

# The DARK MIRROR

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By  
**LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE**  
Author of "The False Faces,"  
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by Irwin Myers

## "SOMEBODY'S SQUEALE!"

Synopsis—Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl, Leonora, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces. Thoroughly at home in the underworld of New York, Leonora takes her course to her appointed rendezvous. Mario joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. He tells her of his love for her and begs her not to keep on to the rendezvous of criminals.

## III. THE MAN MARIO—Continued.

"And you also, I mean, you could love me if you would, and in my love, in the life I offer you, become the self that today you hide away so jealously, your real self, a woman fine and strong and true, not this adventure-loving companion of rogues and vagabonds—and worse!" He gave an imploring gesture. "Ah, Leonora, if only you would give them up!"

She looked up with wistful eyes, all effrontery abandoned, only the woman remaining, the woman whom this man alone had the secret of perceiving in her. In this, indeed, resided the true reason for her fear of meeting Mario: he was disastrous to her peace of mind, her self-complacency; when she listened to him, satisfaction departed and in its stead came inquietude, with the wish to be what he would have her to be, what intuition told her she could be if she would but set herself to overcome her own resistance.

She searched his face in wonder. When he disturbed her so profoundly, why did she like him so much? What was it that gave him power to charm her wits away, discontent her with all that had otherwise seemed excellent and complete, make nothing of the steel of her set purpose? Was it his love alone?

He loved her, she was satisfied of that, but with such forbearance, such consideration, tenderness and understanding as left her incredulous. In the Street love was another thing entirely, a fiercer, cruder business, brusque and selfish without disguise—something open, direct and casual, but as essential as meat and drink. But this was different, this love Mario had for her.

Yes; and it was true, what he asserted, he too was different; there was no one like him, so gentle and strong and brave, fastidious, reserved, and thoughtful. In her world he made a figure striking and incongruous. Yet he lingered on obstinately, in part (he told her) because it was his passion to study every side of life, but mostly because he loved her and never would willingly give up hope of winning her. He would never leave, he protested, till she went with him.

"Leonora," he pleaded. "Come with me . . ."

In a moment of determination she tried to put sentiment aside with a hard little laugh of scorn. "I guess you don't understand: Red would kill me if I chucked him!"

"He would never find you where I would take you, to my home in Spain; or if he ever did, he would not dare lift eyes to you, or know in you, a

At heart an arrant egoist, she saw herself primitively as she had seen other women, in her excursions into the haunts of the well-to-do, radiantly begowned and furred and jeweled, loling insolently in a limousine car, Mario at her side "dressed like a gentleman"

But this vision was swiftly dissipated by recrudescence of that fear which Red inspired, in honest conviction that no earthly power could save her from his vengeance.

"You don't know Red." She shook her head solemnly in a spirit of fatal prophecy. "He'd croak you, too; he'd croak us both."

Mario smiled faintly. "I am not afraid."

"You're not afraid of dying?"

"What is life without your love?" He had a thoughtful moment. "Who knows but death may prove infinitely more wonderful than this life of ours? There is but one way of finding out . . ."

She heard him in a stare. The woman in her could hardly be unaffected by the handsome gravity of that extraordinary countenance, whose salient features gained so much through that Rembrandtesque play of deep shadows and dull light. Under the spell of his mentality she acknowledged now for the first time that he was essential; all else was nothing. And of a sudden care fastened cruel claws upon her heart and wrung from it a cry of self-betrayal.

"Maybe you're not afraid, Mario. I don't believe you are. But I am—afraid for you. I wish you'd go away."

"You love me!" Her hands lifted in protest; he caught and inclosed them both in his own. His shadowed face and eyes grew luminous, his sonorous accents vibrated with emotion. "You love me, Leonora—at last!"

He was drawing her steadily toward him, all her strength seemed to have ebbed from her limbs. There was madness in the beating of her heart, madness mounting like mist into her brain. Now she was in his arms, and glad. His lips closed on hers. For a long breath she was a mere thing of reeling senses.

"You love me?"

"I don't know," she murmured—"maybe . . ."

