



Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Young woman who knows only that her name is "Eve" finds herself standing on a Fifth Avenue corner. She has no idea how she came there or even what city it is. There is nothing about her with which to identify herself. While a policeman is talking to her a young man, Eric Hamilton, stops. Seeing that she is in trouble he tells her he has seen her at the hotel where they are both stopping. He takes her to the hotel where they find that she had registered in French as "Miss Eve Nobody of Nowhere." Hamilton volunteers to call in his friend Dr. Harrington, a specialist in nervous troubles. Eve, terrified, eludes the doctor and through a French porter in the hotel, who says he once saw her in France but does not remember her name, she finds a cheap apartment in an obscure part of town.

In the next apartment lives Ivy Davenport, a cabaret dancer with a weak heart. She is friendly, and persuades Eve to go to "Jake's" and take her place until she is better. The other girls there are crude but at the tables and to dance with them. Her job at Jake's is to entertain men kindly and Eve finds the work not as difficult as she had expected. She meets a young man named Hunt, who frankly tells her that she doesn't belong there.

Eve does not like the atmosphere of Jake's, but she does not know how to do anything else, or thinks she doesn't, so when Ivy is able to get back to work she accepts the offer of a permanent job which Jake gives her. One evening when she is talking to the friendly young man named Hunt one of the other girls tells her there's a man from the West whom Jake wants her to entertain.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Her own life, Eve was beginning to think, would mean acceptance and reconstruction. Marcel and Leon seemed broken reeds, and her present condition might go on indefinitely. If it did, she would at least continue temporarily in this new environment. She was helping Ivy, whom she had persuaded to see a specialist and follow his treatment, Miss Morris had hinted that she would like to learn some French, and had added frankly: "Some English, too, teacher. Don't think I ain't wise to the way I spill words."

Even Stella was more human with Eve than with others, and on one occasion had sought the novice's assistance to make a fearful confession of a sort not often given. Eve gathered that Stella had so far forgotten her prejudice against men as to all in love with one of the regulars at Jake's, and to throw herself violently at the head of the unappreciative young man. When he failed to respond she sent him notes.

When he ceased coming to Jake's obviously to avoid her, she called at his rooms late one afternoon and waited there till he came home.

At this point in the account she gave Eve, Stella's sobs grew so loud that Eve feared they might draw Miss Davenport from the next apartment. She mentioned this danger to the raconteuse, who stifled the expression of her grief. It was no part of Stella's plan to make Ivy a confidante. But her plan was thwarted as she went on, and Eve experienced a deep sympathy not only for her but for the regular who had been subjected to this sort of scene. There may be girls who are beautiful when they weep. Poor

Stella was not among them.

"I let'm see why I was the... Stella gulped, "an' he was that polite he broke my heart. I'd taken off my coat an' hat before he come in, for of course I thought he'd keep me to dinner anyway. Don't they always, in stories an' pictures? But he didn't. He got my hat an' coat, an' he put 'em on gentle an' kind, like he was dressin' a kid, with soothin' noises, an' he told me I was too nice a girl to put myself in compromising positions. Wasn't that the promisin' knuckles! An' he got me to the door an' outside it, an' the first I knew, he had the elevator up and was puttin' me in it an' sayin' good-by. Oh, Berson, it was awful! For of course I caught on then, right off. I seen I was a woman scorned!"

The phrase seemed to please Stella, kev.

"A woman scorned," she repeated. "Berson, I give you my word I crad all the way home. Now, what d'you think I ought to do? Give him up?"

"Yes, Stella," Eve said, with a straight face and a comforting pat on the girl's shaking shoulders. "If I were you I'd give him up."

She had believed that, with the possible exception of Queenie, Stella had the keenest sense of humor of any one at Jake's. Now she realized anew that one's sense of humor often persists under the first assault of one's emotional nature.

"Well, if you say so, I will," Stella agreed with a pathetic snifle; and she drifted away, greatly relieved by an outburst to which she never again referred.

Yes, one could do a little for the girls, Eve reflected, as she depressedly walked at Hunt's side. She was

Stella was not among them.

"Strangers!" he repeated. "Strangers!"

"I think," she suggested, "you are mistaking me for some one you imagine you know."

He straightened as if she had struck him.

"My God! are you telling me I don't know you?" he cried.

"I think you're misled by a strong likeness. There are some amazing resemblances, you know."

Jake passed the table as she spoke, glanced at the pair, and hesitated. Eve did not see him, but the stranger did.

"Jake says you're working for him," he brought out with difficulty. "He tells me you're substituting for another girl. That's about the limit but we won't go into it now. However, I know the rules of the cabaret game. I mustn't take the time of his people for nothing. So here's a sop to him."

With extreme deliberation he took a roll of bills from his pocket, pulled off a ten-dollar bank note, and tossed it on the table before her. In her increasing panic she hardly observed the action.

