



# The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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## 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, accuses 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.

## 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 pressed 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 to see that Sam had dropped Laurie's trunk, he dragged him into the car. As he did so, he hissed four words:

"She gone, Miss 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, Jess' 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 opidian in Shaw.

"Go on," he ordered.

"Den I reckon Miss Mayo she put on a coat, an' dat man wait. I t'ought he was gwine leave, an' I sho' was glad. But he stood dere, waitin' an' grinnin' nuff to split his hair."

Laurie recognized the grin.

"'Bout two-three minutes she come out," Sam went on. "She had a big fur coat an' a veil on. She look awful pale, an' when dey got in de elevator she didn't say a word. Dey was'n nobody else in de car, an' it seem lak I couldn't let her go off nobow, 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?"

"Yaas, sah."

"Did the man himself drive it?"

"No, sah. He sat inside wid Miss Mayo."

Mayo. The man what drove it was younger."

"What did he look like?"

"I couldn't see much o' him. He had a big coat on, an' a cap. But his hair was yallah."

Laurie recognized the secretary.

"Which way did they go?"

"East."

They were standing on the top landing by this time, and Laurie strode forward.

"I'll take a look around her rooms. Perhaps she left some message."

Sam accompanied him, and though he had not desired this continued companionship, Laurie found a certain solace in it. In his humble way this black boy was Doris' friend. He was doing his small part now to help her, if, as he evidently suspected, there was something sinister in her departure.

Entering the familiar studio, Laurie looked around it with a pang. Unlike the quarters of Shaw, it remained unchanged. The room, facing north as it did, looked a little cold in the early light, but it was still stamped with the impress of its former occupant. The flowers he had given her only yesterday hung their heads in modest welcome, and half a dozen eye-flashes revealed half a dozen homely little details that were full of reassurance. Here, open and face down on the reading-table, was a book she might have dropped that minute. There was the long mirror before which she brushed her wonderful hair and, yes, the silver-backed brushes with which she brushed it. On the writing-table were a pencil and a torn sheet of paper, as if she had just dashed off a hurried note.

In short, everything in the room suggested that the owner, whose presence still hung about it, might return at any instant. And yet, there in the window, where he had half jokingly told her to place it, hung the brilliant symbol of danger which he himself had selected.

He walked over and took it from the latch. In doing this, he discovered that only half the scarf hung there, and that one end was jagged, as if roughly and hastily cut off. He put the scarf into his pocket. As he did so, his pulses leaped. Pinned to its folds was a bit of paper, so small and soft that even the inquisitive eye of Sam, following his every motion, failed to detect it. Laurie turned to the black boy.

"We'd better get out of here," he suggested, trying to speak carelessly.

"Miss Mayo may be back at any moment."

Sam's eyes bulged till they rivaled Shaw's.

"You don't tink she gone?" he stammered.

"Why should we think she has gone?" Laurie tried to grin at him. "Perhaps she's merely taking an automobile ride, or an early train for a day in the country. Certainly nothing here looks as if she had gone away for good. People usually pack, don't they?"

Sam dropped his eyes. His face, human till now, took on its familiar, sphinxlike look. He followed "Miss Devon" into the elevator in silence, and started the car on its downward journey. But as his passenger was about to depart with a nod, Sam presented him with a reflection to take away with him.

"She didn't look lak no lady what was goin' on no excursion," he muttered, darkly.

Laurie rushed back to his rooms with pounding heart and on the way opened and read at a glance his first note from Doris. It was written in pencil, seemingly on a scrap of paper torn from the pad he had seen on her desk.

"Long Island, I think. An old house, on the Sound, somewhere near Sea Cliff. Remember your promise. No police."

That was all there was to it. There was no address, no signature, no date, the writing, though hurried, was clear, beautiful, and full of character. In his rooms, he telephoned the garage for his car, and read and reread the little note. Then, still holding it in his hand, he thought it over.

Two things were horribly clear. Shaw's "plan" had matured. He had taken Doris away. And—this was the staggering phase of the episode—she seemed to have gone willingly. At least she had made no protest, though a mere word, even a look of appeal from her, would have enlisted Sam's help, and no doubt stopped the whole proceeding. Why hadn't she uttered that word? The answer to this, too, seemed fairly clear. Doris had become a fatalist. She had ceased to hide or fight. She was letting things go "his way," as she had declared she

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? 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 chlorform. 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 hall 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 Burd 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 Volpert, 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 Piquetteville.

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 Louise Englebrecht, of Richland, was in town Sunday. 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.

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