agnes, the richest men in this country have made their fortunes, not because of the law, but in spite of the law. They made up their minds what they wanted to do and then they engaged lawyers clever enough to show them how they could do it and still keep within the law. Any one with brains can get rich in this country if he will engage the right lawyer. Well, I have the brains, and Harris is showing me the law—the wonderful twisted law that was made for the rich. Since we keep inside the law we are safe."

CHAPTER VI. A Tip From Headquarters.

AGGIE gave herself over to more cigarettes in an easy chair sprawled out in an attitude of comfort never taught in any finishing school for young ladies. Soon the coming of Joe Garson, who was usually in and out of the apartment a number of times daily, provided a welcome diversion. Aggie explained in response to his question that Mary had gone out to keep an engagement with Dick Gilder.

"Mary has been with him a good deal lately," he said, half questioningly.

"That's what," was the curt agreement.

"Think she's stuck on him?"

"Why not?" Aggie retorted. "Bet your life I'd be if I had a chance. He's a swell boy, and his father's got the coin too."

At this the man moved impatiently, and his eyes wandered to the window. Again Aggie studied him with a swift glance of interrogation.

"Joe, if there's anything on your mind shoot it."

"It's Mary," Garson explained, with some embarrassment; "her and young Gilder."

quick."

"Say," Aggie retorted viciously, "you can't throw any scare into us. You hain't got anything on us. See?"

"Nothing on you, eh? Well, well, let's see." Cassidy regarded Garson with a grin. "You are Joe Garson, forger." As he spoke the detective took a notebook from a pocket, found a page, and then read: "First arrested in 1801 for forging the name of Edwin Goodsell to a check for \$10,000. Again arrested June 19, 1853, for forgery. Arrested in April, 1858, for forging the signature of Oscar Hemmenway to a series of bonds that were counterfeit. Arrested as the man back of the Kelly gang in 1903. Arrested in 1908 for forgery."

"Haven't any records of convictions, have you?"

"No, but we've got the right dope on you, all right, Joe Garson." He turned savagely on the girl.

"And you're little Aggie Lynch," Cassidy declared as he thrust the notebook back into his pocket. "Just now you're posing as Mary Turner's cousin. You served two years in Bunsing for blackmail. You were arrested in Buffalo, convicted and served your stretch. Nothing on you? Well, well!"

Again there was triumph in the officer's chuckle. He went on speaking with obvious enjoyment of the extent to which his knowledge reached.

"And the head of the gang is Mary Turner. Arrested four years ago for robbing the Emporium. Did her stretch of three years."

"Is that all you've got about her?" Garson demanded with such abruptness that Cassidy forgot his dignity sufficiently to answer with an unqualified yes.

"Nothing in your record of her about her coming out without a friend in the world and trying to go straight? You ain't got nothing in that pretty little book of yours about your going to the millinery store where she finally got a job and tipping them off to where she came from?"

"Sure, they was tipped off. We got to protect the city."

"Got anything in that record of yours," Garson went on venomously, "about her getting another job and your following her up again and being her throw out? Got it there about the letter you had old Gilder write, so that his influence would get her canned?"

"Oh, we had her right the first time." "You did not. She was railroaded for a job she never done. She went in honest, and she came out honest."

"And that's why she's here now with a gang of crooks," Cassidy retorted.

"Where else should she be?" Garson demanded violently. "You ain't got nothing in that record about my jumping into the river after her. That's where I found her—a girl that never done nobody any harm, starving because you police wouldn't give her a chance to work. In the river because she wouldn't take the only other way that was left her to make a living—because she was keeping straight! Have you got any of that in your book?"

"Anyway," the officer went on, with a new confidence, now that his eyes were free from the gaze that had burned into his soul, "you've got to clear out the whole gang of you—and do it quick."

the lawyer's manner became unusually bland and self satisfied as he opened a drawer of the desk and brought forth a rather formidable appearing document, bearing a most impressive seal.

"You will be glad to know," he went on unctuously, "that I was entirely successful in carrying out that idea of yours as to the injunction. My dear Miss Turner, Portia was a squawking baby compared with you."

"Thank you again," Mary answered as she took the legal paper. For a moment her glance ran over the words of the page.

"It's splendid!" she declared. "Did you have much trouble in getting it?"

"Why, no," he declared. "But at the outset when I made the request the judge just nearly fell off the bench. Then I showed him that Detroit case to which you had drawn my attention, and the upshot of it all was that he gave me what I wanted without a whimper. He couldn't help himself, you know."

That mysterious document with the imposing seal reposed safely in Mary's bag when she returned to the apartment.

Mary had scarcely received from Aggie an account of Cassidy's threatening invasion when the maid announced that Mr. Irwin had called.

