



# The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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He shrugged his shoulders. "As you wish, of course. But if they interfere when we're getting started, surely you'll let me rock them to sleep, won't you?"

She did not move, but gave him a look that made him thoughtful. It was an odd, sidelong look, frightened but watchful. He remembered that once or twice before she had given him such a look. More than anything else that had happened, this glance chilled him. It was not that that the woman he loved should look at him. Suddenly he heard her gasp, and the next instant the silence of the room was broken by another voice, a voice of concentrated rage with a snarl running through it.

"So you're here, are you?" It jerked. "By G-d, I'm sick of you and of your interference!"

He turned. Shaw was standing just inside the door. But he was not the sleek, familiar, torpid figure of recent encounter. He seemed mad clean through, fighting mad. His jaws were set; his sleek head and heavy shoulders were thrust forward as if he were ready to spring, and his protuberant eyes had lost their haze and held a new and unpleasant light.

But, angry though he appeared, Herbert Ransome Shaw was taking no chances in this encounter with his undesired guest. Behind him shone the now smug countenance of the blond secretary, and on each side he was flanked by another man. Powerful fellows these two seemed, evidently Italian laborers, gazing at the scene incomprehensibly, but ready for any work their master set them. In stupefaction, Laurie stared at the tableau, while eight eyes unwinkingly stared back at him. Then he nodded.

"Well, Bertie," he said pleasantly, "you're outdoing yourself in the size of this delegation. Four to one. Quite some odds." His voice changed. "You contemptible coward! Why don't you take me on, alone? Have you got your chloroform cone?"

The complexion of Shaw, red with cold, darkened to an apoplectic purple. "You'll soon find out what we've got," he barked, "and what's coming to you. Now, are you going to put up a fight against four, or will you go quietly?"

"I think," said Laurie thoughtfully, "I'd rather go quietly. But just where is it I'm going?"

"You'll soon know," Shaw was carrying a coil of rope, light but strong, and now he tossed it to one of the Italians.

"He him up," he curtly ordered. "Laurie," said Laurie, "I wouldn't advise that. I really wouldn't. It would be one of those rash acts you read about."

Something in his voice checked the forward stride of the Italian with the rope. He hesitated, glancing at Shaw. With a gesture, the latter ordered the two men through the door. "Wait just outside," he directed. He turned to Laurie. "Out you go!" he ordered brusquely.

Laurie hesitated, glancing at Doris, but he could not meet her eye. At the window, with her back to the room, she stared out at the storm. Even in that moment her attitude stunned him. Also, he felt an unconquerable aversion to anything in the nature of a struggle before her. Perhaps, once outside the room, he could take on those ruffians, together or in turn.

Without another word, he crossed the threshold into the hall. Before him hurried the two Italians. Behind him crowded Shaw and the secretary. He walked forward six strides. Then, as the side railing of the stairway rose beside him, he saw his opportunity. He struck out right and left with all

his strength, flooring one of the Italians and sending the second helpless against the wall. In the next instant he had leaped over the slender rail of the stairway, landed half-way down the stairs, and made a jump for the front door.

As he had expected, the door was locked. Shaw, if he had entered that way, had not been too hurried to attend to this little detail. Laurie had just time to brace his back against it when the four men were upon him.

If he could have taken them on one by one he could have snapped their necks in turn, and he would have done so without compunction. As it was, with four leaping at him simultaneously, he called on all his reserve strength, his skill in boxing, and the strategy of his football days.

His first blow sent the blond secretary to the floor, where he lay motionless. After that was hard to distinguish where blows fell. What Devon wanted and was striving to reach was the throat of Shaw, but the slippery thing eluded him.

He fought on with hands and feet.

even drawing, against these odds, on the savior he had learned in Paris. Blood flowed from his nose, his ear and his lip. Shaw's face was bleeding, too, and soon one of the Italians had joined the meek young secretary in his slumbers on the floor. Then Laurie felt his head agonizingly twisted backward, heard the creak of a rusty bolt, and, in the next instant, was hurled headlong through the suddenly opened door, to the snow-covered veranda.

