



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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WNU Service

"Yes," This time her answer was prompt. "It will end everything I am trying to do, and destroy what I have already done."

Laurie threw his half-burned cigarette into the fire, as if to lend greater emphasis to his next words.

"That settles it," he announced. "I won't listen to you."

She turned to look at him.

"But you must," she faltered. "I'm all ready to tell you. I've been working myself up to it ever since you came."

"I know. I've watched the process, and I won't have another word." He lit a second cigarette, drew in a mouthful of smoke, and sent it forth again in a series of widening rings.

"Your conversation is extremely uninteresting," he explained; "and look at the setting we've got for something so romantic and worth while. This cozy room, this roaring fire—he interrupted himself to glance through the nearest window—a ripping old snow-storm outside, that's getting worse every minute, and the exhilarating sense that though we're prisoners, we're already taken two perfectly good prisoners of our own; what more could one ask to make an afternoon in the country really pleasant?"

He stopped, for she was crying again, and the sight, which had taxed his strength an hour earlier, overtaxed it now. She overwhelmed him like a breaker. He rose, and going close to her, knelt beside her chair.

"Doris," he begged, brokenly. "Don't, don't cry! I can't tell you how it makes me feel. I—I can stand anything but that." He seized her hands and tried to pull them away from her face. "Look at me," he urged. "I've got all sorts of things to say to you, but I won't say them now. This isn't the time or the place, but one thing, at least, I want you to know. I do trust you. I trust you completely. And whatever happens, whatever all this incredible tangle may mean, I shall always trust you."

She wiped her eyes and looked into his more serious in that moment than she had ever seen them.

"I will stop," she promised, with a catch in her voice. "But please don't think I'm a hysterical fool. I'm

tense, the emotion of this one. Taking her in, from the superb masses of hair on her small head to the glittering buckles on her low house-shoes, Laurie knew at last that whoever and whatever this girl might be, she was the one whose companionship through life his hungry heart demanded. He loved her. He would trust her, blindly if he must, but whatever happened fully and for all time.

There had been a long silence after his last words, but when she spoke it was as if there had been no interval between his chatter and her response.

"Almost any other man would have been 'heroic,' she went on. 'Almost any other man would have been excited and emotional at times, and then would have been exacting and difficult and rebellious over all the mystery, and the fact that I couldn't explain. I've set that pace myself," she confessed. "I haven't always been able to take things quietly and—and philosophically. The wonderful thing about you is that you've never been overwhelmed by any situation we've been in together. You've never even seemed to take them very seriously. And yet, when it came to a 'show-down,' as Shaw says, you've been right there, always."

"You're the kind," she said, "that in the French revolution, if you had been a victim of it, would have gone to the guillotine with a smile and a jest, and would have seen in the experience 'only a new adventure.'"

At that, he shook his head.

"I don't know," he said slowly, and with the seriousness he had shown her once or twice before. "Death is a rather important thing. I've been thinking about it a good deal lately."

"You have?" In her astonishment, she straightened in her chair. "Why?"

"Well," he hesitated. "I haven't spoken about it much, but—the truth is, I'm taking the European war more seriously than I have seemed to. I think America will swing into the fight in a month or two more; I really don't see how we can keep out any longer. And I've made up my mind to volunteer as soon as we declare war."

"Oh, Laurie!"

That was all she said, but it was enough. Again he turned away from her and looked into the fire.

"I want to talk to you about it sometime," he went on. "Not now, of course. I'm going in for the aviation end. That's my game."

"Yes, it would be," she corroborated, almost inaudibly.

"I've been thinking about it a lot," he repeated. There was an intense, unspoken feeling between them, which he had made to no one else but Bangs, and to him in only a casual phrase or two. "That's one reason why it has been hard for me to get down to work on a new play, as Bangs and Epstein have been hounding me to do. I was afraid I couldn't keep my mind on it. All I can think of, besides you," he hesitated, then went on rather self-consciously—"are those fellows over there and the tremendous job they're doing. I want to help. I'm going to help. But I'm not going into it with any illusions about military bands and pretty uniforms and grand-stand plays. It's the biggest job in the world today, and it's got to be done. But what I see in it in the meantime are blood and filth and stench and suffering and horror and a limitless, stoical endurance. And—well, I know I'm going. But I can't quite see myself coming home."