The stranger saw that Jake had passed on, and his manner changed as abruptly as if some nerve in him tense till now, had suddenly snapped.

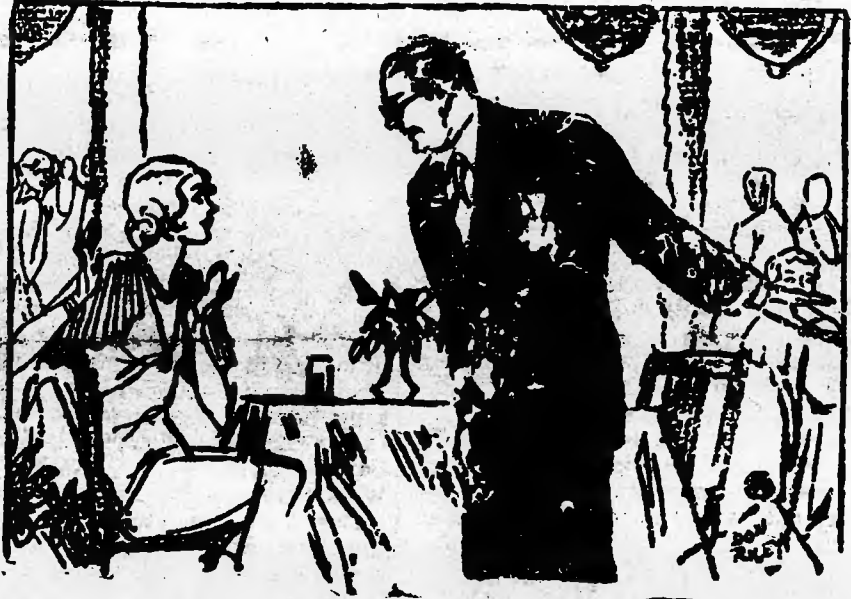
"Well, young lady," he rasped out, "it's time to drop this chicanery of yours and come to an understanding."

Eve stared at the man in a frozen silence.

"I don't understand," she faltered after a brief duel of eyes between them.

He smiled wryly.

"I'm afraid neither of us is meeting this very well," he said wryly, "but admit it's too much for me. But we'll



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for she tried it again on a higher earning money, too, and saving most of it, and beginning her readjustment, and doing her sleeping in the daytime, and not having to face black nights. Yet, admitting all these things, her panic returned in some degree every time she met strangers.

To-night she told herself she had been mad to come. Deep with her an alarm was sounding, softly but persistently. It grew louder as she approached the man at the corner table.

He was a big man, six feet tall, smooth-faced, of dark complexion, middle-aged and inclined to stoutness. He had a large head covered with thick gray hair, brushed straight back from a good forehead. His gray eyes, just now fixed unwaveringly on hers, were partly concealed by the thick lenses of the horn-rimmed spectacles he wore. They had the peering look of the near-sighted, and this constant effort to see clearly had lined his forehead and tufted his thick gray eyebrows.

"I wish I knew what this meant," he said at last. "Perhaps you'll tell me. But take your time."

She made two efforts before she could speak. He was some one she had known, but her inner panic proved that he was also some one she had reason to fear. She did not know him now, and she would let him see that she did not. It seemed the safest course.

"I'm always rather nervous with strangers," she admitted and then asked breathlessly, "Would you care to dance?"

He laughed at that, on a sudden harsh note; and again he took his time to speak, his eyes on the cigar as if he were thinking deeply.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

When Pasteur discovered, in 1852, that the infection of wounds was caused by malignant bacteria, he performed a service of inestimable value to mankind. Since then medical science has been producing better and better antiseptics, to kill these germs that may enter the smallest cut and give us diseases such as typhoid, tuberculosis and lockjaw. Now, all you have to do to be sure that those dreadful germs will not infect a wound is to dash that wound, however small, thoroughly with Liquid Borozone, the modern antiseptic. You can get Liquid Borozone in a size to fit your needs and purse, from

RAEFORD DRUG COMPANY

understand each other all right when we've had our talk. Go and put on your coat and we'll get out. This is no place for you, and God alone knows why you came here."

Eve stood up quickly. She must end this nightmare.

"I must go to the dressing-room and get my wrap," she said.

Queenie was in the dressing room. Eve caught her arm.

"Is there any back way out of this place?" she asked desperately. Her expression forbade questions and Miss Morris rallied to the obvious crisis of the moment.

"Sure there is," she remembered. "The boys' dressing-room has a window on a back alley."

She hurried Eve across the room, and with an emphatic push helped her through the window that opened on the alley.

It was quite simple now. Three taxicabs stood in a waiting line just around the corner, in front of the side door, and with a crisp command she entered the first.

"Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street. Quick, please," she directed; and the chauffeur, who seemed used to such instructions started with a suddenness that made her bite her tongue.

