

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

"There's somethin' I'd rather you'd do. 'Twould help an awful lot if you would do it," Ivy urgently added.

"What is it?"

Eve asked the question without suspicion. Her mind was centered on the girl's condition—surely a serious one for a dancer. Ivy's next words startled her. "It's my job," she muttered. "I'm goin' to lose it; that's all."

"Oh! I'm sorry!"

"Yep. Jake said he didn't want to be hard on me but he couldn't be left in the lurch again. So the next time I didn't come or send a substitute, it would be the air for mine."

"I see."

Eve saw with a clearness that made her wince. Evidently Miss Davenport expected a great deal from her fellow beings. She would not have been surprised if this stranger in her room, having put her to bed and eased her pain, now announced her intention of substituting for her at the cabaret and at once departed to do so. She herself had already shown that she was a friend in need. Probably her associates were the kind that did that sort of thing. But Jake's To dance at Jake's? Eve felt that she had a definite limitation and that one of them had been reached.

"You oughtn't to talk," she restlessly pointed out.

"If you'd go up there and report to Jake, you could bluff your way through the dances," Ivy hurried on. "You'd go fine. The other girls'd help you, if you tol' 'em what it meant. The fellas would too. They're all my friends. They'd see you weren't put up against it, 'cause they'd know you was trying to help me."

"But good heavens, I can't—"

Eve became conscious of her tone and checked her words, appalled. This girl had come to her days ago offering her a job because she believed her to be down and out. Now it was clearly up to her to reciprocate. The demand was a wild one, of course but she was the last human being who should fail any Hamilton—of the swift willingness with which he had come to one in trouble. She thought of her help in her crisis. She could never repay him, but here was a kindness he had shown her. This chance to pass on the mercy and bread and butter. As for herself she could stand Jake's for one girl's job was at stake, her very night, whatever possibilities Jake's might hold.

She leaned over the bed, in which Ivy lay in exhaustion of extreme pain.

"Tell me what you want me to do," she said kindly, "and I'll try to do it. What bluff must I make?"

She was rewarded by the look in the other girl's face as she

struggled to her elbow.

"There's nothing to it," she said eagerly. "Even if you can't dance all the dances—an' I'm bettin' you can—it'll help if you just go there and tell Jake how t'is, an' offer to take my place. Talk to him first, then go to the dresin' room. Ask for Queenie Morris. She's Jake's head host-ess. She's my pal too, an' the best of the lot. She'll do the rest!"

"I understand. But . . . you're quite sure Jake's place is all right?"

The girl in the bed was spent by the effort of talking as much as she had done, but she rallied to this question.

"I'll tell the world it is," she brought out. "Don't you get no idee of white-slave stuff. There's nothin' like it at Jake's. Straight business on the level, good eats, good music a pretty good crowd—an' Jimmy Murphy on the spot to throw out rough ones. It ain't a club. Most anyone can get in but they can't stay in 'less they behave. The substitutes get three dollars for the night and a five-cent card fer every dance they give visitors 'besides their tips. You'll get that to-night, of course. All I'm worrying about is to hold my place for the winter. See what I mean?"

Eve could not help wondering how on a few dollars a night Miss Davenport's income ran into apartments, silk lingerie, over-stuffed furniture, and painted beds. As if the sick girl had read the thought she hurried on:

"You'll knock down six or eight dollars a night without tryin'. I make ten or twelve. Any guy that's a real guy'll slip you a dollar or two for dancin' wit' him a lot, 'specially if he lands on your feet most of the time. An' there's supper, too. Say—" she asked the question with sudden anxiety—"you got anything to wear?"

Eve looked at her blankly.

"No. I didn't bring an evening dress."

"Then take one of mine, any you like. You an' me's about the same size. But hurry. That closet . . . see?"

Eve hurried, and selected the least flamboyant of Miss Davenport's several dancing gowns—a fairly simple creation in white and silver.

"The slippers to match is on the top shelf."

Eve found the slippers without difficulty. Evidently Miss Davenport had a sense of order. They were a trifle large, but, like the gown, they passed muster. Ivy, blue-white around the mouth approved the result and Eve also received from the long mirror in the living room the assurance that it was not bad.