As he pulled himself up, crouching for a return spring, Shaw, disheveled and breathless on the threshold, jerkily addressed him.

"Try it again if you like, you young devil," he panted, "but remember one thing: the next time you won't get off so easily."

The door slammed, and again the bolt shot into place. Laurie listened. No sound whatever came from the inner hall. The old house was again apparently dead, after its moments of fierce life. He slowly descended the steps, and, bracing himself against the nearest tree, stared at the house, still gasping from the effects of the struggle.

He was out of it, but he had left Doris behind. The fact sickened him. So did the ignominy of his departure. He was not even to be followed. His absence was all the gang desired. His impulse was to force the door and again face the four of them. But he realized that he could accomplish nothing against such odds, and certainly, as a prisoner in the house, trussed up with Shaw's infernal rope, he would be of no use to either Doris or himself. He decided to return to the garage and get his car and the weapon he had left there. Then, if the four still wanted to fight, he would show them something that might take the spirit out of them.

Having arrived at this sane conclusion, he turned away from the silent house, and, hatless and coatless as he was, hurriedly made his way through the heavy snow-drifts toward the public road.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Kendallville Girl In Play at the Majestic

A new play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, produced by Richard Herndon, is announced as the attraction at the Majestic theatre, Fort Wayne, for two performances commencing Thursday night, this week. The title of the play is "Treat 'Em Rough," and is born of a young man's concept of handling women until he suffers an emotional cataclysm which entirely changes his viewpoint. The locale of the new Hatton play is an Italian quarter of the East Side, New York, and its characters are of that nationality, in the main, altho Tony Barudi, the young hero of the story was born in America of Italian parents, and Nora O'Hara the girl who twists his philosophy of life into kinks and curls, is as Irish as her name implies. Tony is the adopted son of Tom Salvatore, an Italian whose great love for the world and his fine justice make him the court of appeals for every one in trouble throughout the section in which he lives. He is the one human being who has the real love and respect of his adopted son, for Tony treats the rest of the world with scorn.

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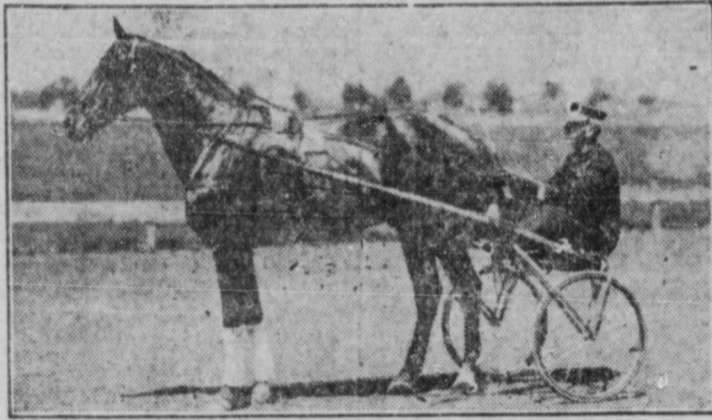
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Ricciardi playing Tom Salvatore, Walter Connely, Thomas MacLarnie, Marguerite Forrest, Helen Sinnott, Nedda Harrigan, Lois Shore the popular little Kendallville girl last seen here in "Lulu Bett," John Shanks, Charles Palazzi, James Manning, George Torrence, Myrtle Miller, Helen Landis, May Hopkins, Jack Riggo and Robert Dye in the cast.

"Treat 'Em Rough" is the first play of the Hattons to be presented in these parts for three years, the distinguished playwrights having yielded during the period to the siren voice of the movies. While on the Pacific Coast writing original plays for the films, doing continuities and titling others, Mr. and Mrs. Hatton have written two new plays for the speaking stage, of which "Treat 'Em Rough" is the first to be presented here. Allan Dinehart, whose fine direction did so much for the brilliant success of "Applesauce," the Barry Connors comedy in which he has been appearing for the past two years, and "The Patsy," another Con-

ners' comedy which has recently passed its one hundred and fiftieth New York performance with Claiborn Foster playing the title part at the Booth Theatre, has also directed "Treat 'Em Rough."

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