Miss Nobody From Nowhere

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

SIXTEENTH INSTALMENT

"Yes."

"How did you manage it?"

"Well, I got the clothes from the East Side apartment. The janitor let me have them—for a consideration," Eric finished with a wan grin.

"Now don't go up in the air, Doctor," he begged; "but I've simply got to make a suggestion and you've got to listen to it. I want you to have a consultation before you go ahead with this experiment. I want you to discuss the case with two or three of the best neurologists in New York—the associates you have the greatest faith in—and see what they think of your experiment. I'll leave the selection of them entirely in your own hands, but as I shall pay their fees I want the privilege of hearing what they say."

"A consultation now would excite her and to that degree might impede the success of my experiment. That's why I didn't arrange it. But I've been wishing they could see her," Carrick admitted; "and since you feel that way, I'm wondering if we could have them study her without her knowing it. Could you have all four of us to dinner tonight as friends of yours?"

It was an unusual dinner.

[illegible] conversation [illegible] a month ago. Again and again Hayes came up against the blank wall.

He relaxed from it so tactfully that he seemed not to touch it. But he learned during Miss Hamilton's present preference, and something about the recent plays she had seen, as well as her impression of a new book or two, and his interest in her deepened. He was vastly impressed, as Carrick had been, by the poise and dignity of this groping figure that moved through such a fog. His vivid imagination pictured himself as a victim of this girl's experience, and the flesh of his scalp tingled.

An hour later, in the hotel writing room, the physicians, joined now by Carrick, passed on their conclusion to Hamilton. They were very frank with him.

"No one can promise you anything," Hazard confessed, "except that the experiment will not do Miss Carrington any lasting harm. If she had not wrung a promise from you to the contrary, we would suggest that her manager should be told the whole situation and consulted. But as there is in the case the element of his passion for her—"

Hamilton felt self-conscious.

"And her obvious fear of him," he pointed out.

"Exactly. Considering those things, it would be better, perhaps, to proceed as Doctor Carrick suggests. The alternative is to let matters drag above, and in that case you will certainly have to take Mr. Henderson immediately and fully into your confidence."

"Yes," Hamilton regretfully admitted; "I see that. We can't keep him in the dark any longer."

Carrick made no secret of his jubilation over the concurrence of his colleagues in his plan.

"Then we're all set," he declared. "I have an answer to that telegram I sent this morning to the Chicago hospital. We can stage our experiment for the 'a, after tomorrow if the fine weather holds, as I think it will. Ready for your part of it?"

"Of course," but Hamilton spoke from a black depression. He was still horribly afraid of that coming experiment, and he did not give now many doctors knew it.

The day set for the test was of the warmly mellow type that sometimes comes as the last gift of a dying September. To that degree Nature worked with Carrick, as he pointed out to his nervous young assistant.

It was easy for Eric to persuade Eve to take an automobile spin early that morning; easy to drop unseen, in the back of the roadster, the carefully packed suitcase; easiest of all to turn from the city's roar, flash out across Long Island and bring up at a remote stretch of beautiful seacoast that lay summering but lonely in the sunshine. Indeed, it was almost deserted. Only two figures, women in bathing suits, gave life to it.

"It's rather late in the season for bathing," Eve said, with a glance at the backs of these ladies. She spoke with a great effort, keeping her eyes away from the water.

"It won't be October till tomorrow, and people bathe on this coast till the ice forms," Hamilton reminded her. "There's a bathing club called the Polar Bears or something of the sort."

"Those nurses are almost too realistic," he muttered.

"I don't think I want to stay here," Eve faltered.

Apparently Hamilton failed to hear the words. He stopped the roadster, jumped out and offered her his hand.

"Let's sit down a little while and look at the sea," he casually suggested. As she reluctantly descended from the car he added, "You settle comfortably in the sand while I park the machine on the other side of that bank."

He was not sure of his voice, for his nervousness was increasing. He could see that Eve was shivering—that a slow tremor shook her entire body as she now turned and stood staring at the ocean. There was a rowboat rather far out—too far for her to see what was in it.

She followed its progress with quickening breath and eyes that steadily widened.

Eric got into the roadster and started the engine.

