



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wednesday and departure on her honeymoon with her brother "Laurie," successful playwright but somewhat inclined to whimsy, without her restraining influence. His theatrical associates, Sidney Bangs and Jacob Epstein, promise to "keep an eye on him."

CHAPTER II.—Laurie, who is wednesday, refuses to settle down to wednesday announcing his intention of rest 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 married and the man has no claim to her, Laurie, incensed, accosts the stranger.

CHAPTER V.—Accusing the man of snatching 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 Ransom Shaw.

CHAPTER VI.—To Louise Ordway, his invalid sister-in-law, and friend, Laurie admits he is "interested" in Doris, not revealing her identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Doris resolutely decides to meet Mrs. Ordway, and sternly voices Laurie's suggestion of appealing to the police to protect her from Shaw.

As it was, however, his fat matchbox was comfortably filled, and his cigarette case, which he eagerly opened and examined by touch, held three, no, four cigarettes. That was luck! His spirits rose, singing. Now for a light!

He lit a match, held it up, looked around him, and felt himself grow suddenly limp with surprise. He had expected, of course, to find himself in Shaw's room. Instead, he was in a cellar, which resembled that room only in the interesting detail that it appeared to have no exit. With this discovery, his match went out. He lit another, and examined his new environment as carefully as he could in the brief interval of illumination it afforded.

The cellar was a perfectly good one, as cellarars go. It was a small, square, hollow cube in the earth, not damp, as damp as a cellar can be, but not smelling. Its walls were brick. To the floor, which was covered with clean straw, a discovery that made its present occupant suddenly cautious in handling his matches. He had no wish to be burned alive in this underground trap. The place was apparently used as a sort of storeroom. There was an old trunk in it, and some broken-down pieces of furniture. The second match burned out.

Affluent though he was in matches, it was no part of the young man's plan to burn his entire supply at one sitting, as it were. For half an hour he crouched in the darkness, pondering. Then, as an answer to certain persistent questions that came up in his mind, he lit a third match. He greatly desired to know where lay the outlet to that cellar, and in this third illumination he decided that he had found it. There must be some sort of a trap-door at the top, through which he had been dropped or lowered. Those wide seams in the white-washed ceiling must mean the cracks due to a set-in door. Undoubtedly that door had been bolted. Also, even assuming that it was not fastened, the ceiling was fully eight feet above him. There was no ladder, there were no stairs. His third match burned out.

In the instant of its last flicker he saw something white lying on the straw beside him. He promptly lit another match, and with rising excitement picked up the sheet of paper and read the three-line communication scrawled in pencil upon it: "Out tomorrow. Flashlight, candles, cigarettes and matches in box at your left. Blankets in corner. Be good." The recipient of this interesting document read it twice. Then, having secured the box at his left—a discarded cigar box, judging by its shape and labels—he drew forth the flashlight, the cigarettes, the matches and the candies it contained. Lighting one of the candies, he stuck it securely on a projecting ledge of the wall. By its wan light, aided by the electric flash, he took a full though still dazed inventory of his surroundings. The ophidian Shaw had puzzled him again.

He had handled Shaw very roughly for a time. He could still feel—and he recalled the sensation with great pleasure—the thick, slippery neck of the creature, and the way it had quivered when he got his fingers into

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 be piled 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-sprung 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 cellar walls. He looked at his watch. It was twelve minutes past morning. He was exhausted and his body still ached rackingly.

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 box 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, was 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, high, of course, might have been concealed behind the letter files. Yet, as it was, it looked familiar. There was the fireplace, with its harred 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.

"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?" "Dive 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 tell '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, understand-

ingly.

"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,

A STUDENT OF WORLD AFFAIRS



if a man knows when to stop. But—" "How about that hat?" interrupted the restive victim of this hostility. "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 silk hat, and handed them to his companion, who accepted them without visible emotion. Evidently, though his stay in the building had been, Herbert Ransom 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 yere 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 day out beddy yit. I got to pertect dese fere folks, I has," he ended abruptly.

The caller peeled a bill from his ever-ready roll, and the friend of the building's guardian angel accepted and softened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GENEVA NEWS

The marriage of Miss Miriam Feity and Edward Meyer was quietly solemnized at the Geneva United Brethren parsonage at 8:00 o'clock Monday evening. The Rev. J. R. Knipe, pastor of the church, received the young couple.

"Did you hear any noise during the night?"

"Divil a bit."

"Were you asleep?"

"I was," admitted the watchman, simply. His voice was Hibernian, and rich with tolerant good humor.

"I want to make a trade with you," said the newcomer, holding 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 feller with eyes you could hang yer hat on, that had the back room on the ground floor."

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"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."

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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, completely 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 to 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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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.
Red Roehm	Willshire, O.	125lbs.	54 bu.
Adam Geisler	Ohio City, O.	115lbs.	43 bu.
Chas. Becker	Chattan'a, O.	125lbs.	40 bu.
Bollenbacher & Cook	"	125lbs.	38 bu.
Otto Beiberick,	Kirk'd Tp.	100-20-20	45 bu.
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