

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

Exactly how and when the experience began, Eve could not afterward explain. It is possible that there had been a blank interval—of twenty minutes, perhaps of half an hour—before she became conscious that anything was wrong. When the knowledge struck her, however it struck like a blow. She realized with a terrifying certainty not only that she did not know where she was, but that she did not even know who she was.

Her eyes took in her immediate surroundings. She was obviously on a wide street or avenue of a large city, for crowds of men and women hurried past her, and all around there were imposing buildings and shops with flaunting window displays. The street held nothing she could recognize; yet she had a frantic feeling that she really knew it very well. Occasionally she caught words uttered in the throng, and these clearly carried their meaning to her brain; but no one spoke to and no one looked at her closely.

Something, she knew well enough, was done to persons in asituation like hers. They were asked questions—taken somewhere—perhaps surrounded by a curious crowd. Every instinct warned her to avoid such a development. She must be so natural in her actions that others would continue to ignore her.

She then became conscious that she was standing still on the sidewalk. She straightened, and, walking to the extreme edge of the curb, looked up and down the street as if waiting for a cab or an omnibus. But the road had no trolley tracks, and the omnibus—there were omnibuses and she felt an odd relief at sight of the familiar unwieldy objects—did not stop for passengers in the middle of the block. She read their signs, but these gave her not help, though they led to a deepening of the frantic sense that she knew all these places if only she could remember what she knew.

Her first impulse was to take the next omnibus, to go as far as it would carry her, and thus gain time to pull herself together. But she rejected this. She might be herself again—any minute, and then she would be on familiar ground, whereas, if she wandered from it, who could tell how far she might go, or where? There was a chance, too, that she had a companion who had temporarily lost sight of her, or who was in one of those near-by shops and had asked her to wait. No, she must remain where she was, or near there, for a time at least.

A passing stranger gave her a quick and curious glance. Why? She quickened her pace until she reached the corner; standing there, close to the curb, she looked up and down as if waiting for a bus.

Looking down at her hands, she had discovered that she was carrying a small bag. In it surely, there would be cards, or a note-book or letter or some other clue to her identity.

she returned the mirror to the bag she discovered that she was wearing a wrist-watch, also of Paris make, on a gold ribbon band. She took it off and examined it carefully. It bore no individual marking of any kind.

Again she became conscious of curious glances. Before she had time to pull herself together she heard a voice, speaking in accents of authority.

"Anything wrong, miss?" it asked; and she found herself looking up in to the eyes of a big policeman.

Her heart stood still, then dropped. "No," she said quickly, "No, no, of course not."

"Oh, all right," he said easily, but with steady eyes on her face. "That you mighta lost somethin' from that purse."

She had a feeling that she was in deadly peril. Another moment, and he would be leading her away, to be asked questions she couldn't answer. . . . She must keep steady. . . . Clearly it would not do to linger there much longer, and when another omnibus had come and gone she turned away, choosing a cross-street on an impulse to get from under the officer's eyes.

She had walked half a block before she dared to glance back to see if the policeman had followed her. He had not, but some else had; and even as she turned the pursuer spoke.

"Pardon me. But can I help you in any way?" he asked.

She stared at him with an uprush of anger. Must she be hounded by the inquisitive or driven mad by some street lizard? But the voice was an agreeable one, and the face at which she looked matched it. It was the tanned, smooth-shaven face of a young man in the middle twenties, with thick brown hair, good features, and unusually heavy eyebrows. She had seen him among those near her while she waited for the omnibus.

"Pardon me," he repeated, and she saw that he held his straw hat in his hand. "You seem to be in some kind of trouble." Seeing the panic in her eyes, he added hastily: "As we're guests at the same hotel, I thought you might let me help you out."

Notwithstanding his tact and his casual tone, the young man was rather overwhelmed by the way the girl's white face seemed to flash into flame as she heard his words. He had been right, then. Something was wrong with her, and it was no trifle, either.

"Oh," she gasped you know me?" He controlled his surprise at the strangeness of question and manner, telling himself he must get to the bottom of this. The girl was up against something and was frightened out of wits.

"I don't," he regretfully admitted, "except by sight. But I've seen you at the table next to mine in the hotel dining room these last three nights, and that makes me feel that I know you. Perhaps it gives me the right to offer help, if you need any."

