

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.

She arranges with Marcel's friend, the janitor of a dingy little apartment house on the East Side of New York, for a small furnished apartment. He tells her not to be frightened if she hears the young woman who occupies the next apartment come in very late in the morning. Eve wonders what sort of a place she has got into.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

The third night in the new quarters was another night mare. For the mental fog did not lift. She was not to be relieved from it, then, in the three days. She had not realized how great her hope had been, how strongly it had buoyed her, till she felt this staggering blow of disappointment. But time, even three days of it, does something for one at twenty-three. The nightmare was not so bad and hope whispers were louder. This would not last long. This could not last long. It might end at any minute.

In the meantime she would occupy herself as much as she could. If it were to last, a reconstruction of life would be necessary. But as yet she closed her ears to the sound of battles in the future. If she must fight them, she would be up to them; at least she began to hope she would. But surely she could give herself a week of waiting.

The days were as alike as telegraph poles along a country road. She walked and read and kept her record with brief exactitude. All the time Memory was at her side like a motionless black figure, seemingly preparing to move, yet never moving. A hundred times a day Eve caught at the trailing end of some suggestion which refused to be caught. She realized that these frantic, futile clutches were wearing her out, yet she dared not discontinue them. At any minute one of them might lead her back. She spent most of her afternoons in the reading-rooms of the library, walking to and from this refuge, for the exercise. Several times she met Miss Davenport on the stairs of the old apartment house, and was glad to observe that the young dancer had lost her look of acute physical suffering, though her face still had a bluish pallor.

The late afternoon of the fourth day was brightened by a visit from her neighbor. The girl breezed in without waiting for an answer to a rather assertive knock, revealing herself clad in a red Japanese kimono, with slippers and silk stockings to match. Her bobbed hair, which was naturally wavy, shone from a recent brushing. Eve observed with pleasure as she rose to greet her that there was no frow-

siness in the appearance of the new-comer. She was immaculate as a red carnation, and she had the grin of a friendly puppy and a taking air of camaraderie. Nothing about her suggested the stricken figure of a few nights before.

"Hello," she began, and added ingratiatingly, without giving her hostess a chance to reply, "Got any cigaerettes you c'n spare?"

"No. I don't smoke. I'm awfully sorry."

Miss Davenport sighed. "I'm out," she said. "I'll have to send Smith to get some."

But she made no move to leave and Eve smiled at her, pathetically glad to have this cheerful guest enter her tragic No Man's land.

"What's your line," the caller suddenly demanded.

"M yline?"

"Yep. Your spiel," the other explained. "You gotta have eats, ain't you? How do you pay for 'em?"

"Oh, you mean how do I earn my living?" Eve's sense of pleasure in the interview perished. "I'm resting now," she said in a tone that forbade further inquiries, but she softened by asking interestedly, "What do you do?"

"Me? I dance at Jake's."

Miss Davenport gave the information in a tone which implied that her mind was on something else.

"Where's Jake's?"

Miss Davenport gave the information and went on with the gusto attending an evidently enthralling subject. "Jake's" it appeared, was not what you would call one of the town's swell joints. Neither was it a tough one. Eve inferred that it lay in comfortable security some where between these extremes, and the speaker added that Jake himself was a good egg.

"You don't need a letter from your pastor to get into Jake's, and you sure will get kicked out quick if you don't behave yourself while you're there," Ivy enthusiastically testified. "You shake a loose ankle, too, don't you?" she ended so suddenly that Eve was startled out of her caution.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"Huh?"

"I mean that I don't know whether I'm a good dancer or not."

That brought another stare. Then Miss Davenport rose.

"You come into my joint and I'll soon tell you," she remarked with decision.

She led the way back to her own quarters as she spoke, in superb assurance that she would be followed. Eve hesitated only an instant before accompanying the other girl across the hall.

Miss Davenport's joint seemed at first like the ghost of a room, in which the added specter of a piano grinned at the visitor out of the shadows. The place was clean but cluttered.

A tall mirror stood in one corner and a phonograph in another corner supplemented the musical atmosphere lent by the piano.

Miss Davenport wound up the phonograph. She put on a record and the little room was filled with dance music, to which the hostess at once began to dance a foxtrot.

"Know this?" she demanded.

"I think so."

"Try it."

There was something in the music that was not unlike the hostess, and the guest responded to them both. She rose and took a few steps, at first tentatively, then with conviction.

"And you didn't know whether you could dance?" Miss Davenport jeered. "Know this?"

She began to dance a rather intricate Charleston, and Eve shook her head.

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, try it."

Her persistence, though odd, was friendly, and Eve tried it.

"Not so good," the hostess admitted. "This is the way. See?"

She went through the steps and made a few suggestions, put her guest twice through the dance and dropped into a chair with a sudden look of exhaustion.

"I'm all in. It gets me that way, these days—even a little of it. Ain't it the limit, when I've always been so well? . . . Say what's your name, anyhow?" she interrupted herself to ask.

"Personne."

"Berson? I thought that's what Smith said twas. All right. Listen

Miss Berson, let's get down to cases. I ain't doin this for my health, you know—draggin you in here an' puttin you through a rehearsal. It's business. See? What I want to say is—you'r out of a job, aint you? Well, I'm the jane can get you one!"

