

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Standing on a New York street corner, a young woman suddenly discovers that she does not know her own name nor how she got there. Everything in her past is a blank. She knows only that her name is "Eve". She meets a young man who lives at the hotel where she is registered as Eve Nobody of Nowhere, which she had written in French. Eric Hamilton calls in a nerve specialist, but Eve slips out of the hotel, goes to a little apartment house, where she meets her a job in a cabaret.

As a cabaret hostess she meets many curious people. The none night, a man who claims to recognize her comes in. She is afraid of him and runs away, back to the hotel to Eric Hamilton. She has her hair dyed and changes her manner of dress, so that the stranger out of her old life will not recognize her. Then Hamilton persuades her to go through a marriage ceremony with him. As they return to the hotel the man she fears is waiting. Hamilton sends her up stairs and turns to the other man, who says his name is Samuel Henderson, of Chicago.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Thank you, Mr. Henderson. My name is Eric Hamilton, and I'm from Chicago too. That ought to be a bond."

"Thank's. And now," Henderson added in a level tone. "I'd like to have you tell me what you meant by speaking of Miss Carrington as your wife."

Eric permitted himself a glance of surprise, while mentally he registered the name.

"I meant that the lady and I are married," he suavely informed the caller.

"Since when?"
"Oh, for some little time."
"The hotel people didn't seem to know anything about it. They called her Miss Parsons."

"One doesn't confide all one's affairs to the hotel people, you out. And I admit we're Newly-Weds. Still," he added, "we meant to tell them tonight."

"They call Miss Carrington, 'Miss Berson' uptown and Miss Parsons at this hotel. I can't understand," Henderson went on as Hamilton took this in silence, "why she came here and changed her name the way she did. But why the devil should she have two names?"

"Four," Hamilton corrected: "Carrington, Parsons, Berson and Hamilton. But Hamilton is the real one. Berson is the result of a blunder. Some one uptown twisted Parsons into Berson and the habit spread."

"Damned queer, I call it," Henderson muttered "And cutting me dead when I finally found her," he ended. "That's beyond belief!"

As Hamilton made no comment on this outburst, Henderson added with an evident effort at self-control:

"Wasn't this marriage of yours rather sudden?"

"I suppose you might call it so," Eric conceded. "But we've known each other more than a fortnight, and lots of couples don't wait that long. Strangers in the same town weeks of vacation, you know, that they ordinarily would in a year," he bromidically pointed out.

"Vacation?" Henderson broke out, so loudly that his companion had to remind him of the time and place by an apprehensive look around the room. It worked. Henderson lowered his voice.

"Do you realize, young man, that this bride of yours skipped out, without warning, a week before she was billed to make her first American appearance at the most important musical event of the year—the big Chicago benefit for the flood sufferers?—And that isn't all she's done," he ended with a groan.

"No," Hamilton slowly admitted, "I didn't realize that. What else had she done?"

Henderson sent him a sudden peering look from his near-sighted eyes, but he was too full of his own troubles to be analytical.

"She's wrecked half a dozen October concert engagements, that's what she's wrecked," Henderson announced, "including one with the

Chicago Orchestra and another with the Philadelphia Orchestra. And she has knocked on the head the prettiest autumn recital ever come off early next month. That what she's done," he bitterly unplanned for an artiste. It was bad enough; but of course we all made allowances for her behavior—"

"She hasn't said much about that shock," Eric confessed. "I wish you would tell me the whole story."

Henderson leaned nearer and peered into his face again, this time more closely.

"See here," he suddenly demanded. "Why should I talk over Miss Carrington's affairs with you? I don't know anything about you."

"We're fifty-fifty on that," Hamilton reminded him. "But I'm her husband."

"I've only your word for it."

"I can give you proof any time it's necessary. But first I want to know a whole lot more about you. Where do you come in on Eve's affairs?"

Henderson turned squarely and stared at him. He seemed unable to speak.

