



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wed-
ding and departure on her honeymoon
leaves her brother "Laurie" success-
fully 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 rest-
ing and seeking "adventure." From
his window in New York he sees the
reflection of a beautiful girl in a mir-
ror 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 stran-
ger 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 reluctantly de-
clines 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,
also 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 grinn-
ing 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
I'm going to break you both out of
the place."

His body felt stiff and sore. There
must have been a dandy fight in that
dingy old room, he reflected with sat-
isfaction. Perhaps the other two men
had come somewhere near him in the
darkness. Perhaps they, too, were
knocked out. He hoped they were.
But no, of course not. Again he re-
membered 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 lin-
gering suggestion of the panic. If he
had been a hero of romance, he rea-
soned, with a dawning grin, that boy
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 manu-
facturing light.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

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

your fat throat. And the third is that
I'll see you in h— 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 sec-
retary unostentatiously insinuated
himself into the center of the room.
Shaw alone remained immovable and
silent. Even as Laurie turned
with the garments in his hands, Shaw
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,

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 tak-
en 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 con-
tracted the dread dengue fever—a native
disease carried by the gigantic
mosquitoes of the rice swamps. After
hanging 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 straggly 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.

As both children and parents are
interested in Community Chautauqua the result is a common interest
for the home. From the home this interest radiates until its significance is manifest in the smiling countenances of members of other homes as

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"FELIX THE CAT" comedy

10c — 25c

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community grows and flourishes in
brotherly love.

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qua our whole-hearted co-operation.

Germaine Christen.

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