

# 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.

The girl in the next apartment is Ivy Davenport, a professional cabaret dancer with a weak heart. Eve helps her one night when she is ill. Ivy suggests that Eve, who is short of funds, should take her place in the cabaret. Eve thinks it over, dislikes the idea, but realizes that she has to do something to earn a living until she finds out who she really is, Ivy has twisted the name of "Personne" which is the only surname Eve knows for herself, into "Berson."

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"There somethin' I'd rather you'd do. 'Twould help an awful lot if you'd do it," Ivy urgently added.

"What is it?" Eve asked the question with suspicion. Her mind was centered on the girl's condition—surely a serious one for a dancer. Ivy's next words startled her.

"It's my job," she muttered. "I'm goin' to lose; that's all."

"Oh! I'm sorry!" "Yep. Jake said he didn't wanta be hard on me, but couldn't be left time I didn't come or send a sub in the lurch again. So the next stitoot, it would be the air for mine."

"I see." Eve saw with a clearness that made her wince. Evidently Miss Davenport expected a great deal from her fellow beings. She would not have been surprised if this stranger in her room, having out her to bed and eased her pain, now announced her intention of substituting for her at the cabaret and at once departed to do so. She herself had already shown that she was a friend in need—probably her associates also were the kind who did that sort of thing. But Jake's! To dance at Jake's! Eve felt that she had definite limitations and that one of them had been reached.

"You oughtn't to talk," she restlessly pointed out.

"If you'd go up there and report to Jake, you could bluff your way through the dances," Ivy hurried on. "You'd do fine. The other girls'd help you, if you told them what it meant. The fellas would, too. They're all my friends. They see you weren't put up against it, 'cause they'd know you was trying to help me."

But, good Heavens, I can't—"

Eve became conscious of her tone and checked her words, appalled. This girl had come to her days ago, offering her a job because she believed her to be down and out. Now it was clearly up to her to reciprocate. The demand was a wild one, of course, but surely she was the last human being who should fail anyone in trouble. She thought of Hamilton—of the swift willingness with which he had come to her help in her crisis. She could never repay him, but here was a Ivy now lay in the exhaustion of chance to pass on the mercy and kindness he had shown her. This girl's job was at stake, her very bread and butter. As for herself, she could stand Jake's for one night whatever possibilities Jake's might hold.

She leaned over the bed, in which the girl reclined, now in extreme pain.

"Tell me what you want me to do she said kindly. "And I'll try and



"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained. "She's sick."

do it. What bluff must I make?" She was rewarded by the look in the other girl's face as she struggled up on an elbow.

"There's nothing to it," she said eagerly. "Even if you can't dance all the dances—an' I'm betting you can—'ll help if you just go there and tell Jake how it is, an offer to take my place. Talk to him first, and then go to the dressingroom and ask for Queenie Morris. She's Jake's head hostess. She's my pal, too, an the best of the lot. She'll do the rest."

"I understand. B.....you're quite sure Jake's all right?" The girl in the bed was spent by the effort of talking as much as she had done, but she rallied to this question.

"I'll tell the world it is," she brought out. "Don't you get no idee of white slave stuff. There's nothing like it at Jake's. Straight business, on the level, good eats, good music, a pretty good crowd—and Jimmy Murphy on the spot to throw out rough ones. It ain't a club. Most any one can get in, but they can't stay in less they behave. The substituots git three dollars for the night an a five cent card fer every dance they give to visitors, besides their tips. You'll get that tonight of course. All I'm worryin' about is to hold my place or the winter. See what I Mean?"

Eve could not help wondering now, on a few dollars a night, Miss Davenport's income ran to apartments, silk lingerie, over stuffed furniture, and painted beds. As if he sick girl had read the thought he hurried on:

"You'll knock down six or eight dollars a night without tryin'. I make ten or twelve. Any guy that's a real guy'll slip you a dollar or two for dancing with him a lot, especially if he lands on your feet most of the time. And there's always some guy that will pay for your supper, too. Say—" she asked the question with sudden anxiety—"you got anything to wear?"

Eve looked at her blankly.

"No. I didn't bring an evening dress."

"Then take one of mine, any you like. You and me's about the same size. But hurry. That closet..... see?"

Eve hurried and selected the least flamboyant of Miss Davenport's several dancing gowns—a fairly simple creation in white and silver.

The slippers to match is on the top shelf."

