

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

SECOND INSTALLMENT

"Yes," he told her, thinking it out as he spoke. "We can do it like this: I will get out of the cab a block from the hotel and walk the rest of the way. When you reach the Garland, go the desk in the main hall, and ask the clerk if there's any mail for you. If there is, it may give you all the information you need. Anyway, it will give you your name. If there isn't any mail, the clerk may mention your name as he tells you so. In any case, go from the desk to the writing room at the left of the entrance, and sit down at one of the double writing-tables. I will come into the hotel just behind you, and after you have left the desk, if I see that you haven't got anything, I'll ask Robinson, the day clerk, who you are and where you're from. He'll tell me. He's a nice chap, and we've talked a lot since I came. Then I'll come in and sit down opposite you at the desk you have chosen, and if there's anyone else in the room I will cater to convention by asking you to lend me a blotter or something of that sort. We can fall into a low-voiced chat and I'll tell you what I've learned."

"You think of everything," she assured him, with relief; and again there was a faint suggestion of a smile around her mouth.

There was no trace of a smile ten minutes later, however, when the clerk, having greeted her with evident recognition but without mentioning her name, turned from his inspection of the mail rack to tell her there were no letters. It was a heavy blow, but she left the desk without signs of its effect. The hotel was strange to her.

Nothing she saw suggested that she had never been there before, except the attitude of the clerk. He had gone to the mail rack with the assurance of one who knew exactly what he was looking for, and he had also run over a few letters that had just been dropped on his desk. On a second thought she turned back to him.

"My key, please."

He took a key from the rack and handed it to her, and when she had found the writing room and sat down at a table she looked at the number on the brass tag. One hundred and twenty-eight. So the young man with the nice face was right that far. She was a registered guest at this hotel, and the hotel itself, though a trifle passe, was reassuring in appearance and atmosphere.

Her slight delay had caused her to pass her new acquaintance in the lobby and he stepped aside to make way for her, raising his hat with conventional courtesy as he did so. She responded with an almost imperceptible negative sign, but he saw it and approached his friend Robinson.

"Who is that girl?" he asked casually, nodding at the slight retreating figure as he lit the match he had asked for and applied it to a cigarette. "She sits at the table next mine."

"Easy to look at isn't she? Her name is Parsons, I think—Miss Eve Parsons. At least it's as much like that on the register as like anything. She begins a word with one big clear letter and goes on with a wavy line. But we've called her Miss Parsons ever since she came and she answers to it," he added philosophically, "so I guess it's all 'Where's she from?'"

The young man lounged against the desk in the manner of a visitor to the city, talking without much interest but to kill time; and the clerk good-humoredly bore with him, having nothing else to do at the moment.

"That's another queer thing," Robinson remembered. "I can't make out her home town, except that it begins with N. I meant to ask her, but I forgot. Jenkins, the night man was here when she registered three nights ago, and he didn't pay any attention, because she said she was leaving again the next morning. I suppose she changed her mind, the way women do," he ended with large tolerance. "Anyway you see she didn't go."

"How about her letters? They would settle the matter of the name, at least," the guest suggested.

"She hasn't had any yet."

"I wonder if I could make out the names. I'm rather good at reading

scrawls. Do you mind letting me look at the register?"

Robinson produced the book turning back two pages with a smile.

As he talked he ran a finger down the short list of entries, but his companion, whose interest seemed deeper now, found the name they wanted before the clerk did.

"Here it is," the guest exclaimed rather absently. "That's odd," as he studied the wavy line of the last word.

"Can you make out the town?" The clerk began to think

The clerk was beginning to think there might be more in this than appeared on the surface. The guests' face took on its most matter-of-fact expression and he glanced at his watch as if abruptly reminded of the flight of time. "It seems to be Nilport," he indifferently suggested; "one of those small towns one never hears of unless one lives in them."

The young man strolled away into the writing room. It was empty except for the girl, so he wasted no time but went directly to her and seated himself in a chair beside hers.

"Good afternoon, Miss Parsons," he began.

She drew a quick breath.

"Is that it?"

"No, but that's what they call you here at the hotel."

She looked confused and puzzled.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," she bleakly admitted, but what makes you think it isn't right?"

"Because I happen to know a little French."

As she waited uncomprehendingly, he took a card from the desk rack, wrote a line on it, and laid it before her.

Your signature on the register isn't very legible," he explained, "and the hotel people interpreted your name as Parsons. But this is what it looked like. Does that mean anything?"

