



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

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CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wed-
ding and departure on her honeymoon
leaves her brother "Laurie" success-
fully 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, the mutters that he has
"quilted 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
assaying Miss Mayo, Devon warns
him to end his espionage. The strang-
er 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,
invalid sister-in-law, and firm
friend, Laurie admits he is "interested"
in Doris, not revealing her identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Doris resolutely de-
cides to meet Mrs. Ordway, and
sternly vetoes Laurie's suggestion of
applying to the police to protect her
from Shaw.

Little pistol he had taken away from
Doris in the tragic moment of their
first meeting.

Holding it in his hand, he hesitated.
Heretofore, throughout his short
but varied life, young Devon had de-
pended upon his well-trained fists to
protect him from the violence of others.
But when those others were the
kind who went in for chloroform—
and this time there was Doris to
think of. He dropped the revolver
into his pocket, and shot into the ele-
vator and out on the ground floor
with the expedition to which the op-
erator was now becoming accustomed.

His car was a two-seated "racer,"
of slender and beautiful lines. As he
took his place at the wheel, the machine
pulsated like a living thing,
panting with a passionate desire to
be off. Laurie's wild young heart felt
itself drawn like a magnet in

New York had taught him respect for
its traffic laws and this was no time to
take chances. Carefully, almost
sedately, he made his way to Third
avenue, then up to the Queensboro
bridge, and across that mighty run-
way to Long Island. Here his stock
of patience, slender at the best, was
exhausted. With a deep breath he
"let her out" to a singing speed of
sixty miles an hour.

A cloud had obscured the sun, quite
appropriately, he subconsciously felt,
as he drove his car, in
the direction of his goal. In
the distance he could see the lights
of the city, and he knew that he
was approaching his destination.

The abrupt transitions of the gen-
tlemen's interest seemed to surprise
the lady. She looked at him with a
suspicion which perished under the
expression in his brilliant eyes. What
he meant, Laurie soberly explained,
was the kind of house that might ap-
peal to a casual tourist who was pass-
ing through, and who had dropped into
the station and there had suddenly
realized the extreme beauty of Sea
Cliff. The girl laughed. She was a
nice girl, he decided, and he smiled
back at her; for now she was becom-
ing helpful.

Yes, there was the Varick place, a
mile out and right on the water's edge.
And there was the old Klehl place,
also on the Sound. These were close
together and both for rent, she had
heard. Also, there was a house in the
opposite direction, and on the water's
edge. She did not know the name of
that house, but she had observed a
"To Let" sign on it last Sunday,
when she was out driving. Those
were all the houses she knew of. She
gave him explicit instructions for
reaching all three, and the interview
ended in an atmosphere of mutual
regard and regret. Indeed, the lady
even left her ticket office to follow the
gentleman to the door and watch the
departure of his chariot.

Laurie raced in turn to the Varick
place and the Klehl place. Shaw, he
suspected, had probably rented some
such place, just as he had rented the
East side office. But a very cursory
inspection of the two old houses con-
vinced him that they were tenantless.
No smoke came from their chimneys,
no sign of life surrounded them; also,
he was sure, they were not suffi-
ciently remote from other houses to suit
the mysterious Shaw.

The third house on his list was more
promising in appearance, for it stood
austerely remote from its neighbors.
But on its soggy lawn two soiled chil-
dren and a dog played in carefree
abandon, and from the side of the
house came the piercing whistle of an
underling cheerfully engaged in sawing
wood and shouting cautions to the
children. Quite plainly, the closed-up,
shuttered place was in charge of a
caretaker, whose offspring were in

He Made the Run of Twenty-Two
Miles in Something Under Thirty
Minutes.

and there were flakes of snow in the
air. As he sped through the gray at-
mosphere, the familiar little towns he
knew seemed to come forward to
meet him, like rapidly projected pic-
tures on a screen. Flushing, Bayside,
Little Neck, Manhasset, Roslyn, Glen-
head, one by one they floated past. He
made the run of twenty-two miles in
something under thirty minutes, to the
severe disapproval of several police-
men, who shouted urgent invitations
to him to slow down. One of these
was so persistent that Laurie prepared
to obey; but just as the heavy hand
of the law was about to fall, the rear

temporary possession of its grounds.
Laurie inspected other houses, dozens
of them. He made his way into
strange, new roads. Nowhere was
there the slightest clue leading to the
house he sought.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon
when, with an exclamation of actual
anguish, he swung his car around for
the return journey to the station.
For the first time the hopelessness of
his mission came home to him.
There must be a few hundred houses
on the Sound near Sea Cliff. How
was he to find the right one?

Perhaps that girl had thought of
some other places, or could direct him
to the best local real estate agents.
Perhaps he should have gone to them
in the first place. He felt dazed, in-
capable of clear thought.

As the car swerved his eye was
caught by something bright lying
farther up the road, in the direction
from which he had just turned. For
an instant he disregarded it. Then,
on second thought, he stopped the
machine, jumped out, and ran back.
There, at the right, by the wayside,
lay a tiny jagged strip of silk that
seemed to blush as he stared down
at it.

