URNAL RAEPORD, 10 C.

the MIRR

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

(C by The Century Company.)

WNU Service

tion. He liked and approved of his

new brother-in-law. The memory of

his own New York triumph was still

fresh enough to give him a thrill. He

was devoted to his partners, and

proud of his association with them

and their work. But most of all, and

this he himself would loyally have de-

nied, deep in his heart he was exult-

ing fiercely over his coming freedom.

Laurie loved his sister, but he was

weary of the leading strings. Hence-

forth he could live his own life. It

should be a life worth while, on that

he had decided, and 't should continue

free from the vices of gambling and

cured himself in the past year. He

had come into a full realization of the

folly of these and of the glory of the

work one loves. He hadn't the least

notion what he was going to do with

his independence, but a boundless de-

light filled him in the prospect of it.

Whatever life held he was convinced

would be good. Looking down from

his slender height on the plump Ep-

stein and the stocky Bangs, he smiled

into the sober face of each, and under

the influence of that smile their mo-

mentary solemnity fell from them like

"Come and see Barbara," Laurie

buoyantly suggested. "She wants to

say good-by to yon, and to tell you

how to tuck me into my crib every.

night. She's going to slip away pretty

soon, you know. Bob and I have got

her off in an alcove to get a few min-

dropped veils.

utes' rest."

reat Devon d been a gay or the last year eing the mark. forts of Barbara.

edding

o whom

**FTER I**—Continued

Bangs nodded, vaguely. His brown eyes were alternately on the bride and on his chum and partner, her brother. He was conscious of an odd depression, of an emotion, new and poignant, that made him understand the tears of Barbara's women friends. Under the influence of this, he spoke lasting delight oracularly:

bred

ther in

m inside-

men Wanted

y belts. Something new.

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. . .

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ed clientele. Joseph Idank, Advisory 133 Howard St., Schenectady, N. Y.

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n patrol discovered what

be a corpse. He tele-

e village office for a coffin,

t once sent, and the body

the way to the village

er, the corpse in the coffin

began to sing and dance,

n of the bearers. It was

1 tsp. sugar

ard or

certained that he was a young

intoxicated by viewing the

, aged fwenty-three, who had been

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Ga.

"Weddings are beastly depressing things. What the public wants to see is something cheerful!"

Epstein nodded in his turn. His thoughts, too, were busy. Like many of those around him, he was mentally reducing the spectacle he was watching to terms that he could understand. A wedding conducted on this scale, he estimated, probably represented a total cost of about ten thousand dollars. But what was that to a bride of thirty or forty millions? It was strange her family had left them all to her and none to the boy, even if the boy had been a little wild. But the boy was all right now. He'd make his own fortune if life and woman and the devil would let him alone. He had made a good start already. A few more successes like "The Man Above" would make Epstein forget several failures he had already and unwisely produced this season. If he could get Bangs and Devon to start work at once, on another good play-

A little later, in the automobile that whirled him and Epstein out to , the wedding-reception at Devon house, Rodney Bangs briefly developed the wedding theme.

"I suppose the reason why women cry at weddings and men feel glum is that they know what the bride's in for," he remarked gloomily.

Epstein grunted. "You an' me is bachelors," he reminded the momentarily cynical youth. "Ve should vorry !"

"What I'm worrying about is Laurie," Bangs admitted. Epstein turned to him with awak-

aned interest. "Vell," he demanded, "what about Laurie? He's all right, ain't he?"

"His sister has always kept a collar ed him, "and Laurie has needed them both. Now she's off for Japan on a four-months' honeymoon. The leash and collar are off, too. It's going to be mighty interesting and rather anxious business for us to see what a chap like Laurie does with his new freedom. His nature hasn't changed in a year, you see, though his circumstances have," he added, slowly. "And all his promises to Barbara are off. His year of probation is over." Epstein grunted again. He was fond of saying that he loved Bangs and Laurie as if they were the sons he had never had; but he was not given to analysis of himself or others. and he had little patience with it. His reply showed a tolerance unusual in him.

can't get him out of," he earnestly as sured Laurie's sister.

Barbara laughed. A circle of new comers was forming around them.

"We'll let it go at that," she said, and extended a hand to each man. "Good-by. I won't try to thank you. But-God bless you both !"

