



The GIRL in the MIRROR

By Elizabeth Jordan

STORY FROM THE START

Laurie Devon, successful playwright, but somewhat inclined to wildness, attends the wedding of his sister, Barbara, to whom has been left the great Devon fortune. Laurie had been a gay young chap, but for the last year he has been toiling the mark, through the efforts of Barbara. Laurie, who is wealthy, refuses to settle down to work, announcing his intention of resting and seeking adventure.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Laurie grinned, and the grin infuriated Bangs. He whirled away from it. A footstool impeded his progress, and he kicked it out of the way with large abandon. It was his habit to rush about a room when he was talking excitedly. He rushed about now; and Laurie lit a cigarette and watched him, at first angrily, then with a growing tolerance born of memories of scenes in their plays which Bangs had thrashed out in much this same manner. The world could never be wholly uninteresting while Rodney pranced about in it, cutting the air with gestures like that.

"Here I am," snapped Rodney, "ready with my play, the best plot I've had yet. You won't let me even mention it to you. Here's the new season. Here's Epstein, sitting on our doormat with a check-book in each hand, waiting to put on anything we give him. You know he's lost a small fortune this fall. You know it's up to us to give him a play that will pull him out of the hole he's in. Here's Haxon, the best director in town, marking time and holding off other managers in the hope that you and I will get down to business. And here you are, the fellow we're all counting on—" He stopped for breath and adjectives.

"Yes," Laurie politely prompted him. "Here I am. What about it? What am I doing?"

"You know d-d well what you're doing. You're loafing!" Bangs fired the word at him as if it were a shell from a Big Bertha. "You're loafing till it makes us all sick to look at you. We thought a week or two of it would be enough, when you realized the conditions; but it's gone on for a month; and instead of getting tired, you're getting more and more into the loafing habit. You abuse time till it shrieks in agony."

"Good sentence," applauded Laurie. "But don't waste it on me. Put it into a play."

Bangs seemed not to hear him. He was standing by the room's one window, now, staring unseeingly out of it,



"Here I Am," Snapped Rodney.

His hands deep in his pockets, taking in the knowledge of the failure of his appeal. Under the realization of this, he tossed a final taunt over his shoulder.

"I can forgive the big blunders a man makes in his life," he muttered; "but I haven't much patience with a chap that lies around and shirks at a time like this!"

Laurie removed the half-smoked cigarette from his mouth, and not finding an ash tray within reach, carefully crushed out its burning end against the polished top of the dressing case. He had grown rather pale.

"That will be about all, Bangs," he said quietly. "What you and Epstein and Haxon don't seem to remember is just one thing. If you don't like matters as they are, it's mighty easy to change them. It doesn't take half a minute to agree to dissolve a partnership."

"I know," Bangs returned to his chair, and, dropping limply into it, his

hands still in his pockets, stared despondently at his outstretched legs. "That's all it means to you," he went on, morosely. "Our partnership is one in a thousand. It's based on friendship as well as on financial interest. If I do say it, it represents a combination of brains, ability, backing and prospects that comes only once in a lifetime, if it comes at all. Yet in one year you're sick of it, and tired of work. You're ready to throw it all over, and to throw over at the same time the men whose interests are bound up with yours. You're dawdling in cabarets and roadhouses and restaurants, when you might be doing work—" Bangs' voice capitalized the word—"real work," he added fiercely, "work other fellows would give their souls to be able to do."

He ended on a flat note, oddly unlike his usual buoyant tones, and sat still as if everything had been said.

Laurie lit a fresh cigarette, drew in a mouthful of smoke, and exhaled it in a series of pretty rings. In his brief college experience he had devoted some time to acquiring this art. Admiringly watching the little rings pass through the big rings, he spoke with studied carelessness.

"It was a pretty good scene, Bangs," he said, "and it showed careful rehearsing. But it would be a lot more effective if you had a real situation to base it on. As it is, you're making a devil of a row about nothing. I worked like a horse all last year, and you know it. Now I'm resting, or loafing, if you prefer to call it that, and—he bit off the words and fairly threw them at his friend—"It will save you and Epstein and Haxon a lot of mental wear and tear if you will mind your own business and let me alone."

Bangs raised his eyes and dropped them again.

"You are our business," he somberly reminded his partner. "I've got to work without you," he added, with a humility new to him. "You know that. And you know I've got the plot. It's ready—great Scott, it's boiling in me! I'm crazy to get it out. And here I've got to sit around watching you kill time, while you know and I know that you'd be a d-n sight happier if you were on the job. Good Lord, Laurie, work's the biggest thing there is in life! Doesn't it mean anything at all to you?"

"Not just now," Laurie spoke with maddening nonchalance.

"Then there's something rotten in you."

Laurie winced, but made no answer. He hoped Bangs would go on talking and thus destroy the echo of his last words, with which the silent room seemed filled. But nothing came. Rodney's opportunity had passed, and he was lost in depressed realization of his failure. Laurie strolled back to the mirror, his forgotten tie dangling in his hand.

