

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

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!

Eve's departure was simple. She went out of a back door into the servants hall of the hotel, where she encountered a young Frenchman porter, who claimed to recognize her. He had seen her in Paris. "Then you knew my name?" she demanded eagerly. But the porter had forgotten that. He would write at once to a friend in Paris and find the name of the American young lady they had both admired. He tells her of an apartment house where the janitor, he thinks would take her in. Meantime, while Hamilton is anxiously hunting up the nerve specialist for advice, Eve gets into a taxicab and drives away.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

When she reached the building that was her objective she was not at first favorably impressed by it. It was an old structure and a time battered one, but it faced an open East Side square and its windows looked out on the green trees and shrubs of this square. The appearance of the entrance hall was better than the buildings outward aspect. It was clean and cheerful, though the janitor, Marcel's friend, who somewhat deliberately responded to the bell, had the gray look of one who dwelt among the ashes.

There were only two vacant apartments in the place, he assured the lady, while his eyes rested somewhat critically on the small satchel and the big newspaper bundle she carried. One apartment was on the ground floor and the other on the top—the latter three flights up and no elevator. The sitting-room of this one looked out over the park though and there was a kitchenette not much larger than a closet, with a gas stove in it, where the young lady could make her coffee in the morning if she liked.

The young lady accompanied him up three flights of carpeted stairs and approved the apartment at the top. The price asked for the rooms was reasonable.

"Ill take it, if I can move in now," Eve decided.

"Tonight?" the janitor revealed a natural surprise at this expedition.

"Right now," the new-comer repeated.

"How about your references?"

"My references will be the months rent in advance, and I'll pay it this minute." Eve took out her purse, holding the name of Marcel in reserve. If she could for the present avoid mentioning that, she preferred to do so. The fewer who knew of her Garland connection the better.

The janitor hesitated, looking her over again. Then with a shrug of his thin shoulders he took the offer and the cash.

The casualness of the transaction made Eve rather thoughtful. Still, Marcel had testified that the place was respectable.

She went to the door with the janitor, to get his final message about the delivery of milk and rolls in the morning.

"I can let you have a little coffee, too," he graciously decided.

There were two apartments on the floor, and as the man talked, the door of the opposite one opened and a girl came out. She was a blond girl, young and very pretty,

with very round china eyes. She wore evening dress, far too elaborate for her environment, but it was her color and expression that caught and held Eve's attention. The color was a blue-white and the look she cast at the two standing there was almost desperate—not at all the glance of a curious stranger, but the unconscious appeal of one who was suffering physical pain. She moved slowly, holding to the side rail as she descended the stairs and responded to the janitor's offhand greeting with an inarticulate murmur.

"Who is that?" Eve asked when she had disappeared.

"Miss Ivy Davenport. She has that flat. She dances in a cabaret, but she's a nice girl, just the same. She ain't well, though. She has been sick a lot lately, an it looks to me like she's sick again tonight."

Evidently the janitor liked Miss Davenport. He was still looking after her with sympathetic eyes. "But I reckon she has got to go on a dance just the same," he added philosophically.

"Poor girl! How can she dance?" The young person who had passed them was not Eve's sort, but she had a pang of fellow-feeling that surprised her. Here was another who was in trouble.

"Don't be scared if you hear her coming home at four in the mornin' the janitor remembered to add. "She wont bother you none in day times. She sleeps till five or six. Good night."

Eve nodded and watched him with unhappy eyes as he drifted in Miss Davenports wake like a bit

of gray fog. Looked at in retrospect the Garland seemed the vision of a wanderer's home and the memory of Hamilton's boyish smile and dependable face brought an almost intolerable sense of nostalgia. But when she turned back to her apartment and was moving about her bedroom, preparing for the night, the janitor had thoughtfully turned on the electric lights in both rooms, she reminded herself that she was safer alone. Whatever the dangers of her present course, she could not would not, have remained among those to whom she was a case. And there was Marcel, who had once known her and who at any moment might appear with a shining face to tell her who she was.

"I must be an amazing optimist when I'm myself," she reflected with a deep sigh.

It was an unkind trick she had played her Good Samaritan, but she had been driven to it and she did not regret it. At the thought of the Garland her panic returned. Doctors, nurses, consultations, sanatoriums—there was no end to the possibilities Hamilton had set in motion when he called in that psychiatrist.

Better be anywhere and free than in the power of even the best-intentioned strangers.

The night was a bad one. For hours she lay staring at the blackness of the narrow court while she was enveloped in panic like an icy fog. It took all the courage she had, all the strength of her soul, to hold on to herself. At intervals she switched on the light and looked at her watch. Eons might have passed since she looked last, but they didn't. Some times it was only an hour, or even half an hour.

