

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 "Person."

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. One evening when she is talking to the friendly young man named Hunt one of the other girls tells her there is a man from the West whom Jake wants her to entertain. The man from the West is a total stranger to Eve, so far as she can recall. No memory of her past life has yet returned, but the stranger acts and talks as if they were intimate friends. His manner suggests that he has some claim upon her, and Eve is terrified. Her instinct is to find Eric Hamilton, the one friendly figure in her new life. She escapes from Jake's by a back way and hurries to the hotel where Hamilton lives.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"I really must be a rather good sport, somewhere under all this," she told herself. For the impulse was the unexpected one of walking in on Hamilton in all her garish finery when he came to her sitting-room, of making no explanations of it and of watching its effect on him. "But I won't do it," she stoutly decided; and when his knock fell on the panel of the outer door she hid her excitement and emotion by making her explanation while they shook hands. "Don't look at me," she begged, trying to speak lightly. "I'm in the chambermaid's Sunday plumage, and it doesn't suit my style." But he did look at her as they sat down together; and that look of sympathy and understanding brought the story of last night from her in a rush of words which he

was careful not to interrupt. "So you see, it comes to this," she summed up: "I'm even more afraid of what's on the other side of my blank wall. He's there; I'm sure of that. And I'm sure, with nothing but my terror to back my conviction, that he was the danger I ran away from. And yet, as I think of it, he doesn't look like a man one would fear. There was nothing cruel in his manner—quite the contrary. He seemed to be suffering; once he almost broke down. But all the time I was cold with fear."

Hamilton nodded. "There's something back of it," he said. "I've got several pieces of the puzzle to put with yours. We'll talk it all over later on. But first—" he saw the need of temporarily diverting her mind to other phases of her problem—"why did you run away from us?"

"I seem to be running away all the time," she said, "and today I suppose I'll end by running away again, notwithstanding all I've said." She shivered. "I suppose I shouldn't take the risk of being in the same city with that man, whoever he is."

She had expected him to protest, but he nodded. "Yes," he said, "they're evidently on your trail, whoever they are. Did this man arouse any memory in you—any sense that you knew him—had seen him before?"

"No memory—only paralyzing

ization which had surprised him from the first.

"God knows I need to be found and taken care of by my own people, if I have any," she confessed with a sigh. "Yet, as I've just told you, I'm as much afraid now of being found as of not being found. What I'd really like," she desparately added, "is to come back to myself and to know who I am without any one else knowing it till I decide what to do. What I couldn't endure would be to be in any one else's power in my present condition."

He understood. "It's a subconscious fear," he agreed. "The chances are that your large friend of last night is back of it in some way."

"Tell me exactly what you did, and all about it." "I wrote an unsigned letter to X Fifty saying that you were safe and that some new friends you had made would like to know all the circumstances before putting X50 she murmured. "But then—God note with fake initials and gave the newspaper office as the address. I got a reply the same night but it was mighty noncommittal. X 50 wasn't showing his hand any more than we were. He wanted to know all I could tell him (I'm assuming that it was a man, you see), and he was rather high-handed about it. That, of course, didn't make any hit with Carrick and me. We decided that a family

hotel, for example. Even if you had been wearing the green hat and dress, they probably wouldn't have noticed what you had on. Your disappearing so suddenly and leaving those clothes may mean, of course, that everything you left in the apartment will have a sharp inspection; but even that wouldn't carry the investigation very far. You're very well disguised now."

"Yes," she admitted, "in my borrowed clothes. Margaret's wardrobe has given me an idea. I've got to buy new clothes, of course. What I'll get will be the plain black pumps of a nice little waitress with quiet tastes. They will be cheap, which is my first reason and they will be a disguise, which is my second. But I don't know what I'll do about my hair," she added thoughtfully. "I suppose I'll end by dyeing it dark brown."

"Oh, don't." "I'll have to do something," she reminded him. "My hair is rather unusual, you know."

