



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

CHAPTER XVII

A Little Look Forward

"So Shaw told you!" murmured Epstein a few moments later.

"You bet he did!" Laurie blithely corroborated. "He had to, to save his skin. But he was pretty good. I'll give him credit for that. I had to fire one shot past his head to convince him that I meant business. Besides, I had said, I thought he was reaching for something. I suppose I was a little nervous. Anyway, we clenched again, and—well—I'd have killed him, I guess, if he hadn't spoken."

He smiled reminiscently. All three were tacitly ignoring Bangs, who had walked over to the window and by the exercise of all his will-power was now getting his nerves under control.

"Shaw didn't do the tale justice, he hadn't time to," Laurie continued. "And I was in such a hurry to get back to Miss Mayo that I didn't ask for many details. But on the way to the garage it occurred to me that I had a chance for a come-back that would get you three from feeling too smug and happy over the way I had gulped down your little plot. So I planned it, and I rather think," he added complacently, "that I put it over."

"Put it over?" groaned Epstein. "Meln Gott, I should think you did put it over! You took twenty years off my life, young man; that's your sure thing."

"You'll revive," Laurie turned to Rodney, who was now facing them. "All right, old man?"

"I guess so," gulped Rodney. There was no self-consciousness in his manner. He had passed through blazing hell in the last twenty minutes, and he did not care who knew it.

"Then," urged Laurie, seeking to divert him, "you may give me the details Shaw had to skip. How the dickens did you happen to start this frame-up, anyhow?"

"How much did Shaw tell you?" Rodney tried to speak naturally.

"That the whole adventure was a plant you and Epstein had fixed up to keep me out of mischief," Laurie repeated, patiently. "He explained that you had engaged a company to put it over, headed by Miss Mayo, who is a friend of Mrs. Ordway, and who has a burning ambition to go on the stage. He said you promised her that if she made a success of it, she was to have the leading role in your next play. That's about all he told me."

"That's all I know," ended Laurie. "But I want to know some more. Whose bright little idea was this, in the first place?"

"Mrs. Ordway's."

"Lonsie's!" Unconsciously Laurie's face softened.

"Yes, I want to see her one day," Bangs explained, "and I mentioned that we couldn't get any work out of you till you'd had the adventure you were insisting on. Mrs. Ordway said, 'Well, why don't you give him an adventure?' That," confessed Rodney, "started me off."

"Obviously," corroborated his friend. "So it was Lonsie's idea. Poor Lonsie! I hope she got some fun out of it."

"You bet she did!" corroborated Bangs, eagerly. "I kept her posted every day. She said it was more fun than a play, and that it was keeping her alive."

"Humph! Well, go on. Tell me how it started," Laurie was smiling. If the little episode had ended had been, as it were, a hobnobbing singling to Louise Ordway during her final days on earth. It was not he who would find fault with the bird or with those who had set it singing.

"The day we saw the caretaker in the window across the park," continued Rodney, "and I realized how interested you were, it occurred to me that we'd engage that studio and put Miss Mayo into it. Miss Mayo lives in Richmond. You know she had been making a big hit in amateur theatricals. She wanted to get on the legitimate stage, as Shaw told you; so Mrs. Ordway suggested that Epstein and I try her out."

"Never mind all that!" interrupted Laurie. "Perhaps later Miss Mayo will tell me about it herself!"

"Now, what I meant to do was this—"

Rodney spoke briskly. He was recovering poise with extraordinary rapidity. His color was returning, his brown eyes were again full of life. And, as always when his thoughts were on his work, he was utterly oblivious to any other interest. "The second act was to be—"

He stopped and stared. Epstein had risen, had ponderously approached him, and had resolutely grasped him by one ear.

"Rodney," said the manager, with ostentatious subtlety, "you don't know it, but you got a date up-town in five minutes."

His voice and manner enlightened the obtuse Mr. Bangs.

