



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wedding and departure on her honeymoon leaves her brother, Laurie, a successful playboy 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 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 matters that he has "found her." Learning that she is unmarried and the man has no claim on her, Laurie, incensed, accuses the stranger.

CHAPTER V.—Accusing the man of annoying Mrs. May, Devon warns him to end his espionage. The stranger 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 sternly rebuffs Laurie's suggestion of applying to the police to protect her from Shaw.

As he spoke he led the way down the long hall with his noiseless, gliding steps. Laurie, following close behind him, reflected that the place was exactly the sort the opulident Shaw would choose for a lair, a long, black hole, ending in—what?



As He Spoke He Led the Way Down the Long Hall With His Noiseless, Gliding Steps.

The match had gone out and he could see nothing. He kept close to his guide. He almost expected to hear the creature's scales rattle as it slid along. But snakes like warmth, and this place—Laurie shivered in the chill and dampness of it. The next instant Shaw pushed open a door and, standing back, waved his guest into a lighted room.

On first inspection it was a wholly reassuring room, originally intended for an office and now turned into a combination of office and living apartment. A big reading lamp with an amber shade, standing on a flat writing desk, made a pleasant point of illumination. Real logs, large and well seasoned, burned with an agreeable crackle in the old-fashioned fireplace. Before this stood two easy chairs, comfortably studded; and at the arm of one of them a small table held a decanter, glasses, a siphon and a box of cigars.

As he took in these familiar details, Devon's features unconsciously relaxed. He was very young, and rather cold, and the quick reaction from the emotions he had experienced in the outer hall was a relief. Also, Shaw's manner was as reassuring as his homely room. He dropped the visitor's coat and hat on a worn leather couch, which seemingly served him as a bed, and waved a hospitable hand toward an easy chair. Simultaneously he casually indicated a figure bending over a table on the opposite side of the room.

"My secretary," he murmured. The figure at the table rose and bowed, then sat down again and con-

tinued his apparent occupation of sorting squares of paper into a long, narrow box.

Laurie mentally classified the "secretary" as a big but meek blond person, who changed his collars and cuffs every Wednesday and Sunday, and took a long walk in the country on Sunday afternoons.

However, the fellow had pursuing eyes. Evidently his work did not need his whole attention, for his pale blue eyes kept returning to the guest. Once Laurie met them straight, and coolly stared them down. After this they pursued him more stealthily. He soon forgot them and their owner.

Despite Shaw's hospitable gestures, Laurie was still standing. He had chosen a place by the mantel, with one elbow resting upon it; and from this point of vantage his black eyes slowly swept the room, taking in now all its details—a typewriter, a letter file, a waste-paper basket that needed emptying, a man's worn bedroom slipper coyly projecting from under the leather couch, a litter of newspapers.

It was all so reassuringly ordinary that he grinned to himself. Whatever hold this little worm had on Doris—Shaw had even ceased to be a snake at this point in Laurie's reflections—would be loosened after tonight; and then she could forget the episode that had troubled her, whatever it was.

At precisely this point in his meditations Laurie's eyes, having completed a tour of the room and returned to the fireplace, made two discoveries. The first was that the room had no windows. The second, and startling one, was that it contained Doris's photograph. The photograph stood on the mantel, in a heavy silver frame. It was a large print and a good one. The girl's eyes looked straight into his. Her wonderful upper lip was curved in the half-smile that was so familiar and so baffling.

"Well," the smile asked, "what do you think of it all, now that you are here? Still a bit confusing, isn't it? For you didn't expect to find me here, seemingly so much at home; did you?" In the instant when his eyes had found the photograph Laurie had been about to light the inevitable cigarette. The discovery arrested his hand and held for an instant, motionless. Then, with fingers that trembled, he completed the interrupted action, threw the match into the fire, and with blind eyes stared down into the flames.

In that instant he dared not look at Shaw. He was shaken by an emotion that left him breathless and almost trembling. What was Doris's photograph doing in this man's room? In that overwhelming moment of discovery he told himself that it would not have been much worse to find her real presence here.

After this had taken but a moment, Shaw, hospitably busy with his decanter and siphon, had used the interval to fill two glasses, and was now offering one to his guest.

"No, thanks," Laurie spoke with abrupt decision.

"No?" Shaw looked pained. Then he smiled a wide smile, and Laurie, seeing it and the man's pointed teeth, mentally changed him again from the worm to the serpent. He understood Shaw's mental process. The fellow thought he was afraid to drink the mixture. But what did it matter what the fellow thought?

