



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 in playwriting 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 leaving 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, guesses 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 she is "fired." 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.

"Yes, I think so; I'm almost sure of it."
"Then there's no mad rush about leaving?"
"No—I think not."

He observed her hesitation but ignored it. He drew two big chairs close to the open fire, and, leading Doris to one, seated her in it, and took the other himself, turning it to face hers. As he did so, she recoiled.

"You look so dreadful!" she exclaimed with a shudder.
"I suppose I do. But forget that and tell me something. When did Shaw leave?"

"Within half an hour of the time he brought me here."
"When is he coming back?"
"Tonight, I think."

"And he's left you here alone, with no one around but this woman?" Laurie asked incredulously. Here was another situation hard to understand. "His secretary is somewhere around, isn't she?"

"Oh!" This was news. "Where is he?"

"Out in the garage. He has a room there. I heard him say he had no sleep last night, and that he expected to get some today."
Laurie rose.

"I'll take a look around and see where he is," he suggested. "We can't have him catching on to my little visit and telephoning to Shaw, you know."

As he spoke he was walking toward the door that led into the hall, and now he confidently put out his hand and turned the knob. His expression changed. He gave the knob a violent twist, then, setting his shoulder against the jamb, tried to wrench the door open. It did not yield. Doris watching him wide-eyed, was the first to speak.

"Locked?" she whispered.
"Locked," corroborated Laurie. He nodded thoughtfully. Several things, small in themselves, which had puzzled him, were clearing up. Among others, the housekeeper's persistent efforts to gain time were now explained. Shaw had not been so careless as he had seemed. The meek blond secretary with the pursing eyes and the chloroforming habit was certainly in the house.

CHAPTER XIII

Laurie Checks a Revelation
Laurie shook his head.

"That was rather stupid of him," he remarked, mildly. "It's almost as easy to force open a locked door from the inside as from the outside."

"I know," Doris was again breathless. "But in the meantime he's telephoning to Shaw."

"I don't think so," Laurie, his hands in his pockets, was making a characteristic turn around the room. "What has he to gain by telephoning? Shaw's coming back anyway in a few hours; and in the meantime the secretary has got me safely pocketed, or thinks he has. I have an idea he'll stand pat. You see, he doesn't know about my talent for opening locked doors."

He strolled back to the door as he spoke and examined the lock. Then, appreciatively, he drew from his pocket the screw-driver he had thoughtfully brought from the garage.

"I fancied this might be useful. It will take me just about four minutes to open that door," he announced. "So get on your things and be ready to start in a hurry."

"Do you imagine that we can get away now, in broad daylight?" She seemed dazed by the suggestion.

"Why not? You want to get out of here, don't you?"
"Yes—I—of course I do!"
"You don't seem very sure of it."

Laurie was smiling down at her with his hands still in his pockets, but there was an expression keen, cold, almost but not quite suspicious.

"Yes, but—you don't understand. Shaw has other men on watch, two of them."

"Where?"
"In the grounds. One in the front and the other in the back."
The newcomer mentally digested this unwelcome information.

"If we wait till it's dark," said the girl, "we'll have a better chance."

"Unless Shaw gets back in the meantime." He was still watching her with that new look in his eyes. Then, briskly, he returned to his interest in the doorlock.

"In any case," he casually remarked, "we don't want to be jailed here."

She said no more, but sat watching him as he worked, deftly and silently. In little more than the time he had predicted he opened the door and held it wide.

"Any time you would like to pass out," he invited, then checked himself and vanished in the dimness of the hall.



Laurie Entered the Room, Pushing the Secretary Before Him.

the hall. The girl left behind heard the sounds of running feet, of a sharp scuffle, of a few words spoken in a high, excited voice. Then Laurie re-entered the room, pushing the secretary before him. At present the youth looked anything but meek. His blond hair was on end, his tie was under one ear, his pale eyes were bright with anger, and he moved spasmodically, propelled by jerks from behind.