"We'll let it go at that," he said then. "Think things over, and make up your mind what you want to do about the contract."

"All right."

If Bangs replied in the same flat notes he had used a moment before, and without changing his position; but the two words gave Laurie a shock. He did not believe that either Rodney or Epstein would contemplate a dissolution of their existing partnership; but an hour ago he would not have believed that Rodney Bangs could say to him the things he had said just now.

He was beginning to realize that he had tried his partners sorely in the month that had passed since his re-

Mercy Cut No Figure in Old-Time Justice

The torturing of criminals on "the wheel" is a very ancient form of punishment. In an "improved" form it was revived in Germany in the Fourteenth century. The unfortunate victim was laid upon a very large cart wheel, his legs and arms extended and fastened to the spokes, and in that position, as the wheel was turned around, his limbs were broken by successive blows with an iron bar. In France, where the wheel was used only to punish criminals of the most atrocious sort, the victim was first bound to a frame of wood in the form of a St. Andrew's cross—that is, two bars of equal length laid crosswise like an X. Grooves were cut transversely in these bars, above and below the knees and elbows, and the executioner struck the limbs of the victim eight blows so as to break them in

Failures Become Critics

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, etc., if they could; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.—Cokeridge.

turn to town; and all for what? He himself had brought out of the foolish experience nothing save a tired nervous system, a sense of boredom such he had not known for a year, and, specially when he looked at Bangs, an acute mental discomfort which introspective persons would probably have diagnosed as the pangs of conscience. Laurie did not take the trouble to diagnose it. He merely resented it as a grievance added to the supreme grievance based on the fact that he had not yet even started on the high adventure he had promised himself.

He was gloomily considering both grievances, and tying his tie with his usual care, when something in the mirror caught and held his attention. He looked at it, at first casually, then with growing interest. In the glass, directly facing him, was a wide studio window. It was open, notwithstanding the cold January weather, and a comfortable, middle-aged, plump woman, evidently a superior type of caretaker, was sitting on the sill, polishing an inner pane. The scene was as vivid as a mirage, and it was like the mirage in that it was projected from some point which itself remained unseen.

Laurie turned to the one window the dressing-room afforded—a double French window, at his right, but a little behind him, and reaching to the floor. Through this he could see across a court the opposite side of his own building, but no such window or commonplace vision as had just come to him. In his absorption in the phenomenon he called to Bangs, who rose slowly, and, coming to his side, regarded the scene without much interest.

"It's a cross projection from a house diagonally opposite us," he said, after studying the picture a moment. "It must be that old red studio building on the southwest corner of the square. If we had a room back of this and looking toward the west, we could see the real window."

"As it is," said Laurie, "we've got a reserved seat for an intimate study of any one who lives there. I wonder who has that studio?"

Bangs had no idea. He was grateful to the little episode, however, for spreading over the yielding ground beneath his feet the solid strip on which he had crossed back to his chum. He threw an arm across Laurie's shoulders and looked into his face, with something in his expression that reminded young Devon of a favorite collicle he had loved and lost in boyhood.

"All right now?" the look asked, just as the dog's look had asked it of the little chap of ten, when something had gone wrong.—Rodney's creed of life was held together by a few primitive laws, the first of which was loyalty. Already he was reproaching himself for what he had said and done. Laurie carefully completed the tying of his tie, and turned to him with his gayest smile.

"Hurry up and finish dressing," he cheerfully suggested, "and we'll go out to breakfast. Since you insist on waiting round for me like Mary's little lamb, I suppose I've got to feed you."

Rodney's wide grin responded, for the first time in many days. He bustled about, completing his toilet, and ten minutes later the two young men started out together with a lightness of spirit which each enjoyed and neither wholly understood. Both had a healthy horror of "sentimental stuff" and a gay, normal disregard of each other's feelings in ordinary intercourse. But in the past half-hour, for the first time in their association, they had come close to a serious break, and the soul of each had been chilled by a premonitory loneliness as definite as the touch of an icy finger. In the quick reaction they experienced now their spirits soared exultantly. They breakfasted in a fellowship such as they had not known since Barbara's marriage, the month before.

If Bangs had indulged in any dream of a change of life in Laurie, however, following this reconciliation, the next few days destroyed the tender shoots of that hope. Laurie's manner retained its pleasant camaraderie, but work and he met as strangers and passed each other by. The routine of his days remained what they had been during the past five weeks. He gadded about, apparently harmlessly, came home at shocking hours, and spent most of the bracing January days

these places. Sometimes he finished his work by striking the criminal two or three blows on the chest or stomach, which usually put an end to the sufferer's life, and therefore were called blows of mercy. The punishment of the wheel was abolished in France at the revolution. In Germany it was occasionally inflicted early in the last century for the crimes of treason and parricide.

