



# The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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WNU Service

## THE STORY

**CHAPTER I**—Barbara Devon's wedding day was a day of triumph. She had married the man of her dreams, the man who had won her heart by his courage and his love. She was now a Mrs. Barbara Devon, and she was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER II**—Laurie, who had been a friend of Barbara's since childhood, was now a young man of twenty. He was handsome and intelligent, and he was proud of his name. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER III**—Devon learned from the elevator boy that the girl who had been seen in the mirror was still alive. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER IV**—Perceptibly agitated by the arrival of a man in the room, Laurie learned that she was still alive. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER V**—Accusing the man of having killed the girl, Laurie learned that she was still alive. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER VI**—To Louise Ordway, Laurie admitted he was "interested" in her. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER VII**—Doris resolutely refused to meet Mrs. Ordway, and Laurie learned that she was still alive. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER VIII**—However, his fat matchbox was comfortably filled, and his cigarette case was full. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER IX**—He lit a match, held it up, looked at it, and felt himself grow suddenly limp with surprise. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

**CHAPTER X**—The cellar was a perfectly good one, as cellars go. It was a small, square, hollow cube in the earth, not damp, not cold, and not dark. He was now a Mr. Laurie Devon, and he was proud of the title.

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It. Yet the serpent evidently bore no malice. Or—a searing thought struck Laurie—having things his own way, he could afford to be generous. In other words, he was now perfecting his plans, while he, Laurie, was out of the way.

The promise of release tomorrow could mean, of course, only one thing—that those plans, whatever they were, would be carried out by then. And yet—and yet—The boy put his head between his hands and groaned. What was happening to Doris? Surely nothing could happen that night! Or could it? And what would it be? Only a fool would doubt Shaw's power and venom after such an experience as Laurie had just had, and yet—Even now the skeptical interrogation point reared itself in the young man's mind.

One fact alone was clear. He must get out of this. But how? Flashlight in hand, he made the short tour of the cellar, examining and tapping every inch of the wall, the masonry and the floor-work. Could he pile up the furniture and so reach the door in the ceiling? He could not. The articles consisted of the small, battered trunk, a legless, broken-springed cot and a clock whose internal organs had been removed. Piled one on the other, they would not have borne a child's weight. Laurie decided that he was directly under Shaw's room. Perhaps the creature was there now. Perhaps he would consent to a parley. But shouts and whistles, and a rain of small objects thrown up against the trapdoor produced no response.

He began to experience the sensations of a trapped animal. So vivid were these, and so overpowering, as he measured his helplessness against the girl's possible need of him, that he used all his will power in overcoming them. Resolutely he reminded himself that he must keep cool and steady. He would leave nothing undone that could be done. He would shout at intervals. Perhaps sooner or later some night watchman would hear him. He would reach that trapdoor if the achievement were humanly possible. But first, last and all the time he would keep cool.

When he had exhausted every resource his imagination suggested, he sat in the straw, smoking and brooding, his mind incessantly seeking some way out of his plight. At intervals he shouted, pounded and whistled. He walked the floor, and re-examined it and the ceiling walls. He looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock, Monday morning. He was exhausted and his body still ached ranklingly.

Very slowly he resigned himself to the inevitable. Morning would soon come. He must sleep till then, to be in condition for the day. He found Shaw's blankets, threw himself on the straw, and fell into a slumber full of disturbing dreams. In the most vivid of these he was a little boy, at school; and on the desk before him a coiled boa constrictor, with Shaw's wide and sharp-toothed grin, ordered him to copy on his slate an excellent photograph of Doris.

He awoke with a start, and in the next instant was on his feet. He had heard a sound, and now he saw a light falling from above. He looked up. A generous square opening appeared in the ceiling, and leading down from it was the gratifying vision of a small ladder. Up the ladder Laurie sprang with the swiftness of light itself. Subconsciously he realized that if he was to catch the person who had opened that door and dropped that ladder, he must be exceedingly brisk about it. But, quick as he was, he was still too slow. With a grip on each side of the opening, and a strong swing, he lifted himself into the room above. As he expected, it held no occupant. What he had not expected, and what held him staring now, was that it held not one stick of furniture.

