



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," 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 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 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 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 vetoes Laurie's suggestion of applying to the police to protect her from Shaw.

Shaw again shrugged deprecating shoulders. Then, with another of his sharp-toothed grins, he rose and faced his visitor. At the desk across the room the big blond secretary rose, and fixed his pale blue eyes on his employer.

"Now," said Laurie, "tell me what the devil you are driving at, and what all this mystery means."

"What an impulsive, high-strung chap you are!" Shaw was still grinning his wide grin.

"You won't tell me?"

"Of course I won't! I've told you enough now to satisfy any reasonable person. Besides, you said you had something to say to me."

He was deliberately goading the younger man, and Laurie saw it. He saw, too, over Shaw's shoulder, the tense, waiting figure of the secretary. He advanced another step.

"Yes," he said, "I've got three things to say to you. One is that you're a contemptible, low-lived, blackmailing hound. The second is that before I get through with you, you'll be a corpse. The third is that I'm going to tell the police about you."



Gasp and Gurgled Under the Strangling Hold of the Powerful Fingers on His Throat.

"You sat throat. And the third is that I'll see you in a—before I give you any such promise as you ask. Now, I'm going."

He walked over to the couch and picked up his hat and coat. The secretary unobtrusively insinuated himself into the center of the room. Shaw alone remained immovable and unmoved. Even as Laurie turned, the secretary's hands were on his shoulders, and he smiled his wide smile and encircled the room with a sweeping gesture of one arm.

"Go, then, by all means, my young friend," he cried jovially, "but how?" Laurie's eyes followed the gesture. He had already observed the absence of windows. Now, for the first time,

with a sudden intake of breath, he discovered a second lack. Seemingly, there was no exit from the room. Of course there was a door somewhere, but it was cleverly concealed, perhaps behind some revolving piece of furniture; or possibly it was opened by a hidden spring. Wherever it was, it could be found. In the meantime, his maneuver had given him what he wanted—more space in which to fight two men. With a sudden movement Shaw picked up the silver-framed photograph and ostentatiously blew the dust off it. This done, he held it out and looked at it admiringly.

"You will stay here, but you will not be alone," he promised, with his wide, sharp-toothed grin. "This will keep you company. See how the charming lady smiles at the prospect—"

He dropped the picture, which fell with a crash on the tiled flooring around the fireplace. The glass broke and splintered. Shaw gasped and gurgled under the strangling hold of powerful fingers on his throat. Lamp and table were overturned in the struggle that carried the three men half a dozen times across the room and back.

Laurie, fighting two opponents with desperate fury, could still see their forms and Shaw's bulging eyes in the firelight. Then he himself gasped and choked. Something wet and sweet was pressed against his face. He heard an excited whisper:

"Hold on! Be careful there. Not too much of that!"

A moment more and he had slipped over the edge of the world and was dropping through black space.

CHAPTER X

A Bit of Bright Ribbon.

When Laurie opened his eyes blackness was still around him, a blackness without a point of light. But as his mind slowly cleared, the picture he saw in his last conscious moment flashed across his mental vision—the dim, firelit room, the struggling, straining figures of Shaw and the blond secretary. He heard again the hissed caution, "Not too much of that!"

He sat up dizzily. There had been "too much of that." He felt faint and mildly nauseated. His hands, groping in the darkness, came in contact with a brick floor; or was it the tiling around the fireplace? He did not know. He decided to sit quite still for a moment, until he could pull himself together.

His body felt stiff and sore. There must have been a dandy fight in that dingy old room, he reflected with satisfaction. Perhaps the other two men were lying somewhere near him in the darkness. Perhaps they, too, were knocked out. He hoped they were. But no, of course not. Again he remembered the hurried caution, "Not too much of that!"

He decided to light a match and see where he was, and he fumbled in his pockets with the first instinct of panic he had known. If those brutes had taken his matchbox! But they hadn't. He opened it carefully, still with a lingering suggestion of the panic. If he had been a hero of romance, he reasoned, with a dawning grin, that box would have held exactly one match; and he would have had to light that one very slowly and carefully. Then, at the last instant, the feeble flicker would have gone out, leaving it up to him to invent some method of manufacturing light.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mt. Vernon, July 31 — Poultry raisers laid in a store of free feed when a boxcar containing fifteen hundred bushels of wheat was wrecked on the Louisville and Nashville railroad here.

American Co-ed Tells Own Story Of Her Marriage To Indian Prince

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

talk to, no books to read—nothing. And the natives stared.

It was awful. I was put into the Zenanna—The Harem—where I was forced to spend three months while my husband tried to get another priest to hold services for the Boses.

And Abani, instead of writing to me as he should have done, wrote to his brother who was staying there also to be sure to hold me until a new priest was obtained at Calcutta.

During my stay in Barodi I was taken ill from the dirty food and the vile living conditions. I wrote to my mother finally, begging her to send money so I could come back home.

I thought I would die—I even contemplated committing suicide. Finally, however, Abani obtained a priest who would overlook my being one of "The Devil's own," and I was allowed to return to Calcutta.

My illness became worse and I contracted the dread dinge fever—a native disease carried by the gigantic mosquitoes of the rice swamps. After hovering between life and death for weeks in pestilent Calcutta, I began to recover. But my nerves were shattered and I looked "wrecked," my skin had turned yellow, my eyes were sunken, my hair straggled and I remained for some time so weak that I could hardly walk.

My husband by this time was not the same man. He was exactly like any other well-born Hindu in the city. His wife was merely a plaything, something to be fondled when he was in good humor and some thing to be ignored when it suited him.

But Abani was inordinately proud of having married a white woman. He took every chance he could to show his fellow countrymen how he could dominate me—How he could rule his American wife.

Even had my husband allowed me to mingle in the English colony, I could not have done it because the other white people looked at me in scorn for marrying a Hindu.

(In her fourth article tomorrow, Miss Kurlow tells how an effort was made to bull her to a Hindu Prince.)

Benefits To Be Derived From A Chautauqua Are Social And Educational

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

planned program and its smooth running organization that raises people from the humdrum routine of life to a life filled with worthy ambitions. Teaching people the true appreciation of things is the best kind of education. It is common sense.

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they greet one another on their way to Community Chautauqua. Thus a neighborly spirit is fostered and the community grows and flourishes in brotherly love.

After these considerations let us now do our part in the world of affairs by giving Community Chautauqua our whole-hearted co-operation. Germaine Christen.

Union Miners Protest Use Of Convicts In Coal Mines

Lexington, Mo., Aug. 12.—(United Press)—Threats of a strike were heard here today following improp-

tion of 65 convicts from the state penitentiary to work in the mines of the Western Coal Mining Company. One hundred and thirty four union miners were displaced when the state leased the south mine of the company and announced it would employ convict labor. Approximately 1,000 union miners in the district have protested.

Public sale, Butler & Ahr sale barn, 1st street, Decatur, commencing 1 p. m. Saturday, Aug. 14. Horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. 40 head Rhode Island Red pullets. 18913

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