

# 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."

Eve finds "Jake's a strange sort of place and the girls who dance there even stranger, though kind to the stranger who is taking Ivy's place.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"After they come we gotta be out there setting around in our corner. The bunch here now is regulars that come early to get good tables. They know each other. It's when the singles begin to wash in, or two or three men comes together, that we get busy."

"How do we get busy?"  
"My Gawd!" Miss Morris exchanged a deeply eloquent glance with Maizie, who was smiling a sharp-toothed ophidian smile. The instructress continued her explanation in depressed tones. "We're dancers, and we're Jake's hostesses too. See?"

"Our job," Stella added, "is to keep the men from dying from homesickness after they git here."

Queenie ignored Stella.  
"When a man's settin' alone at a table, or two or three men are together, looking like it's Decoration Day an' they're saying it with flowers, I drift up to them an' give them the glad eye. Nothin' fresh, you understand. Just a kind look to let them know there's a live wire near. If they speak, I draw on my hot air tank and later I introduce them to some of the girls if they see any they wanta meet. If they dont respond I breeze past like I hadn't seen em and try some others. None of the other girls goes near till I find out who the men are and introduce them. If you seen your own brother at a table you couldn't go to him till I said you could. That's all there is to it, but it's gotta be done with

class."  
To the novice there seemed a great deal to it.

"If they respond, I suppose we got to dance with them?" she asked anxiously to get a more definite line on her individual duties than Ivy had given her.

"Aint she the clever kid?" Maizie murmured. "Got it the very foist time."

"Dance with 'em if they want you to," the instructress coldly explained. If they want you to set down an give them the story of your life, let 'em have it. Only make it snappy. No sob stuff. Maizie tells 'em she's a Russian princess, an' it goes over great. If they wanta talk while you listen, leave 'em do it."

"They'll tell you how lonesome they are, Stella continued. "Lonesome!" she sneered. They don't open my faucets with that dope. The men that comes here is as lonesome as angleworms in a box of bait!"



"What you're really here for, Berson, is to admire the men," Stella drawled. "Make 'em see what great big wonderful guys you think they are, and you'll be a wow."

Stella, Eve learned, was a pessimist and a black one. She was also a man hater and freely confessed that she had no use for women. Her speech, and Queenie's were usually better than those of the other girls; but on occasion they could, and often did, draw on the argot of the gutter. All of this Eve grasped later. At present the lesson of the moment went on.

"There's two things you don't stand for," Queenie was saying in a crisp tone. "You don't take insults and you don't drink from pocket flasks, Jake's rule. See? Men that come here has got to treat us like ladies."

To Eve the whole experience was part of the dream she was in, but the nightmare in the dream was lessening. She was intensely interested, and she realized that she was also a trifle more sophisticated than the girls around thought her. She had never danced in cabarets; she was sure of that. She knew nothing of their intimate inner workings, or of the duties of employees. But she must have known such places as at least an occasional visitor, for the superficial aspects of this one held no surprises for her.

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"Now, Berson, if you think you have had enough gasoline to roll out on the floor with, we'll start; and I'll put you wise to the reg'lars an' the loose ankle boys."

"Which are the loose ankle boys?"

"The reg'lars are the guys that come every night an' scatter their coin. The loose-ankle boys are the instructors—the lads Jake hires to dance with the dames that blow in for a good time. That's all they gotta do; but Gawd knows it's enough. Any woman that's got a real face can make some man bring her to a cabaret an' dance with her. The ones that come alone an' has to rely on the boys are the ones that Gawd forgot."

"Don't pay any attention to the loose-ankle boys. They'll come buzzing over, for they need a change bad, an' they'll want to give you the once over because you're green. But Jake ain't paying us nickels to dance with them."

All the girls were intrigued by the newcomer's presence and they showed it in various ways—some by talking, the rest by close atten-

tion to what was said.

Eve followed her with a sinking heart. What had she left herself in for. But the two young men they approached were wholesome looking American lads who had just given an order to a waiter, and who for the present were most interested in having it filled than in the scene around them. Queenie cast a radiant smile at them, and one of the young men returned it with a cheerful but impersonal grin. She slowed her steps a little distance from the table, checking her steps and Eve's swifter movement by a warning pressure of the arm.

"Look at them set in there waiting for bread and milk, with real music goin' to waste," she tentatively observed, in a tone designed to reach the ears of the newcomers. The latter looked up, this time with attention. The girls were under inspection now, to be taken or rejected. To Eve the moment was horrible.



Albert, Kenneth, John and Walter Hunter, of Sparta, Ill., who broke all endurance records for flight with 553 hours in the air, and won around \$100,000 in prizes. Kenneth and John, in the middle, flew the "City of Chicago" while the other two operated the refueling plane.

"No, do you?"

He laughed.

"I'm afraid not," he admitted. "I don't care much about dancing, and I'm apt to get sleepy around midnight. I tried to persuade Jack to go home after the play, but he wouldn't . . . and now I'm glad we didn't."

"Shall you be here every night after this?"

"No," she told him. "I'm here only as a substitute. I don't expect to come again."

"Then we must make the most of tonight," he smiled. There was something very nice about his look and manner. He was like . . . whom was he like? Probably he was mere type she had known well and met often in her former environment.

"Shall we dance now?" she heard him ask. Queenie and Jack were already on the floor. She rose slowly.

"I'm not sure I dance very well," she confessed, and caught his look of surprise as he put an arm around her and swung her out among the others. She exhaled the

breath she had been holding. He was a good partner.

"You're an odd girl!" Hunt said, fully guided her through a rapidly increasing congestion of the dancing floor. "What made you say you weren't sure you could dance well?" "I wasn't." His expression made her amplify the terse statement. "I'm not very sure of anything just now," she smilingly admitted. "I'm so new at all this."

"Well, you can be sure you are one of the good dancers on the floor tonight," he said comfortably. "That is a tribute, too, for there are a dozen here who know how to step out. That uptown bunch over there has some bully dancers in it."

She looked in the direction he indicated. Half a dozen young men and girls, evidently of good families, were dancing in a close group. They were keeping to themselves and ignoring the other patrons. Their eyes were fixed and their expressions somewhat blank, but they seemed intent with their en-  
lèvement.

"They're the types that go to the theatre first, then to supper, and spend the rest of the night rushing

from one cabaret to another," Hunt explained. "Quite a lot of them like this place better than the clubs. I think Jake caters to them in various ways—drops the cover charge for them and that sort of thing. He like to have them come in, thinking they lend class to his place; and Jake is strong for class. They'll probably stay here an hour then leave and visit half a dozen other places before they go home at daylight. In the meantime, we'll have another bunch or two like them."

Eve knew all this, and didn't know why she knew it, any more than she knew why she appreciated the unusually good music of Jake's jazz band.

"Speaking of being here," Hunt went on. "Why are you here, really? It's easy enough to see that you don't belong."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Oil Cork of Glue Bottle

After a bottle of glue has been opened rub a little fat or oil around a sound cork before inserting it in the bottle and the cork will pull out quite easily. Glass stoppers should be treated in the same manner.

# BREIER'S Super Sale



Because most of this merchandise was manufacturer's surplus bought by Breier at less than the cost of production it cannot be replaced at today's market prices.

Just a Few of the Prices to Be Found Here During This Sale

Ladies WASH DRESSES

Regular \$1.95 values

\$1.69

Others \$1.00 Grades

79c

One Lot Regular \$1.69

1.29

Men's Blue 8 Ounce BIB OVERALLS

97c

Boys' Overalls

59c

Mens Chambray Shirts 39c



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Light