Famous Old English "Beau"

The sobriquet "Beau Nash" was bestowed upon Richard Nash, a fashionable personage of the Eighteenth century. He was born in Wales in 1674, and studied law, but later became a gambler, for which he seemed to have a greater liking and aptitude and from which he derived an ample revenue. In 1704 he transformed Bath from a vulgar and neglected watering place into a gay and fashionable resort. The city of Bath, in gratitude for his services, placed his statue between those of Newton and Pope. He lived to be eighty-seven, but his last years were spent in poverty, owing to the act of parliament that suppressed gambling.—Kansas City Star.

wrapped in a healthy infuriated Bangs, who and out of their apartment unhappy ghost. On the rare occasions when he and Rodney lunched together, Laurie was entirely good-humored and when Epstein was with them seemed wholly impervious to any hints thrown out, none too subtly, by his producing partner.

"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 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," Epstein's voice took on the guttural notes of his temperamental



Her Elbows Were on the Sill. Her Chin Rested in the Hollow of Her Cupped Hands.

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 sniffed.

"The greatest adventure in life," he stated dogmatically, "is to make a lot of money. I tell you why. 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 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 chanced to be standing 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 cynosure 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. Her chin rested in the hollows of her cupped hands. Her wavy hair, parted on one 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.

Who is this girl in the mirror?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

World Series



THE National organization of flycatchers which for years has carried on an aggressive campaign of public education to reduce the amount of fly accidents among employees recently issued a bulletin about flies.

Now what possible connection is there, you ask, between accidents and flies? Many of us were taught in our childhood to regard the ordinary house fly as a harmless, friendly visitor. In most American homes today a house fly is not an accident. Its presence is accepted as a matter of course. Why should the presence of a harmless fly be sufficiently important for the National Safety Council to issue a bulletin.

Suppose a man-eating tiger jumped through your window some day into your dining room. You'd consider that quite an accident, wouldn't you? Yet flies kill a thousand times more people every year than do tigers. But the fly is very small and we are used to him, so we don't mind him.

As the Safety Bulletin truly says, the fly is more than a pest. He is a menace to health. His germ-laden body reeks with filth and disease. Flies used to be regarded, at the worst, as a nuisance.

Probably the most convincing and sensational evidence of this fact was when the investigating committee, appointed to find out why so many of our soldiers died at Chickamauga during the Spanish-American war, reported that most of the deaths in that camp were from typhoid, that most typhoid was caused by flies carrying infection from the latrines to the unscreened kitchens and dining rooms, and that flies killed more American soldiers during this war than Spanish bullets.

These statements, made by recognized experts, were corroborated by ample evidence and were issued in a government report. Later investigation has proven that flies carry not only typhoid but also cholera, "summer complaint," infant diarrhea, dysentery and other intestinal diseases, and that under some circumstances they also carry consumption.

With this information, which has now been common knowledge for twenty years, flies have no more business in the house of any intelligent person than any other dangerous wild animal.

TREATING HEART DISEASE BY X-RAY.

WHEN the X-rays were discovered by Professor Roentgen in 1896, physicians had a new method of treatment so astonishing and so unlike anything that had ever been used in treating the human body, that nothing was known as to its effect on the body or its place or value in treatment. The first thing that scientific men saw in this wonderful new ray was that it penetrated the body as a ray of sunlight goes through glass, and so made the living body transparent, so its first use was almost exclusively for the examination of the body.

Later on it was realized that this powerful light had a distinct effect on some organs and cells and that it might be of value in treatment as well as examination. Now Dr. R. L. Levy, in the Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine, suggests that there is strong reason for believing that the X-ray, in proper doses, may have a beneficial effect on certain forms of heart disease, and in cases which heretofore have been supposed to be beyond the reach of any treatment of any kind.

Nor is this so fantastic as might at first appear. We know much more today about heart disease than we did thirty years ago, when the X-ray was discovered. We know that many cases of heart disease are due to an infection in the teeth, the tonsils, the gall bladder or the appendix; that the germs are carried by the blood from the center of infection to the heart, where they lodge in the valves or the lining membrane of the heart and start up a new infection. It is known that the X-ray has a decided effect in many inflammations and infections, killing the germs and reducing the inflammation. In some infections of the lymph glands and skin X-ray is widely used. In carbuncles and boils, it is of great value. Used during the infectious stage of heart disease, it is found to shorten the inflammation and destroy this infection.

When germs gather on the heart valves they produce little ulcers, which, when they heal, leave, as they do in any part of the body, scar tissue. These scars contract or shrink and so pull the valves out of shape. Such valves will not work properly. This is what causes valvular disease of the heart.

Now it is well known that scars anywhere in the body, if exposed to X-ray, will soften and stretch and will gradually disappear. Using this well-known fact, Doctor Levy has given X-ray treatment in a number of cases of valvular heart disease with marked improvement.

It is too early to say just what cases can be benefited, but the suggestion is certainly an interesting one.

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