"Do you mean to say," he in-

quire at last, "that my name doesn't mean anything more than a name to you, and that Eve Carrington married you without telling you about me?" he inquired at last.

"I've never heard her play," Hamilton spoke absently, irritated by the departure from the main theme. He immediately regretted his words, for Henderson was plainly amazed by them.

"What?" he gasped. "You've known Eve Carrington more than two weeks and haven't heard her play? Still," he now remembered, she had turned from her music completely during that last week in Chicago—"

"You were talking about the Heckner drownings," Eric reminded him.

Henderson shook his gray head. "It doesn't seem possible," he brought out. "I can't imagine Eve away from a piano that long, even in the nervous state she was in. But I suppose it's no more impossible than the rest of this business."

"Eve went to Mackinac early in August for a fortnight's rest. She was the guest of the Heckners, in their summer home there. She's an intimate friend of Mrs. Heckner, who is devoted to her and



"Do you mean to say that Eve Carrington married you without telling you about me?" he inquired at last.

was doing everything she could to make Eve's first American season a big success.

"Eve is strong for boating and swimming and every sort of outdoor sport," Henderson went, having replaced the spectacles. "Learned 'em when she was a kid, and keeps herself fit that way. The Heckner children, (there were four of them) were crazy about her, and spent most of their time at her heels. They were just learning to row and swim, but of course they were never allowed to go off by themselves. However, they knew there was an old boat a mile or so up the beach, and they sneaked off alone one morning and got that boat into the water and pushed out in it. Their governess thought they had merely run away from her to play on the sand, but just the same, she chased them along the beach looking for them, and on the way another child met her and told her what the youngsters had done. They were pretty far out by that time."

"Yes, Go on."
"It was early and the shore was almost deserted; but Eve had happened along with two women she walked with every morning. She and her friends had been standing watching the rowboat and wondering why the devil it was acting so queer. Suddenly they saw it capsize—and at the same time the Heckner governess came running toward them, off her head with terror and shrieking that all the children had been in that boat."

Henderson stopped again. "Eve took just time enough to kick off her shoes before she raced into the water and started for the kids. She realized that it was all up to her, for most of the men were away that day, and the governess and the other two women couldn't swim a stroke. One of them had sense enough to rush back toward town for help, and the other arced around on the sand, yelling."

He stopped again, took the big cigar from his lips and looked at it as if wondering how it got there. "I knew those kids, myself," he explained. "I'd been at Mackinac over the previous week-end and I had taken the twins out rowing. Oh, well..." He restored the cigar to his mouth puffed at it fiercely

for a moment and resumed: "Eve's a good swimmer, but it was a hard pull, for the boat had upset almost a quarter of a mile from shore and her skirt was heavy and the lake was rough. All four youngsters were clinging to the boat when she got out to them, and when they saw her, the twin boys—ten, they were—began to laugh. They thought it was all over now but the fun of the rescue. Thy told her to take the girls first, which of course she'd have done anyway, so she took the youngest, little Nancy Heckner, who is only seven, and brought her in all right. She flung Nancy to the woman on shore, to be looked after and went right out again for the next girl, Mary, who isn't quite nine. Mary was about ready to go under by this time, and the twins were trying their best to help her.

"There wasn't any smiling now, but the boys bucked up when their sister was taken off their hands, and promised Eve that they'd hold on till she got back. But Herman said goodby as she started off, and she didn't like that indication of the way he had looked. It rattled her, and she had an awful time getting Mary to shore, for the kid was in a panic. The newspaper men did a lot of fancy writing on that second rescue. She got Mary to shore, though, and started back a third time. The women tried to hold her then, for they saw she was about all in, but she went. She went," he repeated softly. The twins sank before she reached them, so she started diving—"

"Go on!" Hamilton begged again, and the big man obeyed after a glance at him. It was clear to each of them now that the other loved the girl they were discussing.

