



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Barbara Devon's wedding and departure on her honeymoon were her brother "Laurie," successful playwright but somewhat inclined to playfulness, without her restraining influence. His theatrical associates, Bangs and Jacob Epstein, promise to "keep an eye on him."

CHAPTER II—Laurie, who is wealthy, refuses to settle down to work, announcing his intention of "adventure." From his window in New York he sees the reflection of a beautiful girl in a mirror in the house opposite.

CHAPTER III—Devon learns from the elevator boy in the girl's house that her name is May. Again in the mirror's reflection he sees her with a revolver and fears she means to commit suicide. He breaks into her apartment and, winning her confidence, induces her to lunch with him, though she warns him of "danger."

CHAPTER IV—Perceptibly agitated by the arrival of a man in the restaurant, she mutters that she has "found her." Learning that she is unmarried and the man has no claim on her, Laurie, incensed, accuses the man.

CHAPTER V—Accusing the man of annoying Miss Mayo, Devon warns him to end his espionage. The strange is politely sarcastic, but from him Laurie learns the girl's first name is Doris. She tells him her persecutor is Herbert Ransome Shaw.

CHAPTER VI—To Louise Ordway, his invalid sister-in-law, and firm friend, Laurie admits he is "interested" in Doris, not revealing her identity.

CHAPTER VII—Doris resolutely declines to meet Mrs. Ordway, and earnestly vetoes Laurie's suggestion of applying to the police to protect her from Shaw.

"Oh, I eat three meals a day. But I don't keep boarders, you know; so I give the rest to Sam to distribute. He feeds several dozen art students, under and staggers home every night under the burden of what's left."

"There won't be anything left this time."

She had risen now and was helping to set the little table. Laurie looked at her with shining eyes. One of her sudden changes of mood had taken place, and she was entering into the spirit of the impromptu supper as cheerfully as if it were a new game and she a child. She had become a wholly different personality from the grey-eyed girl who less than ten minutes ago had somberly announced that she was making her last stand in New York. Again, as often before, Laurie was overwhelmed by the rush of conflicting emotions she aroused.

"Shall we have this big bowl of soup at the corners?" she asked abruptly.

As she spoke, she studied the flowers with her head on one side. For the moment, it was clear, the question she had asked was the most vital in the world.

"The little ones," decided the guest, "the big one might shut out some of you from my devouring eyes." He was mixing ingredients in a chafing-dish as he spoke, and he wore the trying air of smug complacency that invariably accompanies that simple process.

"No," he objected, as she tried to stop him. "I will do the brain-work. Your part is to be feminine and rush back and forth, offering me things I don't want. And at the last moment," he added gloomily, "you may tell me that there isn't a lemon in the place." He looked about with the hopelessness of a great artist facing the failure of his chef d'oeuvre. "I forgot the lemons."

He went across the room to a small closet. Even in the strain of the movement he observed the extraordinary grace and swiftness of her movements. She was very slender, very lithe, and she moved like a flash of light.

"Fancy my being caught without a lemon!" she scoffed, as she returned with the fruit. "Your brain-work stops abruptly sometimes, doesn't it?" She handed him the lemons with a little gesture expressing amusement, triumph and a dash of coquetry. Laurie's eyes glowed as he looked at her. For the second time, in her actual presence, a sharp thrill shot through him. Oh, if she were always like this—gay, happy, without that incredible, unbelievable background of tragedy and mystery! He turned his mind resolutely from the intruding thought. This hour at least was hers and his. It should be prolonged to the last moment.

What he longed for was to hear her talk, but that way, he knew, lay disaster to the little supper in swift-returning memory. If she began to talk, the forbidden topic, now dormant, would uncoil its hideous length and hiss. He must hold her attention to other things.

He plunged at random into chatter. For the first time he told her about

Bangs, his chum, and about Epstein, their manager; about their plays and their experiences in rehearsals and on the road. Being very young and slightly spoiled, he experienced some chagrin in the discovery that she seemed alike ignorant of the men and the plays. Worse yet, she seemed not even aware that she should have known who Bangs and Epstein were. She did not recall having heard the title of "The Black Pearl." She was not only unaware that "The Man Above" had broken all box-office records; she seemed unconscious that it had ever been written. Observing his artless surprise, she gravely explained, "I have been interested in other things," she reminded him.