Under the influence of this final benediction, Epstein waddled over to the corner where Warren, yery pale, and Louise Ordway, very much bored, stood surrounded by a group that included Sonya Orleneff. Firmly detaching the bridegroom from this congenial assemblage, Epstein led him to one side.

"Varren," he said solemnly, "I got to congratulate you all over again. You got von voman in a million- No, you got von voman in eighty mildrinking, of which he was sure he had lion !"

Warren laughed, rather shakily. Over the heads of the crowd his eyes caught his wife's and held them for an instant.

"Make it a million million," he suggested joyously, and led Epstein to the supper room.

Laurie was there with Bangs and a group of friends, who, having patronized young Devon a year ago, were endeavoring to wipe out the memory of this indiscretion by an excess of friendly attention.

"No," Warren and Epstein heard him say to Mrs. Lytton and Mrs. Renway, "there's nothing I'd like better than to come, thank you. But I'm going back to New York tomorrow. You see," he added, "this business of marrying off a sister, and attending to all the details and seeing that she conducts herself properly as long as she's

in my care, is a bit of a strain. I've He led them to this haven, of which got to get back to town and recuonly fifty or sixty other guests seemed perate." aware, for the room was but comfort-

"I suppose you will rest your mind by writing another play?" gushed Mrs. Renway.

Laurie shook his black head.

"Not a bit of it!" he asserted. "Don't even suggest such a thing before Epstein, there. It sounds abhorrently like work."

Mrs. Renway's curiosity had a brief and losing struggle with her good breeding.

"Then what are you going to do?" she demanded coquettishly.

The young man pondered, as if considering the question for the first time.

"Well," he said at last, "between you and me, I'm going in for adventure. I intend to devote the next four months to discovering how much excitement a worthy youth can crowd and finding it, and putting sait on its

healthy pink of his youthful checks had deepened to an unbecoming funk. His wide, engaging grin, the grin of a friendly bulldog, was lacking, and his lips were set tight.

Sitting on a low chair in the dressing room of the bachelor apartment he and Lawrence Devon occupied together, Rodney drew on a shoe and stamped his foot down into it with an emphasis that shook the floor. Devon, fastening his tie before the fuil-length mirror set in the door leading to their common bathroom, started at the sound, like a high-strung prima donna. This was one of Laurie's temperamental mornings.

"What the devil's the matter with you, Bangs?" he demanded, but without ill humor. "Can't you get on a shoe without imitating the recoil of a seventy-five centimeter gun?"

Bangs grunted, drew on the other shoe, and drove his foot into it with increased energy. Laurie looked at him, and this time there was a spark in his black eyes. Very quietly he turned, crossed the small room, and, planting himself in front of his chum, resentfully stared down at the dynamic youth.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "Are you deliberately trying to be annoving?"

Rodney did not raise his head. His fingers were busy with a complicated knot.

"Oh, shut up!" he muttered. Laurie, his hands in his pockets, remained where he was. Under his continued inspection the fingers of Bangs grew clumsy. He fumbled with the knot, and, having unfastened it, prolonged to the utmost the process of lacing his shoes. He knew what must come as soon as he settled back in his chair. It had been coming for days. He was in for an unpleasant ten minutes. But the situation was one he had deliberately created as the only possible way of bringing about a serious talk with his friend. Now that it was here he was anx'ous to make the most of it. With head hent and thoughts busy he played for time.

At last, the shoes laced and his campaign mapped out, he sat up and met Laurie's eyes. Their expression of antagonism, temporary though he knew it to be, hurt him. Devon, when he had his own way, and he usually had it, was a singularly sweet-tempered chap. Never before, throughout their year of close association. had he looked at Bangs like that. Rodney knew that he deserved the look. For days past he had deliberately subjected his companion to a series of annoyances, small but intensely irritating "Well?" demanded Laurie. "What's the enswer?"

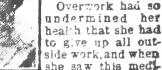
"What answer?" Rodney was in the position of a small boy challenged into his life if he makes a business of to combat in cold blood. He was exgoing after the gay bird of adventure, periencing some difficulty in working himself up to the necessary heat for But Laurie's next an engagem words helped him out. "You've been making a d-d nulsance of yourself for the last week." he said deliberately. "I want to know why."



