



# The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

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## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Barbara Devon's wedding and departure on her honeymoon leaves her brother "Laurie," successful playwright but somewhat inclined to idleness, without her restraining influence. His theatrical associates, Roddy Bangs and Jacob Epstein, promise to "keep an eye on him."

"Listen, Laurie," said that disgusted individual, almost a month after the new year had been ushered in, "the new year's here. That's a good time for a young fellow to get busy again on something worth while. Ain't I right?" Laurie suppressed a yawn and carefully struck off with his little finger the firm ash of an excellent cigarette. He was consuming thirty or forty cigarettes a day, and his nerves were beginning to show the effect of this indulgence.

"I believe it is," he courteously agreed. "It has been earnestly recommended to the young as a good time to start something."

"Well," Epstein's voice took on a paternal note of his temperamental moments, "don't that mean nothing to you?"

Laurie grinned. He had caught the quick look of warning Bangs shot at the producer and it amused him. "Not yet," he said. "Not till I've had my adventure."

Epstein snuffed. "The greatest adventure in life," he stated dogmatically, "is to make a lot of money. I tell you, y. Because then you got all the other adventures you can handle, trying to hold on to it!"

Bangs, who was developing a new and hitherto unsuspected vein of tact, encouraged Epstein to enlarge on this congenial theme. He now fully realized that Devon would go his own gait until he wearied of it, and that no argument or persuasion could enter his armor-clad mind. The position of Bangs was a difficult one, for while he was accepting and assimilating this unpleasant fact, Epstein and Haxon—impatient men by temperament and without much training in self-control—were getting wholly out of patience and therefore out of hand. Haxon, indeed, was for the time entirely out of hand, for he had finally started the rehearsal of a new play which, he grimly informed Bangs, would make "The Man Above" look like a canceled postage stamp.

Bangs repeated the comment to his chum the next morning, during the late dressing-hour which now gave them almost their only opportunity for a few words together. He had hoped it would make an impression, and he listened with pleasure to a sharp exclamation from Laurie, who seemed to be "with him" before the door mirror in the dressing-room, brushing his hair. The next instant Bangs realized that it was not his news which had evoked the tribute of that exclamation.

"Come here!" called Laurie, urgently. "Here's something new; and, by Jove, isn't she a beauty!"

Bangs interrupted his toilet to lounge across the room. Looking over Laurie's shoulder, his eyes found the creature that held the gaze of his friend. The wide-open studio window was again reflected in the mirror, but with another occupant.

This was a girl, young and lovely. She appeared in the window like a half-length photograph in a frame. Her body showed only from above the waist. Her elbows were on the sill.

"Elbows were on the sill. Her chin rested in the hollow of her cupped hands."

Her chin rested in the hollows of her cupped hands. Her wavy hair, parted on the side and drawn softly over the

ears in the fashion of the season, was reddish-gold. Her eyes were brown, and very thoughtful. Down-dropped, they seemed to stare at something on the street below, but the girl's expression was not that of one who was looking at an object with interest. Instead, she seemed lost in a deep and melancholy abstraction.

Laurie, a hair-brush in each hand, stared hard at the picture. "Isn't she charming?" he cried again. Bangs' reply revealed a severely practical side of his nature.

"She'll have a beastly cold in the head if she doesn't shut that window," he grumpily suggested. But his interest, too, was aroused. He stared at the girl in the mirror with an attention almost equal to Laurie's.

As they looked, she suddenly stirred and moved backward, as if occultically warned of their survey. They saw her close the window, and, drawing a chair close to it, sit down and stare out through the pane, still with that intent, impersonal expression. Bangs stroled back to the dressing case and resumed his interrupted toilet. Laurie, fumbling vaguely with his brushes, kept his eyes on the girl in the mirror.

"She's a wonder. Prettiest girl I've ever seen, I think," he reflected aloud. Bangs snorted.

"She's probably a peroxide," he said. "Even if she isn't, she can't hold a candle to your sister."

"Oh, Barbara—" Laurie considered the question of Barbara's beauty as if it were new to him. "Babs is good-looking," he handsomely conceded. "But there's something about this girl that's unusual. Perhaps it's her expression. She doesn't look happy."

Bangs sighed with ostentation. "If you want to study some one that isn't happy, look at me," he invited warmly. "If that play of mine isn't out of me pretty soon, I'll have to have an operation!"

Laurie made no reply to this pathetic prediction, and Bangs sadly shook his head and concluded his toilet, meditating gloomily the while on the unpleasant idiosyncrasies of every one he knew. To see Devon turn suddenly into a loafer upset all his theories as well as his plans.

Laurie, for some reason, dawdled more than usual that morning. It was after eleven before he went to breakfast. An hour earlier Bangs departed alone for their rest restaurant.