"I only got one evening wrap," Ivy confessed, "but it goes with 'most everything." It did.

"Do I have to dance with every one that asks me?" Eve inquired, when she was ready to leave.

Ivy looked at her with a flicker in her pain filled eyes.

"Say havn't you never been in a cabaret?" As Eve did not reply she answered the question: "Course you got to dance with 'em if you want to make a hit. The big features is the program dances, but the men is there to have a good time, an' you gotta help. If they ain't perfect gentlemen you tip the wink to Jimmy and he gives 'em the air. But its like I told you," she added more faintly. "You do what I said. If you can't dance or don't wanta, they'll help you out. They're my friends," she weakly continued.

Within the next hour, when she had reached Jake's, Eve discovered that Miss Davenport had not overrated her popularity.

Jake was in the fastness of his private office, a small partitioned retreat off the main room. Eve's modest request to see him combined with the mention of Miss Davenport's name, procured an immediate audience with him.

He was dressed in immaculate evening clothes and his brilliant-tined hair clung to his head like thick black paste. He turned upon her the unwinking gaze of two remote black eyes and waited for what she had to say.

"I've come to substitute for Miss Davenport," Eve explained.

"S'matter 'ith her?"

"She's sick."

"Againeh?"

The personal charm as set forth by Miss Davenport, was escaping Eve thus far.

"Sure name?" he ended.

"Berson." Eve had decided to accept Miss Davenport's version.

"Sure address?"

"The same as her's."

"Know howt' dance?"

"Miss Davenport says I do. I can't do solo work, but I think I can get along in the other dances."

"S'ope so. Awright. Report t' s' Morris."

Eve followed to its end the narrow passage he had indicated, guided by the sound of voices. The door of a room at the right was yawning slightly, and at a glance through the opening suggested that there was her destination. Half a dozen girls in evening gowns occupied its limited space, space lending themselves to various occupation holding a hand glass and touching up an already striking facial. One, in the only easy chair sat color scheme. A second was ginning of a run in the top of down on a knee, sewing the be-fluffed her bobbed hair before a one of her stockings. A third full-length mirror, and the remaining three, were smoking

and resting. Eve tapped the door panel and waited on the threshold. No one answered, so she pushed the door wide.

"Pardon. Where shall I find the head hostess—Miss Morris?" she asked.

The girl who was sewing the stocking run raised her eyes from the absorbing task.

"Right here," she said brusquely. Her manner implied that she could endure "runs" but not interruptions.

"Miss Davenport told me to come to you," Eve explained.

"She's sick."

"Again!" Miss Morris's exclamation held more sympathy than Jake's, and she added briskly, "Gawd! the poor kid!"

"I'm substituting for her," Eve continued with a smile. "At least, I'm trying to."

The information interested all the girls. Miss Morris nodded.

"Fine," she said heartily. "stick around till I finish this damned thng, and I'll put you wise to what you gotta do."

Eve entered the crowded room. One of the smokers spoke languidly.

"'Wat's eatin' Ivy?" she wanted to know. "Same ol'ing?"

She was a tall girl with green eyes, a superb figure, regular features, and red hair cut as closely as Jake's. She had a loko of distinctin, a voice as harsh and shrill as a Russian's, and her accent was the one heard in New York's lowest East Side slums.

"Yes. She says she's had such attacks before."

"They're the things she ain't got."

"I'll tell the world she has, nothin' else but. I'm wondering how long Jake'll stand for it," the tall girl drawled.

"Don't strain your mind tryin' to think, Maizie. But if you real-stand for it as long as Ivy can ly wanta know, I'll say Jake'll dance better than the best of us. You ain't feeling up to Ivy's acrobatic waltz yourself, are you?"

Miss Morris, Queenie, having Eve decided that she liked thus suppressed Maizie, and also conquered the run, now felt up to other duties. She rose, shook out her skirt, cast a critical glance at the reflection of her legs in the long mirror, and turned to give her undivided attention to the new-comer, prepared to give her undivided attention.