Eve found the slippers without difficulty. Evidently Miss Davenport

had a sense of order. They were a trifle large, but like the gowns, they passed muster. Ivy, bluewhite around the mouth, approved the result, and Eve also received from the long mirror in the living room the assurance that it was not bad.

"I only got one evening wrap," Ivy confessed, "but it goes with most anything." It did.

"Do I have to dance with every one that asks me?" Eve inquired when she was ready to leave.

Ivy looked at her with a flicker in her pain filled eyes.

"Say, haven't you never been in a cabaret?" As Eve did not reply she answered the question: "Course you got to dance with em if you wanta make a hit. The big features is the program dances, but the men is there for a good time an you gotta help. If they ain't perfect gentlemen you tip the wink to Jimmy and he gives em the air. But its like I told you," she added more faintly. "You do what I said.

if you can't dance or don't wanta, they'll all help you out. They're all my friends, she weakly ended.

Within the next hour, when she had reached Jake's, Eve discovered that Miss Davenport had not over rated her own popularity.

Jake was in the fastness of his private office, a small partitioned retreat off the main room. Eve's modest request to see the manager combined with the mention of Miss Davenport's name, procured an immediate audience with him.

He was dressed in immaculate evening clothes and his brilliantined hair clung to his head like thick black paste. He turned upon her the unwinking gaze of two remote black eyes and waited for what she had to say.

"I've come to substitute for Miss Davenport," Eve explained.

"S'matter with her?" "Shes sick," "Againeh?"

The personal charm of Jake, as set forth by Miss Davenport, was escaping Eve thus far.

"Sure name?" he ended. "Berson. Eve had decided to accept Miss Davenport's version.

"Sure address?" "The same as hers."

"Know howt' dance?" "Miss Davenport says I do. I can't do solo work, but I think I can get along in the otherdances."

"S'ope so. Awright. Report t' s' Morriss."

Eve followed to its end the narrow passage he had indicated, guided by the sound of voices. The door of a room at the right was yawning slightly, and a glance thru the opening suggested that here was her destination. Half a dozen girls in evening gowns occupied its limited space, lending them selves to various occupations. One, in the only easy chair, sat holding a hand glass and touching up an already striking facial color scheme. A second was down on a knee, sewing the beginning of a run in the top of one of her silk stockings. A third fluff her bobbed hair before full length mirror, and the remaining three were smoking and resting. Eve waited on the threshold and tapped on the door panel. No one answered, so she pushed the door wide.

"Pardon. Where shall I find the hostess—Miss Morriss?" she asked. The girl who was sewing the stocking run raised her eyes from the absorbing task.

"Right here," she said brusquely. Her manner implied that she could endure runs but not interruptions.

"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained. "She is sick."

"Again!" Miss Morris's exclamation held more sympathy than Jake's, and she added briskly, "Gawd! the poor kid!"

"I'm substituting for her," Eve continued with a smile. "At least I'm trying to."

The information interested all of the girls. Miss Morris nodded.

"Fine," she said heartily. "Stick around till I finish this damned thing, and I'll put you wise to what you gotta do."

Eve entered the crowded room. One of the smokers spoke languidly.

"What's eatin' Ivy?" she wanted to know. "Same old 'ting?"

She was a tall girl with green eyes, a superb figure, regular features, and red hair as closely cut as Jake's. She had a look of distinction, a voice as harsh and shrill as a Russian's and her accent was the one heard in New York's lowest East Side slums.

"Yes. She says she's had such attacks before."

"I'll tell the world she has. They are the lings she ain't got nothin' else but, I'm wonderin' how long Jake will stand for it," the tall girl drawled.

"Don't strain your mind trying to think, Maizie. But if you really wanta know, I'll say Jake'll stand for it as long as Ivy can dance better than the rest of us. You aint feelin' up to Ivy's acrobatic waltz yourself, are you?"

Eve decided that she liked Miss Morris. Queenie, having thus suppressed Maizie, and also conquered the run, now felt up to other duties. She rose, shook out her skirt, cast a critical glance at the reflection of her legs in the long mirror, and turned to the newcomer, prepared to give her undivided attention.

"Set down," she invited. "Here Stella, don't be a pig."

She seized the legs of the girl called Stella, a tired looking and plain faced young person who was lying on the rooms one couch, and swung them to the floor. Stella retrieved the cigarette dislodged from her lips by the briskness of this maneuver, and gloomily huddled in the couch's top corner. Miss Morris pressed the visitor into part of the vacated space and fitted herself into what was left.

