

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.

She meets a young man named Hunt, who frankly tells her that she doesn't belong there.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

He asked the question with a twinkle, in tacit admission that he had no right to put it, and she smiled forgivingly.

"I've told you. I'm substituting for another girl. She's sick."

"All right," he said accepting the rebuff. "We'll let it go at that. Shall we dance again?"

When they returned to their table, Queenie rose.

"The best of friends gotta part," she announced.

"Hold on. What's the idea?"

It was the grinning youth who spoke—Jackson, his name had proved to be—his grin wiped from his face by the abrupt decision. Hunt looked equally serious, and Queenie regarded them with approving eyes.

"The idea is that you two ain't the only boys in the place, she explained. "And Jake has give me the high sign to move on."

"But, see here—" Jackson protested.

"Now, Willie!" Miss Morris was almost maternally reproachful. "You don't wanta get my girl friend in bad with the boss the very first night she's on the job, do you?"

"Of course not," Hunt rose and bowed formally and Queenie led Eve away.

"Better get out while the gettin's good," she said and added another helpful hint for the novice; "It's wise to leave guys before they

want us to." That brings them back again.

She took Eve to another table on the short list Jake had sent her. Two men of a different type sat there, but they responded to Queenie's initial advance as readily as the first pair had done. They were middle-aged Canadian cattlemen, out for a good time, and they had it with Queenie, while Eve took such mild share as she could in the bantering dialogue and danced several times with each of them. Apparently this encounter was as successful as the first, for both men showed such a flattering regret when it ended. Before that, moreover, they had unconsciously helped Eve through the little matter of the first half of the special program. While this was in progress she remained with them, and Jake seemed content with the arrangement.

The long night wore on. At the end of it Jake sent for Eve.

"You're awri," he impersonally announced when she again confronted him in his office. It was half past three and his staff was perceptibly willing. So were his remaining guests, but Jake himself showed no sign of the night's strain. His linen was as faultless and his hair as pastily flat as they had been at eleven. "Take-y'on-reg'lar," he added.

"That's good of you," Eve said. More and more she liked what she had heard of Jake. "But I won't take the work just now, thank you.

"Why not?"

"It really isn't in my line."

"More-money? Nothin'-doin'. Fixed-rate."

"It sn't that," Eve hastened to explain. "The money side is quite all right." It was. She had earned eight dollars and some odd cents by her first night's work.

"Then-what's-eatin'-yeh?"

"I want to do something else."

"What?"

"Awri." Jake had moved the remote eyes from her face as if this ended the matter, but when she walked to the door he asked a question: "How 'bout Ivy?"

Eve stopped and turned back.

"Why—she'll be all right tomorrow nigh, won't she?"

Eve had a fixed clientele as well as a floating one. The Canadian pair came regularly, and accepted without resentment her refusals of their invitations to luncheons and other diversions outside of the cabaret. Hunt and his friend Jackson also became what the girls called reg'lar, though Eve suspected that neither young man could stand long the financial strain of such frequent visits, for Jake's as Ivy had boasted, was no "cheap joint."

Ivy was able to get back on the job on the fifth night and to go through her dances with amazing skill and pep. Her specialty was the "acrobatic waltz" Queenie had mentioned, and her performance was a revelation to Eve, who humbly told herself that as a substitute she had been a joke; Miss Davenport was a born dancer, which undoubtedly helped to explain her employer's patience with her attacks. The only employee that compared with her at Jake's was a young Italian among the loose-ankle boys, whose version of the Black Bottom was the cabaret's best attraction. Queenie's high kicking was "good but not great," as Ivy expressed it. Maizie, despite her beauty and superb figure, did no solo work at all, and was not above the average in ordinary dancing.

Eve decided that Ivy's acrobatic waltz explained Ivy's heart attacks, and she advised the dancer to drop some of its more taxing features, Ivy shook her head.

"Long's I do it, I'll do it right," she announced. Art came first with Ivy.

Ivy's popularity in the Artist's room" was second only to Queenie's and as the two girls stood together on all important issues Queenie's rule was strengthened by her chum's return. So was Eve's position. Miss Davenport had a grateful nature. Loyal and loudly she assured the world that nothing was wrong with Berson. She demanded Queenie's continued interest in her protegee, and after a brief contest of wills she received it. The head hostess, it appeared, had a horror of being "highhatted" by any one; and from the first she had cherished a dark fear that the newcomer was high-hattin and up-



"Nope. Means-three-fourdays-p' raps-more. Keep-er-job-a-week—let 'er rest. Mightfixer-up."

There seemed nothing else to go. Eve agreed to the temporary job, and won the vast gratitude of Ivy to whom she reported when she reached home at four o'clock.

Eve left her comfortable, and went back to her own quarters, tired but uplifted. She had put over what she had undertaken; she had made eight dollars; she had been offered a job; she had been able to keep her walking nightmare at bay and to feel almost normal. Best of all, there was now no endless night to face, for the night was over. It might be worth while to accept Jake's offer, if only to do away with those awful nights in the court bedroom.

If she could kill another fortnight that way and earn the money she so badly needed. Marcel would surely reply from Leon, and that reply might lead her out of the fog. She would think the matter over. However, she did no thinking then. She fell asleep at once from sheer exhaustion and her dreams, when he recalled them in the morning, had to do with large buildings and blaring music and crowds of whirling figures.

Succeeding nights at Jake's seemed very much what the first one had been, with the difference that

stagin' all Jake's artists. Ivy was finally able to explain Eve's manner and diction to Queenie's satisfaction.

"She can't help it," she pointed out. "She's ed-jicated! My Gawd! what can a poor kid do when her folks put her in schools an' has her learned all those things?"

A little later Eve unconsciously helped her own cause.