The girl in the mirror remained at her window for a long time, and Laurie watched her in growing fascination. It was not until she rose and disappeared that he felt moved to consider so sordid a question as that of food.

He joined Bangs just as that youth was finishing his after-breakfast cigar. Even under its soothing influence, he was in the mood of combined exasperation and depression with which his friends were becoming familiar.

"If we had begun work as soon as we got back to town after your sister's wedding," he told Laurie, "we'd have had two acts ready by now, in the rough."

"No reason why you shouldn't have four acts ready, so far as I can see," murmured Laurie, cheerfully attacking his grape fruit. "All you've got to do is to write 'em."

Bangs' lips set.

"Not till I've talked 'em over with you and got your ideas," he declared, positively. "If you'd just let me give you an outline—"

Laurie set down his cup.

"Do I get my breakfast in peace, or don't I?" he demanded, coldly.

"You do, confound you!"

Bangs bit off the end of a fresh cigar and smoked it in stolid silence. He was a person of one idea. If he couldn't talk about the play, he couldn't talk at all. He meditated, considering his characters, his situations, his partner's and his own position, in a mental jumble that had lately become habitual and which was seriously affecting his nerves. Laurie, as he ate, chattered cheerfully and at random, apparently avoiding with care any subject that might interest his partner. Bangs rose abruptly.

"Well, I'm off," he said. "See you at dinner time, I suppose."

But Laurie, it appeared, had engagements. He was taking a party of friends out to Gedney Farms that evening, in his new car, and they might decide to stay there for a day or two. Also, though he did not confide this fact to Bangs, he had an engagement for the afternoon, at a place where the card rooms were quiet and elegant and the stakes high.

The attraction of these diversions filled his mind. He quite forgot the girl in the mirror, and it was no thought of her that drew him back to New York that night. The plans of his guests had changed, that was all. The change brought him home at eleven o'clock.

He fell asleep with surprising ease,

and immediately, as it seemed, he saw the girl in the mirror. She was walking toward him, through what appeared to be a heavy fog. Her hands were outstretched to him, and he hurried to meet her; but even as he did so the fog closed down and he lost her, though he seemed to hear her voice, calling him from somewhere far away.

He awoke late in the morning with every detail of the dream vivid in his mind, so vivid, indeed, that when he approached the mirror after his morning plunge, it seemed almost a continuation of the dream to find the girl there.

He stopped short with a chuckle. The curtains of his French window were drawn apart, and in the mirror he saw the reflection of the girl as she stood in profile near her own uncurtained window and slowly dressed her hair.

It was wonderful hair, much more wonderful the down than up. Laurie stared with pleasure at the red-gold mass that fell down over the girl's white garment. Then, with a little shock, he realized that the white garment was a night-dress. It was evident that the girl thought herself safe from observation and was quietly making her toilet for the morning.

Well, she should be safe. With a quick jerk, Laurie drew together the heavy curtains that hung at the sides of the long window. Then, smiling a little, he slowly dressed. His thoughts dwelt on the girl. It was odd that she should be literally projected into his life in that unusual fashion. He had never had any such experience before, nor had he heard of one just like it. It was unique and pleasant. It was especially pleasant to have her so young and so charming to look at. He wished he knew her name and something more about her. His thoughts were full of her.

Before he left the room he parted the curtains again to open the window wide, following his usual program. As he did so he glanced into his mirror. He saw her open window, but it was lifeless. Only his own disappointed face confronted him.

## To Seek Flood Lights For Monument At Capital

Indianapolis, Ind., July 20.—(United Press)—An effort to secure flood lights for the Soldiers and Sailors monument in Monument Circle, will again be made during the meeting of the 1927 legislature.

Lobbying activities for the legislature were outlined at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce publicity committee, composed of twenty-five advertising men and a strong effort will be made next year to secure an appropriation for the lights.

The plans provide for the installation of powerful lights at points of vantage on roofs of building facing Monument Circle, which will play on the famous war memorial each night.

A bill providing for the installation of the lights was lost in a committee in the 1925 legislature.

State Not Required To Have License To Sell Goods Made in Prison

Indianapolis, Ind., July 20.—(United Press)—The state of Indiana is not required to procure the \$500 license required of dealers for sale of prison-made goods, according to an opinion submitted to Secretary of State Frederick E. Schortemeier by Attorney General Arthur L. Gilliom.

The question of a license was raised by authorities when the state inaugurated a campaign to sell its institutional products and hired a state sales agent to handle the work.

Must Serve 55 Years For Stealing 220-Pound Hog

Guthrie Center, Ia., July 20.—(United Press)—Louis Peachy must serve five years in state prison for stealing a 220 pound hog. The sentence was imposed by district court where Peachy pleaded guilty to the charge.