"It may take a few minutes to park and lock this," he called to her over his shoulder. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

He caught one look she turned on him as he drove away, and he never forgot it. But he set his teeth and played his part of Carrick's drama. The next moment he was out of sight around the bank, where Carrick, Mayo, and Hazard were awaiting him behind another bath house, in company with a rowboat and a life guard in a bathing trunks. If, in her growing panic, Eve had followed him, she might have discovered then all—for both Hamilton and Carrick had rightly so assumed, that she would not do this. She proved to think of him after she saw his back. Still violently trembling, she started out to rescue.

When the distant boat overturned and did not need the shrieks of the two women on the beach to tell her of the accident. Yielding to something as definite as the push of powerful hands, she had kicked off her pumps, thrown her hat on the sand and was running into the water even before the women cried out. Their shrieks were excellent ones and the urgent appeals to "save the children," which they sent after her as she began to swim, could not have been more realistic. They drew to the spot the only natives in that isolated region—two men whose zest for rescue had to be dealt with sternly by Carrick.

"Moving-picture stuff," he curtly explained. "Merely rehearsing a scene. Get out, or sit down and keep quiet."

They sat down and kept quiet while the life guard got the rowboat into the water with the assistance of Hamilton; and one of the two nurses in the bathing suits bore Miss Carrington into the convenient bathhouse. It was an unusually well fitted bath house, for it held not only a fine assortment of Turkish towels, but a cot, an alcohol stove with a kettle of hot water on it, a thermos bottle full of coffee, and a suitcase containing dry underwear, stockings and the gown and hat Eve had worn on the day of her memory lapse.

One of the nurses was Miss Adams. The other, who had arrived from Chicago late the night before, was not so imperturbable as her professional sister. The shrieks she still sent after the swimmer, to preserve the proper atmosphere, had the ring of genuine excitement.

"I've never been so thrilled in my life," she confessed to Miss Adams, "or so nervous. You see, I nursed her for ten days, and I got very fond of her."

Miss Adams let her finish and then sent forth another shriek. It was a fine, full-voiced, far-carrying outcry, meant to emphasize the difference between nerves in New York and those in Chicago. Notwithstanding her agitation, the Western nurse caught the idea and promptly topped Miss Adams' shriek with a better one. Emerging from behind the sand bank with his associates, Doctor Carrick grinned nervously.

Hamilton turned to him in desperation.

"Doctor, she may get tired. Hadn't I better swim out there, to be on the safe side?"

"Don't be an ass. A life guard is just behind her, there's another strong swimmer back of the capsized boat, and Miss Carrington herself is cutting through the water like a fish. What more do you want?"

"I want this over," Hamilton groaned, eyes glued to his binoculars.

"So do I," Carrick admitted.

Eve's mind held one idea and only one—the good of reaching that capsized boat. She could see no figures in the water, for the young fisherman who had been the boat's sole occupant was now up to his neck on the far side of it.

The two women continued to shriek.

Eve was very near the upturned boat when in response to a long whistle from shore the life-saver at last put his back into his strokes and reached her.

"All a mistake, miss," he cheerfully cried out, repeating the lines taught him by the guys on shore. "There ain't no children there. There is only a man and he's all right."

There was something funny about that, too, he reflected. If this was only a picture, why had he been told to learn and speak these words?

Eve got into the boat without difficulty and sat dripping in the stern, blindly looking about her. Her companion, having helped to right the other boat and rescue the oars, rowed her back to shore swiftly and in silence.

On the beach Miss Carrington found a waiting group of sympathetic and helpful strangers, who showed a solicitude for her welfare that would have surprised her if she had not been past reasoning. Four of them were men and two were women, the women who wore the bathing suits. These ladies hustled her into the convenient bath house, and insisted on taking off her wet clothing and rubbing her down with coarse towels and giving her hot coffee which it appeared to be their pleasant habit to carry about with them and urging her not to talk.

They also redressed her in dry garments—fortunately her own. She had an odd feeling of having entered the bath house in garments that were not her own. The two women explained that these must have been bathing clothes. The clothes themselves had strangely disappeared, and she was now wearing her green and gold one-piece gown. . . . But where was she? What did it all mean?

The four gentlemen who had so opportunely been passing along the shore in a big automobile insisted on taking her home.

