

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 nurse, specialist, but Eve slips out of the hotel, goes to a little apartment house, where she meets her job in a cabaret.

As a cabaret hostess she meets many curious people. The one 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.

Henderson identifies Eve to Hamilton. She is Eve Carrington, a famous concert singer and Henderson was not only her manager but had hoped to marry her. She had collapsed after trying to save four children of a friend from an overturned rowboat in Lake Michigan, two of them drowning before her eyes. She had slipped away from the nurse on guard in Chicago and completely vanished. The shock of the death of the two little boys coupled with her fear of Henderson had caused her loss of memory.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"She was just about off her head for ten days after the accident," he went on, "over the two boys she couldn't save. She had been awfully fond of those kids, and they'd gone through the whole thing so well. She had expected to bring them both in together; they'd been so plucky she was sure she could manage it. . . . She said kept hearing Herman's goodbye to her. It was always in her ears. Oh, well. . . ." he repeated, and stopped for a minute, staring before him as if following the scene he had described.

"We thought she'd come around in a few days," he resumed philosophically. "We called in doctors and a nurse and kept her quiet. . . . but she was terribly strung up. Couldn't forget the accident. . . . couldn't stand music. . . . couldn't see anyone. . . . couldn't eat. . . . couldn't sleep. I made every allowance for her. What I can't forgive," he added heavily, "is her skipping out and leaving us in the lurch. I'd have bet a million she would never do that."

"Just how did she do it?" Henderson peered at his companion with a faintly sardonic grin and rose, shaking his broad shoulders as if to cast a weight from them.

"Here hold on you can't go yet. There's a lot I want to know," Hamilton urged.

"That goes for me, too. But it's simply amazing how little you know about your wife," Henderson muttered.

"We've certainly talked more about the future than about the past."

"I'll bet you have," Henderson

took a turn around the room, plainly thinking things out. "Well, I'm the past, all right, and I'm the also ran, and I guess I'm the snows of yesteryear," he announced, returning to face his host. Then the faint grin left his lips and he added with unexpected dignity: "I thought you took on this call because you knew there was an explanation coming to me. Now I'm beginning to realize that you don't know a thing about Eve. I can understand why she didn't tell you about the tragedy or even about her breakdown after it. But why didn't she tell you about me and about her musical career?"

"Sit down again and we'll try to figure it out. But . . . did I understand you to say that Eve had promised to marry you?"

Henderson drew a chair forward and sat down facing him.

"That gave you a jolt, didn't it?—but it's true. Eve has been engaged to me for three years. You see, I sent her to Paris to study the piano when she was seventeen. Oh, yes,

me right off, and I told her I'd take her abroad for six months and let her rest while I looked over the European musical field for new artists. Perhaps that was another mistake.

"She went all over the lot," Henderson wearily admitted. "She actually seemed to think I was applying pressure—trying to take advantage of the situation. In fact, she accused me of it and talked about being in my power because of the loan. That wasn't a bit like her, but, as I've told you, she was just about off her head over those boys. She was hearing that laugh of trust when she first reached them, and seeing the look in their eyes when she swam off with Mary and left them. . . . If she fell asleep for a moment she was awakened by hearing Herman's goodbye. . . ."

"I still thought she come round," he resumed with an unconscious sigh. "So did the doctors. We had half a dozen specialists in before we got through. They said she'll be all right. She's strong as a pony. She



"But are you absolutely sure I have no reason to fear that man?"

I sent her," he added in response to the listeners' voluntary movement. "I've made that girl. She's a genius, as I've said, but she takes things hard, as geniuses do.

"When Eve got back, this July I expected her to marry me right away. In fact, I had made all the arrangements. But she begged off for a year—said she wanted to make her American start first. She had earned a lot of money, and she wanted to repay more of the loan before she married. Of course I was disappointed. I didn't care anything about the loan, since she was to marry me, but I agreed to the delay. I always gave Eve her head. Had to, as a matter of fact."

He stopped and looked reproachfully at the dead cigar.

"I forgot to say that when Eve was at her lowest and couldn't see anyone but the nurse and doctors he went on as if it had reminded him of something, "we let Mrs. Heckner come in. We knew that she'd talk about Eve's saving the two girls, and we thought she might brace Eve up. But instead of that the two women fell into each other's arms and cried themselves sick, and Eve's nurse had her hands full with the pair of them. After that Eve was worse than ever. The visit had stirred her all up again just at the crisis, when she most needed to be kept quiet.

"I suppose we blundered a good deal," he admitted. "We were all at sea. To have Eve down and out was an unheard of thing. Then I suppose I was the next to blunder. For when I realized that Eve's concert season was probably ruined for her, I brought up the marriage question again. I urged her to marry

had never been sick in her life. But instead of letting us get her back in to condition, she simply eluded the nurse one night and lit out.

"We gave out that she had gone away for a rest cure and we canceled her engagements. Every one accepted the story without question, because of what she had been thru.

"Even the Heckners think she's in some sanitarium and that we won't tell them where. Of course we engaged private detectives after the first day or so, and then I came to New York, myself."

"What made you think she was in New York?"

"It was the obvious place she'd head for, and we were afraid her next move would be to sail for Europe. We had all the boats watched. We were honeycombing Chicago at the same time and following up alleged detective clues in half a dozen other cities. When I came to New York I was ready to cut my throat, for we weren't getting anywhere till we found you. At first that cheered me a lot, but I was beginning to get discouraged again. You've been watched wherever you went, these last days. How did you find her at Jake's?"