The forbidden topic was stirring, stretching. To quiet it, Laurie leaped into the comedy scenes of "The Man Above." They delighted her. Her soft, delicious laughter moved him to give her bits from "The Black Pearl," and, following these, the big scenes from the latter play. This last effort followed the supper; and Laurie, now in his highest spirits, added to his effects by the use of a brilliant afghan, and by much raising and lowering of the light of the reading lamp.

He was a fine mimic. He became by turns the star, the leading lady, the comedian and the "heavy" of the big play. It was only when he had stopped for a moment's rest, and Doris demanded a description of the leading lady's gowns, now represented by the afghan, that his ingenuity failed.

"They're so beautiful that most people think I made them," he said, serenely. "But I didn't, really, so I can't give you any details, except that they're very close-fitting around the feet."

He was folding up the afghan as he spoke, and he stopped in the act, leaving one end dangling on the floor. From the street below the sound of a whistle came up to him, sharp and penetrating, repeating over and over the same musical phrase, the opening notes of the Fifth Symphony. At first he thought the notes were whistled by some casual passer by. Then, glancing at the girl's face, he knew better. The sharp, recurrent phrase was a signal.

He finished folding the afghan, and carefully replaced it on the divan from which he had borrowed it. As he did so, he prattled on. He had suddenly decided not to hear that signal. Doris, sitting transfixed and staring at him, slowly became convinced that he had not heard it.

He glanced at his watch. "Ten o'clock. If I go now, may I come back for breakfast?" "You may not," she made an effort to speak lightly. "To take you to luncheon, then, at one?" "No, please."

He shook his head at her. "This is not the atmosphere of hospitality I am used to, but I shall come anyway. I'll be here at one. In the meantime, I suddenly realize that we are not using all our opportunities. We must change that."

He looked around as he spoke, and, finding what he sought, picked it up. It was a small scarf, a narrow bit of Roman silk carrying a vivid stripe. He held this before her.

"Something may happen some day, and you may want me in a hurry," he said. "I have observed with regret that you have no telephone in this room, but we can get on without one. My mirror reflects your window, you know," he added a little self-consciously. "If you need me, hang up this scarf. Just drape it over this big window catch. If I ever see it, I'll come prancing across the square like a knight to your rescue."

"Thank you."

She gave him her hand and the enigmatic smile that always subtly but intensely annoyed him. There was something in that smile which he did not understand, but he suspected that it held an element of amused understanding. So might Doris, years hence, smile at her little son.

"She thinks I'm a red," Laurie reflected as he waited in the outer hall for the elevator. "I don't blame her. I've been a perfectly good red ever since I met her friend Bertie."

His thoughts, thus drawn to Shaw, dwelt on that opidian personality. When the elevator arrived he was glad to recognize the familiar face of Sam. "Yaas, sah," that youth affably explained, with a radiant exhibition of teeth, "It's Henry's night off, so I has to be on."

They were alone in the car. Laurie, lighting a cigarette, asked a casual question.

"There's a plump person in blue serge who hangs around here a good deal," he remarked, indifferently.

"Does he live in the building?" "The one wid eyes what sticks out?" "That's the one." Sam's jaw set. "No, sah, dat party don't live yere. An' ef he don't stop hangin' round yere, somethin's gwine t' happen to dat man," he robustly asserted. "What's he after?" "I dunno. I only seen him twict. Las' time he was sneakin' rum de top do'. But I cert'n'y don't like dat man's looks!"

Nothing more was to be learned from Sam. Laurie thoughtfully walked out into the square. He had taken not more than a dozen steps when a voice, strange yet unpleasantly familiar, accosted him.

"Good evening, Mr. Devon," it said. Laurie turned sharply. Herbert Ransome Shaw was walking at his side, which was as it should be. It was to meet and talk with Herbert Ransome Shaw that he had so abruptly ended his call.

"Look here," he said at once, "I want a few words with you." "Exactly," Shaw spoke with suave affability. "It is to have a few words that I am here."

"Where can we go?" Shaw appeared to reflect. "Do you mind coming to my room?" Laurie hesitated. "I live quite near, and my quarters, though plain, are comfortable."

Anger surged up in the young man beside him. There was something almost insulting as he uttered the harmless words, and in the reassuring yet doubtful intonation of his voice.