When the black court was growing gray she heard Miss Davenports return; at least she assumed that the steps were her neighbor, and that it was Miss Davenports door that was yielding to the urge on a nervous key. Eve's watch bore out the theory: quarter past four. She drew a deep sigh, turned over again, and

hoped that the girl felt better. With the approach of dawn some of the blackness lifted from her spirit. The sun was shining when she awoke, and a lively tattoo on the panel of her outer door had brought escape from an especially unpleasant nightmare. She slipped into a wrapper, unlocked the door, and confronted the janitor. He carried a tray which held a tablespoon of ground coffee in a cup, a dab of butter, and a glass of milk, with an egg as an added attraction.

Eve gave him a dollar. He deserved it for his leniency in that little matter of the references, but something deep within her sent up a warning signal as she handed it over. A young person in her situation and with less than three hundred dollars in the world must learn not to part with any of these dollars too lightly. This one proved a good investment.

"My name is Smith," The janitor volunteered. "Guess you wont have no trouble remembering it."

When Smith had reluctantly departed—it had also become clear that his was a companionable soul—she prepared her breakfast and, to her own great surprise, ate it. She had cooked it under a jogging sense of duty; she must keep up her strength; as Hamilton had advised. But the coffee was good, the roll was crisp, the egg was fresh. The efficiency with which she performed the simple task proved to her that it was a familiar one to her. She must have prepared many such breakfasts in the past, some of them, no doubt, in Paris. Deep in her subconscious mind, just out



"Don't be scared if you see her comin' home at four in the mornin'," the janitor remembered to add.

to be filled. However there was Marcel, visit in the evening to look forward to, and she killed the seemingly endless interval by a visit to the public library, to write at a table there the account of her meeting with Hamilton. She wrote the bald facts from the time of her memory lapse, putting down the episodes without comment, save in the matter of Hamilton's kindness. On an impulse of a moment she included his Chicago address.

The writing kept her occupied for more than an hour. Then she read for two hours. She entered a drug store and had a glass of milk as a late luncheon. Then she went back to Central Park and killed an additional two hours watching children at play.

Marcel arrived at eight that evening, wearing his best garments and a highly expectant expression. She had decided to tell him the truth. It was a risk, but he was already partly in her confidence, and it was probable that he had been questioned about her. Better let him have the facts than to give his Gallic imagination too much rein.

He listened with interest, but wholly without understanding, and obviously with relief. This little matter explained very well the oddness of Mademoiselle. But of a certainty it was a trifle, over in a few days, as Mademoiselle had suggested. His optimism cheered Eve, while she realized its source as ignorance. Marcel admitted he had not as yet found her name, but his mind was busy on it. Nor could he remember the name of any of Mademoiselle's friends in Paris. But he was thinking of these things constantly, and very soon....

In the meantime, if Mademoiselle so wished, he would write to Leon, who had been Mademoiselle's real waiter and who was working in a big hotel on the Rue de la Paix. He could beg Leon to tell him all he remembered—about the young lady of four years ago.....

"But that will take two weeks," Eve cried, "to write and get a reply, even if he answers at once. Two weeks more of this!"

Marcel was overwhelmed. He had forgotten that detail.

"However, please do it," Eve sighed. "Though I hope to God I shant need it when it comes!"

Something about that exclamation made Marcel take a less cheery view of her situation as he left her. (CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

FARM REMINDERS

Although the coast area of Oregon is usually not considered as a hay producing section, hay production has materially increased in

that section the last few years, reports the Oregon Experiment station.

While any egg spoils quickly in warm weather, fertile eggs spoil more quickly, and owners of backyard flocks as well as large commercial producers find it wise to remove the rooster from the laying flock during the summer, says the Oregon Extension service.

Oregon farmers have generally found that stacking hay does improve the quality, says the experiment station, especially when the hay can be allowed to go through a slight sweat in the stack. Hay can be put in the stack slightly undercured, but when it is to be baled from the field it is essential that it first be thoroughly cured.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
General Land Office at Roseburg,
Oregon, June 27th, 1930.

Notice is hereby given that Philip M. Hart, of Trail, Oregon, who on June 23, 1927, made Homestead entry Serial No. 016870, for W 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 17, Township 33 S., Range 1W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chauncey Florey, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 23rd day of August, 1930.

Claimants names as witnesses:
Mox, Siemes,
Joe Roe,
Walter Oliver,
Amos Withworth, all of Trail, Oregon.