She shook her head.

"Evidently you know French; don't you?"

"I think I do. I'm not very sure about what I know and what I don't know."

"Then let me write it more clearly as I interpret it. Does this mean anything?" he wrote another card and she read it in a low voice.

"Miss Eve Personne. Nulle part."

"Miss Eve Nobody, Nowhere," she translated, and looked at him with a whitening face. "What does it mean?"

There was a note of actual hysteria in her voice and he quieted her with a quick gesture.

"Don't be frightened," he begged.

"We're getting our explanation, but we've got to do some guesswork. It may mean that you were rather desperate when you came here. Perhaps you were afraid of a nervous breakdown and felt it coming; perhaps you were hiding from someone! anyway, you certainly registered in a way that gave no clue to who you are."

"Then we're just where we were!" she cried out. "What shall I do?"

He found his card case, and taking a card from it, laid the bit of pasteboard beside the two already on the desk before her.

"First of all, remember that this little episode won't last long. Then remember that I'm here to see you through," he said comfortably. "I'm your friend and brother for the time, if you will have me." It was hard to see the look of terror in her eyes. "Memory may come back any minute, you know, as suddenly as it left," he again reminded her.

To steady her he pushed his card directly under her eyes and went on talking.

"Eric Hamilton, The University Club" he read aloud and added the penciled word Chicago to the address. She gathered up the three cards without comment and dropped them into her handbag.

"Evidently I have a room in this hotel," she said. "Perhaps when I go to it I shall find some papers or other clues in my luggage."

He looked at his watch and casually remarked that he had a suggestion to make. He had been thinking hard.

"It's quarter of six," he said, "Suppose we dine here together at seven. You must eat something, you know to keep up your strength. Then, if you haven't found any more clues in your room, I shall ask you to let me look up the best psychia-

trist in town and have him come here this evening."

As she began to protest he raised his hand.

"Just hear me through," he begged. "I know a little about such cases, and my theory is that you will be all right in a day or two, or in a few days at the most. I mean to stand by till you are. But I want to find a reliable man, and have him see you, and give him all the facts we know and show him my own credentials, so that he'll let me act as your counselor and friend. If you seriously object to a doctor, we won't have one. I am not going to risk losing by officiousness, any confidence you may

have in me. But I've simply got to tell you what I think we ought to do, and then let you make your own decisions. You see that, don't you? I wouldn't be worthy of your trust in me if I didn't do it."

She drew a deep sigh that was half a groan.

It's amazingly kind of you to take all this trouble. I wonder if I've ever had an attack like this before. Somehow I feel that I haven't. I know you are being a Good Samaritan. And," she slowly admitted, "I suppose you are right about sending for the specialist."

Mr. R. Stephen Carriker, who dropped in at eight o'clock with the casual air of one making an evening call, was as human as he was distinguished. He listened patiently to Hamilton's preliminary recital, asked a few questions and made a thorough examination of his patient in a manner that was not too impressive. He left Miss Parsons very much encouraged—they had decided to adopt the hotel name for her—but when he found himself alone with Hamilton in the hotel writing-room his manner was less care-free. "It's a case one can't safely make

predictions about," he confessed "If we knew what had caused the condition or what the patient's recent life had been, we could do some guessing and one man's guess would be about as good as another's."

"Her general health seems to be good. She's a highstrung, temperamental creature, but she has dignity and poise, even in this condition, and I'd wager she's kept herself pretty well in hand all her life. I'm guessing that some big jolt caused this—something that just about sent her off her head."

On the whole, their talk left the Good Samaritan glad he had shared his responsibilities; and later, in Miss Parson's upstairs sitting-room he gave a carefully edited report of Carriker's conclusions.

"He thinks as I do," he robustly announced, "that it's merely a temporary matter. He told you that, himself. Your memory may return any minute, or it may not come back for some time—possibly not for several days," he optimistically added, observing the quick change in her expression.

"As I expected, he wants a nurse

with you at night," he went on, and he will send a good one within an hour. He knows of just the right one. I'll stay with you till she comes. She is an understanding, tactful woman and she realizes that she is engaged simply as a companion."

When he stopped she rose and walked to a window of her sitting-room, where she stood for a moment with her back to him, staring out at the night. He had too much understanding to speak or even to approach her. But he could watch her and he did.