"I don't like this young man," said Laurie, conversationally. "I never have. So I'm going to put him where for a few hours he can't annoy us. Is there a good roomy closet on this floor? If there is, kindly lead us to it."

"Say, hold on!" cried the blond youth, in outraged tones. "I'm sick of this."

"Shut up," Laurie shook him gently. "And cheer up. You're going to have a change. Lead on, please."

Thus urged, and further impelled, the secretary obediently led the way to a closet at the far end of the upper hall. It was fairly commodious, and full of garments hanging on pegs and smelling oppressively of camphor. It afforded an electric-light fixture, and Laurie, switching on the light, emphasized this advantage to the reluctant new occupant, who unwisely put up a brief and losing fight on its threshold.

"You may read if you like," Laurie affably suggested, when this had been suppressed. "I'll bring you some magazines. You may even smoke. Mr. Shaw and I always treat our prisoners with the utmost courtesy. You don't smoke? Excellent! Safer for the closet, and a fine stand for a worthy young man to take. Now, I'll get the magazines for you."

He did so, and the blond secretary accepted them with a black scowl.

"I'm afraid," observed Laurie regretfully, "he has an ungrateful nature."

He locked the door on the infuriated youth, pocketed the key, and faced

Doris, who had followed the former procession. The little encounter had restored his poise.

"What next?" he asked, placidly. Her reply was in the nature of a shock.

"I'd like to have you wash up." He raised his eyebrows.

"And spoil my admirable disguise? However, if you insist, I suppose I can get most of the effect again with ashes, if I have to. Where's a bathroom?"

She indicated a door, and returned to her room. He made his ablutions slowly and very thoughtfully. There were elements in this new twist of the situation which did not tally with any of his former hypotheses. Doris, too, was doing some thinking on her own account. When he returned to the sitting-room she wore the air of one who has pondered deeply and has come to a conclusion.

"What do your friends call you?" she abruptly asked.

"All kinds of things," admitted the young man. "I wouldn't dare to repeat some of them." Under the thoughtful regard of her red-brown eyes his manner changed. "My sister calls me Laurie," he added soberly.

"May I?"
"By all means, if you'll promise not to be a sister to me."

"Then—Laurie—"
"I like that," he interrupted.

"So do I, Laurie—I'm going to tell you something."

"Yes?" he said.
"Please smoke." Again she was playing for time. "And—and don't look at me," she added, almost harshly. "I—I think I can get it out better if you don't."

His answer was to swing his chair around beside hers, facing the blazing logs, and to take out his case and light a cigarette.

"I'm going to tell you everything," she said in a low tone.

"I'm glad of that."

"I know," she muttered, almost inaudibly. "It's all—horrible. It's infinitely worse than you suspect. And that's why I'm going to tell you the truth, big as the cost may be to me."

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "Let's get this straight. You're telling me, aren't you, that any revelation you make now will react on you. Is that it?"

"Yes."
"You will be the chief sufferer by it?"

"Yes."
"Will it help you any to have me understand? Will it straighten out the trouble you're in?"

She considered her answer. "The only help it will give me will be to know that you understand," she said at last; "to know that—that you're not suspecting things about me."

"And it will make things hard for you, otherwise, to have me know?" he persisted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Skeleton Found In Excavation at Van Wert

Van Wert, Ohio, Aug. 23.—The skeleton of a human being was found Friday by workmen excavating for a furnace room underneath the T. L. Roberts grocery at 305 East Main street.

The discovery was made by Murphy and Greenwald, contractors. The bones were broken into many pieces.

"I don't know what it is, but they are those of a human. One tooth was found. No evidence of trinkets, jewelry or casement of any kind having been about the body was discovered."

Believed Old Man

After a local physician examined the bones he expressed the belief that they were those of an old man. Unusual thickness of the skull, he said, was an indication he might have been an Indian.

The tooth found was about an inch long and that of a man, it was said. Evidence of considerable wear was taken to indicate it was that of an aged person. The tooth was in a good state of preservation. No opinion was ventured on how long the skeleton had been in the ground. It was explained that activity of agents of decay varies with conditions.