Bare as a bone, bleak as a skeleton, he had the effect of grinning at him with Shaw's wide white grin. His first conscious reflection was the natural one that it was not Shaw's room. He had been carried to another building. This room had a window, which, of course, might have been concealed behind the letter files. Yet, here as it was, it looked familiar. There was the fireplace, with its barred logs. There, yes, there were the splinters of the glass that had protected Doris' photograph. And, final convincing evidence, there, forgotten in a corner, was the worn bedroom slipper he had noticed under the couch the night before.

With eyes still bewildered, still incredulous, he stared around the empty room. Before him yawned an open door, showing an uninviting vista of dingy hall. He stepped across its threshold and looked down the winding passage of the night before. But

why hadn't he seen the door? He moved back into the empty room. A glance explained the little mystery. The room had been freshly painted, door and all. The surface of the floor had been made level with the wall. When it was closed there was no apparent break in the pattern of the wall paper.

If there had been a chair in the room, young Mr. Devon would have sat down at this point. His body wanted to sit down. In fact, it almost insisted upon doing so. But just as he was relaxing in utter bewilderment, he received another gentle shock. Above the old-fashioned mantel was a narrow, set-in mirror, and in this mirror Laurie caught a glimpse of the features of a disheveled young ruffian, staring fixedly at him. He had time to stiffen perceptibly over this vision before he realized that the disheveled ruffian was himself, a coatless, collarless self, with shirt torn open, cuffs torn off, hair on end, features battered and dirty, and bits of straw clinging to what was left of his clothing.

For a long moment Laurie gazed at the figure in the glass, and as he gazed his mingled emotions shook down into connected thought. Yes, there had been a dandy fight in this room last night, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his two opponents must have come out of it as disheveled as himself. He had "had them going." Beyond doubt he could have handled them both for their infernal chloroform. Again he recalled, with pleasure, the feeling of Shaw's thick, slippery neck as it choked and writhed under the grip of his fingers. Incidentally he had landed two blows on the secretary's jaw, sending him first into a corner and the next time to the floor. It was soon after the second blow that the episode of the chloroform occurred.

Straightening up, he began the hurried and elemental toilet which was all the conditions permitted. He removed the pieces of straw from his clothing, smoothed his hair, straightened his garments to conceal as much of the damage to them as possible, and gratefully put on his coat, which lay neatly folded on the floor, with his silk hat resting snugly upon it. It required some courage to go out into the clear light of a January morning in patent-leather pumps and wearing a silk hat. He would find some one around the place from whom he could borrow a hat and get the information he needed about the late tenants of this extraordinary office. It was half-past seven. He had slept later than he realized. He had slept while Doris was in peril. The reminder both appalled and steeled him.

With a last look around the dismantled room, he closed its door behind him and went out into the winding hall. He hurried up and down its length, poking his head into empty storerooms and dusty offices, but finding no sign of life.

At last a cheerful whistle in the lower regions drew him down a flight of stairs to what appeared to be an underground storeroom. Here a bulky, overalled individual, looming large in the semi-darkness, stopped in his labor of pushing about some boxes and regarded Laurie with surprise.

"Are you the watchman?" asked the latter, briskly. "I am that," "Were you here last night?" "I was," "Was anyone else here?" "No, sir," "Did you hear any noise during the night?" "No, sir," "Were you asleep?" "I was," admitted the watchman, simply. His voice was Hiobian, and rich with tolerant good humor.

"I want to make a trade with you," the newcomer held out his silk hat. "Will you give me your hat, or any old hat you've got around the place, for this?" "I will," said the watchman calmly. Though good-humored, he seemed a man of few words. "And who might you be?" he added.

