

The Girl in the Mirror

By ELIZABETH JORDAN
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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Laurie Devon, successful playwright, but somewhat inclined to wildness, attends the wedding of his sister, Barbara, to whom he has been loosing the mark, through the efforts of Barbara, Laurie, who is wealthy, refuses to settle down to work, announcing his intention of reading and seeking adventure. From his window in New York he observes the reflection of a beautiful girl in a mirror in the residence opposite.

CHAPTER II—Continued

As they looked, she suddenly stirred and moved backward, as if secretly 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 strolled 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.

CHAPTER III

Laurie Meets Miss Mayo

Laurie thought much that day about the girl in the mirror, and he was again home at eleven that night, to the wonder of Mr. Bangs, who freely expressed his surprise. "Something pleasant been coming your way?" he tactfully asked. Laurie evaded the question, but he felt that something definitely pleasant had come his way. This something was a new interest, and he had needed a new interest very much. He hoped he would dream of the girl that night, but as he and Bangs unwisely consumed a Welsh rabbit before they went to bed, he dreamed instead of something highly unpleasant, and was glad to be awakened by the clear sunlight of a brilliant January day.

After breakfast he strolled across the square into the somber hall of the studio building on its southwest corner. The hall was empty, but he found and rang a bell at the entrance of a dimly lit elevator shaft. The elevator descended without haste. When it had reached the floor, the colored youth in charge of it inhospitably filled its doorway and regarded the visitor with indifference. This young man was easy to look at, but he was no one he knew.

Laurie handed him a dollar and the youth's expression changed, first to one of surprise, then to the tolerance of a man who is wise and is willing to share his wisdom. The visitor went at once to the point of his visit. "A young lady lives here," he began. "She is very pretty and she has reddish hair and brown eyes. She has a studio in one of the upper floors, at the front of the house. What's her name?"

The boy's face showed that he had instantly recognized the description, but he pondered dramatically. "Dat young lady?" he then said. "Dat young lady mus be Miss Mayo, in Twenty-nine, on de top flo'. She jes' moved in here las' Tuesday."

"Where does she come from, and what does she do?" The boy hesitated. What did all this mean? And was he giving up too much for a dollar? Laurie grinned at him understandingly. "I don't know her," he admitted, "and I don't expect to. I'd like to know something about her—that's all."

The youth nodded. He had the air of accepting an apology. "I reckon she come from some fur'n place. But I dunno what she do," he reluctantly admitted. "Mebbe she ain't doin' nothin' yit. She's home mos' de time. She don't go out hardy 'tall. Seems like she don't know many folks."

"One 'ting got me guessin'," he muttered, "doubtful. 'Dat young lady, she don't seem 't eat nothin'." "What do you mean?" Laurie stared at him. "Why, jes' what I said," he muttered, defensively. "Folks here either eats in or dey eats out. Ef dey eats in, dey has stuff sent in—rolls an' eggs an' milk an' stuff like dat. Ef dey eats out, dey goes out, reglar, to meals. But Miss Mayo she don't seem to eat in or out. Nothin' comes in, an' she don't go out 'nough to eat reglar. I bin studyin' 'bout it, concludin' she's eatin' de stuff de side-by-side," he ended; and he looked unmistakably relieved, as if he had passed on to another a burden that was too heavy to carry alone.

Laurie hesitated. The situation was presenting a new angle and a wholly unexpected one. It began to look as if he had come on a sentimental errand and had stumbled on a tragedy. There was a chance that the boy might be all wrong in his inferences, although this chance, Laurie mentally admitted, was slight. He knew the shrewdness of this youth's type, the precocious knowledge of human nature that often accompanies such training and environment as he had had. Probably he suspected even more than he had revealed. Something must be done.

Laurie drew a bill from his pocket. "How soon can you leave the elevator?" he asked. "About one o'clock." "All right. Now, here's what I want you to do. Take this money, go over to the Clarence restaurant, and buy a good chicken for that lady. Get some hot chicken or chops, buttered rolls, vegetables, and a bottle of milk. Have it packed nicely in a box. Have them put in some fresh eggs and extra rolls and butter for her breakfast. Deliver the box at her door as if it came from some one outside. Do that and keep the change. Understand?"

"Yaah, rah!" The boy's eyes and teeth were shining. "All right. Go to it. I'll drop in later this afternoon for your report." Laurie turned and walked away. Even yet the experience did not seem real. It was probably all based on some foolish notion of the youth's; and yet he dared not assume that it was a foolish notion. He had the dramatist's distaste for drama anywhere except in its legitimate place, on the stage; but he admitted that sometimes it did occur in life. This might be one of those rare occasions.

Whatever it was, it haunted him. He lunched with Bangs that day, and was so silent that Bangs was moved to comment. "If you were any one else," he remarked, "I'd almost think you were thinking!"

Laurie disclaimed the charge, but his abstraction did not lift. By this time his imagination was hard at work. He pictured the girl in the mirror as stretched on her virginal cot in the final exhaustion of starvation; and the successful effort to keep away from the studio building till four o'clock called for all his will power. Suppose the boy blundered, or wasn't in time. Suppose the girl really had not eaten anything since last Tuesday! These thoughts, and similar ones, obsessed him.

