

The Girl in the Mirror

By Elizabeth Jordan

(By The Century Company.) WCU Service

This latest Elizabeth Jordan story is one of the most fascinating mystery novels of the last fifteen years, and that is saying a great deal when you realize that within this period such tremendous successes as "The Bat," "The Thirteenth Chair" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" were made known. "The Girl in the Mirror" is not only an interesting, compelling story, but also possesses that quality of romance and adventure which sweeps the reader onward with increasing speed and delight to the astounding climax. Elizabeth Jordan has written many a good story, and in producing this she only adds another chapter in her own success story. And to say any more about a mystery story would be unfair. Elizabeth Jordan began her writing career with the New York World. After thirteen years of this kind of schooling she resigned to take the editorship of Harper's Bazar, which she held for another period of thirteen years. Later she became a literary adviser to this publication. Among her successes are "Wings of Youth," "The Lady of the Pentlands" and "The Blue Circle."

CHAPTER I

Barbara's Wedding

The little city of Devondale, Ohio, had shaken off for one night at least the air of aristocratic calm that normally distinguished it from the busy mill towns on its right and left. Elm avenue, its leading residence street, usually presented at this hour only an effect of watchful trees, dark shrubbery, shaded lamps, and remote domestic peace. Now, however, it had blossomed into a brilliant thoroughfare, full of light, color and movement, on all of which the December stars winked down as if in intimate understanding.

Automobiles poured through the wide gates of its various homes and joined a ceaseless procession of vehicles. Pedestrians, representing every class of the city's social life, flocked one another on the sidewalks as they hurried onward, following this vanguard. For the time, indeed, there seemed to be but one destination which a self-respecting citizen of Devondale might properly have in mind; and already many of the elect had reached this objective and had comfortably passed through its wide doors, down its aisles, and into its cushioned pews.

It was an interested, good-humored and highly observant crowd pressing forward as each automobile approached, to watch with unshaken curiosity the guests who alighted and made their way along the strip of carpet stretching from curbstone to church. Devondale's leading citizens were here, and the spectators knew them all, from those high personages who were presidents of local banks down to little Jimmy Harrigan, who was Barbara Devon's favorite caddy at the Country club.

Unlike most of his fellow guests, Jimmy arrived on foot; but the crowd saw his unostentatious advent and greeted him with envious badinage. "Hi, dere, Chimmie, where's yer evenin' soot?" an acquaintance desired to know. And a second remarked solicitously, "De c'rect ting, Chimmie, is t' hold yer hat to yer heart as y' goes in."

Jimmy made no reply to these pleasantries. The occasion was too big and too novel for that. He merely grinned, presented his card of admission in a paw washed clean only in spots, and accepted with equal equanimity the piercing gaze of the usher and the rear seat to which that outraged youth unceremoniously conferred him.

"There, round-eyed Jimmy, stared about him. He had never been inside of St. Giles' before. It was quite possible that he would never find himself inside of it again. He took in the beauty of the great church; its blaze of lights; its masses of flowers; its whispering, wafting throng; the broad white ribbon that set apart certain front pews for the bride's special friends, including a party from New York. Jimmy knew all about those friends and all about this wedding. His grumpy little ears were ceaselessly open to the talk of the town, and for weeks past the town had talked of nothing but the Devons and Barbara Devon's approaching wedding.

In the pew just in front of Jimmy, Mrs. Arthur Lytton, a lady he recognized as a ubiquitous member of the Country club, was giving a few intimate details of Miss Devon's life to her companion, who evidently was a newcomer to the city.

"You see," Mrs. Lytton was murmuring, "this is really the most important wedding we've ever had here. Barbara Devon owns most of Devondale, and her home, Devon house, is one of the show places of the state. She hasn't a living relative except her brother, Laurie, and I fancy she has been lonely, notwithstanding her hosts of friends. We all love her, so we're glad to know she has found the right man to marry, especially as we are not to lose her ourselves. She intends to live in Devon house every summer."

The newcomer—a Mrs. Renway

who had social aspirations—was politely attentive. "I met Laurence Devon at the Country club yesterday," she said. "He's the handsomest creature I've seen. I think. He's really too good-looking; and they say there's some romantic story about him. Do you know what it is?"

Her friend nodded. "Mercy, yes! Every one does." Observing the other's growing attention, she went on expansively: "You see, Laurie was the black sheep of the family; so the Devons left all their great fortune to Barbara and put Laurie in her care. That infuriated him, of course, for he is a high-spirited youngster. He promptly took on an extra shade of blackness. He was expelled from college, and sowed whole crops of wild oats. He gambled, was always in debt, and Barbara had to pay. For a long time she wasn't able to handle the situation. They're both young, you know. She's about twenty-four, and Laurie is a year younger. But last year she suddenly put her mind on it and pulled him up in a rather spectacular way."