Iowa Hog Callers To Hold Contest At Fair

Des Moines, Ia., July 20.—(United Press)—Swiss yodlers and Italian grand opera stars will be eclipsed by the old-fashioned Iowa caller when the pork vocalists meet in a contest Sept. 2 at the State fair here.

Bandits Kill Messenger After Taking \$13,000

Newark, N. J., July 20.—(United Press)—One man was killed Monday and another wounded when bandits attacked two messengers carrying week-end receipts of between \$5,000 and \$13,000 from the Reid Ice Cream company, to the bank.

The bandits escaped in an automobile with the bag containing the money.

The dead man was George M. Condit, 70, a veteran employee of the ice cream company. His companion, Joseph Duff, 18, was shot through the thigh.

## Jazz Carrying Race Back To Caveman Era, Music Authority Asserts

London, July 20.—(United Press)—

Jazz music is carrying the present generation back to the instincts of cavemen and savages, Dr. Henry Coward, prominent English composer and a musical authority, told the United Press in an interview today.

Dr. Coward declared that modern dances such as the exaggerated fox-trot and the Charleston, which followed the introduction of jazz as a "fixed standard" of music, have "turned back pages of progress to the drunken revelry of lesser breeds."

"It is not the noise, lack of rhythm or the ugly cleverness of jazz that I object to," Dr. Coward said, "but it is the exploitation of this class of ambitious gait which has been injected upon all people as a 'fixed standard' of music for all occasions."

The jerky rhythms; the hooting, out-of-tone saxophones; the plunging beats of the banjos and the grotesque howlings and boisterous banging of toys and kitchen utensils is degrading to all artistic sense and possesses atavistic tendencies in carrying civilization back to the first stages of music.

"The antics of bodily movement which have been devised to fit these humdrum sounds can only be compared with the oddity of the dances of the plantation slaves of 80 years ago. Jazz music and jazz dancing is the outgrowth of a degraded art in the better classes of people, with the result that the lesser classes saw the acceptance of jazz by people who should know better and felt that they should immediately accept this form of orgy to be 'proper.'"

"The effect of such wild revelries which have followed in the wake of this so-called music, upon the thought, life, action, dress, morals and speech of the young people of today is difficult to conceive, especially upon a stage of civilization which should be very much above such a plane."

"The sooner we return to the music of our grandfathers, the sooner will we be able to maintain a better standard of art, of morality such as many a parent now wishes for a son or daughter."

Dr. Coward's recent criticisms of modern music has brought him in the fore as a protester against "jazz." He visited the United States with his famous Sheffield Choir of 220 persons in 1906 and again in 1911. During these tours programs were given at Chicago, Detroit, Rochester, N. Y., Columbus, O., Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Steel Outlook In U. S. Satisfactory And Promising

By C. B. Yorke

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 20.—(United Press)—The condition of the steel situation in the Pittsburgh production area is "satisfactory with encouraging prospects," according to reports from both corporation and independent mills.

Mills are running at about 80 per cent of production capacity, although some in the immediate Pittsburgh area are down to a 70 per cent basis which is not considered low for this time of the year.

So bright is the prospect of future business that some concerns, believing they can obtain better prices with

the rush of all business, have limited contracts to July and August deliveries. Officials express confidence that business will not slump during the summer months, the period of the usual lull.

An increase in the production of automobile steel has been most noticeable. Since the damp cool days of a lingering spring have passed a demand for automobiles has been stimulated and automobile manufacturers report a decided spurt in orders, resulting in large steel contracts.

Pipe mills report that production has

been boosted to 80 per cent of capacity within the last month. Because of the heavy demand buying in all departments has hit an unusually high point and an all around healthy condition was indicated.

Railroad men, however, do not report so encouragingly, although they admit that steel shipments within the last six weeks have exceeded those of the same period last year.

Railroad officials claim that steel executives have included ingot production in their reports. They said ingot production was largely an inter-plant

tonnage and should not be figured in actual output totals.

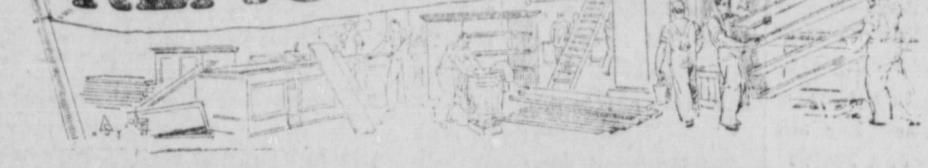
Steel men contend that the only proper basis for production calculation must include ingot production, declaring that the tonnage of finished products, shipped by rail, would not be fair to the mills.

No one, however, is complaining conditions are satisfactory and prospects encouraging.

Gary—Falling into a hole filled with lime by workman and carelessly left uncovered, a little girl whose name was not known, suffered severe burns.

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