"Set down," she invited.

"Here Stella, don't be a pig!"

She seized the legs of the girl called Stella, a tired looking and plain faced young person who was lying full length on the room's one couch and swung them to the floor. Stella retrieved the cigarette dislodged from her lips by the briskness of this maneuver, and gloomily huddled in the couch's top corner. Miss Morris pressed the visitor into part of the vacated space and fitted herself into what was left.

"'Wat's your label?" she said.

"Berson."

"New in the business?"

"Yes."

"I thought so." Miss Morris had the air of one adjusting her shoulders to a burden. "Well things don't light up here till the theater crowd blows in," she resumed, "and that ain't for ten or fifteen minutes yet."

(Continued Next Week)

skidded around, even if such a thing were possible; in fact, a great Creator fashioned man so as to keep that very thing from being done.

Nevertheless, there is good in everything—including a sock in the spine. A sudden impact against the locality of a nerve-trunk is a valuable stimulant in certain conditions; I have seen good done that way, hence do not condemn the intelligent use of Leyden-jar spark—in fact any of the short-arm jolt, or the thing used with capable understanding.

HIGH SPOTS IN BAILEY'S LIFE

Raleigh, June 11.—High spot in the career of Josiah Willam Bailey, Raleigh attorney and Democratic nominee as United States Senator: Born at Warrenton, N. C. 56-years ago, son of D. C. T. Bailey, editor Biblical Recorder.

Graduated from Wake Forest College.

Editor Biblical Recorder, succeeding his father, from 1898 to 1907.

Made first political speech in 1898.

Was leader in State fight for prohibition.

Presidential elector-at-large in 1908.

Led fight for Senator Simmons in 1912 against Governor W. W. Kitchen and Chief Justice Walter Clark.

Led fight for Woodrow Wil-

son in 1912 and was named as State Collector Internal Revenue by President Wilson.

Married Miss Edith Pou of Raleigh.

In 1924 he was defeated for Governor by A. W. McLean.

In 1928 stumped State for Alfred E. Smith.

June 7, 1930, nominated United States Senator.

260 OF EACH 1000 COMPLETE SCHOOL

Raleigh, June 11.—Of every 1,000 pupils entering the public schools of the nation for the first time, only 260 are finally graduated from high school, according to a study of survival rates made by the office of Education, Washington, D. C., and recently issued in a bulletin.

Making allowance for duplication, the bulletin says, it is now estimated that of an original 1,000 entering the public schools for the first time, 855 reach the seventh grade, 610 the first year of high school, 438 reach the second year, 321 reach the third year, 268 reach the fourth year, and 260 finally graduated from high school.

The study did not embrace survival rates by years beyond high school but pointed out that a conservative estimate for the year would indicate that 160 of the original 1,000 entered college and 50 graduated. The average length of public school life is just a little beyond the completion of the first year of high school, the study reveals.

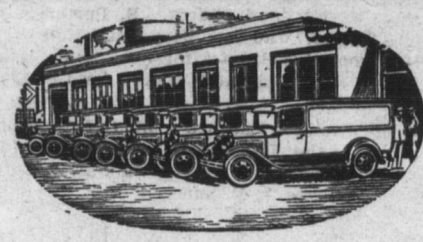
Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Prizes amounting to \$250. are offered.

Thin, Pale, Weak.

"I HAD been through a bad spell of sickness which left me very weak," says Mrs. Virginia Spruce, of Stapleton, Va. "I was pale and felt lifeless, and my strength did not return. I spent most of my time on the bed, was very nervous, and the least thing upset me. I did not have strength enough to lift a broom. At times I would have had headaches, which would hurt me until I could hardly see. Someone asked me why I did not try Cardui. I had read of it, so I thought I would see what it would do for me. It was really remarkable how I came out. My strength returned, and my health was better than it had been in years. I gained in weight about ten pounds. My color was good, and I ceased to suffer from headaches. I have told my friends about Cardui because I was benefited after taking it."

