



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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sheltered by the darkness, to approach the house, like a hero of melodrama,
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It was not yet two o'clock in the
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In three hours all sorts of things
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away with him, was one Laurie could
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On the other hand, what could he
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The young man sprang to his feet.
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He swung back to the garage with de-
termination in his manner, and entered the place so unexpectedly that
Burke, who had fancied him a mile
away, started at the sight of him.
Then, with a contented smile, he
filled his nerves and kept his eyes
on the bill the visitor held before him.
"See here," said the latter. "I want
to do a tramp act."

"Sure you do!" Burke promptly
replied.

"Can you find me some ragged
trousers and an old coat and cap?
The worse they look, the better I'll
like it. And while you're about it,
get me some worn-out shoes or boots.
How soon can you have them here?"

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pretty big," he mentioned. "Nothing
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"Great Scott!" exploded the other.
"I don't want 'em to fit! I'm not
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"But you want to get 'em on, don't
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"I do."

"Well, look at yourself, young fella,
and then look at me!"

Laurie obeyed the latter part of the
injunction. The father of seven was
at least five inches shorter than he,
and his legs and shoulders were small
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Left alone, Laurie removed his coat
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himself in front of a broken mirror in
Burke's alleged office, removed his
collar and effected a startling trans-
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Beginning in his college days, and
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But never in any stage dressing-
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