



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

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CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wedding and departure on her honeymoon leaves her brother "Laurie" successful playwright but somewhat inclined to wildness, without her restraining influence. His theatrical associates, Rodney 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 resting and seeking "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 Mayo. Again in the mirror's reflection he sees her with a smile 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 he has "found her." Learning that she is unmarried and the man has no claim on her, Laurie, incensed, accosts the stranger.

CHAPTER V.—Accusing the man of annoying Miss Mayo, Devon warns him to end his espionage. The stranger is plain and 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 decides to meet Mrs. Ordway, and sternly 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, I infer, and staggers home every night under the burden of what's left."

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

She had risen now and was helping to set the little table. Laurie looked after with shining eyes. One of her rapid 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 single-eyed girl who less than ten minutes ago had somberly announced that she was making her last stand in life. Again, as often before, Laurie was overwhelmed by the rush of conflicting emotions she aroused.

"Shall we have this big bowl of

bowl at the corners?" she asked abashedly.

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 off some of you from my devouring eyes." He was adding ingredients in a chafing-dish as he spoke, and he wore the trying air of 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."

She 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 uncurl 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

Does he live in the ballad?

"The one wid eyes what sticks out?"
"That's the one."
Sam's jaw set.
"No, sah, dat party don't live yere.
An' et he don't stop hangin' 'round yere, somethin's gwine to happen to dat man," he robustly asserted.

"What's he after?"
"I dunno. I only seen him twice.
Las' time he was sneakin' fun off top fo'. But I cert'nly 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 a smile. "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 rooms?"

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 harsh words, and in the reassuring yet doubtful intonation of his voice.

"Confound him!" Laurie told himself. "The hound is actually hinting 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."

Birth

Mary Kathryn is the name of a 7½ pound baby born to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Moser, of Berea, Sunday night.

F. G. Playter, of Cleveland, Ohio, called on business friends here this morning.

GENEVA NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Runyon, and son, Allen Dale, of Sturgis, Mich., spent the week-end here at the home of Mrs. Runyon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCray. On their return they were accompanied by their young son, Allen, and he and his mother remained for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Callahan, of Fort Wayne, and Mr. and Mrs. Cy Baumgartner, of Bluffton, were Sunday guests at the home of their parents, E. S. Callahan and wife.

Sidney Buckmaster, who is employed in Celina, Ohio, spent the week-end here with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Buckmaster.

Jesse Hutton and family, of Detroit, are spending this week visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Hutton, and other relatives in Geneva. They are also visiting at Mrs. Hutton's home in Pennville.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chew, and daughter, Elaine, are spending this week in Boyne City, Mich., as the guests of Mrs. C. A. W. Chew, father, John Schoer, and sister, Miss Mary Scheer.

Mrs. Edna Eveland, of Columbus, Ohio, is visiting here at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Messel.

Mrs. Ernest Mahoney, a student at

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the normal school at Muncey, spent the week-end in Geneva with her husband.

Miss Edna Mahoney, who has been attending school at Bloomington this summer, returned to the home of her mother, Mrs. Rae Glendenning, last Saturday.

Milton Augsburger of Fort Wayne, spent the week-end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Augsburger, of near Geneva.

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Start Always with Quaker Oats

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Quaker Oats

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.

Get the Habit—Trade at Home, it Pays

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

Mr. 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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