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SERVING MANY BUSINESSES

Experience of large fleet owners reveals the unusual reliability and economy of the new Ford

A SIGNIFICANT TRIBUTE to the value of the new Ford is found in its increasing use by Federal, state and city governments and by large industrial companies which keep careful day-by-day cost records. In most instances, the Ford has been chosen only after exhaustive tests of every factor that contributes to good performance—speed, power, safety, comfort, low cost of operation and up-keep, reliability and long life.

Prominent among the companies using the Ford are the Associated Companies of the Bell System, Armour and Company, The Borden Company, Continental Baking Corporation, Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, General Electric Company, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Kellogg Company, Knickerbocker Ice Company, Morton Salt Company, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, The Procter and Gamble Company, and Swift & Company.

Each of these companies uses a large number of Ford cars and trucks. The Associated Companies of the Bell System use more than eight thousand.

Modern business moves at a fast pace and it needs the Ford. Daily, in countless ways and places, it helps to speed the production and delivery of the world's goods and extend the useful service of men and companies.

Constant, steady operation over many thousands of miles emphasizes the advantages of the sound design of the Ford car, its high quality of materials, and

unusual accuracy in manufacturing. Beneath its graceful lines and bold colors there is a high degree of mechanical excellence.

An example of the value of the Ford is the use of more than twenty ball and roller bearings. They are hidden within the car and you may never see them. Yet they play an important part in satisfactory, economical performance. Their function is similar to the jewels of a fine watch.

Throughout the Ford chassis, a ball or roller bearing is used at every place where it is needed to reduce friction and wear and give smooth, reliable mechanical operation.

At many points, as on the transmission counter-shaft, clutch release, fan and pump shaft, and front drive shaft, these ball and roller bearings are used where less costly types of bearings might be considered adequate.

Additional instances of the high quality built into the Ford are the extensive use of steel forgings, fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, Rustless Steel, four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, aluminum pistons, chrome silicon alloy valves, torque-tube drive, three-quarter floating rear axle, and the Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

The Ford policy has always been to use the best possible material for each part and then, through large production, give it to the public at low cost.

The Family DOCTOR JOHN JOSEPH GAINES MD

"THE BACKBONE"

The center-pole of the human "circus-tent" flippantly speaking, a column of vertebrae set one upon another, and bound together by the toughest and most durable tissue known.

Its outstanding purposes are first to provide a very secure housing for that most important major bundle of nerves called the spinal cord; it is a housing which is almost invulnerable against outside influence, and only the most violent force can break its continuity. Second, it must permit motion necessary for almost every phase of human activity, in which respect it is certainly a marvel of divine construction. It is built to stand a hundred years of active service—a thing no human contrivance can do.

I believe the human lumbar spine is the most powerful animal structure of which we have knowledge.

And yet, there are individuals who suppose that the segments called vertebrae slip about and become "luxated" as easily as would a string of spoons, the plaything of a child of the seamstress. And, I have met people who honestly believed that all diseases of men and women are caused by the spinal vertebrae slipping from their hard-and-fast moorings; and that all such ailments can be put to rest by the proper replacement of the "slipped" vertebrae!

And, I know a good many people who won't believe anything of the kind—being one myself; I wouldn't want my vertebrae

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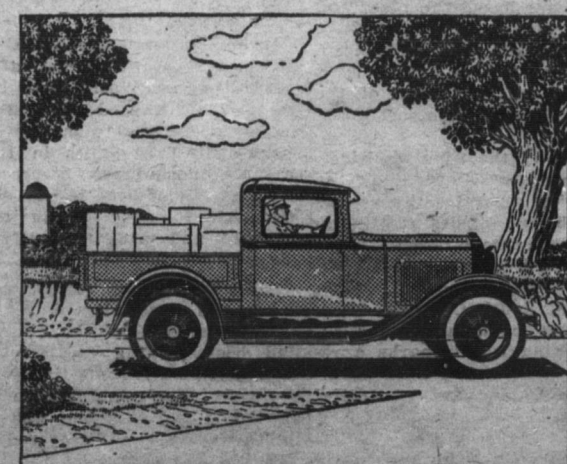
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