"What's your label?" "Berson."

"New in the business?" "Yes."

"I thought so," Miss Morris had the air of one adjusting her shoulders to a burden. "Well, things don't light up here till thetheater crowd blows in and that aint for ten or fifteen minutes yet."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

### 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. Noted author and lecturer.

## CHICK SAVING BROODER METHODS

A Little Attention to Details Will Not Only Lower the Mortality Rate of Artificial Brooding, But Will Also Provide Stronger, Healthier Chicks.

A proper start in life means just as much to the newly hatched chick as to a newborn babe. Even though a chick may inherit all the desirable traits of many generations of blue blooded avian aristocracy, its hereditary advantages may be completely offset by lack of proper attention during the days immediately following its exodus from the incubator. Correct brooding methods, on the other hand, will not only reduce the infant mortality rate in your flock, but will give you more robust and more productive members for your flock of the future.

Such care should start even before you are ready to receive chicks from hatchery or to transfer them from your own incubator to hover. See that all parts of the hovers and brooder quarters are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Spray all parts of the room with a fairly strong solution of dip and disinfect to guard against lice, mites and other para sites. Be sure the room is well ventilated but free from draughts. Then put sand and litter on the floor to give the chicks something to scratch in and to keep the floor covered.

See that heating units are in good order, burners clean and regulated mechanism working well. Then start your stoves, lamps or electricity running several days in advance to thoroughly familiarize yourself with operation and control of the devices. You will also have the quarters evenly warmed throughout. Place a temporary fence around each hover to keep the chicks near the source of heat making allowance for gradually enlarging it from time to time. This is usually managed by using a roll of one inch netting two feet high. Do not cut it simply unroll a little more than each time you feel that the growth of the brood demands more room.

When the chicks are ready to be transferred or have arrived, carry them carefully in a well lined box or basket and place them gently under the hover. The basket or box should be carefully covered to keep the chicks from getting chilled

After the chicks are installed in their new home, I give them some water, grit and milk. They are allowed to come out several times during the day for grit and water and each time I put them back under the hover. In this way they learn quickly and easily. My plan may mean a little more trouble at first, but my experience is that it saves time in the long run because chicks are more quickly trained to seek the hover for warmth and protection.

From this point on, detailed instruction cannot be given. Your exact procedure will depend on the kind of apparatus you employ. Follow the manufacturer's instructions carefully and watch the chicks at all times to make sure they are comfortable and growing at a satisfactory rate. A word about correct temperature will not be amiss. Many experienced poultrymen never look at a thermometer but are guided entirely by the actions of the chicks. If they lie quietly in small contented groups, they are comfortable, but if they spread out flat lifting their wing and panting they are too hot. Extend their fence so they can get away from the heat or if a canopy type hover is used, lower the temperature. If they huddle together, they are too cold. Gently force them to hover closer to the stove by decreasing the circumference of your brooder fence or by using the brood curtain.

These things are only learned by observation and experience. If you do not care to trust your judgment in that respect, the following schedule will be found helpful. The first two or three nights the temperature at level of sleeping chick's backs, should be between 95 and 100 degrees, but never over 100. As the chicks begin to exercise they require less heat. The latter part of the first week begin to lower the temperature gradually until it is around 85 at the end of the third week. As many chicks will be fairly well feathered by the end of the fifth week, the temperature may run between 85 and 70, being reduced until finally artificial heat is no longer required.

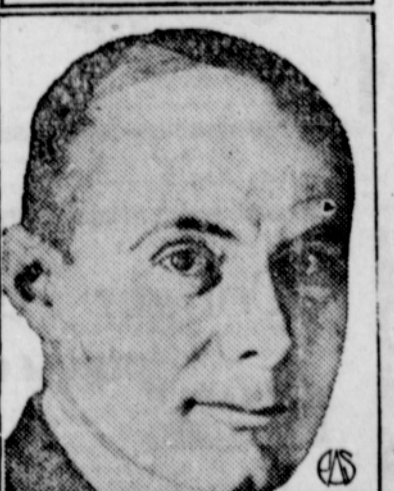
Avoid sudden variations at all times. An even heat is the ideal condition. The general temperature of quarters outside the hover should never be lower than 60 to 70 degrees. If it runs lower, some auxiliary means of heating should be provided.

## Flew the Atlantic



Captain Charles Kingsford-Smith, first airman to make a successful trans-Atlantic flight from East to West as he landed in New York

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