"I came in last night with Mr. Shaw, and I spent the night here. When I woke up," added Laurie dryly, "I found that my host had moved." The watchman sadly shook his head. "You're a young lad," he said, with friendly sympathy. "Tis a pity you've got into these habits."

Laurie grinned at him. He had discovered that his money, like his watch, was safe in his pockets. Taking out a bill, he showed it to his companion. "Do you like the looks of that?" he inquired.

"I do," admitted the watchman warmly. "Tell me all you know about Shaw, and take it for your trouble."

"I will," promptly agreed the other, "but 'tis not much you'll get for your money, for 'tis little enough I know. The man you're talkin' about, I suppose, is the fat fellow with eyes you could hang yer hat on, that had the back room on the ground floor."

"That's the one," "Then all I know is, he moved in three days ago, and he moved out two hours ago. What he did between times I don't know, but he paid for the room for a month in advance, so nobody's mournin' his loss."

"Did he say why he was going, or where?" "Divil a word did he say. He was in a hurry, that lad. He had a gang of three men with him, and they had the place empty in ten minutes. I lent 'em a hand, an' he gave me a dollar, and that's the last I saw of him."

A sudden thought struck the watchman. "Where was you all the time?" he asked with interest. "In the cellar."

The watchman nodded, understandingly. "You're too young for that sort of thing, me boy. Now, I'm no teetotaler myself," he went on argumentatively. "A glass once in a while is all right, if a man knows when to stop. But—" "How about that hat?" interrupted the restive victim of this homily. "Have you got one handy?" "I have."

The watchman disappeared into a shadowy corner and returned with a battered derby. "An' a fine grand hat it is!" he earnestly assured the newcomer, as he handed it over. Laurie took the hat and put it on his head, where, being too small for him, it perched at a rakish angle. He dropped the bank note into his own pocket, and handed them to his companion, who accepted them without visible emotion. Evidently, brief though his stay in the building had been, Herbert Ransome Shaw had accustomed his watchman to surprises. Laurie's last glimpse of the man as he hurried away showed him, with extreme efficiency and the swift simultaneous use of two well-trained hands, putting the silk hat on his head and the bill in his pocket.

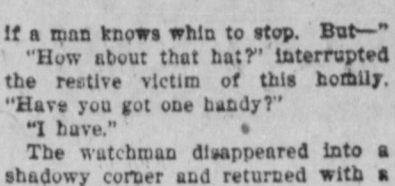
Laurie rushed through the early East side streets. He was not often abroad at this hour, and even in his anxiety it surprised him to discover how many were abroad so early in the morning. The streets seemed full of pretty girls, hastening to factories and offices, and of briskly stepping men and women, representing types that also would ordinarily catch the attention of the young playwright. But now he had neither thought nor eyes for them.

His urgent needs were first the assurance that Doris was safe, and next the privacy of his own rooms, a bath, and a change of clothing. Obviously, he could not present himself to Doris in the sketchy ensemble he presented now; or could he? He decided that he could, and must. To remain in his present state of suspense a moment longer than he need do was unthinkable.

In a surprisingly short time he was in the studio building, facing the man Sam had called Henry, a yawning night elevator man who regarded him and his questions with a pessimism partly due to the lack of sleep and fatigue. These combined influences led him to making short work of getting rid of this unkempt and unseasonable caller.

"No, sah," he said. "Miss Mayo don't receive no callers at dis yer hour. No, sah, Sam don't come on tell eight o'clock. No, sah, I can't take no messages to no ladies what all about dey beds yit. I got to petch dese yere folks. I has," he ended severely. The latter peeled a bill from his ever-ready roll, and the building's guardian angel nodded and softened.

## A STUDENT OF WORLD AFFAIRS



**TOM SKEYHILL.**  
Tom Skeyhill is a young Australian, a soldier, a poet, a world traveler student of literature, political economy, and world affairs. He was stricken stone-blind fighting the Turks at the Dardanelles and spent three years of the last ten in total darkness. Miraculously he recovered his sight in 1918—and he is today one of the most popular and most sought lecturers of the American platform. Since 1915 he has visited many lands and crossed many seas and has traveled over a quarter of a million miles.