"Perhaps, then, you will have a cigar and sit down comfortably for our chat?"

Shaw himself set the example by dropping into one of the easy chairs and lighting a perfect. His smooth brown head rested in what seemed an accustomed hollow of the chair back. His wide, thin lips were pursed in sardonic enjoyment of his cigar. He stretched himself in the warmth of the fire, sleek, torpid and loathsome.

"Mr. Shaw."

"Yes?"

Still standing, with his elbow braced against the mantel, the visitor tossed his cigarette into the fire and looked down into his host's projecting eyes. It appeared that Shaw roused himself with difficulty from the gorged comfort of the moment. There was a perceptible interval before he gave his guest his whole attention. Then he straightened in his chair, and the projecting eyes took on their veiled but watchful look.

"Yes," he repeated, more briskly. In the brief interval Laurie had planned his little campaign. He would address this creature as man to man; for perhaps, after all, there was more of the man in him than he revealed.

"I am going to ask you to be frank with me."

"Yes?" Shaw let it go at that.

"When we met on the street it appeared that you were as anxious as I am for this interview. Will you tell me at once why you brought me here,

and what you wish to say?"

"Willingly," Shaw flicked the ash off his cigar, and kept his eyes on its lighted end as he went on: "I brought you here because I want you out of the way."

"Because, my temperamental young friend, you are a nuisance. You are interfering with my plans. I can't be bothered with you."

The sudden spark that in the old days would have warned Devon's friends of an impending outburst appeared now in his black eyes, but he kept his temper.

"Would you mind confiding these plans to me?" he suggested. "They would interest me, profoundly."

Shaw shook his brown head.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he said, with an indulgent smile. "But I have a proposition to make to you. Perhaps you will listen to it, instead."

"I'll listen to it," Laurie promised. "It is short and to the point. Give me your word that you will stop meddling in Miss Mayo's affairs, which are also my affairs," he added parenthetically, "and that you will never make an effort to see her again. As soon as you have given me this promise I will escort you to the front door and bid you an eternal farewell, with great pleasure."

"I'm looking forward to that pleasure, myself," confessed the visitor. "But before we throw ourselves into the delights of it, suppose you outline the other side of your proposition. I suppose it has another side."

Shaw frowned at his cigar.

"It doesn't sound pretty," he confessed, with regret.

"Till judge of that. Let's have it."

"Well"—Shaw sighed, dropped the cigar into the tray at his elbow and sat up to face the young man with an entire change of manner—"the rest of it," he said calmly, "is this. Unless you make that promise we can't have the farewell scene we are both looking forward to so eagerly."

"You mean"—Laurie was staring at him incredulously—"you mean you don't intend to let me leave here?"

Shaw shrugged deprecating shoulders.

"Oh, surely! But not immediately."

His guest turned and addressed the fire.

"I never listened to such nonsense in my life," he gravely assured it.

Shaw nodded.

"It does seem a little melodramatic," he conceded, "I tried to think of something better, something less brusque, as it were. But the time was so short; I really had no choice."

"What do you mean by that?" Laurie had again turned to face him.

"Exactly what I say. Think it over. Then let me have your decision."

Laurie moved closer to him.

"Get up," he commanded.

Shaw looked surprised.

"I am very comfortable here."

"Get up!" The words came out between the young man's clenched teeth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Your Health"

This Column is conducted by the Adams County Medical Society and the Indiana State Medical Association in the interest of the public's health.

Iced Drinks in Hot Weather

Ice cold lemonade, ice cold "soda," ice cold pop, ice tea, ice water and iced drinks may be boons or boomerangs to the health of the average American according to the judgment with which they are consumed, says the bulletin issued today on "Ice Drinks" by the Bureau of Publicity of the Indiana State Medical Association.

"Most of us are not aware when we stroll up to the nearest soda fountain and order an iced drink that we are patronizing a distinctly American habit," continues the Bulletin.

"The quantity of iced drinks consumed in America during the summer months is absolutely incomprehensible to Europeans who have nothing to compare to our soda fountain, and it might cause us to check up and see if the American ice water habit is as harmless as some persons think.