"Tomorrow you will marry me, and we will go away—"

Stung by realization of what had happened, she struggled to be free.

"I don't know—perhaps—yes, I will. But not tomorrow—not right away, I—"

"Why—?"

"Let me go—I'll tell you." He released her. She stepped back, shaken with love and fright, looking fearfully up and down the street.

"I can't marry you just yet. I've got to break with Red so he won't know it wasn't him that broke with me. And I've got other things to do—things I can't tell you about, Mario—things I've got to tend to before I can marry you. But you can trust me: I've promised, and I will, as soon as ever I can . . ."

Her voice quavered, and she thrust out her hands, fending off his arms. "Please don't kiss me again, please let me go now. If anybody saw us and told Red . . ."

He made a sign of submission. "As you will, so be it, Leonora. I will see you again—when?"

"Tomorrow. I'll give you a ring about noon and fix to meet you—up town somewhere, I guess. Now—I've got to run. Good-night . . . dear."

He uttered in resignation: "Good-night." With a flickering smile of fondness she turned and left him, her slight young figure flitting swiftly through the shadows. Beneath the lamp at the far street corner, she turned, looked back, saw him motionless where she had left him, surmised his look of longing and, waving a hand, ran on, wild joy in her heart contending with cold fear.

For now she had done it, and there'd be the devil to pay. But it couldn't be helped. Though hell and heaven were leagued against them, she would go through. She always did, once she got started. And with Mario, she knew, it was as with her; he too would go through, now he knew she loved him, though Red and all the world besides should try to stop him.

At length, well out of her course, she stopped, imposed coherence upon her thoughts, got her bearings, and started on anew, in a cooling mood constraining herself to forget Mario and concentrate upon the business that waited for her at her destination.

But the Self outside herself, of whose constant company she was wholly ignorant, never ceased to yearn back toward that gallant, lonely figure, they two had left behind in the quiet by-street.

IV. RISTORI'S.

She turned sharply, half-way down a block in the shadow of the Elevated, and with the calm assurance of her apparent kind entered what had once been a dwelling of some pretentiousness, but now was dedicated to the decadent uses of—according to its painted signboard—"Ristori's Table d'Hotel—Dinner with Wine 75c—Luncheon 50c."

In the corridor at the head of the first flight she turned to the back of the house and laid a confident hand upon the knob of the furthest door. It turned, but the door was stubborn. With a movement of impatience she knocked the panels with a triple knock of peculiar timing. A hum of voices in the closed room died away, a heavy tread became audible, a key grated, the door swung open. She went in, nodding lightly to the man who had admitted her and, finding herself under the concentrated regard of eleven pairs of eyes, paused in the middle of the floor and struck a spirited pose.

"Good evening, folks! Pipe my new rags!"

The silence that answered her was broken after a little by Red Carnehan, who said heavily: "Hello, kid. Sit down."

Ignoring his invitation to an empty chair on his right, she dropped her pose but remained where she had stopped, lifting her brows a little and reviewing the company with quizzical gaze.

Though both windows were open, closed shutters prevented any draught from vitiating the stuffiness of the "private dining room"—a bed-chamber in the interior of the architect. In an atmosphere stifling with smells of food, alcohol and a truculent perfume, the smoke of imitation Turkish tobacco hung in lazy, lilac reefs. Discarded paper of a morbid pattern was paring in reluctant spirals from the walls. Dust of decades weighed down an elderly carpet and obscured its florid design. Scourbe paint disfigured the fine old woodwork.

The man who had led Leonora in having resumed his chair, twelve were seated at a table littered with debris of a meal, unclean earthenware plates, and those high-shouldered bottles of dark glass, guileless of labels, which seem to be the sole habit of the vin du pays so generally known as "red ink" that to name it by this alias no longer excites a smile.

Because of the heat all the men but one—Mr. Harry the Nut—had put off their coats and collars, while the women had loosened their blouses at the throat. Sweat beaded faces of various complexions, ranging from the sanguine countenance of Red to the pastiness of Charlie the Coke. Leonora, looking from one to another, found each, with the exception of Red's, gulen of cast if not openly hostile. She sketched a lofty smile.

