

BY MARVIN DANA

WITHIN THE LAW

From the Play of Bayard Veiller

Mary laughed aloud, white nurse sent dumfounded. She rose swiftly, and went to the nearest window, and with a pull at the cord sent the shade flying upward. There was revealed the busy stenographer, bent over his pad. A groan of distress burst from him, and he fled the place in ignominious rout.

The smiling Mary was returned to her cell.

CHAPTER XVIII. The Confession.

BURKE pressed the button call and ordered the doorman to send in Cassidy. When the detective appeared he asked:

"Does Garson know we've arrested the Turner girl and young Gilder?" And, when he had been answered in the negative: "Or that we've got Chicago Red and Dacey here?"

"No," Cassidy replied. "He hasn't been spoken to since we made the collar. He seems worried," the detective volunteered.

"He'll be more worried before I get through with him!" he growled. He regarded Cassidy speculatively. "Do you remember the third degree inspector Burns worked on McGloin?" Well, he went on, as the detective nodded assent, "that's what I'm going to do to Garson. He's got imagination, that crook! The things he don't know about are the things he's afraid of. After he gets in here, I want you to take his pals one after the other, and lock them up in the cells there in the corridor. The shades on the corridor windows here will be up, and Garson will see them taken in. The fact of their being there will set his imagination to working overtime, all right."

Burke reflected for a moment, and then issued the final directions for the execution of his latest plot.

"When you get the buzzer from me, you have young Gilder and the Turner woman sent in. Then, after a while, you'll get another buzzer. When you hear that, come right in here, and tell me that the gang has squealed. I'll do the rest. Bring Garson here in just five minutes. Tell Dan to come in."

As the detective went out, the doorman entered, and thereat Burke proceeded with the further instructions necessary to the carrying out of his scheme.

"Take the chairs out of the office, Dan," he directed, "except mine and one other—that one!" He indicated a chair standing a little way from one end of his desk. "Now, have all the shades up." He chuckled as he added: "That Turner woman saved you the trouble with one."

He returned to his chair, and when the door opened he was to all appearances busily engaged in writing.

"Here's Garson, chief," Cassidy announced.

"Hello, Joe!" Burke exclaimed, with a seeming air of careless friendliness, as the detective went out, and Garson stood motionless just within the door.

"Sit down a minute, won't you?" the inspector continued affably. He did not look up from his writing as he spoke.

Garson's usually strong face was showing weak with fear. His chin, which was commonly very firm, moved a little from uneasy twitches of his lips. His clear eyes were slightly clouded to a look of apprehension as they roved the room furtively. He made no answer to the inspector's greeting for a few moments, but remained standing without movement, poised alertly as if sensing some concealed peril. Finally, however, his anxiety found expression in words. His tone was pregnant with alarm, though he strove to make it merely complaining.

"Say, what am I arrested for?" he protested. "I ain't done anything."

Burke did not look up, and his pen continued to hurry over the paper.

"Who told you you were arrested?" he remarked cheerfully in his blandest voice.

Garson uttered an ejaculation of disgust.

"I don't have to be told," he retorted huffily. "I'm no college president, but when a cop grabs me and brings me down here I've got sense enough to know I'm pinched."

"Is that what they did to you, Joe? I'll have to speak to Cassidy about that. Now, just you sit down, Joe."

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won't you? I want to have a little talk with you. I'll be through here in a second." He went on with the writing.

Garson moved forward slightly to the single chair near the end of the desk and there seated himself mechanically. His face thus was turned toward the windows that gave on the corridor, and his eyes grew yet more clouded as they rested on the grim doors of the cells. He writhed in his chair, and his gaze jumped from the cells to the impassive figure of the man at the desk. Now the forger's nervousness increased momentarily. It swept beyond his control. Of a sudden he sprang up and stepped close to the inspector.

"Say," he said, in a husky voice, "I'd like—I'd like to have a lawyer."

"What's the matter with you, Joe?" the inspector returned, always with that imperturbable air, and without raising his head from the work that so engrossed his attention. "You know, you're not arrested, Joe. Maybe you never will be. Now, for the love of Mike, keep still and let me finish this letter."

Slowly, very hesitatingly, Garson went back to the chair, and sank down on it in a limp attitude of dejection wholly unlike his customary postures of strength. Again, his fear fascinated eyes went to the row of cells that stood silently menacing on the other side of the corridor beyond the windows. His face was tinged with gray. A physical sickness was creeping stealthily on him, as his thoughts held insistently to the catastrophe that threatened. His intelligence was too keen to permit a belief that Burke's manner of almost fawning kindness hid nothing ominous—ominous with a hint of death for him in return for the death he had wrought.