"Perfectly good, moderately cool, unadorned habit of putting ice into it. So determined are we to drink our water iced that rather than drink clean water of ordinary temperature many of us will prefer to drink water out of coolers even though proper care has not been taken to make sure that clean ice is in the cooler. Many water coolers found in the public places such as railway cars, stations, street corner stores often are poorly cared for. Yet most of us have become so accustomed to ice water that we don't seem to care whether the water that comes from these coolers is filled with impurities as long as it is cold. We desire ice water and we too often deliberately ignore the condition of the cooler from which we get it.

"After all the habit of dumping of a piece of ice into our drinking water forms only one harmful aspect of the ice water habit. With all our ideas of cleanliness still countless people will hold pieces of cracked ice in their hands, turn the spigot, give the ice a superficial washing and distribute it to the glasses.

A few moments afterwards the

guests are served with the usual American iced drink.

"Any number of people accept this method of preparing iced drinks without questioning the cleanliness of the drink or without giving the method of preparation a single thought. As a matter of fact, even when water is chilled in the most sanitary way by ice applied in such a way that does not touch the water, that water is usually too cool to be taken into the normal human body.

"Iced water should never be taken in large quantities at any time. It should not be taken in any quantity when the body is overheated and in case of sunstroke don't try to give the victim ice water but call a reputable physician immediately. A refreshing degree of coolness is desirable and ought to be sufficient to satisfy even the most fastidious palate."

Interurban Company Buys Two New All Steel Cars

Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 11.—(United Press)—Two new all steel interurban and buffet parlor cars have been purchased by the Indiana Service Corporation and will be put into service on the Fort Wayne-Indianapolis line.

The cars will travel over Indiana Service Corporation tracks to Peru and from there to Indianapolis over the Union Traction Company lines through a reciprocal agreement between the utility companies.

Many Persons Breeding Wild Birds And Animals

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 11.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Two hundred and sixty-eight persons in Indiana are holding certificates from the state conservation department to breed wild birds and animals it developed today with a report of George N. Manfield, superintendent of the fish and game, filed with Richard Lieber, conservation director. Manfield's division has charge of issuing certificates.

The report shows 156 persons holding raccoons, 47 holding foxes, 18 breeding skunks, 12 holding opossums, 12 muskrats, and 8 are breeding mink. Fourteen people are holding squirrels; 10 are holding deer, and one each elk, bear and buffalo. Thirty-five persons are holding wild ducks, 33 wild geese, 29 pheasants, two are holding quail and one wild turkey. The number of breeders' certificates increased from 103 in 1920 to 268 this year. A certificate costs \$5 and is issued only to hold wild life that is caught in the open season.

Manfield calls attention that the lawful season for shooting squirrels opened in Indiana on August 2 as August 1, the usual date fell on Sunday this year. It remains open until December 1. There is no bag limit and squirrels may be sold.

Prospects for excellent shooting in this state are unusually bright this fall as reports have reached the department from all parts of the state telling of an unusually large number of quail and rabbits.

Seventy-Three Girls Seek Title Of "Miss America"

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 11.—The famous Atlantic City National Pageant, to be held this year September 7 to 11, inclusive, is nearing the home stretch of preparations.

With most of the local contests over an local committees gathering to decide upon their choices for the ribbons that will grace their cities' representatives in the famous Board-

20 Years of Stomach and Kidney Trouble

Trouble All Gone Now. Backache Quit. Eats Anything.

"I suffered with stomach trouble for twenty years. I was bloated and at times I felt as if there was a rock lying in the pit of my stomach. My kidneys were weak and I had to get up several times during the night. My back ached all the time. Nothing I ate did me any good, and I tried different medicines without improving. Then a friend told me to try Viuna. The first bottle made me feel better and so I kept right on. When I started in I only weighed 145 pounds; now I weigh 157 pounds, a gain of 12 pounds, and I feel fine. Don't have any trouble with my stomach any more and can sit down to the table and eat a good hearty meal without one bit of fear. I don't have any trouble with my kidneys and back, either. All the pains have gone. My constipation is entirely gone, and I want to say Viuna did it all."—Chas. L. Scott, 839 East Maryland St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Viuna acts promptly on sluggish bowels, lazy liver and weak kidneys. It purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores appetite and digestion, and brings new strength and energy to the whole body. Take a bottle on trial. Then if you're not glad you tried Viuna, your money will be refunded. \$1 at druggists, or mailed postpaid by Iceland Medicine Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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France's View of America



This man displayed a cartoon of the statue in Paris of George Washington in the parade of French war veterans against the settlement of the American war debt. A dollar mark embellished Washington's sword in the caricature.

walk parades, it is revealed that this year the greatest number of cities in the history of the Pageant fairly clamored for an opportunity to participate.

