



"I revelled in this unaccustomed luxury, and allowed the past, with its hardships and its memories, to drift away from me."



R. COURTENAY speaking!" said Lawyer Courtenay into the mouthpiece of his telephone. The efficiency note struck by his invariable method of answering was remarkably up-to-date for an office wherein an atmosphere of musty antiquity held its own against any grave encroachment of

modernism.

"This is Darrel Price!" said the voice on the wire.

"Yes, Mr. Price," acknowledged Daniel P. Courtenay, with no inflection to mark the fact that he was honored by a call from the west-end candidate for the mayoralty.

"I have—er—discovered, Mr. Courtenay, that my wife has an appointment for this morning with you. Had there been time I should have dropped in to see you rather than 'phoning. It is—er—a rather delicate matter, you see. To be perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Price and I have had a little unpleasantness, and I have no doubt it is on this score she wishes to see you. May I ask if she mentioned—"

"I am sorry, Mr. Price, but—"

"I anticipate your objections, Mr. Courtenay, but this is a special matter, of a personal nature. She has really no grounds—"

"I regret, Mr. Price, that—"

"Besides, Mr. Courtenay, it would affect my interests very seriously just at the climax of my campaign to have any publicity of this kind. I trust you will—"

"You may trust me," interjected the lawyer tersely "to look after the best interests of my client!"

"If you can do anything to protect my interests," insisted the other, "I shall not forget you, and—"

"Good morning!" said Daniel P., and rang off.

The lawyer sat back in his favorite attitude when thinking, chair tilted, head a little on one side, finger tips outspread and tapping each other. He looked a trifle like a sparrow, and more like a pink-cheeked, white-haired cherub.

The telephone rang. Daniel P. answered promptly.

"Mr. Courtenay, it's Price speaking again. You will forgive me bothering you further, but I wished you to know, in spite of anything that Gwennyth—that my wife may say—that I do care, Mr. Courtenay! I hope you—understand?"

"I will remember that, Mr. Price," said the lawyer quietly. "Good morning!"

He picked up the morning paper from his desk. Its headlines declared that Darrel Price would lead the poll by a large majority. The election was twenty-four hours off. Courtenay paid less attention to the "Star-News" forecast than to the pictures of the candidates: Darrel Price, whose slogan was "Clean Civics", and James McGinnis, who was seeking re-election, bearing on his banners the motto "The People's Patriot"—with the evident intention of indicating a fervid fealty to the "common people," of whom he proclaimed himself to be one.

The cherub dismissed the familiar physiognomy of McGinnis with a glance. He took longer with the rather heavy-built, clean-shaven, determined-looking Price.

"We'll not judge you, friend," said Lawyer Courtenay "until we hear what the little lady has to say!" He raised his voice to reach the ears of his prim, middle-

aged stenographer. "Miss Calethorpe—some letters, please!"

SHORTLY after ten, his client was shown in by the diminutive junior. Gwennyth Price was a dark, serious looking girl, medium in height as she was average in features, a girl at whom men usually turned to look a second time without being conscious of any outstanding point of attraction. She entered with the air of one who has a distressing task to perform, but is quite determined to see it through. It would have taken more than a casual observer to detect an undercurrent of mental anguish.

"Mrs. Price?" greeted Daniel Courtenay.

"You remember me, Mr. Courtenay?"

"Perhaps I should not have, had you not recalled, in 'phoning me, our once meeting at the Settlement, Mrs. Price. You were superintending, if I remember aright, the games of as rowdy a looking bunch of young hopefuls as I have seen!"

He waited for her, then, to speak.

She said, impulsively, after a space of silence: "Mr. Courtenay, I am in trouble—terrible trouble!"

"Many are, who come here, Mrs. Price. I have been happy to have been able to help some of them out of it!"

"I suppose," she said, with a queer little smile, "I have no real business troubling you. You see, I do not know that any legal measures will help me, and I don't know that I would care to use them if they would. I came to you—well, because I—I liked your face, and the way you spoke to the boys that night, and because everyone down there thinks you are—just a little lower than the angels, Mr. Courtenay!"

He smiled his dissent. "Mrs. Price," he said, leaning forward, "there are two bits of advice I always give to clients. The first is: 'Keep within the law,' and the second is 'Keep without the law.' I need not explain the paradox to you, but there is good citizenship involved in the first and good sense in the second. Now, if you care to tell me—"

WITHOUT THE LAW

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by CYRIL BRADY

A little flush tinged her cheeks, but her rather fine eyes lifted to meet his, frankly.

"My husband, Mr. Courtenay, as you probably know, is Darrel Price—the citizens' candidate for the mayoralty. We have been married just two years. He came down to the Settlement, where I was an employed worker, to give a lecture on civics to the older boys. Have you heard him speak, Mr. Courtenay? He is, I think, a very fine speaker, and his personality seems to dominate a platform. I was very much impressed with him; rather impulsively, perhaps, I congratulated him afterwards on his talk. He asked me if I would show him about the Settlement House. Afterwards he said: 'I should be glad, Miss Bender, to put my car at your disposal occasionally.' At once my thoughts went to a sick girl as the first need, and I mentioned her. He suggested Wednesday afternoon—insisting that I go too."

"That was the beginning of it. At first I welcomed his aid for its own sake—there was so much to do, and I was enthusiastic about the work. Even when he grew in it. When that thought at last was forced upon me, I thrilled with a sudden awakening. But I knew that our ways were far apart, and in fairness to him as well as to myself, I told him of my earlier life. I was brought up in slumdom myself, Mr. Courtenay, you see, and was finally put in a Home until I was able to make my own way. He laughed a little at me when I, in an indirect way, told him."

"Then Jim—my only brother—went wrong. He was always a bit wild, and he got mixed up in some affair, and it looked like a serious thing for him. Darrel managed to save him, sending him away from the city. I tried that night to tell Darrel how I wished I could thank him, and—it happened, Mr. Courtenay—he asked me to marry him."

"We were married quietly three months later. He had no near relatives, and I have thought since he wished me to meet his friends in surroundings that would raise no question of his wife's humble origin. I had only Jim. I wrote Jim and told him of it. He was working