She was very slight and girlish, and in the rather dim room the light of a gold-shaded bulb near her gave bronze-tinted hair the effect of a halo around her small head. Her situation moved him profoundly. Life was a queer thing, he told himself solemnly as if the discovery had been unique. Last night at this time he hadn't known that girl was on earth. Tonight she was his biggest interest, his greatest responsibility.

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Women's Page

Hints for the Home

by Nancy Hart

Gelatine is one of the housewife's best friends in warm weather. Desserts made with gelatine have a distinct appeal to warm-weather appetites. On days when a hot roast would destroy the overheated appetite, a jellied meat is tempting and delicious.

Jellied salads too, are a completely satisfactory mainstay at luncheon in summer.

And the best of all these gelatine dishes is that they can be varied for every day in the week, and still you won't have tried them all.

Lemon jelly is a good foundation for many desserts. You can make it with fresh fruit juice according to the directions that come with any box of gelatine, or you can make it with one of the ready-prepared gelatine mixtures. Then vary it as you wish.

If your family don't like the flavor of lemon jelly, then try something else—raspberry, orange, cherry or any other favorite flavor.

For one always good dessert prepare the fruit gelatine and let it cool. In the bottom of individual moulds put three or four ripe strawberries, and when the gelatine begins to harden cover them. Let it harden completely, and then put in the moulds diced orange pulp, pour on the rest of the gelatine and serve.

Individual moulds of any fruit jelly are delicious served with whipped cream or with boiled custard. Or, if you wish, with crushed fruit and slightly sweetened fruit. Orange jelly, for instance is good served with crushed strawberries. Lemon jelly is delicious with raspberries.

Banana Pie

Three bananas, two eggs, one cup sugar, two cups milk, two table-spoons flour.

Have ready a rich pie paste for a one-crust pie. Make the filling by mixing the sugar, flour, egg yolks and milk. Cook these in a double boiler until thick. Add vanilla to flavor and pour into the crust. Make a meringue of the egg whites beaten with one tablespoon of sugar. Place in the oven until the meringue is brown.

Overbearing has a marked influence on the color of many fruits, says the Oregon Experiment station. When peaches, apples or many varieties of highly colored pears touch each other during the ripening period, coloring is poor where the fruits come together. Observations have shown, too, that coloring of fruit is usually more sprightly when light crops are borne than when heavy crops are produced.

The Scrap Book

A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields of flowerful closes,
Green pleasure of gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath:
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears on night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord of May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shade
And night were bright like day;

Perfect Posture



Miss Ruth Harris, student of Emerson College, Natick, Pa., was awarded the National Ridell Posture medal for the grace and ease of her natural posture. Note that her feet are parallel as she stands at ease and that her carriage is relaxed without any suggestion of slouchiness.

Very Latests

Sleeves are cast for a far more important role in the play of fashion this season than they have been for many years. They are no longer the negligible quantity that they had to remain so long as skirts were extremely short. There would have been something absurdly top-heavy about a knee-length dress provided with sleeves of importance. The revival of interest in slender waistline has made it desirable to



give some emphasis to the shoulders. Sleeveless dresses are provided with shoulder capes or cape collars or are worn with scarfs arranged to give this desirable shoulder breadth. Some women still refer to the sleeveless frock for sport wear but the very short shoulder sleeve is making rapid headway as a rival. Short puffed sleeves and short cap sleeves no longer look old fashioned. It is a fairly safe prediction to make—that if skirts become fuller, sleeves will also become broader.

The task of giving an up-to-date look to the sleeveless dress is not a particularly difficult one. Cape collars of contrasting material—chiffon, georgette, or fine lingerie—may be added. Or you may set flowing or puffed sleeves of chiffon or other light fabric into the armholes of the sleeveless dress. The sketch shows a new spring dress made with removable sleeves of lace to match the collar.

"I understand your husband can't meet his creditors."

"I don't believe he wants to, particularly."

Don't sit there and look like an idiot.

Very well my dear. Where shall I sit?

The idea that thinning fruits will overcome what is known as the alternate bearing habit is incorrect says the Oregon Experiment station. Alternate bearing is frequently a varietal characteristic, which seems to be only slightly modified by any thing the grower can do.

How Far Can a Frog Jump?



Miss Molly McDonald of West Point, California, holding the largest frog entered in the international frog jumping tournament at Angels Camp, Calaveras County, Cal., made famous by Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" story. The winner jumped 12 feet, 10 1/2 inches.