Save for his revelation on the morning they met, this was the longest personal confidence Laurence Devan had ever made to another human being except his sister Barbara. At its end, as she could not speak, he watched her for a moment in silence, already half regretting what he had said. Then she rose with a fiercely abrupt movement, and going to the window stood looking at the storm. He followed her and stood beside her.

"Laurie," she said suddenly.

"Yes?"

"I can't stand it."

"Can't stand it?"

He repeated her words almost absently. His eyes were on a stocky figure moving among the trees below. It kept in constant motion and, he observed with pleasure, it occasionally stamped its feet and swung its arms as if suffering from the cold.

"I can't stand this situation."

"Then we must clear it up for you."

He spoke reassuringly, his eyes still on the active figure. "Is that one of our keepers, down there?"

She nodded.

"He has instructions to watch the front entrance and windows. There's another man watching the rear."

"I hope he hasn't a nice little bottle of chloroform in his overcoat pocket, or vitriol," murmured Laurie, reflectively.

Hvely. "By the way," he turned to her with quickened interest, "something tells me it's long after lunch time. Is there any reason why we shouldn't eat?"

She smiled.

"None whatever. The icebox contains all the things a well-regulated icebox is supposed to hold. I overheard Shaw and his secretary discussing their supplies."

"Good! Then we'll release Mother Fagin long enough to let her cook some of them."

He strolled to the bedroom door. On a chair facing it the woman sat and gazed at him with her fierce eyes.

"Would you like a little exercise?" he politely inquired. There was no change of expression in the hostile face. "Because if you would," he went on, "and if you'll give me your word not to cry out, give any kind of alarm or signal, or start anything whatever, I'll take that bandage off your mouth and let you cook lunch for us and for yourself."

The fierce eyes set, then wavered. He waited patiently. At last the head nodded and he expeditiously untied the bandage.

"The very best you've got, please," he instructed. "And I hope you can cook. If you can't, I'll have to do it myself. I'm rather gifted that way."

"I can cook," avowed the old woman sullenly.

"Good work! Then go on your joyous way. But if you feel an impulse to invite into your kitchen any of the gentlemen out in the grounds, or to release the secretary, restrain it. They wouldn't like it in here. They wouldn't like it at all."

A strange grimace twisted the woman's sardonic features. He interpreted it rightly.

"I'm glad you agree with me," he said. "Now, brook trout, please, and broiled chickens, and early strawberries and clotted cream."

She looked at him with a return of the stolid expression that was her habitual one.

"We ain't got any of those things," she declared.

"We ain't?" Her guest was pained.

"What have we got?"

"We got ham and eggs and lettuce and milk and coffee and squash pie."

He sighed.

"They will do," he said resignedly.

"Do you think you could have them ready in five minutes?"

The luncheon was a cheerful meal, for Laurie made it so. When it was finished he went to the kitchen window, opened it, and carefully arranged several hot ham sandwiches in a row.

"For the birds," he explained.

"For the cold little birds out in the grounds."

"This storm will be a good thing for us," he mentioned to Doris, when they had returned to the upstairs sitting room. "It will be dark soon after four, and the show will cover our footsteps. But I'm inclined to think," he added, reflectively, "that before we start I'd better go out and truss up those two birds in the grounds."

She showed an immediate apprehension.

"No, no! you mustn't think of that!" she cried. "Promise me you won't."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lowden will Not Be Senatorial Candidate

Chicago, Aug. 24.—(United Press)—Telegrams received from Frank O. Lowden, Ex-Governor of Illinois and prominent member of the Democratic party, today set at rest the rumors that he would enter the race for the Senate as an independent, against Col. Frank L. Smith.

Smith was the recipient of large contributions from public utility interests when he made his successful bid for the republican nomination in June, the Senate primary expense investigating committee found.

Lowden wired from the Thousand Islands, where he is vacationing, that under no circumstances would he undertake the race.

Insull Resigns as Head of Midland Utilities Co.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Samuel Insull has resigned as president of the Midland Utilities company to become chairman of the board of directors. His son, Samuel Insull Jr., was elected president to succeed him, after the meeting of the board.

The younger Insull had been vice-president and executive head of the company since its formation in 1923.

The Midland company was organized three years ago to develop electric gas and transportation in Northern Indiana.

Nicholas Murray Butler Refuses to Enter Politics

New York, Aug. 24.—(United Press)—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, has declined to become a candidate for the republican nomination for Governor of New York.