Mrs. Renway's eyes glistened with interest. "Tell me how," she begged. The raconteur settled back into her pew, with the complacent expression of one who is sure of her hearer's complete absorption in her words. "Why," she said, "she made Laurie a sporting proposition, and he accepted it. He and she were to go to New York and earn their living for one year, under assumed names and without revealing their identity to anybody. They were to start with fifty dollars each, and to be wholly dependent upon themselves after that was gone. Laurie was to give up all his bad habits and buckle down to the job of self-support. For every dollar he earned more than Barbara earned, she promised him five dollars at the end of the year. And if he kept his pledges he was to have ten thousand dollars when the experiment was over, whether he succeeded or failed. He and Barbara were to live in different parts of the city, to be ignorant of each other's addresses, and to see each other only twice."

She stopped for breath. Her friend drove an urgent elbow into her side. "Go on," she pleaded. "What happened?" "Something very unexpected," chuckled Mrs. Lytton. (For some reason, Barbara's friends always chuckled at this point in the story.) "Barbara, who is so clever," she went on, "almost starved to death. And Laurie, the

black sheep, after various struggles and failures fell in with some theatrical people and finally collaborated with a successful playwright in writing a play. Perhaps it was partly luck. But the play made a tremendous hit, Laurie kept his pledges, and Barbara had to pay him a small fortune to meet her bargain."

The hearer smiled sympathetically. "That's splendid," she said, "for Laurie! But is the cure permanent, do you think? The boy's so young, and so awfully good-looking—" "I know," Mrs. Lytton looked omniscient. "He is straight as a string so far, and absorbed in his new work. But of course his future is on the knees of the gods, for Barbara is going to Japan on her honeymoon, and Laurie will be alone in New York the rest of the winter. Barbara found her husband in New York," she added. "He's a broker there, Robert Warren. That's what she got out of the experiment! She met him while she was working in the mailing department of some business house, for seven dollars a week—"

Mrs. Lytton stopped speaking and craned her head backward. "They're coming!" she whispered excitedly. "Oh, dear, I hope I shan't cry! I always do cry at weddings, and I never know why."

From the crowd outside there rose a cheer, evidently at the bride's appearance. "The mill people adore Barbara," whispered Mrs. Lytton. "She built a big clubhouse for them two years ago, and she's the president of most of their clubs."

In his seat behind her, Jimmy Harrigan, who had given his attention to the conversation, sniffed contemptuously. If the dame in front was going to talk about Miss Devon, why didn't she tell something worth while? Why didn't she tell, for instance, that Miss Devon played the best golf of any woman in the club, and had beaten Mrs. Lytton on a frazzle in a match last month? An' why didn't she say something about how generous Miss Devon was to caddies in the matter of skates and boxing gloves and clothes? And why didn't she say what a prince Laurie Devon was, instead of all that stale stuff that everybody knew?

The excitement in the street had communicated itself to the dignified assemblage in the church. The occupants of the pews were turning in their seats. The first notes of the great pipe-organ rolled forth. Friends who had known and loved Barbara

Devon since she was a little girl, and many who had known her father and mother before her, looked now at the radiant figure she presented as she walked slowly up the aisle on her brother's arm, and saw that figure through an unexpected mist.

"What a pair!" whispered Mrs. Renway, who had a pagan love of beauty. "They ought to be put in one of their own parks and kept there as a permanent exhibit for the delight of the public. It's almost criminal negligence to leave that young man at large," she darkly predicted. "Something will happen if they do!" Mrs. Lytton assented agreed.

"The bridegroom is very handsome, too," she murmured. "That stunning, insolent creature who is acting as matron of honor, and looking bored to death by it, is his sister, Mrs. Ordway of New York. The first bridesmaid is another New York friend, a Russian girl named Sonya Orloff, that Barbara met in some lodging house. And will you look at the infant Samuel!"

An expression of acute strain settled over the features of Mrs. Renway. She hurriedly adjusted her eyeglasses. "The what?" she whispered, excitedly. "Where? I don't see any infant!" Mrs. Lytton laughed. "Of course you don't! It's too small and too near the floor. It's a thirty-months-old youngster Barbara picked up in a New York tenement. She calls him the Infant Samuel, and she has brought him here with her mother, to live on her estate. They say she intends to educate him. He's carrying her train and he's dressed as a page, in tiny white satin breeches and lace ruffles. Oh, don't miss him!"

A little ripple stirred the assemblage. Three figures in the long advancing line of the bridal party held the attention of observers. Two were the bride and her brother. The third, stalking behind her, with her train grasped in his tiny fists, his round brown eyes staring straight ahead, and his fluffy brown hair flying out as if swept backward by an eternal breeze, was obviously the Infant Samuel Mrs. Lytton had mentioned.