He stopped, and for a moment steadily met what was, he afterwards told himself, the strangest look he had ever seen in a girl's eyes. It was fear, with suspicion added, as well as hesitation, and a dawning indescribably hope.

A little farther down the block a public building stood, surrounded by a small park whose outstanding features were a fountain, a few trees, and half a dozen benches. He indicated it with a nod.

"We can't stand here. Let's go into that park," he suggested, in the tone of an older brother. "Then you can tell me what is wrong."

He moved forward as he spoke, assuming that she would go with him, and she went, in silence. That much chance, she told herself, she could take—that much and no more.

He walked on with strides adapted to her shorter steps and she kept close beside him, realizing even in the chaos of the moment that she was beginning to trust him. If he had suddenly left her she would have felt that her last hope had gone, too—that he had broken her only tie with the world around her. She was like a lost and terrified child to whom a kind stranger has held out a guiding hand.

He found seats on a bench so close to the fountain that its flying spray came almost to their feet. Any girl, she told herself, could

trust that nice-tanned, clean-cut typical American face. Nevertheless, she hesitated to speak.

"What hotel," she asked at last "were you speaking of just now?" He warned himself not to show surprise at anything she said.

"Why, the Garland," he told her "The hotel where you're stopping. I happen to be there, too"

"I'm wondering if you are mistaken," she faltered. "I don't remember seeing you."

"You wouldn't," he cheerfully admitted, answering the second remark first. "You've never even looked my way. But I'm not mistaken. And I saw you sitting in front of me last night, enjoying The Wild Irish Rose. It's one of the best of the musical comedies isn't it?"

She drew a quick breath. Something far down within her had responded to that, as if a touched cord had strongly vibrated. Yet she could not remember. She called on her "I'm going to trust you," she said, courage and it rallied.

with a decision that made her voice almost harsh.

"Please do." Again his tone was that of an older brother and again she met the quiet regard of those dependable brown eyes. They held no suspicion, no curiosity, not even a too obstructive sympathy.

"If you are right about the hotel," she said, "I can go back there and look at the register. Then I can get in touch with my family and friends, if I have any. I suppose I must have some . . . don't you think so?"

"Of course you have," he told her. "But you may be all over this before you get downtown."

He saw her lips relax in something like a smile.

"Thank you so much. I'm trying to keep steady," she said, rising as she spoke; "but I want to get to that hotel as soon as I can, and look myself up. Isn't it a weird situation?"

she added, with something that was half a laugh and half a strangled sob. "Where is the Garland?"

He told her. "I'll get a taxicab for you," he added.

As they waited together at the curb he asked impulsively: "Will you let me go with you? I might be of some use. But of course that's for you to decide."

An empty cab approached and stopped at his signal. He helped her into it repeated the address to the driver, and stepped back from the curb, bareheaded, accepting her silence as dismissal.

"No, no! Get in," she cried. "Please, I'd rather have you with me."

"I'm glad of that," he said as he took his place beside her. "But I think your troubles will soon be over."

She was becoming more hopeful, too. She had the feeling of one who, from the bottom of a black pit into which he has fallen, sees a glimpse of light at its mouth. Yet suppose this Good Samaritan was mistaken. "The Garlands a nice old hotel," she heard him say with the matter-of-factness that was so cheering.

"To my mind it is the best of the hotels of its type—the kind that used to be fashionable before the city moved away from them."

He saw that she was not listening, and decided to risk a small experiment.

"Do you know what city you're in," he asked her.

"No, not even that."

"This is New York."

"Oh. . . . New York!" She raised a lighted face to him.

"That means something to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Her face shadowed again and puckered like a frightened child's. "But I don't know just what it means—whether I've been here, or whether I've just read about it. You were on Fifth Avenue when you waited for the bus."

She repeated the words, but vaguely. He went on talking, pointing out the city's landmarks, hoping that one of them would ring a bell, as he mentally expressed it; but again she hardly listened. She was following her own reflections, and now he learned what they were.

"I have a horror of becoming a case," she said in a shaking voice. "Is there any way of learning who I am without letting others know what's wrong?—without really asking at the desk, I mean."