"Oh, er—yes," stammered that youth, confusedly, and reluctantly got to his feet.

"Wait a minute," said Laurie. "Before you fellows go, there's one more little matter we've got to straighten out." They turned to him, and at the expression of utter devotion on the two faces the sternness left young Devon's eyes. "I was pretty mad about this business for a few minutes after Shaw explained it," he

went on. "You folks didn't have much mercy, you know. You fooled me to the top of my bent. But now I feel that we're at least broken even."

"Even! Mein Gott!" repeated Epstein with a groan. "You've taken ten years—"

"You've got back ten already," the young man blithely reminded him. "That's fine! As I say, we're even. But from this time on, one thing must be definitely understood: Henceforth I'm not in leading-strings of any kind, however kindly they are put on me. If this association is to continue, there must be no more practical jokes, no more supervision, no more interference with me or my affairs. Is that agreed?"

"You bet it is!" corroborated Epstein. Again he wiped his brow. "I can't stand the pace you fellas set," he admitted.

Bangs nodded. "That's agreed. You're too good a boomerang for little Rodney."

"For my part," continued Laurie, "I promise to get to work on the new play, beginning next Monday."

"You will!" the two men almost shouted.

"I will. I've got to stand by Louise for the next two or three months, and we'll write the play while I'm doing

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—They made a big point of that. He took his favorite position by the mantle and watched her as she talked.

"I don't want the play," she cried passionately. "I wouldn't appear in it now under any conditions. I don't want to go on the stage. It was just a notion, an impulse. I've lost it, all of it, forever. I'm going back home, to my own people and my own Virginia, to—to try to forget all this. I'm going tomorrow."

"You're excited," said Laurie, soothingly. He took her hand and held them. "I've put you through a bad half-hour. You understand, of course, that I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been made to realize that your whole thought, throughout this experiment, has been of the play, and only of the play."

She drew back and looked at him. "What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?" he asked to explain, but he blundered on. "I mean that for a little time, I was fool enough to hope that—that some day you might care for me. For of course you know, you've known all along—that I—love you. But when I got the truth—"

"You haven't got the truth," she was interrupting him, but her face had flashed into flame. "You haven't had it for one second; but you're going to get it now. I'm not going to let our lives be wrecked by any silly misunderstanding."

She stopped, then rushed on. "Oh, Laurie, can't you see? The only truth that counts between us is that I—adore you! I have from the very first—almost from the day you came here—Oh, it's dreadful of you to make me say all this!"

She was sobbing now, in his arms. For a long moment he held her very close and in utter silence. Like Bangs but in a different way, he was feeling the effects of a tremendous reaction.

"You'll make a man of me, Doris," he said brokenly, when he could speak. "I'm not afraid to let you risk the effort. And when I come back from France—"

"When you come back from France you'll come back to your wife," she told him steadily. "If you're gone, I'll marry you before you go. Then I'll wait and pray, and pray and wait, till you come again. And you will come back to me," she whispered. "Something makes me sure of it."

"I'll come back," he promised. "Now, for the first time, I am sure of that, too."

Four hours later Mr. Laurence Devon, lingeringly holding good night to the lady of his heart, was surprised by a final confidence.

"Laurie," said Doris, holding him fast by one button as they stood together on the threshold of the little studio, "do you know my real reason for giving up my ambition to go on the stage?"

"Yes, me," said young Mr. Devon promptly and brilliantly. "But you needn't do it. I'm not going to be the ball-and-chain type of husband."

"I know. But there are reasons within the reason." She twisted the button thoughtfully. "It's because when I remember what you did to the three of us in that murder scene, and so quietly and naturally, without any heroics—"

She broke off. "There are seven million things about you that I love," she ended, "but the one I think I love the best of all is this: even in your biggest moments, Laurie darling, you never, never 'emote'!"

CHAPTER XVIII

"What About Laurie?"