Then, terror crystallized. His eyes were caught by a figure, the figure of Cassidy, advancing there in the corridor. And with the detective went a man whose gait was slinking, creaking. A cell door swung open, the prisoner stepped within, the door clanged to, the bolts shot into their sockets noisily. Garson sat huddled, stricken—for he had recognized the victim thrust into the cell before his eyes. It was Dacey, one of his own cronies in crime—Dacey, who, the night before, had seen him kill Eddie Griggs. There was something concretely sinister to Garson in this fact of Dacey's presence there in the cell.

Of a sudden the forger cried out rancorously:

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me, I—I would"—The cry dropped into unintelligible mumbblings.

Burke retained his manner of serene indifference to the other's agitation. Still, his pen hurried over the paper, and he did not trouble to look up as he expostulated, half banteringly.

"Now, now! What's the matter with you, Joe? I told you that I wanted to ask you a few questions. That's all."

But, after a moment, Garson's emotion forced him to another appeal.

"Say, inspector"—he began.

Then, abruptly, he was silent, his mouth still open to utter the words that were now held back by horror. Again, he saw the detective walking forward, out there in the corridor. And with him, as before, was a second figure, which advanced slinkingly.

Again the door swung wide, the prisoner slipped within, the door clanged shut, the bolts clattered noisily into their sockets.

And, in the watcher, terror grew—for he had seen the face of Chicago Red, another of his pals, another who had seen him kill Griggs. At last he licked his dry lips, and his voice broke in a throaty whisper.

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything against me, why?"

"Who said there was anything against you, Joe?" Burke rejoined, in a voice that was genially chiding.

"That's a—He! I did it!"

Garson's rush halted the sentence. He had leaped forward. His face was rigid. He broke on the inspector's words with a gesture of fury. His voice came in a hiss:

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CHAPTER XIX. Anguish and Bliss.

GARSON shouted his confession without a second of reflection. But the result must have been the same had he taken years of thought. Between him and her as the victim of the law, there could be no hesitation for choice. The prime necessity was to save her, Mary, from



"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me!"

"What's the matter with you today, Joe? You seem nervous." Still, the official kept on with his writing.

"No, I ain't nervous," Garson cried, with a feverish effort to appear calm. "Why, what makes you think that? But this ain't exactly the place you'd pick out as a pleasant one to spend the morning." He was silent for a little, trying with all his strength to regain his self control, but with small success.

Burke believed that his opportunity was come. His hand slipped into the pocket where was the pistol, and clutched it. He started at Garson fiercely, and spoke with a rush of the words:

"Why did you kill Eddie Griggs?"

"I didn't kill him!" The reply was quick enough, but it came weakly. Again, Garson was forced to wet his lips with a dry tongue, and to swallow painfully. "I tell you, I didn't kill him!" he repeated at last, with more force.

"You killed him last night—with this!" Burke cried, viciously. On the instant, the pistol leaped into view, pointed straight at Garson. "Why?" the inspector shouted. "Come on, now! Why?"

"I didn't, I tell you!" Garson was growing stronger, since at last the crisis was upon him. He got to his feet with little swiftness of movement and sprang close to the desk. He bent his head forward challengingly, to meet the glare of his accuser's eyes.

There passed many seconds, while the two men battled in silence, will warring against will. In the end it was the murderer who triumphed.

Suddenly, Burke dropped the pistol into his pocket, and lolled back in his chair. His gaze fell away from the man confronting him. In the same instant, the rigidity of Garson's form relaxed, and he straightened slowly.

"Oh, well," Burke exclaimed amiably, "I didn't really think you did, but I wasn't sure, so I had to take a chance. You understand, don't you, Joe?"

"Sure, I understand," Garson replied, with an amiability equal to the inspector's own.

Burke pressed the buzzer as the agreed signal to Cassidy. "Where did you say Mary Turner was last night?"

At the question, all Garson's fetters for the woman rushed back on him with appalling force.

"I don't know where she was," he exclaimed doubtfully. He realized his blunder even as the words left his lips, and sought to correct it as best he might. "Why, yes, I do, too," he went on, as if assailed by sudden memory.

"I dropped into her place kind of late, and they said she'd gone to bed—headache, I guess. Yes, she was home, of course. She didn't go out of the house all night." His insistence on the point was of itself suspicious, but eagerness to protect her dulled his wits.

"Know anything about Gilder?" Burke demanded.

"Not a thing," was the earnest answer.

The inner door opened, and Mary Turner entered the office. Garson with difficulty suppressed the cry of distress that rose to his lips. For a few moments the silence was unbroken. Then presently Burke by a gesture directed the girl to advance toward the center of the room. As she obeyed he himself went a little toward the door, and when it opened again and Dick Gilder appeared he interposed to check the young man's rush forward as his gaze fell on his bride, who stood regarding him with sad eyes.

Then, while still that curious, dynamic silence endured, Cassidy came briskly into the office.