She was so beamingly satisfied with her little ruse and its success that Eve was touched.

"It's awfully good of you," she said warmly, "but—"

"But nothin.' Its with Jake!"

Eve shook her head.

"You're more than kind. I can't thank you. But dancing isn't my line."

"You aint great," Miss Davenport frankly admitted. "But you're good. An' you got a nice look about you. You'd suit Jake like a poached egg suits toast. He likes em re—e—fin-

ed."

Eve laughed.

"I'm sorry, but it's out of the question. Thank you a thousand times, just the same. This world seems full of Good Samaritans."

Eve gave much thought to Miss Davenport's suggestion in the week that followed. If this thing was going on the time for reconstruction work must soon come. She must tackle the job of living. She had paid seventy-five dollars for less than a month's rent—far too much. She could not live indefinitely on that remaining two hundred dollars. What wage earning possibilities could she consider?

A second call from Miss Davenport answered the question.

At ten o'clock one night a week later a sharp tap on Eve's outer door was impatiently repeated before she could respond to it. The door opened before Eve could reach it, and the impulsive young person on the threshold projected herself into the room. It was Ivy Davenport, as resplendent as a Christmas tree and clearly dressed for Eve's; but the expression on her impish face was one of acute

agony.

"Say," she asked without preface, got a hot water bottle?" As if in explanation of this abrupt request she clasped her side with her hand and lurched across the room, dropping with a groan into the nearest chair.

"One of my attacks," she brought out between stiff lips. "I get em every now and then, damn em, an they're just hell. I started out think ing I'd ge over this, like I do some times, but I hadda come back. They aint killed me yet, so I guess his wont."

"But it'd help an awful lot if I could crawl into bed and make a pet of a hotwater bottle"

"I'm awfully sorry," Eve admitted. "I haven't a thing."

Ivy bent and twisted under a spasm of pain.

"Let me help you to bed. Can you get back if I give you an arm?"

"I guess so — but don't rush me! The girl stood up with a gasp, leaning heavily on the supporting arm.

"I'll put you to bed first. Then I'll run out and get a hot water bottle. I suppose there's a drug store near here. Perhaps I can get some thing else, too. What helps you most?"

"I got some medicine but nothin helps me like the hot water bottle does. I took mine to Queenie Morris's Sunday night and forgot bout it the next morning. Whatcha know about that? The one thing I aint never without since these attacks began—"

"Don't try to talk."

Eve helped across the hall and into Ivy's bedroom.

"You're awful good," Ivy groaned, lending herself to the ministrations like a helpless child. "I'll feel better soon as I'm between the sheets."

Undressing her was a simple process, and Eve performed it easily. She feebly indicated red pajamas lying across the foot of the bed, and Eve hustled her into them.

"It's a shame to leave you do all this," Ivy muttered. "But if I bent Id never straighten out again."

"I'm glad to help you."

Eve got her into bed. As she did so she wondered if she had been a nurse in her previous state of existence. It was pleasant to discover that she could do things efficiently. It bolstered her self respect.

"Now I'll go for the hot water bottle," she told the patient. "Keep still till I get back. Hadn't I better call a doctor, too?"

"No, I dont want no doctor round me." Despite her pain Ivy spoke almost roughly, and Eve felt a deepening of her strong fellow-feeling for this other girl, who so obviously shared her dread of the profession.

Before she left the building, she put the water on to boil. When she got back she filled the bottle and gave it to the sufferer, who who settled it into place with a groan of relief.

"Most of the pain's here," Ivy said vaguely indicating a region between her waist and her heart. "But none of the fool doctors could tell me what makes it. 'Twont last much longer now, but I'm all in when its over."

"I'll sit here till you feel better." The amateur nurse drew an easy chair close to the bed. "Dont talk just relax and try to go to sleep," she added as she settled into comfort.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

HOME POINTERS

When making cheese rarebit, it is best to cook all the other ingredients and then add the cheese just in time to melt it before serving. This will prevent the cheese becoming tough and stringy.

Soda is not recommended in cooking green vegetables, because, while it intensifies the color, it makes a bright unnatural green, and at the same time is harmful to both vitamins and flavor. Soda is not necessary if the vegetables are cooked quickly in a small amount of water and served promptly. Acid, such as lemon juice, vinegar, etc., tends to destroy green vegetable color.

A simple test for determining the pectin content or jellying qualities fruit juice in a shallow cup or dish, of fruit juice is made by putting 1 teaspoonful of cooked, cooled adding one teaspoonful of denatured alcohol and mixing by tipping the cup, but not stirring. If the juice contains enough pectin to make good jelly, a clear, thick, jelly like mass will form in the bottom of the cup almost at once.

A list of the desserts the family enjoys placed where it can be consulted conveniently is a great help in deciding what dessert to prepare. The chief difficulty is often not that one does not know enough of them but that there are so many it is difficult to think of the right one.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
General Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, June 27th, 1936.

Notice is hereby given that Phillip M. Hart, of Trail, Oregon, who on June 23, 1927, made Homestead entry Serial, No. 616876, for W½ SE¼, 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, 1936.

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

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