From the New York Sun, January 7, 1919: "Among the patients on the hospital ship Comfort, which arrived yesterday with nine hundred wounded soldiers on board, was Captain Laurence Devon, of the American flying forces in France."

"Captain Devon is an American 'ace,' with eleven air victories officially to his credit. He was awarded the French Croix de Guerre and the American Distinguished Service medal for extraordinary heroism on August 9, 1918, when he went to the assistance of a French aviator who was fighting four Fokker planes. In the combat the four German machines were downed and their pilots killed. The Frenchman was badly hurt but eventually recovered."

"Captain Devon is well known in American social and professional life. He is the only son of the late Horace Devon, of Devondale, Ohio, and the brother-in-law of Robert J. Warren, of New York. Before the war he was a successful playwright. Just before sailing for France last year, he married Miss Doris Mayo, daughter of the late General Frederick Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia. On reaching his New York home today he will see for the first time his infant son, Rodney Jacob Devon."

[THE END.]

St. John's Day Rites

Observed in Mexico

June 24 is universal bath day in Mexico. Throughout the republic men, women and children, by going down to the streams or swimming pools and bathing, commemorate the day on which St. John the Baptist baptized Jesus Christ.

This custom of observing "St. John's day" was originated by the Spanish in the Sixteenth century, when all recent converts among the natives were taken to a stream of running water and baptized. The custom is believed to be peculiar in Mexico.

As the tradition began to lose its hold on the people, following the gaining of independence, the ceremony began to take on a more festive aspect and lost somewhat of its religious significance. In the Nineteenth century, therefore, the day began to be celebrated by aquatic fiestas, held in streams where available or in pools in the larger cities.

Best Way to Good End

The most plain, short and lawful way to any good end is more eligible than one directly contrary in some or all of these qualities.—Swift.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

(© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

Arnold von Winkelried

SANDWICHED in between several large European nations is a little, mountainous country made up of twenty-two tiny states. These states differ from each other in religion, politics, industries, language and a hundred other points. Yet each and all are splendidly patriotic and united in their compact little federation. Their unity and freedom were bought by centuries of bloodshed and heroic resistance of stronger powers. This confederation of united provinces, or "cantons," is Switzerland.

It consists of former fragments of Italy, Germany and France welded into one nation. A few of these cantons banded together in 1291 in a defensive alliance against any outside foe, but particularly against Austria. Other cantons from time to time joined the alliance, until by the end of the Fifteenth century Switzerland was practically an independent country, free from German, French and Italian as its official languages. The chief promoters of the original union were the men of the Schwyz valley, and from these the names "Swiss" and "Switzerland" are derived.

Switzerland's oldest and most relentless enemy was Austria. Austria was a duchy, not an empire, in the early stages of the struggle and was ruled by the Hapsburgs. Among other acts of tyranny he caused his hat to be mounted on a pole and commanded all passersby to bow to it. William Tell, a peasant, happened along, his crossbow slung over his shoulder and leading his little son by the hand. He refused to salute the hat. Gessler ordered his arrest. Marking that Tell was a famous marksman, the governor ordered him by way of punishment to shoot an apple off his own son's head. Tell accepted the perilous task, and at the first shot split the apple in half without injuring the boy. Gessler was about to release him, when he noticed a second arrow stuck through the peasant's belt and asked why it was there.

"To shoot you if I had slain my son!" was Tell's reply.

Gessler, in fury, commanded him to be bound, thrown into a boat and rowed to the governor's castle on Lake Lucerne. On the way a storm sprang up. The boat was in danger, and Tell, being a skilled sailor, was unbound and set at the helm. He steered the boat on a rock, leaped ashore and escaped, shooting Gessler through the heart as the latter reached land. Tell then fled to the mountains and hid his punishment to resist the Austrian punishment that was certain to follow. Nor was he mistaken in his belief, for the Austrian Archduke Leopold, with nearly 20,000 men, invaded Switzerland.