"It is," he fervently agreed, watching her with eyes so eloquent that she refused to meet them. "It's the most beautiful hair I've ever seen. The light in it—" "That one detail might give me away," she went on, ignoring the compliment; but she made up for this in her next words. "You see, though I say I'm a trifle afraid of you, I'm trusting you with all my plans, as far as I know them, myself."

"I know you are, and I can't tell you how much I appreciate your confidence. That reminds me of something more."

He took some papers from an inside pocket and handed them to her. "These credentials, I wanted for Carrick got here a few days after you left. I showed them to him, and I want you to look them over, too. Please!" he urged as she hesitated.

"I trusted you without these," Eve murmured as she handed them back.

"I know you did—up to a certain point. Now I'm going to ask you to trust me all the way. I want you to promise to keep me posted from now on," he rushed along. "I haven't any right to ask, but, somehow I don't think I could stand another two days and nights like those I went through before I got your note. It wasn't alone the sense that I had lost you."

"I promised myself I wouldn't speak till you were normal again. But your leaving that way, and now this new danger and your

fear of it changes the looks of things. I want you to know that it isn't just the interest and help of a friendly stranger I'm offering you. It's the interest and help of a man who loves you."

"When you're well, Eve," he continued steadily, "I'm going to ask you to marry me. I want to devote my time to making you happy, if you will take me. But in any case, let me begin to look after you right now." He stopped an instant, then added: "I've said it all. I won't mention it again till you're well, or till you tell me I may speak of it."

"I don't know what to say to you," she murmured. "I oughtn't to let you speak of such things. You're simply following a shadow. Why don't you keep out in the sunshine where you belong, and forget about me?"

"I like the shadows better, when you're among them," he said quietly. He pressed the hand she impulsively held out and went on in a new tone, quietly matter-of-fact.

"That's that, and I won't speak of it again. I just wanted to make it clear to you that some one to whom you're first in the world is standing by."

Eve left the hotel through the servant's entrance, as befitted her appearance, and walked across to Fourth Avenue. There she picked up a taxicab and ordered herself taken to the nearest large department store.

Eve, keeping close to her new role, selected a simple black one-piece dress of good quality, a severe black coat, and a small black cloche hat.

"Could I go to movin' pictures with the minister in these?" she inquired as she revolved before the sales woman in the new outfit.

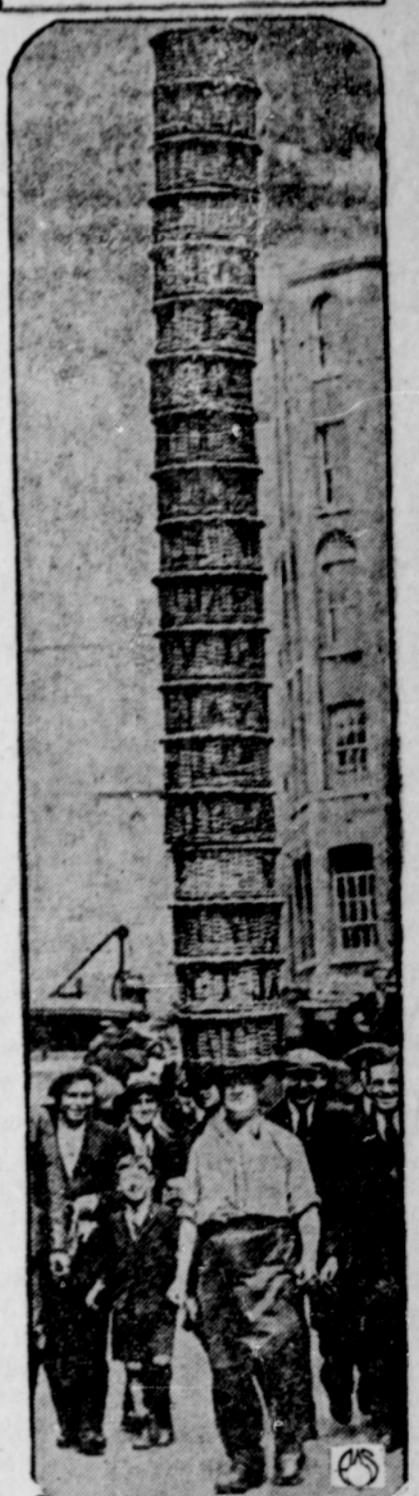
(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Practical Survey Plan on Columbia Waterway

University of Oregon, Eugene. — A survey of the Columbia river's navigability is being made by the Bureau of Business Research here under the auspices of the business administration school and under the direction of Chester A. Jones, newly appointed research agent.

