

# Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A beautiful young woman finds herself on the sidewalk in a strange city. She cannot remember her name or where she came from. She has nothing in her purse to tell herself who she is. A young man who has seen her in the hotel where she is stopping notices her and takes her to the hotel in a cab. There she finds that she is registered, in French as "Miss Eve Nobody of Nowhere." The clerk has been calling her Miss Parsons. The young man tells her she is in New York. His name is Eric Hamilton of Chicago. She is terrified at her loss of memory. He asks his friend Dr. Carrick, a nerve specialist, to call at the hotel. Dr. Carrick talks encouragingly, but says that he will send a nurse to stay with the mysterious "Miss Parsons" that night.

Miss Nobody listens while Hamilton tells her what the doctor has said, then steps into another room. When the nurse arrives, the girl has vanished from the hotel!

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Miss Adams remained in the taxi-cab at the club door while Hamilton went into the clubhouse and interviewed in a small reception room, a psychiatrist who was at first some what resentful and then deeply interested. The Good Samaritan was soothed by the discovery that the doctors surprise over the patient's disappearance was as great as his own. To Hamilton the suspicion that his carelessness was responsible for the girl's flight had been the turn of the screw.

"She left this for you," he ended, taking the envelope from his pocket and handing it over. "I'm hoping there is some clue in it."

Doctor opened the envelop. It contained a blank sheet of paper and a bank note for twenty dollars.

He dropped the envelope and paper on the floor and Hamilton bent and picked them up.

"May I have these?" he asked, and put them into his pocket with out waiting for permission. Carrick got up and strolled around the room, in the manner of men who think best on their feet.

"You are sure no one else called on her, and that she didn't receive any telephone message?" he asked at last.

"Not to my knowledge. The telephone was in the sittingroom where I was reading, so I would have heard it, and I suppose any card or guest would have come to the sitting room door," Hamilton said.

"Probably," Carrick took another turn, while Hamilton sat still and gloomily watched him.

"Then what is back of it?" he muttered. "Just panic? In her condition she might easily have been afraid of me, and of the nurse, too, but I got the strong impression that she had confidence in you." He stopped and met Hamilton's eyes with a sudden professional look. "You felt that, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. It touched me very much. It is one of things that makes me feel that I can't let her down," Hamilton admitted. "I have simply got to find her and be sure she is all right."

Carrick nodded. "It is going to be a big job to find her," he predicted. And I am afraid it is a job where I can't help you much. Left to herself she will give sanitariums and doctors and nurses the widest kind of berth."

There seemed nothing more to say, but for a moment longer they faced each other uncertainly. Then Hamilton straightened his shoulders with a gesture his intimates would have recognized as characteristic of him in moments of final decision.

"I will tackle it," he announced referring the big job.

"Good!" said the doctor, heartily. And keep me posted," he added, not quite so heartily, for Carrick was a man hard driven by his practice. "Let me know if I can be of any use."

"Better go a little more fully into all the details of her leaving the hotel," was Carrick's final advice. "Interview everyone who could

possibly have seen her or talked to her. They do queer things when they're in that state."

"He couldn't help much," Hamilton reported to Miss Adams. Where shall I have the driver take you?"

She gave him her address, and he paid the chauffeur in advance, adding, on a sudden memory, the amount due for a night service. It was a comfort to watch the taxi-cab vanish toward Fifth Avenue. He had a frantic wish to be alone, to begin his quest at once. In a case like this every minute counted. But.....where could he begin?

Carrick's club was in the Forties, off Broadway and the roar of the city came to Hamilton from every side as he stood at the curb for a moment, looking around for another taxi-cab.

What a damned heartless world it was! There was a moon in the

them.

It was in Paris they had met, the porter explained, in the little Hotel Voltaire of the Quai Voltaire on the left bank, when Mademoiselle had spent the winter there three.... no, it was four years ago. It was not surprising that Mademoiselle did not remember him, he humbly admitted. He himself had been of an unimaginable unimportance—not even her waiter, but merely a waiter's boy. Still, in that lowly capacity, he had daily seen Mademoiselle, and once or twice had done small services for her such as carrying notes to her friends.

Despite his Gallic courtesy, it was clear that he was disappointed by her failure to recognize him, and Eve sought to soothe his hurt pride by a larger fee than the cot-bringing justified, while with an increasing tremor she considered what the



"And you have remembered my name all this time?" she asked in a voice which she vainly tried to keep steady.

sky—a fat moon, which seemed to be leering down at him.... This town was an awful place for a helpless girl to be alone at night..... Miss Nobody from Nowhere..... and she had confessed that she hadn't brought much money.

"God!" he breathed. It was as near a prayer as any he had uttered since he was a very little boy.

As if in answer to it a calming memory came to him. He saw her as she had been in the park, as she had been with him, as she had been with the doctor.... thinking clearly, deciding swiftly.... terrified yes, but holding fast in a situation that would have appalled the strongest soul; and his nerves steadied. She was fighting with her back to a blank wall, but even in those few hours she had opened new windows of life to him, and he had gained in understanding. He would find her.