"Say, chief," the detective said rapidly, "they've squealed."

"Squealed, eh? Do they tell the same story?" And then when the detective had answered in the affirmative he went on speaking in tones ponderous with self complacency.

"I was right, then, after all—right all the time. Good enough." Of a sudden his voice boomed somberly. "Mary Turner, I want you for the murder of—"

Garson's rush halted the sentence. He had leaped forward. His face was rigid. He broke on the inspector's words with a gesture of fury. His voice came in a hiss:

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the toils of the law that were closing around her. For himself, in the days to come, there would be a ghastly dread, but there would never be regret over the cost of saving her. He had saved her from the waters—he would save her until the end, as far as the power in him might lie.

The suddenness of it all held Mary voiceless for long seconds. She was frozen with horror of the event. When, at last, words came, they were a frantic prayer of protest.

"No, Joe! No! Don't talk—don't talk!"

"Joe has talked," Burke said, significantly.

"He did it to protect me," she stated, earnestly.

The inspector disdained such futile argument. As the doorman appeared in answer to the buzzer, he directed that the stenographer be summoned at once.

"We'll have the confession in due form," he remarked, gazing pleasantly on the three before him.

"He's not going to confess," Mary insisted, with spirit.

But Burke disregarded her completely, and spoke mechanically to Garson the formal warning required by the law.

"You are hereby cautioned that anything you say may be used against you." Then, as the stenographer entered, he went on with lively interest.

"Now, Joe!"

Yet once again, Mary protested, a little wildly.

"Don't speak, Joe! Don't say a word till we can get a lawyer for you!"

The man met her pleading eyes steadily, and shook his head in refusal.

"It's no use, my girl," Burke broke in harshly. "I told you I'd get you. I'm going to try you and Garson, and the whole gang for murder—yes, every one of you. And you, Gilder," he continued, lowering on the young man who had deduced him so obstinately, "you'll go to the house of detention as a material witness." He turned his gaze to Garson again, and spoke authoritatively: "Come on now, Joe!"

Garson went a step toward the desk and spoke decisively.

"If I come through, you'll let her go—and him?" he added as an afterthought, with a nod toward Dick Gilder.

"We'll get the best lawyers in the country," Mary persisted desperately. "We'll save you, Joe—we'll save you!"

Garson regarded the distraught girl with wistful eyes. But there was no trace of yielding in his voice as he replied, though he spoke very sorrowfully.

"No, you can't help me," he said simply. "My time has come, Mary. And I can save you a lot of trouble."

"He's right there," Burke ejaculated. "We've got him cold. So, what's the use of dragging you two into it?"

"Then they go clear?" Garson exclaimed, eagerly. "They ain't even to be called as witnesses?"

"You're on!" Burke agreed.

"Then, here goes!" Garson cried, and he looked expectantly toward the stenographer.

"My name is Joe Garson."

"Alias!" Burke suggested.

"Alias nothing!" came the sharp retort. "Garson's my moniker. I shot English Eddie, because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon, and he got just what was coming to him." Veneration beyond the mere words beat in his voice now.

"Now, now!" Burke objected, severely. "We can't take a confession like that."

Garson shook his head—spoke with fiercer hatred.

"Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon," he repeated. "Have you got it?" And then, as the stenographer nodded assent, he went on, less violently: "I cranked him just as he was going to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder. It had a Maxim silencer on it, so that it didn't make any noise."

Garson paused, and the set despair of his features lightened a little. Into his voice came a tone of exultation indescribably ghastly. It was born of the eternal egotism of the criminal, fattening vanity in gloating over his ingenuity for evil. He stared at Burke with a quizzical grin crooking his lips.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I'll bet it's the first time a guy was ever cranked with one of them things! Ain't it?"

The inspector nodded affirmation.

"Some class to that, eh?" Garson demanded, still with that growling air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that thing cost me \$60, and it's worth every cent of the money. Why, they'll remember me as the first to spring one of them things, won't they?"

"They sure will, Joe!" the inspector conceded.

"Nobody knew I had it," Garson continued, dropping his braggart manner abruptly.

At the words, Mary started, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak.

"Nobody knew I had it—nobody in the world," he declared. "And nobody had anything to do with the killing but me."

"Was there any bad feeling between you and Eddie Griggs?"

"Never till that very minute. Then I learned the truth about what he'd framed up with you." The speaker's voice reverted to its former fierceness in recollection of the treachery of one whom he had trusted.

"He was a stool pigeon, and I hated him! That's all, and it's enough. And it's all true, so help me God!"

The inspector nodded dismissal to the stenographer, with an air of relief.

"That's all, Williams," he said heavily. "He'll sign it as soon as you've transcribed the notes."

Then as the stenographer left the room Burke turned his gaze on the woman, who stood there in a posture of complete dejection, her white, anguished face downcast. There was triumph in the inspector's voice as he addressed her, for his professional pride was full fed by this victory over his foes.

