



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wodding and departure on her honeymoon leaves her brother "Laurie," successful playwright but somewhat inclined to idleness, 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 resigning 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.—Perceptively 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 Ransom Shaw.

CHAPTER VI.—To Louis Ordway, Mrs. 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.

CHAPTER XI

Doris Takes a Journey

Within five minutes he was in the studio building across the square, frantically punching the elevator bell. Outwardly he showed no signs of the anxiety that racked him, but passed to Sam, when that appreciative youth stopped his elevator at the ground floor, the sartorial perfection which Sam always vastly admired and sometimes dreamed of imitating. But for such perfection Sam had no eyes today.

At this early hour—it was not much more than half-past eight—he had brought down only two passengers, and no one but Laurie was waiting for the upward journey. When the two tenants of the building had walked far enough toward its front entrance, the elevator stopped. Sam grasped Laurie's arm and hurriedly dragged him into the car. As he did so, he missed four words:

"She gone, Mist' Devon!"
"Gone! Where? When?"

Laurie had not expected this. He realized now that he should have done so. His failure to take in the possibility of her going was part of his infernal optimism, of his inability even now to take her situation at its face value. Sam was answering his questions:

"Bout eight, jes' after Henry went and I come on. An automobile stop in front de do', an' dat man wid de eyes he come in. I try stop him fum takin' de car, but he push me on one side an' order me up, like he was Wilson himself. So I took him to de top flo'. But when we got dere an' he went to Miss Mayo's do', I jes' kep' de car right dere an' watch him."

"Good boy. What happened?"

"He knock an' nuffin' happen. Den he call out, 'Doris, Doris.' jes' like dat, an' she come an' talk to him; but she didn't open de do'."

"Could you hear what else he said?"

"No, sah. After dat he whisper to her, hissin' like a snake."

Laurie set his teeth. Even Sam felt the ophidian in Shaw.

"Go on," he ordered.

"Den I reckon Miss Mayo she put on a coat, an' dat man wait. I thought he was gwine leave, an' I sho' was glad. But he stood dere, waitin' an' grinnin' nuff to split his head."

Laurie recognized the grin.

"Bout two-three minutes she come out. Sam went on. "She had a big fur coat an' a well on. She look awful pale, an' when dey got in de elevator she didn't say a word. Dey was' nobody else in de car, an' it seem lak I couldn't let her go off now, without sayin' somethin'. So I say, 'You gwine away, Miss Mayo?' De man he look at me mighty cold an' hard, an' she only nod."

"Didn't she speak at all?"

"No, sah. She ain't say a word. She jes' stood stiff an' still, an' he took her out to de car, an' dey bofe got in."

"Was it a limousine, a closed car?"

"Yas, sah."

"Did the man himself drive it?"

"No, sah. He sat inside wid Miss

would do.

Down that dark avenue she had called "his way" Laurie dared not even glance. His mind was too busy making its agile twists in and out of the tangle. Granting, then, that she had gone doggedly to meet the ultimate issue of the experience, whatever that might be, she had nevertheless appealed to him, Laurie, for help. Why? And why did she know approximately where she was to be taken?"

Why? Why? Again and again the question had recurred to him, and this time it dug itself in.

Despite his love for her (and he fully realized that this was what it was), despite his own experience of the night before, he had hardly been able to accept the fact that she was, must be, in actual physical danger. When, now, the breath of this realization blew over him, it checked his heart-beats and chilled his very soul. In the next instant something in him, alert, watchful, and suspicious, addressed him like an inner voice.

"Shaw will threaten," this voice said. "He will fight, and he will even chloroform. But when it comes to a showdown, to the need of definite, final action of any kind, he simply won't be there. He is venomous, he'd like to bite, but he has no fangs, and he knows it."

The vision of Shaw's face, when he had choked him during the struggle of last night, again recurred to Laurie. He knew now the meaning of the look in those projecting eyes. It was fear. Though he had carried off the rest of the interview with entire assurance, during that fight the creature had been terror-stricken.

"He'll have reason for fear the next time I get hold of him," Laurie reflected, grimly. But that fear was of him, not of Doris. What might not Doris be undergoing, even now?

He went to the little safe in the wall of his bedroom, and took from it all the ready money he found there. Oh, if only Rodney were at home! But Mr. Bangs had gone out, the maid man said. He also informed Mr. Devon that his car was at the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GENEVA NEWS

Mrs. Garth Herbst and baby and Mrs. George Manns and little son spent Thursday afternoon at the Portland fair.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Odle and Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Mahoney spent Sunday in Muncie, attending a family reunion.

Mrs. Rachel Burdg went to Berne, Thursday afternoon, where she spent some time visiting at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Zergle.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Voigert, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are visiting here at the homes of C. F. Greene and families. Jesse Hutton and family returned to their home in Detroit, Mich. Monday, after spending a week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Hutton, and also visiting at Mrs. Hutton's parental home in Pennville.

Mrs. Sophia Mattax, daughter, Lavone, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mattax motored to Muncie Sunday, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lynch.

Miss Lona Englebrecht, of Rich-
Catherine Anderson the latter part of last week.

Miss Mary Blackburn who had been visiting here at the home of her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shepherd, left last Thursday afternoon for Fort Wayne and other cities north. Miss Blackburn's home is in Fayetteville, Ark.

Thorval and Fern Lavone, children of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mattax, of Pendleton, are visiting here at the home of their grandmother, Mrs. Sophia Mattax, this week.

Quaker Oats
"stands by"
you through
the morning

That's why millions start
their days in this way

To feel right through the morning, you must have well-balanced, complete food at breakfast. At most other meals—that is, at luncheon and at dinner—you usually get that kind of food.

But at breakfast the great dietary mistake is most often made—a hurried meal, often badly chosen.

Thus Quaker Oats, containing 16% protein, food's great tissue builder; 58% carbohydrate, its great energy element, plus all-important vitamins and the "bulk" that makes laxatives seldom needed, is the dietary urge of the world today.

It is food that "stands by" you through the morning. Food that should start every breakfast in your home.

Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. That's faster than plain toast. Don't deny yourself the natural stimulation this rich food offers.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1926.

Ford

AUCTION SALE

50 FORDS 50

**Will be sold to the highest bidder.
One at a Time, Regardless of Price!**

Almost any style of Ford will be offered at Auction. The price has been taken off now. Come and get them for whatever you want to give for them at AUCTION. These cars are on display at the Adams County Auto Co. (Used Car Show Room) now and will be demonstrated to anyone calling at the garage before the auction, Thursday afternoon, August 19, 1926.

COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER.

DEALERS ESPECIALLY INVITED.

THURS., AUG. 19

Beginning price \$50.00. Night sale at 7:15.

1 Day Only—at the Lot of Burton Niblack, formerly known as Ahr Field—1 Day Only

The Adams County Auto Co., authorized Ford dealers, have decided to dispose of all their second hand cars which they have taken in trade for new ones. Practically all of these cars have been painted and renewed, and are guaranteed to be in good running condition.

Positively every car will go to the highest bidder.

This is a Bona Fide Auction Sale

Every car you see on the street is a used car—why not own one?

Every car guaranteed. Buy a car for business or pleasure, at Your Own Price.

TERMS All sums of \$50 and under cash; above that amount 40 per cent cash; balance in monthly payments.

Adams County Auto Co.

Sale conducted by W. R. STONE

DECATOR, INDIANA

Ford

Ford