At four he strolled into the studio hall, wearing what he hoped was a detached and casual air. When the elevator appeared, he entered it with the others who were waiting. He looked aloofly past the elevator boy as he did so, and that young person showed himself equal to the situation by presenting to this newcomer a stolid, about-probable. But when the lift reached the top floor and discharged its passengers, the two conspirators lent themselves to the drama of their roles.

"Well?" asked Laurie eagerly. "Did you get it?" "Yaah, sah." "What happened?" "The boy stopped his descending car midway between two floors. He had no intention of having his scene spoiled. He bulged visibly under the news he had to impart. "I got de stuff you said, and I let it at dat young lady's do," he began impressively. "Yes."

"When I looked de nex' time, it was gone." "Good! She had taken it in," Laurie drew a breath of relief. "No, sah. Dat ain't all." The boy's nose quivered with tidings. "She bring it back de nex' time." "What!" His passenger was staring at him in concern. "Yaah, sah. De bell rung fum her do, and when I got up de young lady was standin' dere wid dat basket in her hand."

He paused to give Laurie the effect of the tableau, and saw by his visitor's expression that he had got it fully. "Yes? Go on?" "She look at me mighty sharp. She got brooze eyes dat look right thro' you," he interpolated briskly. "Den she say, 'Sam, who done let dat basket at my do?' I say, 'I done it, miss. It was let in de hall, an' de ca'd got yo' name on it. Ain't you order it?' I say, 'No, sah, dis yere basket ain't fo' me. Take it, an' ef you can't find out who belong to it, eat dis yere lunch yo'self.' He paused. "I 't he end, solemnly."

Laurie's lips twitched under conflicting emotions, but he closed the interview with a fair imitation of indifference. "Oh, well," he said carelessly, "you must have been mistaken about the whole thing. Evidently Miss Mayo, if that's her name, wasn't as hungry as you were."

The boy nodded and started the car on its downward journey. As his passenger got off on the ground floor, he gave him a new tryout to carry away with him. "She'd bin cryin' dough," he muttered. "Her eyes was all red." Laurie stopped and regarded him resentfully. "Confound you!" he said, "what did you tell me that for? I can't do anything about it!"

The boy agreed, hurriedly. "No, sah," he assured him. "You can't. I can't, neither. None of us can't," he added as an afterthought. Laurie slowly walked away. His thoughts scampered around and around, like squirrels in a cage. The return of the basket, of course, might mean either of two conditions—that the girl was too proud to accept help, or that she was really in no need of it. Laurie had met a few art students. He knew that, hungry or not, almost any one of them would cheerfully have taken in that basket and consumed its contents. He had built on that knowledge in providing it. If the girl had taken it in, the fact would have proved nothing. Her refusal to touch it was suspicious. It swung the weight of evidence toward the elevator boy's starvation theory.

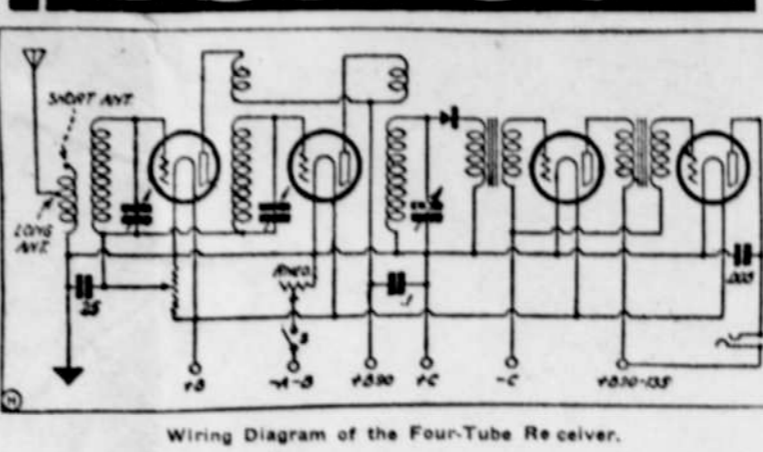
Laurie's thoughts returned to that imaginative youth. He saw him consuming the girl's luncheon, and a new suspicion crossed his mind. Perhaps the whole business was a bit of graft. But his intelligence rejected that suggestion. If it had been the explanation, the boy would not have concluded the episode so briskly. He had got the strange young man where he might have "kept him going" for days and made a good income in the process. As it was, there seemed nothing more to do. And yet—and yet—how the deuce could one let the thing drop like that? If the girl was really in straits—

Thus the subconscious argument went on and on. It worried Laurie. He was not used to such violent mental exercise. He dined alone that night and it was well he did so. His lack of appetite would certainly have attracted the attention of Bangs or any other fellow diner, and Bangs would as certainly have commented upon it.