"Pure chance. I had dropped in to talk to a young fellow Jake has in his band—another genius that I suppose will drive me crazy some day—and there I saw her, sitting at a table with a couple of men she wouldn't have wiped her feet on a year ago. I never was so upset in all my life. I thought one or the other of us was crazy, but I was careful not to frighten her. However, she chased right down here to you, just the same, and my man spotted her. . . . and the rest

were easy."

He stopped.

"Well," he said rising heavily. "I guess I've found the last page of the score, all right, but I can't read it even yet. And I must say that you haven't helped me much. Still, this seems to be one of the swift romances we read about, so I suppose it's all right."

Eric wrung his hand. He liked the man and trusted him, but he must move warily. When Henderson's big figure disappeared thru the hotel's front door he went to the telephone and called up Doctor Carrick's office. The voice at the office of the nurse informed him that the doctor was at dinner. "Fine," Eric said heartily. "Tell him to stop eating and come right down to see a patient at the Garland."

Then the bridegroom went up to his bride's rooms feeling rather exhausted.

"It's all right," he reported in answer to the tense unspoken question with which she met him on the threshold. "The man says he knows who you are, and I think he is genuine. Everything promises to be beautifully cleared up and there's nothing to fear. But we must not talk about it till I've seen Carrick. I want Carrick to decide how and when to tell you about yourself. Now, will you trust me—and him?"

"Of course. But—are you absolutely sure I have no reason to fear that man?"

"I'm certain of it, dear. He's really a very good sort. Now, remember how patient and stunning you've been so far, and sit tight just a little longer."

Doctor Carrick's card was brot in while he and Eve were having their coffee. Eric glanced at it, put it in his pocket and rose.

"He has come," he explained, "and I'll see him first. If you will go on up to the sitting room, we'll follow you in ten minutes or so."

He found Carrick pacing up and down the hotel hall and resolutely led him into the familiar writing room. It was a time for word saving and he made a brief but complete report of the facts of the case, with no side comments or surmises of his own. He had been impressed by the story of the rescue and the report interested him. His was the satisfaction of the physician who is shown to be correct in a difficult diagnosis about which inwardly he has had some doubts.

"It's just as I thought," he now reminded Hamilton. "There's no further need for secrecy, then, after we've verified all this?"

"Why not?" "We know now who the patient is, and if Henderson is what he claims to be—"

"But there's another point," Hamilton interrupted. "Eve if he is Henderson, by his own confession he's in love with Miss Carrington. He also admits that she hasn't any close friends in this country. If we confess that her marriage is a fake and turn her over to him, how do we know how he'll act? How do we know she'd want to be turned over to him? There isn't much question that she ran away to get rid of him, is there? If she had a family or an intimate circle of friends, our duty would be clear enough. As it is, I think we ought to do what we're telling her to do—sit tight."

"I believe you're right," Carrick admitted. "It looks as if his proposal had been the last straw. We'll stall him off for a few days, any way. Meantime I'll do a little experimenting; but we won't make any explanations to Miss Carrington."

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ton till we know all about Henderson and the Chicago end of the matter. That's the first step in any case, of course—to investigate Henderson's story."

"Naturally. As I've said, there isn't much doubt of it in my mind. It has all the earmarks of truth, but I'm not taking any chances. Tonight I'll put the matter up to an agency I know of there, and get a full report on Henderson and a verification of the Heckner drowning. That will be easy, if it happened."

"Good evening, Miss Carrington," the psychiatrist said briskly as he shook hands and without giving her time to comment on the name he went on: "You're looking a good deal better than when I saw you last. I hear you've been doing some professional dancing."

"I had to earn money, and that was the only opening," Eve said in a low voice. "But, Doctor, won't you tell me—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I'm going to tell you as much as I can. That's always my rule with patients and everything we have heard is encouraging. It will be better for you to know what has been said than to imagine it."

"Oh, I'm sure that it will!" "The first thing for you take in is that there's nothing in your old life to dread going back to when you recover—nothing for you to fear. Will you hold fast to that knowledge?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Removal of red raspberry canes in the fall is believed to be responsible for more winter injury, according to tests made in Washington, and reported to the Oregon Experiment station.

It is good management of sheep to have the breeding flock in small pastures so that the ram is easily accessible at any time, finds the Oregon Experiment station. Where

small pastures are not available, it is good practice to gather the ewes into one flock once each day.

Young Collegian



David Robert Campbell, 15-year-old boy prodigy of Dorchester, Mass., who will enter the freshman class at Harvard this fall.



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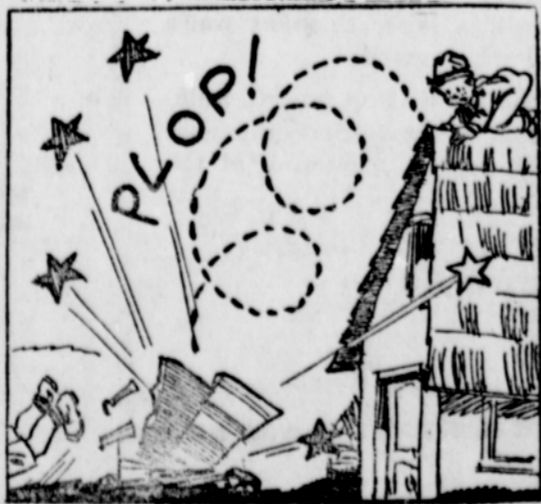
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PINKEY DINKEY

FLY BY NIGHT, PERHAPS, PINKEY

By Terry Gilkison



Pinky Dinky Jingles

I ROSE AND GAVE HER MY SEAT; I COULD NOT SEE HER STAND— SHE REMINDED ME OF MOTHER, WITH THAT STRAP IN HER HAND

BY ALEX. S., NEW YORK CITY