Less than 1,500 Swiss gathered to oppose the invasion, and took up a position at the top of a steep mountain pass at Morgarten. The Austrians charged up the slippery slope, but were met by an avalanche of iron trunks and bowlders hurled down by the defenders. After a fruitless effort to overcome the handful of mountaineers the Austrians were driven back in wild disorder, leaving 1,500 dead on the field.

This victory attracted other cantons to the federation and taught Europe a wholesome respect for the plucky little states. But sixty years later Leopold III, nephew of the archduke who was so soundly trounced at Morgarten, led an army 6,000 strong against Switzerland. About 1,000 Swiss advanced to check him; and on July 9, 1386, the two armies met on a meadow slope near Sempach.

The ground was uneven and marshy and broken by streams and hedges. The heavy-armed, mounted Austrians could not deploy in such quarters as rapidly as the lightly equipped Swiss infantry. Yet by force of numbers they made headway against the weaker foe and left no weak place in their barrier of spear-points through which the patriots could break. They were rapidly surrounding the Swiss preparatory to cutting them to pieces, when Arnold von Winkelried, from the canton of Interwalden, rushed forward against the serried ranks of Austrian spears, and shouting "Make way for Liberty!" grasped all the spears within his reach and gathered their points to his own breast. As he fell, pierced through and through, the weight of his body dragged the spears' points earthward with him, leaving a gap in the Austrian line which his comrades rushed through, over his dead body.

The result of the battle of Sempach was to break Austria's power in the united cantons. Other nations from time to time attacked the little free country, but with no better result.

And so, through the centuries, the tiny independent nation, whose watchword was "Liberty" wrenched victory from adversity and freedom from the stronger hands of oppression, proving, even as the United States was later destined to prove, that mere force and tyranny can never blind men who are resolved to be free.

One Hundred Per Cent Misery

Young America yields grudgingly to education. A group of boys riding to school on a street car showed their scorn of various subjects by the inscriptions they had printed on the edges of their books. Various designations, such as "brain food," "bunk" and the like amused the passengers, who kept an eye on the group. But the concentrated hatred of one subject was shown on a dilapidated algebra, which was inscribed "100 per cent misery."—Indianapolis News.

Quart of Water Cleans Kidneys

Take a Little Salts if Your Back Hurts, or Bladder is Troubling You

No man or woman can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Eating too much rich food creates acids, which excite the kidneys. They become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood. Then we get sick. Rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders often come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys, or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, begin drinking a quart of water each day, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys may act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush and stimulate the kidneys; also to help neutralize the acids in the system, so they no longer cause irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to help keep the kidneys pure and active and the blood pure, thereby often avoiding serious kidney complications.

Their Value

"Fools have their uses," said old Festus Pester. "They are excellent for the purpose of teaching the rest of us the disastrous results of blowing into unloaded shotguns, trying to beat the other fellow at his own game, buying old stock, skating on thin ice, ignoring notes for friends or our boyhood, flirting with charming grass widows, and so on and so forth."—Kansas City Star.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 25 cents.—Adv.

Whale Becoming Extinct

Complete extermination of the whale within five or ten years is predicted, unless the wholesale butchery of this valuable mammal can be stopped by international law. It is said that not more than 12,000 whales are left in the world, and that the whaling industry is literally slaughtering in excess of 2,000 each year.—Thrill Magazine.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, the Indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Good Fit

Governor Gunderson of South Dakota was condemning the profiteer. "The Italians," he said, "have a proverb that fits the profiteer like a glove. It runs: 'In the man capable of growing rich in a year should be hanged twelve months beforehand.'"

Dr. Feary's "Dead Shot" is powerful but safe. One dose will cure Worms or Tapeworm, no castor oil needed. Adv.

Sad Old Story

"That Egyptian mummy was decked with magnificent jewels."

"Same and story. All dressed up and no place to go!"

A man isn't great because he never falls; it's his ability to rise afterward that counts.



ASPIRIN

TAKE "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for