



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wed-
ding and departure on her honeymoon
leaves her brother "Laurie" success-
ful playwright but somewhat inclined
to whimsiness, without her restraining
influence. His theatrical associates,
Rodney Bangs and Jacob Epstein,
promise to "keep an eye on him."

CHAPTER II.—Laurie, who is
weakly, 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, 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
abusing Miss Mayo, Devon warns
him to end his espionage. The stran-
ger 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 de-
clines 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 ig-
nored 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 receded.

"You look so dreadful!" she ex-
plained 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,
but I can't tell you where he is."

"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 puz-
zled him, were clearing up. Among
others, the housekeeper's persistent
efforts to gain time were now ex-
plained. Shaw had not been so care-
less as he had seemed. The meek
blond secretary with the pursuing
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 breath-
less. "But in the meantime he's tele-
phoning 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 sec-
retary 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,

Laurie, who had followed the corner
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 bath-

room?"

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 re-
peat 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 bet-
ter if you don't."

His answer was to swing his chair
around beside hers, facing the blaz-
ing 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 in-
audibly. "It's all—horrible. It's in-
finitely 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
that 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 do 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 skele-
ton of a human being was found Fri-
day 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
and the fragments were not clear
they are those of a human. One tooth
was found. No evidence of trinkets
jewelry or casement of any kind hav-
ing been about the body was dis-
covered.

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 skele-
ton had been in the ground. It was
explained that activity of agents of
decay varies with conditions.

"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 up-
per 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 re-
luctant new occupant, who unwillingly
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 re-
gretfully, "he has an ungrateful na-
ture."

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

THE MIRACLE LADY



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 univer-
sity and agricultural and mechanical
college.

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,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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 Vol-
stead 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. 198-12

"ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE"

When so many people go out
of their way to tell us that hav-
ing their accounts with this
bank has proved a real asset,

We are encouraged to believe
that our efforts to make this an
unusually helpful bank are
meeting with success.

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The "Forgotten Man" of Arica

DOWN in South America on the border of Chile 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, shade-
less land to report the denouement of the controversy is
Harry Frantz.

General Pershing came—and went. The forty year old dis-
pute 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 news-
paper which prints news "BY UNITED PRESS" is always a
distinguished newspaper.

Decatur Daily Democrat