To Be Continued

Newcastle, England, Feb. 7.—W. H. Page, the American ambassador in his address before the Newcastle chamber of commerce touched upon the Monroe doctrine and the situation in Mexico. Mr. Page said the United States desired no more territory, as it now had sufficient force for a self government unit. The Monroe doctrine the ambassador declared stood for self government. The United States desired no European government in America because it wished to dedicate the American continent to self government of the people who live there.

Referring to complaints that investors were losing money in Mexico, Mr. Page said that nothing could be done; that dividends would not come any sooner through the sending of a United States army there.

When men who love to fight as a pastime have been restrained for twenty-five years, the ambassador continued, they must fight for four or five years before they arrive at an ordinary state of equilibrium. There fore, if they fight long enough and get tired why should we not some day have peace and order? I see no other way for it.

In concluding Mr. Page said: Come to our country and invest your wealth in our enterprises and you will be heartily welcomed. I hope you will come and reap richer rewards than ever. As far as the United States is concerned you are equally welcome to invest in Mexico, but do not come under the pretense of making an investment and grab the government. If you do wherein are you better than revolutionary generals?

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Discusses Mexican Situation

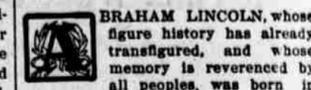
Lincoln's Standard

I DO the very best I know how—the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

—Abraham Lincoln

LIFE HISTORY OF GREAT PRESIDENT

Lincoln's Career Can Not Be Too Attentively Studied by the Youth of America.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose figure history has already transfused, and whose memory is revered by all peoples, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, a descendant of Samuel Lincoln of Norwich, England, and the son of Thomas Lincoln, an uneducated and thrifless carpenter, who had married Nancy Hanks. Few books came within his way in boyhood, but he had access to the Bible, Shakespeare, "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and a history of the United States and Weems' Washington, the reading and re-reading of which laid the foundation of that mastery of idiomatic English which he was to show so often in later life.

At the age of twenty-one he accompanied his father to Illinois, and there won reputation as a rail-splitter by helping to clear and plant some 15 acres of land. In 1831 he made acquaintance with slavery in a trip to New Orleans, renewing the experience ten years afterward.

After slight service as a volunteer, Lincoln settled at New Salem, entered for a while into politics, tried his fortunes in a dry goods and grocery store, and finally settled down to the study of law. In May, 1833, he was appointed to postmastership of New Salem, and held the position for three years.

Elected to the legislature as a Whig in 1834, Lincoln was sent to congress in 1846, from which date began his public campaign against slavery and his oratorical contest with his rival, Stephen A. Douglas. On July 1, 1852, he delivered his eulogy on Henry Clay, and in October, 1854, spoke powerfully against the extension of slavery into the territories. Lincoln, after being again returned to the legislature, was on June 17, 1856, named for vice-president at the Republican nominating convention in Philadelphia. Then followed his challenge to the seven famous debates with Douglas, and in May, 1860, his nomination as candidate for president at the Republican national convention in Chicago.

The platform adopted, while demanding that slavery be forbidden in the territories, denied the right of congress to interfere with slavery in the states. The south now prepared for secession. Lincoln, elected to the presidency, denied in his inaugural the right of any state or number of states to leave the Union. The reply of the Confederate government was General Beauregard's bombardment of Fort Sumter. The president at once called out 75,000 volunteers, and the war for the Union was on. The history of the conflict was thenceforward a part of Lincoln's own political history until his death by the hand of an assassin on April 14, 1865.

"The martyr president," says Ward Lamon, in his life of Abraham Lincoln, "was six feet four inches high, the length of his legs being out of all proportion to that of his body. When he sat on a chair he seemed to tower above the average man, measuring from the chair to the crown of his head; but his knees rose high in front. He weighed about 180 pounds, but was thin through the breast, narrow across the shoulders, and had the general appearance of a consumptive subject. Standing up, he stooped slightly forward; sitting down, he usually crossed his long legs or threw them over the arms of the chair. His head was long and tall from the base of the brain and the eyebrows; his forehead high and narrow, inclining backward as it rose.

"His ears were large and stood out; eyebrows were heavy, jutting forward over small sunken blue eyes; nose long, large and blunt; chin projecting far and sharp, curved upward to meet a thick lower lip, which hung downward; cheeks flabby, the loose skin falling in folds; a mole on one cheek and an unconspicuously prominent Adam's apple in his throat.

"Every feature of the man—the hollow eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, sallow, cadaverous face, intersected by those peculiar deep lines; his whole air, his walk, his long and silent reveries, broken at intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed that he was a man of sorrows not of today or yesterday, but long treasured and deep, bearing with him continual sense of weariness and pain."

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