Jones is at present working in the Columbia valley of eastern Oregon making studies of the volume of traffic now being carried on the upper Columbia, and the amount of produce which could be shipped by water if shipping facilities were improved.

Some Balancer



Jim Sainsbury, London fruit market porter, who claims the title of world's champion basket balancer. There are 19 baskets on his head.

Thistle Raising Profitable

The teasel, a cactus-like thistle, provides the only entirely satisfactory means of carding wool, removing the burr and bringing up the nap. Consequently in some parts of the world, especially in England, in northern New York and in Oregon, raising thistles for the wool manufacturing industry is a regular business. Teasels were introduced into America by William Snooks, an Englishman, in 1820.



Gods knows I need to be found and taken care of by my own people, if I have any," she confessed.

fear. But of course I must know him, and it was hideously clear that he knew me and felt himself in some sort of authority over me." She was struck by a sudden recollection. "What were the important things you said you wanted to tell me?"

He decided she was cool enough now to hear them. "The most important is about this."

He drew a bill-case from his pocket and found in it a small piece of paper which he unfolded and handed to her. It was a cutting from a newspaper, and as she read it her face whitened. It ran:

WANTED: Information about a young lady who disappeared on August 30th. Twenty-three years old, weight about one hundred and eighteen pounds, height, five feet five inches, gray eyes, small regular features, bobbed, bronze colored hair. When last seen she wore a green dress with gold cuffs and collar, a small green hat, patent leather pumps, and champagne colored stockings. A liberal reward will be offered for information leading to her return to her friends. Address X 50, in care of this newspaper.

For a moment she could not speak. He waited patiently. "When did that appear?" she asked at last.

"About a week after you left." "Did you"—she seemed almost unable to bring out the words—"do anything about it?"

"Nothing you would disapprove of," he told her and added hurriedly, "That is, nothing that would give you away if you didn't want to be found."

It was clear that she breathed more freely, and even as he observed this she commented on it with the insight into her own si-

circle wouldn't be so cautious. In fact, the whole situation looked extremely suspicious to us."

"I can't see a family circle, either help me!" she broke out with sudden passion, "I can't see anything. What have I done—what could I have done—to deserve this?"

"Sit tight," he urged and the familiar injunction steadied her. She straightened with a quick breath.

"I beg your pardon," she said in a different tone. "I'm making it harder for you, instead of listening and helping to think things out. Please go on, and I'll try to do better."

"Half a dozen notes were exchanged in the next few days," he told her, "each of us trying to draw out the other. Meantime the advertisement kept appearing. It was in regularly for a week. Since then I haven't seen it, or heard from X 50. It looks as if he had given up. So I decided to leave town myself, and had made all the preparations; but for some reason I hung on—and—Jove!—how glad I am that I did!"

"He hasn't given up," Eve said, from the depth of a black abstraction. "He's just going at it in some other way." She had not observed his emotion, but now she noticed his silence and checked herself to meet his sympathetic eyes. "I wonder why I said that," she mused. "It sounds as if, under it all, I had some definite knowledge—"

"She broke off. It's lucky for me I've left the green dress and the green hat behind me forever," she continued in a lighter tone. "Is there any way they can trace me through those things?"

"I don't think so. If your janitor—Smith, did you say?—reads the newspaper, he may have seen the advertisement. But, as I've said, hosts of newspaper-readers never dream of looking at the personal columns. Take the men in this

The Man who has a thing to sell

and whispers it down a well

is not nearly so likely to COLLAR the DOLLARS

AS THE CHAP

Who Climbs a Tree

AND

HOLLERS

Mac's Printing Co.

Glendale, Gold Hill, Central Point

If You Have Anything to sell---Advertise It!