"Where you from, anyhow, Berson?" Queenie demanded one night, when the novice had been at Jake's a week. It was first directly personal question that had been put to Eve, and Eve flushed under it.

"I? Oh, I've lived abroad a good deal," she stammered.

"Where?"

"In France."

Queenie nodded. Living abroad accounted for anything.

"Can you talk French?" she asked with sudden interest.

"Yes."

"Honest? Say! Jake'll be glad to hear that! Some Frenchmen blew in here last week, and none of us could parley with 'em. An' only the night before you came—Say, I'll tell Jake," Queenie added excitedly.

She told him, with all the pride of the discoverer and Jake again sent for Eve.

"Doin'fine," he announced. "Thank you. I'm glad of that."

"Cut Behind!"

By Albert T. Reid



"Searyou'French. I beg your pardon?"
 "TalksomeFrench."
 "Now?"
 "Sure."
 "Do you speak French?"
 "Nope. But'llknow'fyoudo."
 Eve laughed. It was the first time Jake had heard her do it and it appealed to him. His remote look changed slightly.
 "Tha'stheestuff," he approved.
 "Smilin'goodforbusiness. Y'oughta laughmore."
 Eve answered in French that no doubt this was true, but that she couldn't promise to keep on smiling indefinitely, though she would do her best. Finding it necessary to translate this, she did so, and Jake nodded.
 "How'boutstayin'on?"
 "I haven't quite decided yet."
 "Can'traiserratesbutgiveyousameguarantee'sMorris."
 "Thank you. I'll stay two weeks longer, anyway, unless something unexpected happens."
 "S'altri."

Hunt's jaw set. For a moment he seemed about to dispute the ruling. Then his good sense asserted itself and he rose withashrug.
 "All right, he agreed. 'I'll take you over."
 "That'll make a big hit with the new guy," Queenie murmured ironically. But Eve understood, as she so easily understood everything Hunt did and said, the impulse that always made him escort her thru the dancing crowds to any table where she was expected.
 She walked by his side with unwilling steps. She never knew what these encounters might bring, and each time she thus approached a stranger every instinct in her protested against what she was doing. She constantly reminded herself that she was there to talk to and to dance with lonely men, to help them to have a pleasant evening, and that the matter ended with the talk and the dance, and that the money she thus earned was necessary to her. If Jake's was

Invents "Radio Eye"



John Hays Hammond, Jr., famous son of a famous father, who has invented a "radio eye" which enables aviators to "see" through fog.

the sort of place young girls of good families could visit, as many such girls plainly considered it, it was surely safe for her. Also, she was plainly of use here, in ways she was not paid for. The girls trusted her and asked her advice. Eve Maizie had warmed up since the little session with Jenny, and the latter had shown a somewhat embarrassing determination to establish a life friendship.

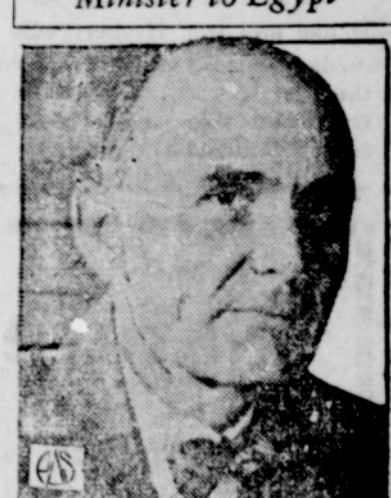
(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Foolish Feat



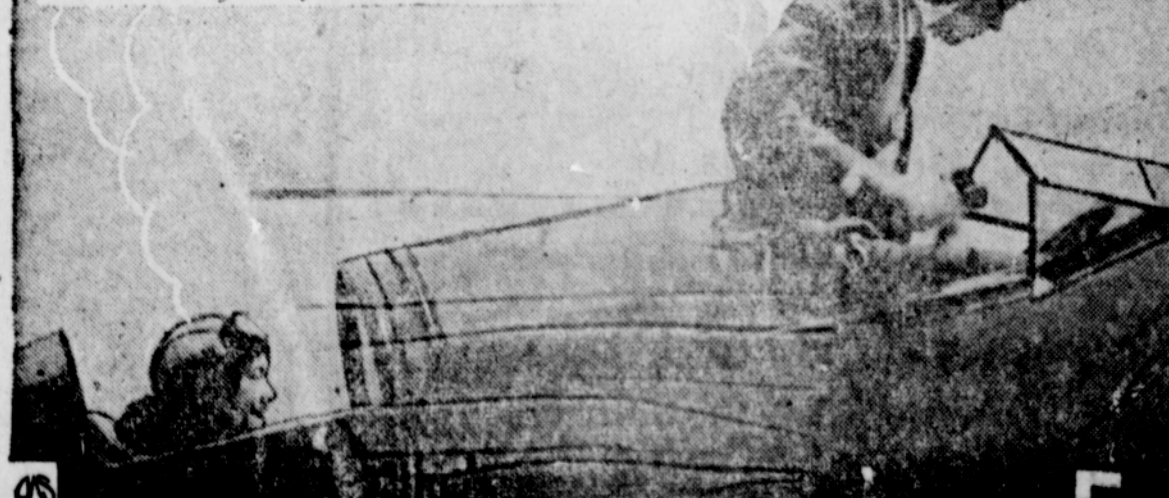
Ralph D'Agostino, Brockton, Mass., trying to beat Shipwreck Kelly's record for continuous flagpole sitting, 40 feet in the air.

Minister to Egypt



William M. Jardine, of Kansas, former Secretary of Agriculture, who becomes America's envoy to the country of King Fuad.

Three Days Before the Stork Arrives



If there is anything in heredity the baby boy born to Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh on June 22 ought to have wings. This photograph shows the proud young parents staring off for a flight just three days before the baby came.