Seventy-three girls will be in the Beauty Tournament. These will include Miss Beryl Mills, of Geronimo, West Australia, a college student representing the Antipodes, now en route to San Francisco with her mother, and girls to be sent from Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal. In addition, there are scores representing American cities and states.

Fifty-three cities have applied in

the past two weeks for an opportunity to participate. These have been too late and must wait until next year. Some of them already have notified the Pageant Committee of their desire to take part in the 1927 Pageant. Hitherto there never have been more than 80 applicants. This year the number exceeds 125.

Babies of all nations will take part in the Second Annual Baby Parade and Juvenile Review, in which 2,000 entries are predicted.

A mammoth and magnificent Fashion Show will be staged, the demonstration in which will be given every

morning of Pageant Week on a specially constructed stage and promenades giving all spectators a full view of the displays of apparel.

Railroads estimate that this year's attendance will average 500,000 per Pageant Week day.

"Sally-Lou Steppers" To Offer Fine Entertainment At Adams Friday Night

"The Sally-Lou Steppers" who will appear at the Adams theatre Friday night are an unusually high class vaudeville act, and having been making a great hit every place on their present tour, which includes cities in Ohio and Indiana. This troupe was one of the most popular attractions at the rodeo July 4th, and pleased thousands.

"Sunshine Sammy", the little colored boy in the act, is a sweet singer as well as a snappy dancer and is a great favorite. Another talented performer is Florence Ward, who has appeared in many musical comedies. The half hour's program moves fast, with several changes of costumes. "The Steppers" have their own musical accompaniment as well as stage manager.

The usual photoplay program will be given, an added attraction being an "Our Gang" comedy. advt.

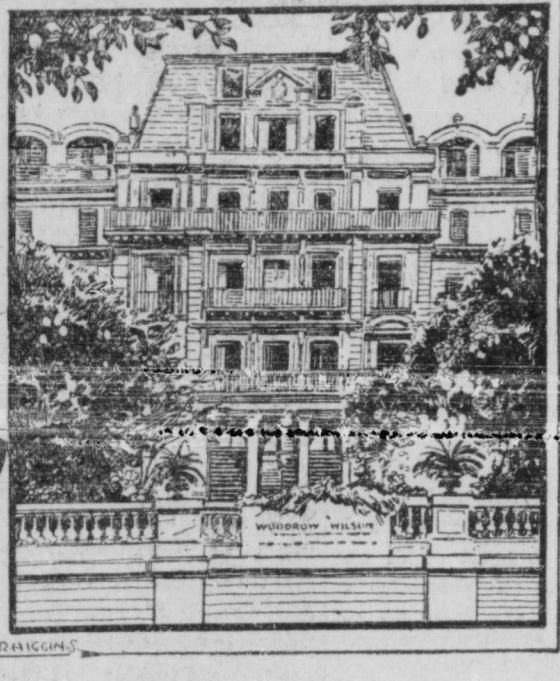
"Boyless" Village Rejoices In Baby Boy

London, Aug. 11.—(United Press)—The "boyless village of Endland" has a boy at last.

Beaunorth, in Hampshire, northeast of Winchester, was known because it did not boast any boys in its population. The parish vicar had to content himself with a choir of girls. Now he soon can have a boy soloist, since Mr. and Mrs. Knight have a son.

The trouble is said to be lack of cottages. None have been built in Beaunorth for more than 50 years, so when the young men want to settle after marriage, they must usually find homes elsewhere. The young Knight boy has a slightly older sister, but the next in age among the young men of Beaunorth is sixteen years old.

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Henry Wood and the League of Nations

A FOREIGN ambassador, recently at Geneva, turned to his vis-a-vis at the dinner table and said: "Henry Wood? . . . a great man . . . a great authority on the League . . . a man who knows more about the League of Nations than many of the League members themselves."

Since the war, Paris is the diplomatic hub of Europe. Rome, too, is another highly important news-source—not only because of Mussolini's spectacular dictatorship but because it is also the headquarters of the Roman Catholic Church whose influence reaches around the world. Tokyo, Peking, Shanghai, Manila, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, London, Berlin are other points requiring expert covering by highly trained reporters.

But no assignment is more difficult and more complex than that of reporting the meetings at Geneva where Henry Wood represents this newspaper through the UNITED PRESS.

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