The next morning he deliberately kept away from the mirror until he was fully dressed, but he dressed with a feeling of tension and urgency he would have found it difficult to explain. He only knew that today he meant to do something definite, something that would settle one, something that would fill his mind. But what could he do? That little point was still unsettled. Knock at the girl's door, pretend that it was a blunder, and trust to inspiration to discover in the brief encounter if anything was wrong? Or put money in an envelop and push it under her door? If he did that, she would probably give the money to Sam, as she had given him the food.

Radio Worth a Billion Although radio as a popular science and amusement is only four years old, there is more than a billion dollars tied up in the business already. There are 300 government radio stations, 600 stations sending out daily programs and

RADIO



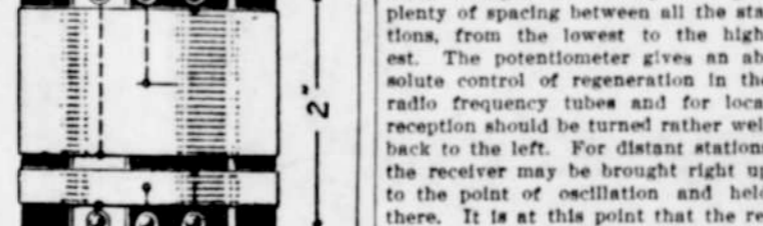
Wiring Diagram of the Four-Tube Receiver.

By K. B. HUMPHREY
In the New York Herald-Tribune. The Quality Four, as its name implies, was designed with the express purpose of having a receiver with a minimum number of tubes which would give quality above all else. However, after extensive tests it was found that it also had good distance-getting ability even when used with a rather short antenna. The DX ability of the set is due primarily to the fact that regeneration can be employed in the two stages of tuned radio-frequency, being under control at all times and throughout the wave band of the receiver. Two stages of tuned radio-frequency are used—a potentiometer controlled crystal rectifier and two stages of transformer coupled audio-frequency.

Keeping in mind that the receiver was designed as a quality proposition, it might be well to go into the question of where distortion occurs in the ordinary receiver and how it may be eliminated. Distortion sometimes occurs in the radio-frequency end, and in order to eliminate this possibility by means of a potentiometer was installed.

Distortion may very easily take place in the vacuum tube when used as a detector. In order to eliminate this source of distortion a crystal rectifier is used in place of the tube. Transformer Coupling Used. Transformer coupling on the audio side is by far the most efficient means of coupling the tubes together. Since the resistance-coupled amplifiers have come on the market there has been a marked improvement in the audio-frequency transformers due to the competition, and no reader may be in the least afraid to use the improved types.

In order to depart from the home-made appearance, which a good many of this type of receiver are prone to have, the use of brackets and a construction subpanel was used to support the tubes and transformers. All of the wiring was concealed beneath this panel and the general appearance of the receiver is that of a well-built factory product.



Construction Details of the Radio Frequency Transformers.

For those who wish to build up the receiver according to their own ideas a circuit diagram is given showing the various constants used in the circuit. However, if the reader is desirous of using standard parts other than those in the actual model it is well to obtain all the parts and lay them out before actually drilling the panel.

It will be noticed that the panel is given as having dimensions of 8 1/2 inches. This was chosen in order to fit in a certain style of cabinet which also provided room for the "B" batteries at the rear. However, a panel of the standard size—that is 7 by 22—may be used if desired and it will be found that the apparatus will fit in equally well.

The subpanel is made from a piece of bakelite. The thickness should not be less than three-sixteenths of an inch. The dimensions given permit the use of a cabinet only 6 1/4 inches deep.

Five million homes by estimate are equipped with radio receiving sets. There are 2,500 radio manufacturers and 2,000 jobbers. Radio exports amount to \$600,000 a month.

To Add Amplification To add AF amplification to a crystal set connect one terminal which went to the phones to P on the AFT, connect the other to the B on the AFT, the P post to the base and the B post to the return of the secondary, which comes from the catwhisker of the crystal. The G of the AFT goes to G on the socket and the F to A minus. Use no "B" battery on the B terminal.

To Kill Hum From Motor To kill the hum from a motor, use a low-pass filter. This may be made by hooking a coil in one line of the motor output and a .012 mfd. fixed condenser between a middle motor output line. The coil is made by banking 100 turns of d. c. e. wire on a four-inch bakelite tube and tapping it in the middle.

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Springtime streamed in through the open windows. The green fields of Georgia were baking in the sunshine. Somewhere a bird was trilling. It was a day to be happy. But the pale woman at the table sighed and pushed away her plate. Nothing tasted right. She couldn't eat much. She couldn't sleep well, either. She was so weak, it was hard to do her work. When the baby cried, she wanted to cry, too. She had not been well for four years. Her husband watched her with a man's helpless expression. But his mother knew a remedy.

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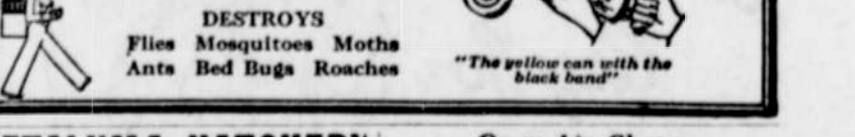
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The girl in the mirror acts—and speaks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)