Theodore Roosevelt said of him: "I would rather be on the platform with Tom Skeyhill than any man I know." Concerning his lectures the New York Globe said: "The most inspiring speaker that ever appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House." While the Philadelphia Public Ledger stated: "All of the beauty of poetry, the optimism of a highly developed sense of humor, the dramatic power of a Booth were embodied in his great lecture." While the Cincinnati Enquirer called him "a silver-tongued master of eloquence—a wizard of matchless word pictures."

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Name	Location	Lbs Per acre	Yield acre
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Wm. Goetz	Union Tp.	125lbs.	37 bu.
Henry Reinking	Union Tp.	125lbs.	42 bu.
Charles Johnson	Root Tp.	125lbs.	31 bu.
Franklin Myers	St. Marys	90lbs.	31 bu.
Charles Habecker	Wabash	125lbs.	40 bu.
Adred Roehm	Willshire, O.	125lbs.	54 bu.
Adam Geisler	Ohio City, O.	115lbs.	43 bu.
Chas. Becker	Chattanooga, O.	125lbs.	40 bu.
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**"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.

**Hot Weather Health Hints**  
"The summer vacation should be a time for rest and recuperation as well as a period of changed surroundings and activities," says the bulletin issued today by the Public Bureau of the Indiana State Medical Association.

The bulletin, entitled "Hot Weather Health," stresses the danger of the average city worker engaging in over-strenuous recreations during the summer season and tells how the hot days may be spent as comfortably as possible.

mental action should be greatly reduced," says the bulletin. "Food should be light, nutritious and easily digestible. Meats, fried foods and pastries and other sweets should be curtailed as they contribute materially to heat production. Fresh, ripe fruits, fresh garden vegetables, salads, cereals, milk, and the filling foods satisfy the hunger while contributing but little to the production of heat."

"An abundance of water, both internally and externally, is a necessity during hot weather. A daily bath during the summer cleanses, refreshes and aids in maintaining the health."

"Summer clothing should be light in weight and color and porous in texture. Such clothing permits evaporation and allows air to reach the skin readily. Frequent changes of clothing, particularly of that next the skin, is especially conducive to comfort."

"Keeping late or irregular hours during the summer is particularly undesirable. An adequate amount of sleep is necessary for health. Because of the intense heat, it is sometimes difficult to secure the requisite amount of sleep."

"Constant automobile riding is strongly to be deprecated. Walking, swimming, dancing, baseball, golf, tennis, horseback riding, in moderation, will provide needed exercise during hot weather. Participation in these sports for the average person may well be confined to the early morning and later afternoon, when the heat of the sun is less intense."

"Swimming, one of the most popular of summer sports, has been greatly abused by the careless and unthinking. By refraining from bathing immediately after eating and by remaining in the water for only short periods, this excellent and diverting exercise may be enjoyed without its being abused."

"Comfort during hot weather is due in no small part to the mental attitude. A philosophical state of mind, freedom from worry and inclination to benefit as much as possible by the

outdoor life, are all conducive to health and happiness. When a pleasant state of mind is coupled with reasonable observance of hygienic principles, a winning combination results. If the summer vacation has been properly spent, one may resume the more arduous duties of fall and winter with confident knowledge that the mind and body are better prepared to meet the legitimate demands of our daily tasks."

## Two Boys Suffocated In Wheat Bin At Elevator

Shelbyville, Ind., Aug. 14.—(United Press)—Funeral arrangements were being made today for Victor Bornhorst, 12, Indianapolis, and Herman Wagner, 9, Prescott, who were suffocated when buried beneath hundreds of bushels of wheat in a Prescott grain elevator yesterday.

The boys had climbed into the great wheat bin of the elevator and were playing in the grain, unknown by operators of the elevator when a chute leading from the bin to a freight car was opened and the wheat shifted, completely burying the lads. A third boy managed to escape and gave the alarm. Both boys were dead when taken from the bin.

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