"What's the funeral?"

Red Carnehan—red of head and hand—an Indo-Celtic product, as slender, supple and sinewy as a snake, and as deadly—replied sufficiently, "Nobody's—yet," and again waved a hand toward the vacant chair. "You're sitting down?" He added: "You're pretty late."

"What about it?" The girl flounced to the table and threw herself sideways into the chair.

English Addie, blonde, blousy and full-bodied, sprawled half across the table and, without removing the cigarette from her mouth, spoke in accents of cloying affection flatly denied by her semi-sober stare of jealousy:

"Maybe you won't mind tellin' us what side you like, dearie . . ."

Leonora experienced a quail of misgivings. Had somebody spied on her and Mario and hurried ahead to tattle? . . . Even so, that was a matter between Red and herself, nothing to excite ill-feeling in the others. But Red was apparently unruffled, although unusually subdued for him, and perhaps a shade suspiciously impartial in his attitude.

She lied readily, without a quiver, naming two plain-clothes men she had noticed in the Street of Strange Faces.

"Gals and Corbin lapped me on the way here—if it's anything in your young life, Addie dear—and I had to chase all over to lose 'em."

"You did shake 'em, kid—sure?" Red demanded with keen interest.

"Sure. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now."

"Maybe so," Charlie the Coke drawled in a voice as colorless as the flesh of his face—"maybe not."

"Where do you get that stuff? What's all this, anyway? I want to know."

Her eyes ranged again the array of faces, challenging each in turn, and getting no satisfaction; for each in turn averted his gaze with an expression more or less sheepish and disconcerted, all but Red, Harry the Nut, and Inez, the third and only other woman present.

"Well? What's it all about? Start something, somebody—why don't you? If anything's gone wrong, let me in the know. I guess I've got as much right as anybody."

The Nut shrugged and with supercilious nonchalance selected another cigarette from the flat gold case he was fond of displaying; a circumstance which, according to one's bias, might or might not be taken as indicating that the case had been honestly come by. Inez seemed eager to speak, but Red forestalled her.

"It's like this, kid: Eddie's been pinched."

The fact that the person in question,

being under indictment for burglary, had for some time succeeded in remaining at large solely by grace of his loyal associates, might have been thought enough to rob this announcement of some of its staggering quality. But to Leonora it came as a genuine shock, and she showed it unmistakably.

"No!" she exclaimed, and added a most unladylike phrase of mixed incredulity and regret. "Somebody's squealed."

"That's just it," Inez affirmed significantly. "I wonder who!"

Leonora needed a little time before she was able to couple the thinly veiled animosity of the gathering, to which she had been sensible ever since entering, with the tone employed by Inez, something which this last would ordinarily have lacked audacity to attempt. Then immediately her temper grew incandescent.

"Meaning me?"

"Why, hon!" Inez drawled, rounding her eyes—"whatever made you think that?"

But she committed the grievous error of trying to exchange with Red a look of malicious understanding which Leonora intercepted instantly.

"Never your mind what made me think that," she said in cold rage: "I get you; I ain't blind and dumb. But