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ably filled. They found Barbara sitting in a high-backed Spanish chair, Lagainst which, in her bridal array and

Baking wder butter tbsp. evaporated milk \* 1½ C. water tsp, salt flour and cornmeal together. king powder, salt, sugar, lard d butter, egg mixed with evapik and water. Mix well and b a well-greased pan. Bake th oven 40 minutes. If the as no oven, bake in a pan d buried in hot wood ashes.

> Successful our wife come out with

ting the car?" we interslastically replied the

aint slinger. "It was Why. the old boat se now than it did -Kansas City

surprised at

stunned."

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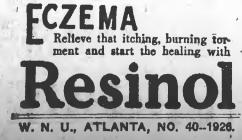
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"Vell, ve keep an eye on him, don't ve?" he predicted. Bangs frowned.

"We'll have to do it mighty carefully," he muttered. "If Devon catches us at it, he won't leave us an eye to keep on anything !"

Epstein grunted again.

"Ve keep him busy," he suggested, eagerly. "Start him right avay on another play. Eh? That's the idea !" Bangs shook his head.

"That's it," he conceded. "But Laurie has decided that be won't work again, just yet. He says he's tired and wants a few months' rest. Besides, he thinks America will declare war before the winter's over. He's going to volunteer as soon as it does, and he doesn't want any loose ends dragging here, any half-finished plays, for ex-

ample." Epstein looked worried. This was serious news. Without allowing him time to recover from it, Bangs administered a second jolt.

"And of course, in that case," he added simply, "I'd volunteer, too."

Under the double blow Epstein's head and shoulders went down. He knew in that moment what even he himself had sometimes doubted, that his boasted love for the boys was deep and sincere.

"Oh, veil," he said vaguely, "I guess ve meet all that if it comes, eh? Ve needn't go to it today."

At Devon house they found the congestion characteristic of weddingreceptions. A certain line had been drawn at the church. Seemingly no line at all had been drawn in the matter of guests at the reception. All Barbara Devon's proteges were there, and they were many; all the young folks in her clubs; all the old and new friends of her crowded life. Each of the great and beautiful rooms on the main floor of Devon house held a human frieze as a background for the throng of new-comers that grew rather than lessened as the hours passed.

As Bangs and Epstein entered the main hall Laurie Devon saw them over the heads of the crowd and hurried to meet them, throwing an arm across the shoulder of each. He was in a mood both men loved and feared, a mood of high and reckless exhilara-



"Laurie Can't Get Into No Scrape We Can't Get Him Out Of," He Earnestly Assured Laurie's Sister.

her extraordinary beauty, she made a picture that unaccountably deepened the new depression in Rodney's soul. On her train by the side of the chair, the Infant Samuel slumbered in peace, like an exhausted puppy.

Warren, hovering near his wife, shook hands with the newcomers and responded to their congratulations. Then, slipping his arm through Laurie's, he drew him across the room to where his sister, Mrs. Ordway, was languidly talking to several of the bride's old friends. He knew that Barbara wanted a final and serious word with her brother's partners. Laurie knew it, too, and winked at the pair like an impish child as he permitted himself to be led away.

Young Mrs. Warren, whose title was still so new that she looked startled when they addressed her by it, greeted them warmly and indicated the sleeping Samuel with an apologetic smile. "His mother is lost somewhere in the crowd," she explained. "He has

had two glasses of milk, four fat cakes and three plates of ice cream; and he's either asleep or unconscious. I'm not sure which." Her manner sobered. "I'm so glad to have a moment with you two," she said gently. "You know what I want to talk about."

"We can guess it." Bangs smiled at her with the odd wistfulness his smile always took on when he spoke to Barbara. To Bangs, Barbara had become a temple at whose portal he removed his earth-stained shoes. "You want us to look after Laurie," he added qui-"Well, you bet we're going to etly. do it."

She smiled again, this time the rare smile that warmed her face like a

light from within. "Then I shall go away happy," she told them. "And there's nothing more to be said; for of course you both understand that I don't distrust Laurie. How could I, after he has been so wonderfut all this year. It's only-" she hesitated—"I suppose it's life I'm afraid of," she confessed. "I never used to be. But-well, I learned in New York how helpless we are, sometimes."