"Show him in," Mary directed.

"Who's the gink?" Aggie demanded.

"You ought to know. He's the lawyer retained by General Hastings in the matter of a certain breach of promise suit."

"Hope he's brought the money."

"Leave the room now," Mary ordered. "When I call to you come in, but be sure and leave everything to me. Merely follow my lead. And, Agnes—be very ingenuous."

"Oh, I'm wise—I'm wise," Aggie nodded as she hurried out toward her bedroom. "I'll be a squab—surest thing you know!"

Next moment Mary gave a formal greeting to the lawyer who represented the man she planned to mulet effectively.

"I'm lost no time in coming to the point."

"I called in reference to this suit which Miss Agnes Lynch threatens to bring against my client, General Hastings."

LOYAL SONS AND DAUGHTERS HOLD DEBATE

Excellent Address by Attorney A. C. Cole, Which Delighted the Large Audience Present.

From Tuesday's Daily.
At the home of M. S. Briggs last evening the lecture by Attorney A. C. Cole and the debate by the debating team was well attended and the enthusiastic members of the two classes, the Loyal Sons and the Loyal Daughters, and their friends nearly crowded the house to its capacity. None came but were repaid many fold for their effort. The lecture by Mr. Cole was one well worth more than one had to pay for lectures and was given through the kind-heartedness of the speaker, and the interest of the classes which are trying to do what they can for the church in which they hold membership.

Mr. Cole's subject was "The Stars and Universe." In it he began with the city of Plattsburgh, and stated that while it was a large place and had many places of interest, it was, in comparison with other places, but a speck. He showed the comparative size of the earth and other planets, as well as the stars, which he said were all suns, and all larger than the one which gives light to us. He showed the age of the planets and the suns and the way of measuring them as to size, as well as the velocity of the light, and when all was said, told of the design of the Creator in making all this for the use of man, and asked that all give the subject study. In closing he invited anyone who wished to study the stars and nature to come to his office at any time and he would love to take the matter up with them and study with them and assist them as much as possible.

Then followed the debate, which was led, in the absence of the leader on the affirmative, by Rev. A. G. Hollowell, and on the negative by Miss Myra Stenner. Among those worthy of mention who spoke were: Rev. A. G. Hollowell, Miss Myra Stenner, Miss Minnie Rihn, Mrs. W. H. Bunch, Oliver Harvey, Thomas Wiles. Many fine points were made on both sides, and it was interspersed with many a story illustrating the facts which they wished to illustrate. Eleven judges were appointed to render a decision, and had as many different opinions, which they all tried to impress on the other ten. Finally they got paired, with the exception of B. A. McElwain, who was endeavoring to make his escape because he said he was afraid that if he rendered a decision he would make enemies of the other side. When he was finally pressed into the matter he claimed that the canal was his choice as over the dam at Keokuk.

The meeting was closed by the entire crowd singing "Rescue the Perishing." The next lecture will be announced soon as to place and time and will be delivered by Judge J. E. Douglass, whose subject will be "Abraham Lincoln," to which all interested are invited.

FREE TO FARMERS

By special arrangement the Ratekin Seed House of Shenandoah, Iowa, will mail a copy of their Big 1914 Illustrated Seed Book, and a sample of their famous "Diamond Joe's Big White" seed corn that has a record of over 200 bushels per acre, free to every reader of this paper who may be interested in the crops they plant. This book is a complete compendium of farming and farm and garden seeds. It tells how to grow big crops and all about best varieties of seed corn for your locality; also Seed Oats, Wheat, Barley, Speltz, Grasses, Clovers, Alfalfa, Pasture and Lawn Mixtures, Seed Potatoes and all other farm and garden seeds. This seed book is worth dollars to all in want of seeds of any sort. It's free to all our readers. Write for it and mention this paper. The address is: RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa. Box 227.

WORK WANTED for a married man on a farm. Inquire of Fred Majors, Third and Vine streets, Plattsburgh. 2-5-3twkly

"I have an important engagement with Dick Gilder."

The Wall Street Delmonico's. And only yesterday he went down to police

(To be Continued)

Entertains for Miss Dodge.

From Tuesday's Daily.
Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Dodge entertained at a tango party at their home Saturday evening in honor of Miss Violet Dodge of Plattsburgh. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kinard, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cromwell; Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Dorrwald; Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hoscoe; Mr. and Mrs. James Redman; Misses Violet Dodge, Elizabeth Dickman, Lillian Dickman, Elizabeth Redman, Erna Hunt; Messrs. Earl Hassler, Edward Graham, Sperry Ruffner, Carl Dickman, Frank Reisenburg, Horace Ruffner, LeRoy Cromwell. —Omaha News.