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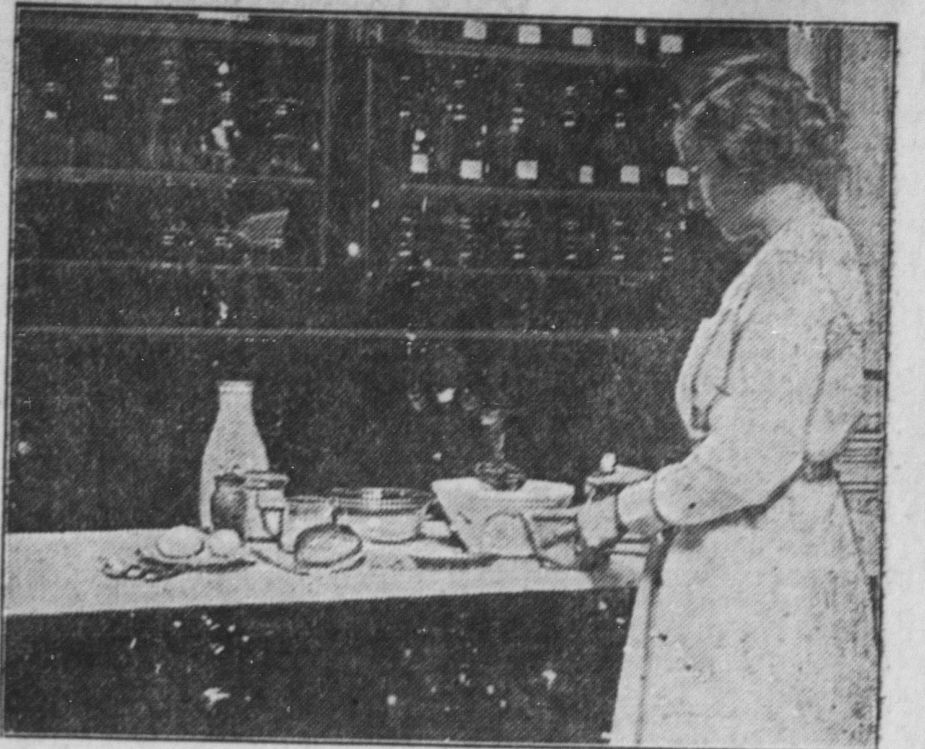
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## PLAIN PATTERNS FOR CUSTARDS, TIMBALES AND SOUFFLES GIVEN



Eggs Are the Important Ingredient in a Custard, Timbale or Souffle.

Many of the fancy dishes prepared by hotel chefs are nothing more or less than custards, timbales, or souffles, "dressed up" in fancy style. Once one has mastered the plain recipes the variations are easily added. The tables in this article are for the plain pattern or foundation recipes with some of the possible variations.

The most important ingredient in a custard, timbale, or souffle is eggs. In addition to their high food value, eggs have certain properties that make them valuable in cookery. Their thickening power is shown in a plain custard or cooled salad dressing where, when cooked with a liquid, they act as a thickening agent. When beaten they have the power of holding large quantities of air and hence are used to give lightness to certain cooked dishes; the souffle and omelet as well as the sponge cake make use of this property.

A plain custard is no more than milk thickened with egg. To this may be added sugar and various flavorings for a dessert and cheese or meat for a hearty dish.

The general method of mixing a custard is to beat the eggs slightly and add hot milk with other ingredients. The meat or vegetable timbale so often used as a meat substitute dish

is nothing more nor less than a custard with the liquid reduced and vegetable pulp, meat, or fish, and sometimes a small amount of fat added.

The general method of making a timbale is to beat the eggs and then add the seasonings, melted fat, and liquid. Combine this mixture with the other ingredients, turn into greased cups, set in pan of hot water and bake until firm.

Any vegetable pulp may be used and this is a convenient way of using small amounts of left-over vegetables. Meat or fish may be combined with vegetables.

Light and Spongy Souffles.

The souffle makes use of much the same ingredients as are in the timbale or custard, but in this dish the whites are beaten until stiff and folded in the mixture. When baked this gives the dish a light spongy texture unlike the smoothness of the baked custard. The use of the white sauce lends smoothness and keeps the mixture from losing shape on cooling.

The general method of mixing a souffle is to beat the yolk of eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add white sauce, salt, pepper and other ingredients. Beat egg whites stiff and combine with first mixture. Bake in a moderate oven until firm.

### Custards.

	Liquid (milk)	Eggs	Fat	Salt	Pepper	Other Ingredients
Custard pattern	2	2-3	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2 cupful sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla.
Soft custard (cook in double boiler until mixture thickens)	2	2-3	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2 cupful sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful nutmeg.
Baked custard (bake in dish set in hot water until firm, cool quickly)	2	2-3	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2 cupful grated cheese, 1 cupful minced meat, 1 tablespoonful parsley (chopped).
Cheese custard (bake as for baked custard)	2	2-3	1/2	1/2	1/2	
Meat custard	2	2-3	1/2	1/2	1/2	

a Milk.