HAMILL A. CANADAY,
019060
Contest 4065
INVOLVING HOMESTEAD APPLI-
CATION No. 019060 for Lot 8 of
Sec. 25, Tp. 36 S, R 4 W, W. M.
Edwin J. Runyard, Contestant, vs.
M. O'Harra, et al. Contestees.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Roseburg, Oregon, May 20, 1930
Lot 8 of Sec. 25, Tp. 36 S, R 4 W,
W. M. was adjudged mineral land
as result of contest of M. O'Harra
vs. Volney Colvig, by Commissioner's
letter "N" of February 28, 1928.
On May 8, 1930, Edwin J. Runyard
of Gold Hill, Oregon, filed Home-
stead Application No. 019060 for this
tract of land, and filed affidavit, al-
leging that the mineral in the land
had been worked out, and that the
land is not now mineral land, and
asked for a hearing to determine the
present character of the land.

Hearing is therefore hereby ordered, and all parties in interest are hereby directed and summoned to appear at said hearing, before Mrs. M. T. Edwards, Notary Public, at her office in the Liberty Building, Medford, Oregon, on June 26, 1930, at

10 o'clock A. M., and submit testimony in support of their claims to this land, and final hearing will be had at this office on July 10, 1930, at 10 o'clock A. M. No testimony will be taken at the final hearing, unless so directed by the Register.

HAMILL A. CANADAY
Register M29J26

Local and Long Distance Hauling

A truck for every Job. Insured Carriers
Reasonable Rates
Reinking Trucking Service
Phone 11J Gold Hill, Ore.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

WARREN COPPOCK
Painter and Paperhanger
Gold Hill, Oregon

C. F. PRUESS
Lawyer
At Gold Hill Post Office Bldg. every Tuesday afternoon or by appointment.

B. E. ADAMS CABINET SHOP
Auto and Truck Bodies
CABINET WORK A SPECIALTY
Phone No. 25L2 Gold Hill.

Jewelers—Repairing

LARRY SCHADE
Your Favorite Jeweler Since 1918
JEWELRY, DIAMONDS
Watch Repairing a Specialty

Phone 145-J 142 N. Front St.
E. F. BURK
Medford Jew & Waning Wks
Canyas Goods our Specialty
Auto Tops and Glass Enclosures
Medford, Oregon

DOCTORS

W. E. CHISHOLM M. D.
General Practitioner
Phones: Office 10. Res. 9-J
Gold Hill, Oregon.

DR. OLIVE McKAY
Chiropractic Physician
Physiotherapy

32 Tufts Bldg. Grants Pass

Dr. V. L. Dimmick
Phone 391-J 112 1/2 S. 6th St.
Over Heerless Clothing Co.
Grants Pass, Oregon
Plate Work a Specialty
Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back

DR. A. LETCHER
Optometrist

Glasses Fitted by Modern Methods

Tufts Bldg. Grants Pass

LODGES

AMETHYST REBEKAH LODGE 97.
Meets every Wednesday Night at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Gold Hill, Oregon
Bessie Henderson, Noble Grand.
Etta Carter, Vice Grand.
Bertha Coy Secretary.
Lucy Mee, Treasurer.

GOLD HILL CHAPTER W. R. C.
Meets Twice a month on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays at their Club rooms in the City Hall.
Madge Dorman, President
Myrtle Kelson, Secretary.
Ella Patrick, Treasurer.

Gold Hill Lodge No. 129
I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday evening
Visitors Always Welcome

Everyone Wants to Enjoy the 4th

Most of our people will spend the day in the hills and along our lakes and streams—in the great our-of-doors.

To get the proper thrills from such a day one must be provided with the kind of food they like and for that reason we wish to recommend

The Superior Brand of canned goods—they taste almost like the fresh vegetables and are always favorites.

Whether buying for the home or for the trip these delicious products make eating more enjoyable.

Gold Hill Supply

"Where Prices Sell Quality"

Keep Your Youth!

THE LAUNDRY DOES IT BEST!
FAMILY FINISH
ROUGH DRY OR SOFT FINISH

Our wagon will call at Gold Hill and Rogue River
FRENCH LAUNDRY

F. E. French, Proprietor

Grants Pass, Oregon

Most gratefully yours,
EVE PERSONNE

She made a long journey uptown. She must mail that letter in a part of the city remote from where she lived, for of course Hamilton would regard the postmarks as clues. After that she took a long walk in Central Park and bought her necessary household supplies and a few magazines.

After all this it was only eleven o'clock and the long day stretched before her as an appalling blank