"The woman that ran back to town had found some men in a field Henderson continued, "and they finally got a boat and reached Eve just in time to save her. It took almost an hour to bring her to consciousness after they got her to shore. They brought back one of the twins, Herman, with her, but he was dead when they got him to the surface. Henry's body wasn't recovered until that afternoon. It was a ghastly business... but Eve saved the two little girls."

"By God! that was stunning!" Hamilton said on a choked breath.

for a moment and resumed: "Eve's a good swimmer, but it was a hard pull, for the boat had upset almost a quarter of a mile from shore and her skirt was heavy and the lake was rough. All four youngsters were clinging to the boat when she got out to them, and when they saw her, the twin boys—ten, they were—began to laugh. They thought it was all over now but the fun of the rescue. Thy told her to take the girls first, which of course she'd have done anyway, so she took the youngest, little Nancy Heckner, who is only seven, and brought her in all right. She flung Nancy to the woman on shore, to be looked after and went right out again for the next girl, Mary, who isn't quite nine. Mary was about ready to go under by this time, and the twins were trying their best to help her.

"There wasn't any smiling now, but the boys bucked up when their sister was taken off their hands, and promised Eve that they'd hold on till she got back. But Herman said goodby as she started off, and she didn't like that indication of the way he had looked. It rattled her, and she had an awful time getting Mary to shore, for the kid was in a panic. The newspaper men did a lot of fancy writing on that second rescue. She got Mary to shore, though, and started back a third time. The women tried to hold her then, for they saw she was about all in, but she went. She went," he repeated softly. The twins sank before she reached them, so she started diving—"

"Go on!" Hamilton begged again, and the big man obeyed after a glance at him. It was clear to each of them now that the other loved the girl they were discussing.

"The woman that ran back to town had found some men in a field Henderson continued, "and they finally got a boat and reached Eve just in time to save her. It took almost an hour to bring her to consciousness after they got her to shore. They brought back one of the twins, Herman, with her, but he was dead when they got him to the surface. Henry's body wasn't recovered until that afternoon. It was a ghastly business... but Eve saved the two little girls."

"By God! that was stunning!" Hamilton said on a choked breath.

The Lindberghs Are Flying Again



Lindy and Anne photographed on their arrival in Maine in Mrs. Lindbergh's new plane, on a visit to her parents. They left the baby at home.

"Of course it was stunning," Henderson agreed.
(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

By David Gray

O Love, whose patient pilgrim feet
Life's longest path have trod;
Whose ministry hath symbolled
sweet
Th' clearer love of God;
The sacred myrtle wreathes again
Thine altar, as of old;
And what was green with summer



Open Air Circus Acts
Daily Horse Show
Races -- Auto Show
Livestock Exhibits
County Displays



then,
Is mellowed now to gold.

Is flushed with fancy's light;
But memory with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast tonight.
Blest was the sun of joy that
shone,
Nor less the blinding shower;
The bud of fifty years' agony
Is love's perfected flower.

Simply Too Noisy
Betty Marie has a new baby brother. Saturday night Baby Dick was rather fretful, having cried for some time. Finally Betty turned to her grandmother and said: "Grandma, I simply cannot stand that noise."

BUY YOUR SCHOOL WANTS AT



PICNIC SALE

Friday and Saturday this Week Only

	ORIGINAL VALUE	PICNIC PRICE
1 Infants Dresses	89c each	19c Each
2 Boys Sweaters	\$2.98	1.00
3 Children's Dresses	89c	39c
4 Boys Fleece Lined Union Suits	98c	69c
5 Serpentine Crepe	25c yd.	9c yard
6 Boy's Black Stockings	25c	10c
7 Men's Tennis Shoes	\$1.49	88c
8 Children's Tennis Shoes	69c	49c
9 Remnants all Kinds 3 to 10 yards.	Values to \$3.00	\$1.00
10 House Dress Values to	\$1.95	\$1.00

Not all sizes in the lot, but if your size is here—What a Bargain you will get! Just lots of bargains not advertised. Remember just two days of this Picnic Sale, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, August 29 and 30.

C. J. BREIER'S

MEDFORD