He leaned forward and gave to the waiting driver the address of a newspaper on whose staff was one of his friends.

When Eve left her visitor in her hotel sitting room and went into her bedroom, supposedly to get ready for the nurse, she absently-mindedly tripped over a projecting end of the cot she had ordered. The little episode underlined her dread of the night, and she stood staring at the cot as if she already saw its occupant there. It was in place the chambermaid had gone, the room gone, the room was in order, and the opposite door of the bedroom, which led into a rear hall of the hotel, was just closing on the modest exit of the porter. She stopped the man with a word, a ready hand mechanically reaching into her hand-bag for her purse. He was a young Frenchman, and as he came back into the room in answer to her summons his expectant smile suddenly broadened into a look of pleased recognition.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he said with the eagerness of a lonely person who sees a familiar face in a strange land; and he added in French, rather blankly, as he caught her expression of surprise. "But Mademoiselle does not remember me?"

"No doubt I should do so." Eve answered in his own tongue, and "Just where did you see me?" she asked.

He began to explain volubly and happily enchanted, it was clear, by this unexpected encounter with a former patron, and perhaps foreseeing too, agreeable possibilities of fees in the new association. They were standing near the entrance he had used, and with a gesture she drew him over the threshold and out into the hall, closing the door behind

encounter might mean to her. The young Frenchman would earn much more than a fiftycent tip before their interview ended, but the instinct of caution developed in her during the past few hours made her quiet her singing nerves and move slowly.

"And you have remembered my name all this time?" she asked in a voice she vainly tried to keep steady.

The young porter, however, observed nothing unusual about it, for here the entente between them, so agreeable up till now, experienced a sudden chill. He flushed and stammered. It was incredible; it was unpardonable; he abased himself before her; but the fact was that for the moment he did not remember Mademoiselle's name. Her face of course one would never forget. Even though he himself had been a mere boy of seventeen when he last saw it, had he not remembered it at once, after four years? Eve let the flow of compliments pour forth. Her mind was working clearly and rapidly. She had intended to get away from the hotel, without knowing how she was going to do it. Now she realized that this youth would help her and that she must establish a relationship between them which would enable her to keep in touch with him. Mentally she considered a plan while her brain subconsciously registered what the porter was saying.

Undoubtedly, he assured her, the name would come to him at any minute. This she knew was possible. Sooner or later he ought to recall, too, if he did not remember now the names of her friends he had carried notes to, the names of friends who had come to see her, episodes of the life she had lived in Paris—all or any of which, when he told her, could be the clues she needed. Yes, in those gesticulating hands might lie the strings that would lead her back into the normal world.

"What is your name?" she abruptly asked him.

"Marcel Charpentier, mademoiselle," he told her.

"Listen, Marcel, she said still in his own language. Listen attentively. I have a plan, and perhaps you can help me. If you can I know you will, for we were acquaintances in France." She stopped with a gesture his eager assurance, looked understandingly at his brightening face, and went on: "Besides, I will pay you well for any time and trouble you give to my service.

"I desire to leave this hotel, Marcel," she continued and to find a new home in this city. I must, of course, see the clerk and pay him when I go. But there are reasons

Saint George Up to Date

By Albert T. Reid



why I wish no one to know where I am, except you. You, I am sure I can trust."

The tribute she was glad to observe left him almost speechless.

"What I can do for Mademoiselle will be done," was all he could bring out, his black eyes avid with interest.

"Thank you. Then tell me, first do you know a good place where I can go and live?—one which is not expensive," she added. "A place simple and clean and respectable and like the little hotel you speak of in Paris."

She took it for granted that the little hotel in Paris had these qualities and apparently she was right, for Marcel nodded and gave himself to ostentatious thought.

He had been in the city less than half a year, and he had little knowledge of either hotels or lodging houses, but now he remembered something. A friend of his, he told her was the janitor of a downtown house which had little apartments

of two or three rooms—a sitting room, a bedroom, even a bathroom and of a price very reasonable.

Eve came to a prompt decision. She went back into the bedroom and returned with a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"Write the address for me," she directed, "and your full name too. I will go and look at the house you speak of. If I do not settle there I will let you know. Unless you hear from me, come there at eight tomorrow evening. I desire to have a long talk with you."

She took the slip he gave her and handed him five dollars.

"Remember. I am trusting you. Not a word to anyone."

Marcel took the bank note and slowly pocketed it! His face was very serious. It was odd—all this. There was much in it he did not understand, she had not been thus in Paris. But he would serve the lady to the best of his ability.

Eve packed in seven minutes. She was out of the hotel twenty-

three minutes after she had left Hamilton. She walked across the to the next avenue and there picked up a taxicab.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Dick Byrd's Back



Rear-Admiral Byrd photographed at Panama on his return from his Antarctic voyage of discovery and night over the South Pole.



Why Pay More When You Can Get The Best Quality Printing in Town For Less Money.

It Is Our Endeavor to Give Our Customers Good Value in Printed Merchandise.

By Buying From Us You Not Only Get Good Quality Printing But You Assist in Building a Local Institution.

## Mac's Printing Co.

Glendale, Gold Hill, Central Point