### Timbales.

	Liquid (milk)	Eggs	Fat	Salt	Pepper	Other Ingredients
Meat timbales	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2 cupful stale breadcrumbs, 1 cupful minced ham, chicken, or fish; 1 tablespoonful spinach parsley, 1/2 cupful chopped parsley.
Spinach timbales	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2 cupful spinach pulp, 1/2 cupful cooked peas (drained).
Carrot timbales	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2 cupful carrot; 1-2 cupful breadcrumbs.

### Souffles.

	White sauce	Cooked cereal	Eggs	Fat	Salt	Pepper	Cheese	Onion	Meat and vegetables
Souffle pattern	1	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2	1/2	1/2
Cheese souffle	1	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2	1/2	1/2
Onion souffle	1	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2	1/2	1/2
Meat and vegetable souffle	1	1/2	2	1	1	1	1/2	1/2	1/2

a Grated.

b Onion pulp and 2 tablespoonfuls parsley chopped.

c Cooked meat.

d Cooked vegetables.

### SAVE TIME IN PREPARATION

Dough Should Be Somewhat Softer Than for Biscuits to Be Cut, but Not Too Mushy.

To save time in preparation or when no cutter is at hand make drop biscuit. The dough should be somewhat softer than for biscuits which are to be cut, but not too soft. The mixture should be soft enough to drop from the spoon, but stiff enough not to spread on the tin. The spoonfuls should be put on the tin one-half inch apart. When baked the biscuit should have a smooth, rounded surface rather than a rough, bumpy one. If desired, the top may be brushed with milk or smoothed gently with a knife dipped into water or milk.

"Emergency" or drop biscuits are not quite like the rolled ones, but if of proper consistency are equally good. Some judges of pastry insist they are a little more tender.

Drop Biscuit.

2 cupfuls sifted flour, 1/2 cupful shortening, 1/2 cupful salt, 1 cupful liquid (milk, water, or equal parts of each), or more if necessary.

### DIVIDING DOLLAR FOR FOOD

Use About 20 Cents for Fruits and Vegetables and an Equal Amount for Meats.

Divide your food dollar into fifths. Use about 20 cents of it for fruits and vegetables; 20 cents or more for milk and cheese; 20 cents or less for meat, fish, and eggs; 20 cents or more for bread and cereals; 20 cents or less for sugar, fat, tea, coffee, chocolate, and flavoring.

### TO MAKE DELICIOUS BUTTER

Dried and Canned Peaches Will Make Most Satisfactory Article—Recipe Is Given.

The fruit butter supply is likely to be getting low at this season of the year, particularly in families which are very fond of the delicacy. Where one has a supply of dried peaches and some canned peaches on hand it is easy to fill the jars again with a peach butter which is almost if not quite as good as that made from the fresh peaches, say specialists of the United States department of agriculture.

To each four pounds of dried peaches use two quarts of canned peaches. Soak the dried peaches in water several hours and cook until tender. Add the canned peaches and rub the pulp through a colander or wire sieve. Strain two and one-half pounds of sugar into this pulp and cook slowly, stirring often, for two hours, or until of the right thickness. Pack while hot.

To ripen fruits a little green, wrap in paper separately.

A slice of lemon in butter or clear soup is a dainty touch.

If a house plant happens to get frozen it should be returned immediately to a cool, dark room and drenched with cold water.

### HOUSEHOLD FACTS

The choicest glass for table ware is rock-crystal.

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"You Love Me, Leonora—at Last."

lady, moving in the world for which she was born, the girl he knew as Leonora and loved—after his fashion—with whatever feeling it is he calls love! Come with me, Leonora, and be your true self. Life can be beautiful . . ."

He played shrewdly on her most secret weakness: she was fond of believing herself somewhat better than her milieu, through some romantic accident superior in point of birth as well as what was undeniable, in spirit and intelligence. Vistas of powerful seduction opened to her contemplation.

"Fricella! Where have you been all evening?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)