From a rear pew the infant's mother watched her offspring with pride and shuddering apprehension. It was quite on the cards that he might suddenly decide to leave the procession and undertake a brief side excursion into the pews. But Samuel had been assured that he was "taking a walk," and as taking a walk happened to be his favorite pastime he kept manfully to his new form of diversion, even though it had features that did not strongly appeal to him. His short legs wobbled, and his tiny arms ached under the light weight of the bridal train, but something would happen if he let that train drop. He did not know quite what this something would be, but he abysmally inferred that it would be extremely unpleasant. He held grimly to his burden.

Suddenly he forgot it. The air was full of wonderful sounds such as he had never heard before. His eyes grew larger. His mouth formed the "O" that expressed his deepest wonder. He longed to stop and find out where the sounds came from, but the train drew him on and on. With an unconscious sigh he accompanied the train; had as things were, they might have been scores, for he knew that somewhere in advance of him, lost in a mass of white stuff, was the "Babs" he adored.

When the train stopped, he stopped. In response to an urgent suggestion from some one behind him, he dropped it. In obedience to an equally urgent inner prompting, he sat down on it and gazed around. The walk had been rather a long one. Now the big house he was in was very still, save for one voice, saying something to Babs. It was all strange and unfamiliar, and Babs seemed far away. Nothing and nobody looked natural. Samuel became increasingly doubtful about the pleasure of this walk.

A flower fell into his lap, and looking up he saw Sonya Orloff smiling at him. Even Sonya was a new Sonya, emerging from what Samuel dimly felt to be pink clouds. But the eyes were hers, and the smile was hers, and it was plain that she expected him to play with the pink flower. He pulled it to pieces, slowly and absently. The task took some time. From it he passed to a close contemplation of a pink-slippered foot which also proved to be Sonya's, and then to a careful study of a black pump and black silk sock that proved to be Lawwie's. Lawwie was smiling down at Samuel, too, and Wobert was standing beside Babs, saying something in a voice that wobbled.

Samuel sighed again. Perhaps by and by Lawwie would take him out for a real walk in the snow. All this pink-and-white display around him might be pretty, but there was nothing in it for a small boy. He gazed appealingly at Sonya, who promptly hoisted him to his fat legs. The man at the railing had stopped talking to Babs and the walk was resumed, this time toward the door. Again that especially precious part of the white stuff was in Samuel's keeping.

The sounds that now filled the air were more wonderful than ever. They excited Samuel. His fat arms waved, and the light train waved with them. A compelling hand, Sonya's, quieted them and it. There was absolutely nothing a little boy could do in this queer walk. Gloomily but sedately the Infant Samuel continued his promenade.

"Here he is," murmured Mrs. Lytton to her friend. "You can see him now, can't you?" "Rodney Bangs, the playwright who collaborated with Laurie in writing in the front pew," continued her informant, "and the fat little bald man next to him is Jacob Epstein, the New York manager who put on their play."

At the same moment Epstein was whispering to his companion, as the two watched Barbara and her husband start down the aisle in the first little journey of their married life. "Say, Bangs, if we could put this wedding into a play, just like they do it here, we could make up Broadway a little—ain't it?"

You'll learn more about Laurie in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flashlight Photograph Made at Night From Plane



Above is shown a remarkable aerial flashlight photograph of McCook field, Dayton, Ohio, taken from an elevation of 1,000 feet at night. The photograph was made by Lieutenant Goddard while the plane was being piloted by Lieutenant Bruner.

Battle of the Boyne Parade in North Ireland Town



Over in Ireland the Orangemen still celebrate the Battle of the Boyne every year on the anniversary of that historic contest in 1690. The photograph shows the procession in Belmont, northern Ireland.

Helps Make Capital a Model City



Frederick Law Olmstead of Palos Verdes estates, California, third of a famous line of landscape architects, in the patio of his Spanish hacienda. He has been chosen by President Coolidge as the long-term member of the National Capital Park and Planning commission in Washington, D. C. The duty of the commission is to select land for park purposes and to supervise the building of highways and the development of residence suburbs, with the end in view of making the national capital a model city in every way.

LOS ANGELES BEAUTY



Miss Marcella Arnold won the beauty contest at Los Angeles and will represent that city in the pageant at Atlantic City.

HAROLD P. SHELDON



Harold P. Sheldon, former fish and game commissioner of Vermont, who is now chief United States game warden of the bureau of biological survey.

Wedding on Bridge of Lighthouse



When Dudley Farnworth and Eveyln Vee of San Francisco decided to be married, they wanted something solid, very solid, back of it all. "Mile Rock lighthouse," suggested the bride-to-be. "Solid enough," said the groom-to-be. So they were married on the "bridge" of the lighthouse and the photographer made this picture of the ceremony.

OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY

Torpedos fish give electric shocks to their enemies. A baby wearing a new belt with wire legs can creep about floors, but cannot fall over while seated.

In the construction of a highway, stretching 287 miles across Japan, 531 bridges and 1,140 viaducts will be built. Airplanes that can carry twenty-five persons and travel 900 miles without stopping have been developed in Italy.

A banana plant may grow 40 feet in a year. The water ouzel is so fond of the water that it often builds its nest behind a waterfall.

Dust is carried by high winds from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of more than 1,900 miles. More than 20,000 motor busses are being used to carry children in rural districts to and from school.

FARM POULTRY

BUILDINGS MUST BE COMFORTABLE

A poultry house which is dry, light, clean and free from drafts or sudden changes of temperature is essential for success with poultry. Hens must be comfortable if they are to be good producers.

It is not always the showy house that produces the best results. Conservatively built houses that provide comfortable quarters are often as good from a practical standpoint as more expensive houses. In fact, at the present time, the small house which can be moved from place to place is rapidly gaining in popularity on account of the benefits derived from moving the chickens to fresh ground in order to avoid diseases by germs that may be lurking in soil long occupied by poultry.

Poultry investigators agree that lack of vitality which has resulted in loss of birds when shipped is the indirect result of increased size of our flocks without a corresponding increase in housing facilities. This is another reason for added attention to poultry buildings.

From the standpoint of satisfactory returns poultry pays as well as any other class of live stock and no other live stock, unless it is the dairy stock, responds so readily to good housing conditions as does poultry. Good locations are essential in order to make good houses give results.

Poultry houses should be located conveniently to the other farm buildings and so that the chickens will range toward the house. If possible the ground should slope toward the south and face in that direction in order to give the birds the maximum amount of sunshine on short winter days. The house should be protected with a windbreak. If no natural windbreak is available some trees or shrubs should be planted to afford shelter.

A good many of the experiment stations have excellent bulletins in poultry-house construction. This is a good time of the year to build a house and get the benefit of it this winter.

Improper Feeding Will Cause Bowel Disorders

This is a time of the year when a good many bowel disorders come from improper feeding or from feeds that are not in first class condition. During warm weather it is very easy for some of the mixtures to spoil and if feeds of this type are fed to the chicks the results are usually diarrhea and sometimes death.

The commercial feeds of the large manufacturers are usually kept and sold under conditions which protect them from spoilage, but if large amounts are stored on the farm they should have a dry place.

Another danger at this season of the year is dead animals. Dead rats, mice, rabbits, and often chickens are allowed to lie where the chickens may pick at them. During hot weather such carcasses often develop ptomaine poisons with the result that a heavy loss of both chicks and mature fowls occur before the cause of the trouble is discovered.

Chicken Raisers Trying Canaries as Side Line

Chicken raisers and poultry fanciers in increasing numbers are interesting themselves in canary breeding. The man who raises chickens finds that he has enough spare time and experience on his hands to breed canaries, and the large profits in this business have attracted poultrymen in surprisingly large numbers.

One new reason for rising demand for canaries, according to the trade, is the fact that interior decoration methods now make such wide use of the bird cage in the average American home. That this is possible is due to the new type of cages, made of pyralin instead of brass, which come in a score of colors and soft, harmonious blends. Many are finished in the deco process. Tests are now being made to determine the amount of the favorable effect which such cages exercise on the canaries' singing.

Substitutes for Milk

There are several of the so-called milk substitutes on the market which are sold under various trade names. Good ones can also be mixed at home. One of the best home-mixed calf meals is the one known as the Purdue mixture. It consists of equal parts of hominy feed, insect meal, red dog flour, and dried blood. This meal is mixed in the proportion of one part of the meal to seven parts of warm water and fed to the chicken flock in the form of a slop.

Moist Mash for Chicks

Sometimes it is advisable to feed a moist mash to the hens. Take the same mash that is ordinarily fed to the hens dry, and moisten it with buttermilk or sour milk until it is crumbly, not wet and sloppy, and they will relish it as a change. Hens appreciate a change in diet sometimes just the same as human beings do. In feeding moist mash, however, extra care is necessary and only as much of it should be fed as the hens will clean up quickly.

Popular Duck Breeds

The two most popular breeds are undoubtedly the Pekin and the Rouen. This statement is based on the number noted in farms or in shows. They deserve this placing because they are built to carry an abundance of meat. The Aylesburys and Cayugas are probably equally well fitted for this purpose, but have never attained the same degree of popularity as a farm duck. The Muscovys have never attained any great degree of popularity.