Manchester College To Build New Gymnasium

North Manchester, Ind., Aug. 23.—(United Press)—Plans are being laid here for the erection of a new gymnasium which is expected to mark a new era in the athletic history of Manchester college.

Bids have already been received and work on the structure is expected to get under way within a short time. It is hoped to rush work on the gymnasium and have it ready for the start of the basketball season. Manchester college includes several games with larger school which are on, as the hardwood schedule at contingent on the completion of the new playing floor.

Football practice will start September 7, with the first game on October 2.

NOTICE

The party that rode away on by Vim Motorbike between 12 and 12:30 p.m. Friday, which was left in front of Winnes Shoe store, was seen. Kindly return same to save trouble. Donald Hill, 1122 Elm St. 19812x

THE MIRACLE LADY



OLIVE KACKLEY

Few, if any, stage directors and dramatic coaches have received more space and more flattering commendation in the theatrical and entertainment publications than has Miss Olive Kackley. A recent issue of the magazine "Theater and Drama," says as part of a full page article: "Miss Kackley brings into her own work a thorough grounding in the art. She is endowed with exceptional critical ability." She played for two seasons of forty weeks each in Chicago and directed several stock companies in Chicago, Omaha and other places. She appears on the fifth day, taking part in the afternoon program as well as in the play at night.

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Sherwood Considering Offer Of Presidency Of Louisiana College

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 23.—(United Press)—Henry Noble Sherwood, state superintendent of public instruction, is considering an offer of the Presidency of the Louisiana state university and agricultural and mechanical college. It was learned today.

Dr. Sherwood, whose term expires in a few months, has been invited to meet with trustees of the school at Baton Rouge, La., but no definite date for a discussion of the offer has been set.

The Louisiana institution is co-educational and has an enrollment of more than 2,000 students with a faculty of 150.

Sherwood has also been mentioned for the presidency of Kenton college, Cambler, Ohio.

Army Planes to Attempt Trip Around So. America

Washington, D. C., Aug. 23.—(United Press)—Five U. S. Army airplanes will attempt a flight around South America within a few months, the war department announced today.

The state department has asked the countries which will be touched for permission for the American planes to fly over their territory, the war department has said. Some of the governments have agreed, but until all are heard from no details of the route or other plans will be made public it was announced.

Government Seeks to Deport George Remus

Washington, D. C., Aug. 23.—(United Press)—The United States government today sought deportation of George Remus, famous millionaire bootlegger of Cincinnati back to his native land of Germany through issuance of a labor department, war-


rant for his arrest.

The arrest, which is preliminary to a complete investigation and hearing and a final deportation warrant if the charges are found justified, alleges that Remus, now serving a one year jail term in Montgomery county, Ohio, entered the United States without inspection; that he is likely to become a public charge, and

that he had been convicted of a felony since he entered the United States, to wit, violation of the Volstead act.

Cider Mill Open

I will start my cider mill Tuesday, August 24th and will operate each Tuesday and Thursday until further notice. Peter Kirsch 198-121




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The "Forgotten Man" of Arica

DOWN in South America on the border of Chili and Peru there stands a great, bleak rock in a desert of sand. Because of this disputed territory millions of angry words have been uttered, and on this rock the blood of Chilean and Peruvian soldiers has been spilled.

The name of the rock is El Morro. The name of the territory is Tacna-Arica. The name of the UNITED PRESS reporter, who for an entire year waited and waited in this treeless, shadeless land to report the denouement of the controversy is Harry Frantz.

General Pershing came—and went. The forty year old dispute seemed likely to continue forty years more. Frantz stuck—but he called himself "the forgotten man".

Frantz is one of the best informed American newspaper men on the complex issues arising out of the Tacna-Arica question. His competent handling of the many ramifications of this news story is typical of the skill and reliability of UNITED PRESS reporters all over the world.

Remember that word "UNITED." Look for the word "UNITED" over the dispatches in this newspaper every day. The newspaper which prints news "BY UNITED PRESS" is always a distinguished newspaper.

Decatur Daily Democrat

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