"Confound him!" Laurie told himself. "The sound is actually hitting that I'm afraid to go!" Aloud, he said brusquely, "All right."

"You have five minutes to spare? That's capital!" Shaw was clearly both surprised and pleased. He strode forward with short steps, rapid yet poised, and Laurie adapted his longer stride to his companion's. He, too, was content. Now, at last, he reflected, he was through with mysteries, and was coming to a grip with something tangible.

The walk was not the brief excursion Herbert Ransome Shaw had promised. It was fifteen minutes before he stopped in front of a tall building, which looked like an out-of-date storehouse, and thrust a latchkey into a dingy door. The bolt was old and rusty. Shaw fumbled with it for half a minute before it yielded. Then it grudgingly slipped back, and Laurie followed his guide into a dark hall, which was cold and damp.

"They don't heat this building." The voice of Shaw came out of the darkness. He had closed the door and was standing by Laurie's side, fumbling in his pocket for something which proved to be a matchbox. "They don't light it, either," he explained, unnecessarily, as the blaze of his match made a momentary break in the gloom. "But it's quite comfortable in my room."

He added reassuringly, "I have an open fire there."

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Two Geneva Young Men Cause Trouble At Bryant

The Portland Commercial-Review gives the following account of the excitement caused in the town of Bryant recently, by two Geneva young men:

"The even tenor of Bryant ways became so 'base' one evening last week that for a time it looked as though troops from Portland would have to be dispatched to the scene of excitement, which for a time is said to have bordered on riot. This was all due to the 'hi-jinks' of two Geneva sheiks and happened on Thursday night when the Bryant band was in the midst of one of their regular weekly concerts.

Earl Wiswell and Roscoe Eckrote came down from the historic confines of Geneva and straightway started to show the citizens of Bryant their contempt for the Volstead act. When Marshal Hoehhammer of Bryant caught up with them they were 'nursing' a half gallon of 'bottled in the barn' liquor. They became so enraged when the officer interfered with their celebration that they threw part of the liquor in his face and then started to make their getaway. One of them did, being Eckrote, who is now believed to be in Michigan. However, Wiswell didn't live up to his name and lagged behind when Marshal Hoehhammer hauled off with his trusty gat and filled the air with shot.

Wiswell was taken before Squire James Logan, where he was found guilty of intoxication and was fined \$10 and costs, totalling \$39.50 which he arranged to pay and was released. Eckrote is being sought in Michigan."

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To Honor Indiana's First State W.C.T.U. President

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 10.—(United Press)—The memory of Indiana's first state W. C. T. U. president, Mrs. Tella Bayhinger, of Upland, will be honored next Sunday at memorial services at the Roberts Park M. E. church here.

The services will be under the auspices of the Marion County W. C. T. U. Mrs. Bayhinger, who was president of the temperance organization in Indiana for seventeen years died last year.

The services will be held on the first anniversary of her death.

Obituary

Phyllis Jean Daniels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Daniels of Pleasant Mills, Indiana, was born June 2, 1926, and departed July 29, 1926. Age 1 month and 26 days.

She leaves to mourn her father, mother and one sister Francis. Four grandparents and a host of friends and relatives.

Gone to live with Jesus. Little Phyllis, thy hast gone and left us, and our loss we deeply feel, but 'tis God who has bereft us. He will all our sorrows heal.

Her tiny hands are folded. Her loving voice is stilled. A place is vacant in our home which never can be filled—Gone with all the bright forever.

To that happy land of flowers, We hope to meet together When we pass these lonely hours. We wish to thank the friends and neighbors for this kindness and their beautiful flowers and also thank Rev. White for the most wonderful sermon.

Wilbur Shaw Wins Race Chicago, Aug. 10.—(United Press)—Wilbur Shaw, Indianapolis, maintained a speed of 85 miles an hour to win

the 50 mile national dirt track automobile championship race at Hawthorne track. Ray Campbell and Dewey Shank were both severely injured in a collision on the home stretch of the race.

Michigan City—A juvenile bathing beauty contest is planned here. Children under ten years of age will participate.

Mt. Vernon—Excitement spread over a residential section here when a loud explosion was heard in the stillness of the early morning. Investigation showed a newly packed can of tomatoes had exploded.

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