



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Barbara Devon's wedded departure on her honeymoon leaves her brother "Laurie" successfully playwright but somewhat inclined to widowhood. His theatrical associates, Rodney 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 fella to get busy again on somethin' 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, Einstein's voice was at natural notes of his temperamental moments, 'don't that mean nothin' 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 vy. 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 Maxon—impatient men by temperament and without much training in self-control—were getting wholly out of patience and therefore out of hand. Maxon, indeed, was for the time entirely out of hand, for he had finally started the rehearsals 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 changed to a stammering 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 beauty!"

Bangs interrupted his toilet to lounge across the room. Looking over Laurie's shoulder, his eyes found the expanse 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 full-length photograph in a frame, her body showed only from above the bust. 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 one side and drawn softly over the

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 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. 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 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 pathetically 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 lesser 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 pet 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 grapefruit. "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, chatted 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.

The Daily Democrat—Your Home Paper

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.

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The jerky rhythms; the hooting out-of-tune saxophones; the plonging 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 class 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."

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 buildings 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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.

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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.

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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 workmen and carelessly left uncovered, a little girl whose name was not known, suffered severe burns.

Save In This Great Bargain Event

REMODELING SALE

COATS and DRESSES

All ladies coats at 1-2 price \$9.75-\$12.50 and \$17.50

Ladies Rayon Dresses, large assortment each, \$4.95 and \$5.95

Ladies Silk Dresses in the newest styles and colors

\$9.95 \$12.50 \$13.75

One lot children's Spring Coats, all wool material, special \$3.98

Children's wash dresses, newest styles, gingham and prints, sizes 7 to 14 87c

Children's dresses, made of Broadcloth and other fine materials, sizes up to 18 years \$1.34-\$1.83-\$2.67



SALE of SILKS and WASH GOODS

Figured Silk Crepe, good patterns \$1.39 and \$1.98

All Silk Crepe De Chine in plain colors, best quality yd. \$1.59

Figured Silk Pongees, \$1.50 value now yd. 98c

The genuine all silk Pongee, natural color yd. 79c

Plain and fancy Rayon, excellent quality yd. 59c

Figured Peter Pan and Fasheen Gingham (fast color) yd. 39c

36 in Tissue Gingham Small check patterns yd. 39c

36 in English Prints (fast color guaranteed) val to 35c yd. 21c

Fine Dress Gingham. Regular 35c value good patterns yd. 19c

Finest quality dotted voile yd. 25c

40 and 45 in, Fast Color Plain Voile. All colors yd. 39c

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