Rodney's nod was understanding. "I know," he robustly agreed. "But It's going to be absolutely all right. Be sure of that." Epstein added his well-meaning but none too happily chosen bit. "Laurie can't get into no scrape ve

tall !" The pussied countenance of Mrs. Renway cleared.

"Oh. I see," she said brightly. "you're joking."

Laurie smiled and turned to greet a late guest who had come up behind him. In the little group that had overheard him three pairs of eyes met in startled glances.

"Humph!" said Warren. "Hear that?" "Nice prospect for us!" muttered

Rodney Bangs. Jacob Epstein looked harassed. A

little later he joined the throng in the main hall, and watched the showers of rice fall harmlessly from the polished sides of Barbara's limousine as the bride and groom were whirled away from the brilliant entrance of Devon house.

"She's gone," he said to Bangs as the two men turned and re-entered the still crowded yet suddenly empty house. And he added solemnly, "Believe me, Bangs, on that job she's left us you an' me ve got our hands full !'

### **CHAPTER II**

#### **Rodney Loses a Battle**

Rodney Bangs, author of "The Black Pearl" and co-author of "The Man Above," was annoyed. When Mr. Bangs was annoyed be usually betrayed the fact, for his was an open nature.

He was betraying it now. His clear, red-brown eyes were clouded. The

# Only Weak Can Find "Refuge" in Suicide

Accounts of suicide in the news are almost always depressing. They lessen one's confidence in the strength brother; if I could only feel that, I of the human spirit. They may arouse would gladly live forever."--San Franpity, it is true, but except in unusual cisco Chronicle. circumstances this is pity based upon a recognition of weakness.

For suicide, speaking generally, is an abject confession of defeat, of complete failure of courage. And it signifies so narrow a vision, so limited an interest, for any man to say that in all the wide world nothing is left for him.

Consider the words Jasper Petulengro, the Norfolk gypsy, spoke to George Borrow:

> "Life is sweet, brother." "Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day,

brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars. brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die-"

"You talk like a giorgio-which is the same as talking like a fool-were you a gypsy chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Romany chal would wish to live forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?" "There's the sun and stars, brother."

Bangs squared his stocky shoulders and rose to his feet. His brown eyes were below the level of his chum's black ones, but the two glances met sharply and a flash passed between them. Under the force of his rising excitement the voice of Rodney shook "The reason I've been a d-d nul-

sance," he said curtly, "is because you've been acting like an infernal fool, and I'm sick of it."

Laurie's lips tightened, but the other rushed on without giving him a chance to reply. The moment was his. He must crowd into it all he had not dared to say before and might not be given a chance to say again.

"Oh, I know what you'll say!" he cried. "It's none of my business, and you're your own master, and all that sort of rot. And I know you're not drinking, and God knows I'm not ase enough to take on any high moral tone and try to preach to you. whatever you do. What gets my goat, Devon, and the only thing I'm worrying about, is this infernal waste of your time and mine."

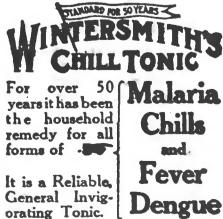
The girl in the mirror makes her first appearance. Watch for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NR - TABLETS - NR "In blindness, Jasper?"

Increases the Pep and Vigor by relieving Auto-Intoxication A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXITVE

291





SORE EYES EN LON

ture, "Portrait of a Tailor," he achieved a work that was destined to bring him distinction if it did not at first place him in the circle of the world's greatest. Strangely enough. many of his other works were credited to other painters. Recently he has been brought into the National gallery in London, the Metropolitan and Boston museums in America, and in some other European galleries, including those at Milan, Florence. Vienna and Berlin.

"There's the wind on the heath,

Portrait Won Fame

Niagara Illuminated

The falls of Niagara were illumi nated one night as early as 1884 by Albert Bierstadt, for the benefit ot English railway men, by flashing powder ou the ledge of rocks beneath the American falls. Since May, 1925, Niagara has been illuminated in colors for four hours every night.

When Moroni, a Sixteenth century painter, did his now celebrated pic-