Slowly he bent, picked it up, and,
spreading it across his palm, regard-
ed it with eyes that unexpectedly were
wet. It was a two-inch bit of the Ro-
man scarf, hacked off, evidently, by
the same hurried scissors that had
severed the end in his pocket. He
realized now what that cutting had
meant. With his bare-and-hands' ex-
perience in mind, Doris had cut off
other strips, perhaps half a dozen or
more, and had undoubtedly dropped
them as a trail for him to pick up.
Possibly he had already unseeingly
passed several. But that did not mat-
ter. He was on the right track now.
The house was on this road, but fur-
ther up.

He hung up the receiver with a
groan of disgust, and busied himself
packing a small bag and selecting a
greatcoat for his journey. Also, he
went to a drawer and took out the
resembling recognized young Devon,
and waved him on with a forgiving
grin. This was not the first time Laurie
had "purred up" that stretch of
roadway.

At the Sea Cliff station he slowed
up; then, on a sudden impulse,
stopped his car at the platform with
sharp precision and entered the tiny
waiting room. From the ticket win-
dow a pretty girl looked out on him
with the expression of sudden interest
feminine eyes usually took on when
this young man was directly in their
line of vision. With uncovered curly
hair deftly bent, he addressed her.
Had she happened to notice a
dark limousine go by an hour or so
before, say around half-past eight or
nine o'clock? The girl shook her head.
She had not come on duty until nine,
and even if such a car had passed,
she would hardly have observed it,
owing to the frequency of the phe-
nomenon and her own exacting re-
sponsibilities.

Laurie admitted that these responsi-
bilities would claim all the attention
of any mind. But was there any one
who might have seen the car, any one,
say, who made a specialty of
lounging on the platform and watching
the pulsation of the town's life
in this its throbbing center? No, the
girl explained, there were no station
loafers around now. The summer
had been the time for them.

Then perhaps she could tell him if
there were any nice old houses
near Sea Cliff, nice old houses,
say, overlooking the Sound, and a lit-
tle out of the town? Laurie's newly
acquired will power was proving its
strength. With every frantic impulse
to him, crying for action, for knowl-
edge, for relief from the dark
tension he was under, he presented to
the girl the sure appearance of a
youth at peace with himself and the
hour.

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underling cheerfully engaged in sawing
wood and shouting cautions to the
children. Quite plainly, the closed-up,
shuttered place was in charge of a
caretaker, whose offspring were in

nature of a miracle and an overwhelm-
ing relief. His mind centered on the
five-dollar bills, and his lively interest
in them assured Laurie of Burke's
presence in the garage at any hour
when more bills might possibly be
dropped.

While he was lingeringly lighting a
cigarette, Laurie asked a few ques-
tions. Who owned the big house
back there in the cedar grove, on the
bluff overlooking the sound? Burke
didn't know. All he knew, and freely
told, was that it had been empty ever
since he himself had come to the
neighborhood, just two years ago.

Laurie strolled out of the garage
with a well-assumed air of indifference
to the perplexities of life, but
his heart was racked by them. As he
hesitated near the entrance, uncertain
which way to turn, he saw that be-
hind the garage there was a tool shed,
and following the side path which
led to this, he found in the rear of
the shed a workman's bench, evidently
little used in these cold January
days. Tactfully, it invited the dis-
coverer to solitude and meditation, and
Laurie gratefully dropped upon it, glad
of the opportunity to escape Burke's
eye and uninterrupted thinking out.
But the drowsy path of calm reflection was not for
him then.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Huntington To Have City Swimming Pool

Huntington, Aug. 18.—Plans are
being formulated for the construction
of a municipal swimming pool, a
juvenile wading pool and a rose gar-
den, as features of additional im-
provements in Memorial park, near
the city. It is planned to utilize a
rock basin in the upper section of
the creek through the park reservation
for a swimming pool, while a
shallower basin in the lower reaches
of the park slopes will be constructed
into a wading pool for the children.
A rock shelf on the east side of
the sunken garden is to be covered
with dirt and a large bed of roses
planted.

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Sunday Dance Results In Fine for One Man

Hartford City, Aug. 18.—The leader
of the orchestra at the Adair Realty and
Trust company of Atlanta, Ga., of any
fraud in connection with the firm's
activity in Indiana. Secretary of
State, Frederick E. Schortenmeier to-
day lifted the suspension imposed on
the firm on June 15, when the state
chamber of commerce brought
charges of "misrepresentation."

The charge was filed against the
charges of "misrepresentation."

orchestra leader by Prosecutor Hugh
Maddox. Five other cases of a simi-
lar nature filed against the members
of the orchestra were dismissed by
Prosecutor Maddox.

Action of the prosecutor has dis-
pleased the farmers of Washington
township, who see in the cases filed
by the prosecutor an effort to thwart
their avowed purpose of closing the
hall.

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Ensigns Killed in Crash

Waukegan, Ill., Aug. 18.—(United
Press)—Ensigns George Hammer and
Edward Stone of the Great Lakes
naval training school, received fatal
injuries today when the seaplane in
which they were riding crashed into
Lake Michigan.

Both died within an hour after the
accident.

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Realty Company Cleared

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 18.—(UPI)
Exonerating the Adair Realty and
Trust company of Atlanta, Ga., of any
fraud in connection with the firm's
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the firm on June 15, when the state
chamber of commerce brought
charges of "misrepresentation."

Connersville—A seventeen acre tract
of ground on the farm of William
Brown, near Connersville, produced a
yield of 46½ bushels an acre, believed
a record for Fayette county.

Marion—Several landmarks of
Marion will be removed through the
order of the state fire marshal's office
for the raising of fire hazards.

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