Answering suggestions that his name be placed before the party convention, Dr. Butler issued a statement in which he explained that pressure of administrative work at Columbia and with the Carnegie endowment for peace, prevent his consideration of any candidacy for political office.

Mary to Marry



Mary Astor, red headed actress, was to marry Irving Asher, movie official.

Pastor Advocates Cozy Corners for Courting

Chicago, Aug. 24.—(United Press)—Cozy corners for courting were advocated by the Rev. Philip Cone Fletcher, Little Rock, Ark., Methodist pastor to an audience here yesterday.

"Courtship is a very necessary thing," he said. "It can't be done in stuffy parlors in boarding houses. Automobiles with their freedom from restraint offer too much in the way of temptation. I approve of Chicago Park officials allowing spooning on park benches, because spooning is an old fashioned necessity, which leads to marriage."

Twelve Chinese Bankers Executed for Speculating

London, Aug. 24.—(United Press)—A daily mail dispatch from Tokio said that Chang Tso Lin, strictly enforcing the order that banks in Manchuria must not speculate in the currency, has executed twelve Chinese bankers, including seven Millionaires of Mukden and Harbin.

Stockholder's Meeting
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens Telephone Company, of Decatur, Indiana, will be held at the office of the secretary of said company, in the city of Decatur, Indiana, on,

Monday, September 6, 1926
at 7 o'clock p. m. for the election of five directors to serve for the ensuing year for the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before said meeting.

HERMAN F. EHINGER, Secy.
19s to Sept. 6.

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Dr. L. P. Bailey, of McBride, Miss., says of San Yak: "It will do all you claim. It is fine medicine for the blood and has cured rheumatism of long standing. When one treats the kidneys with San Yak he is renewing the whole body. One can always depend on San Yak."

(Signed) L. J. Bailey, M. D.

High Blood Pressure

Mrs. W. E. Brandon, of Robinson, Ind., writes: "I took San Yak for high blood pressure and it worked like a charm. I am not now troubled any more."

S. F. Marrang, of Ohio Oil Co., Marshall, Ill., says: "San Yak is a wonderful medicine for stomach and bowels."

Dr. Geo. W. Snyder, of Chicago, said this for people advanced in years: "San Yak lends the thrill that comes from making human life lastingly better. I am free to state that by its use it would be quite impossible, owing to its wonderful antiseptic action on the pancreas and bowels, to become afflicted with appendicitis or constipation. San Yak does not irritate the internal organs and its effect is delightfully soothing. Sale at Smith, Yager & Falk and leading druggists."

Marion Talley to Sing At Winona August 27

No other singer in modern times has secured the attention of the nation's press accorded to Marion Talley, the youthful prima donna of the Metropolitan, whose first concert in this region, on Friday night, August 27, at Winona Lake, Indiana, will be a fitting climax to the musical season. Amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm this Kansas City girl, the youngest ever to step on the stage of the Metropolitan opera house, made her debut as Gilda in "Rigoletto" last February to a house packed to the doors, with so great a crowd without that it had to be dispersed by mounted police.

The phenomenon of a young girl who had never performed on a stage, and indeed had never sung with an orchestra, to make her debut at the world's greatest opera house in a leading role and meet the exacting tasks imposed by the standards of

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"Where does all the money go?"

YOUNG Mrs. Henshaw was almost in tears. She had been telling Mrs. Blair something about her failure to "get a few dollars ahead."

"Where does all the money go?" she asked hopelessly.

"Do you really want me to tell you, dear?" Mrs. Blair replied, in the kindly voice of mature experience.

"Like so many other young people," she continued, "you and Jack are 'always broke'—as you say—because you have no systematic, intelligent buying plan. You need to adopt a budget! You should study your problem—know exactly what you must have each week and buy accordingly."

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this house is considered by many the most remarkable feat in musical history, and Miss Talley's triumph is spoken of by comparison with only Jenny Lind and Adeline Patti.

The unspoiled youth of this girl, her childish beauty, the appealing freshness of her voice and the remarkable romance of her climb at so youthful an age to the highest pinnacle of art is regarded as one of the extraordinary triumphs of American pluck and perseverance.

Opens Jewelry Shop

M. S. Elzey, veteran jeweler has opened a shop in rooms over the White Mountain Creamery station on Monroe street and is prepared to do all kinds of watch and clock repairing and to sell any kind of jewelry at right prices. Give him a call. 195-61x

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