(Continued Next Week)



Miss Suzanne Pollard, daughter of Governor Pollard of Virginia, taking the leading part in the famous apple blossom pageant at Winchester, which always ushers in Summer in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah.

How to Raise Poultry

By Dr. L. D. LeGear, V. S., St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. LeGear is a graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, 1892. Thirty-six years of veterinary practice on diseases of live stock and poultry. Eminent authority on poultry and stock raising. Nationally known poultry breeder. Foted author and lecturer.

WHY EGGS ARE GOOD TO EAT

Richness in Food Value Makes Eggs A Relatively Inexpensive Part of the Meal Even at Higher Prices

Whenever I have occasion to discuss the food value of eggs, I am reminded of a story told me some years ago by a New York social service worker. A group of children from the congested Bowery District were making their first visit to the country. One typical little gamine was asked how he liked the nice fresh country eggs. "Aw, dey ain't no good," was the reply.

"Why, what's wrong with them?" he was asked.

"Well, dey ain't got no smell and dey ain't got no taste!" explained the youngster.

However desirable those two elements may be in most foods, most of us would be perfectly willing to dispense with them in eggs. There are, however, numerous other qualities of such value that we cannot afford to be without them. Practically all the elements which contribute to the building up of and maintaining a healthy condition of the human body are present in eggs. Statistics show that the American people consume but little over one half an egg each per day per capita for all users. This is not nearly enough. We should eat and use more eggs.

Compare them with beefsteak, for instance. At 40c a dozen, twelve eggs give you more food value, penny for penny, than a pound of steak at 45 cents, and don't forget there are no bones in the eggs. On a weight basis, eggs compete successfully with meat in almost every respect. They have at least as great protein content, and are more valuable

sources of iron than any meat except perhaps liver. As for those much discussed but little understood food elements, the vitamins, eggs compare most favorably with other foods. Nobody knows what vitamins are, but what they can do is fairly well understood. Weight for weight, eggs contain ten times as much vitamin A as milk. While it is true we use much more milk at a time than we do eggs, their great vitamin A content makes them a valuable addition to milk. As vitamin A is credited by competent investigators, with helping to prevent diseases of the lungs, the importance of eggs in the diet is readily appreciated. Eggs and milk have long played an important part in the diet of tubercular patients.

Eggs are quite as rich as milk in vitamin B. This member of that mysterious family is the one which aids bodily growth and gives protection against neuritic disorders. Getting on down the vitamin alphabet, we find that eggs comparatively rich in vitamin D, the one which prevents rickets. Generally speaking, they have less value in this particular than cod liver oil. They contain quite enough of this element, however, to make them valuable substitutes for the oil for people whose stomachs refuse to retain it. A daily ration of egg yolks will prevent rickets and in many cases, heal rickets that have already started.

Having justified our title in one sense by showing the value of eggs as food, it would not be amiss to show that eggs are good to eat in still another sense. While few of us would care for the racy tang demanded by the youngster quoted at the beginning, it cannot be denied that eggs are ever popular because they have a most agreeable flavor all their own. Served in the simplest manner, they are always acceptable. As a garnish for various

vegetables, salads and other dishes, they are both attractive and palatable. But what would we do for cakes, pies, pastries of all kinds, and other dishes were it not for eggs? Thus in hundreds of ways, the egg institutes its health giving and building values into our daily menu. Unlike other foods that are good for us, the egg is something that can appear in some form or other at every meal without making us tire of it. This is good, for the egg is one of the most valuable of all the many things used for food. We can hardly eat too many eggs. Let us, therefore, endeavor to make every week an "eat more eggs week" by finding more attractive ways and a greater variety of ways to serve these valuable and ever tasty food products.

Read the Ads and profit. A good advertiser is usually a good merchant.

Lindy's Blind Double

Folks who know Diedrich Ramke, this 23-year-old senior student at Louisiana State University, say he not only looks like Col. Lindbergh, but that he matches him in courage and popularity. For young Ramke is stone blind, but he did not let that handicap hold him back. He ranks third in class standing out of 221 students and has been elected valedictorian by his admiring classmates.

Read the First Installment of

Miss Nobody From Nowhere

By Elizabeth Jordan

In this issue. Then Watch for The Ensuing Numbers