"I'm . . . at . . . the Garland, I think," she managed to bring out. "But . . . how . . . did I get here? I . . . merely meant to take . . . a walk."

They were vague about that but obviously they were also men to be trusted, and one of them said he was a doctor and made a fuss about cold and exposure and insisted on having her put to bed and given medicine as soon as she was back in her hotel rooms.

It was all a dream of course . . . a chaotic dream with something horrible in it. . . . There was a younger man in the group with a tragic sort of face. . . . The face haunted her.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Mary: Bess never tells anyone her age.

Marjorie: Yes, I've noticed that. But her age is beginning to tell on her.

"But I don't trust you sailors. You have a wife in every port."

"That's a gross exaggeration. At the moment I swear I have no wife in either Yokohama or Barcelona."

CAROLINIANS—Know Your State!

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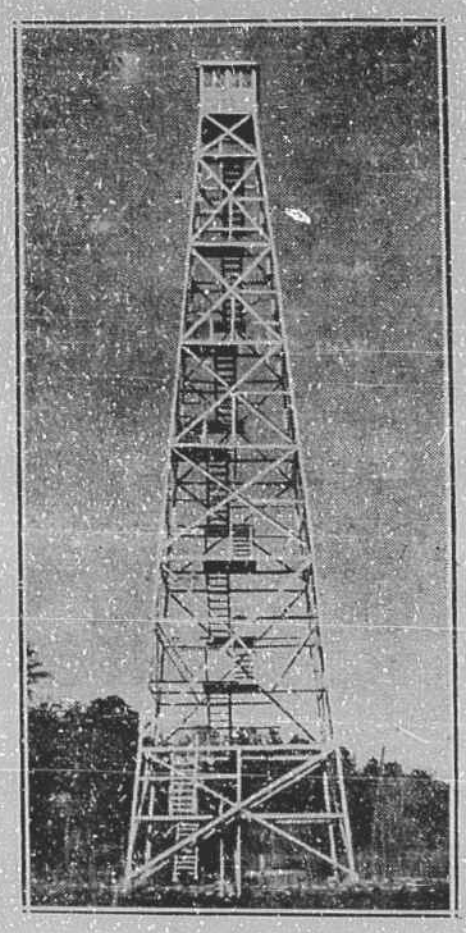
FOREST FIRE OBSERVATION TOWERS

THE State Forest Service is making every effort to cut down losses from forest fires and recently five steel observation towers have been erected in Buncombe, Wilkes, Robeson, Hertford and Brunswick Counties at a cost of $1,300 each. The first of the system of lookout towers which will eventually give protection to all the wooded area of the State, was erected about three years ago and today there are sixteen steel, three wooden and one stone lookouts. The present structures range from 35 to 102 feet in height, and are surmounted by an enclosed cabin in which a warden is stationed during the fire seasons. It will probably be necessary to build 125 towers to complete the State's primary forest fire detection system.

Taxpayers of North Carolina were recently reminded by the State Department of Conservation and Development that approximately 4,000,000 acres of land are in a state of unproductivity due to forest fires and they estimate this loss at $8,000,000 annually.



SHE TOOK SODA BY THE HANDFUL

"I used to have the most terrible headaches imaginable, and my liver must have been badly out of order for I was habitually constipated. At times rheumatic pains through my sides, back and lower limbs were so intense I could hardly walk. I used to take soda by the handful trying to get relief from indigestion. Since taking Sargon I eat anything in the world I want without a sign of indigestion, every rheumatic pain is gone. I've gained back eight pounds I lost and worlds of new strength and energy.

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Fletcher's CASTORIA

Adults Contract Children's Diseases

Adults can, and do, contract many children's diseases. And, usually, they suffer from them much more than children do. For instance, many adults contract worms, an ailment usually associated with children. Sometimes they suffer intensely and take expensive medical treatments, without realizing that worms are the cause of their troubles. Yet, the symptoms are the same as in children, loss of appetite and weight, grinding the teeth and restless sleep, itching of the nose and anus, and abdominal pains. And, the same medicine that cures and harmlessly expels round and pin worms from children [illegible] for adults — White's Vermifuge, which you can get at

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