The Garland, she had decided, was her only refuge. She dared not return to the apartment to which she could so easily be traced, and no other roid hotel she knew of would take her in at that hour of the night without luggage and in evening clothes.

During the swift journey, she planned her story for the hotel clerk. If Jenkins, the night man, was on duty, she was sure he would take her in. She left the cab a block from the Garland and walked the remaining distance; and her panic lifted a trifle when she entered the lobby and saw the plump face of Jenkins confronting her across the night desk.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she began with a desperate effort to speak naturally, "perhaps you remember me—"

"Miss Parsons? Of course. How do you do. I can give you the same rooms you had before, if you like," he hospitably added. "They're vacant."

"Thank you, yes; I'd like that very much."

Eve took her key, gave him a forced smile, and went on to the elevator, breathing more naturally. A warm bath partly soothed her. The familiar bed was comfortable, and the quiet neighborhood was free from the car-borne that had disturbed her at the apartment. With

a mighty effort of will she tried to draw mental shutters between memory and the episodes of the night. But the gray-haired stranger pushed back the shutters with compelling hands. The room seemed full of him. The very world seemed full of him, and of some horror connected with him.

The horror was worse than the man himself, because it was intangible. Like those trailing ends she was beyond her reach, just back of him. In some way he was connected with it all. He was in the very heart of it. At moments she was just within grasp of what it was. . . something lifted, lightened, and suddenly darkened again even as she was holding her breath in dawning understanding. She was convinced that she had fled to avoid him and that to return to her normal self would be to return to him. . . to him. . .

The sun rose, bringing with it, first, endurance, then reviving courage.

She was awakened by a tinkle, sharply imperative. The telephone was in her sitting-room and she rose to answer it. At the first words that came over the wire her heart caught, then leaped, and reviving courage lifted her like a wave.

"Miss Parsons?" It was Hamilton's warm and friendly voice, holding the thrill of controlled excitement. "Robinson has just told me that you're back," he continued, "and it seems too good to be true. I don't want to be a nuisance, of course—"

"Oh, I shall be glad to see you!" Eve gasped. "You can't imagine how glad I'll be. But—" with an effort she controlled her shaking voice—"I shall be around to it for a couple of hours. I'm just awake. Will eleven o'clock be convenient for you?"

The last of her panic had slunk away at the sound of Hamilton's voice. With Hamilton in the hotel she was safe.

She rang for the chambermaid, who came promptly, and offered the girl five dollars for the loan of a hat, a dress, a coat, and a pair of shoes.

The clothes fitted fairly well, as she had expected them to do, after her first glance at Margaret's trim figure, but the general effect was that of a young working girl of a flamboyant type.

An impulse came to her and she stopped to consider it.

(Continued Next Week)

IN THE RADIO STUDIOS

With Albert Zugsmith, Jr.

Eva Le Gallienne, who broadcasts her plays over the WABC chain, speaks, reads and writes French, German, Russian and Danish besides possessing a passing knowledge of Spanish, Italian and Greek. She plays the piano, guitar, harp and piccolo. Her fencing is so excellent that her instructor continually urges her to give up the stage and radio so that she may make her world's champion with the foils. Incidentally, her company calls her "Saint Eva."

Rudy Vallee has been awarded an athletic letter by the University of Maine for his popularization of the "Maine Stein Song." At the testimonial dinner preceding the bestowal of the "M" on the slight shoulders of the crooner, it was said that the University of Maine expects a record enrollment in the coming year due to publicity it has received during the broadcasting of the song. Some say that the school will have four times as many students in 1930 as it had in the previous year. My oh, my, look what a stein and a low voice has done for good old Maine.

The newest thing to take the country by storm is the Radio Garden of Fans. Followers of Rudy Vallee are being called "Daffydils" by radio columnists. Those who place Will Osborn on the throne are termed "Weepin' Willows." Fans who adore Smith Balley are given the title of "Buttercups." Lovers of Jan Garber's music are called by the nom-de-plume of "Gardenias."

Evidently the chap who named the Guy Lombardo fans, "Pansies" did not know that Lombardo's admirers are recruited mainly from the underworld of Chicago and New York.

If you think Ray O'Hara's languorous tunes are the height of something, then you're a "Shamrock." Folks who tune in on Neil Golden more often than others are termed "Goldenrods." And a "Cavillflower" is just another name for the cohorts of the inimitable Bernie Cummins.

If you're "that way" over the snappy strains of Ozzie Nelson's band then, you're nothing but a "Geranium." Those that adore the white-hot Bert Lown orchestra belong to the "Hillyhoek" family.

And I know you— you're "Petunia" about Don Bigelow. Don't blame me. I didn't name them. I'm just telling you.

DID YOU KNOW

That Harry Swan, WABC character actor, once broadcast a drama in which he took all eleven parts?

That Merle Johnstone, the Columbia system saxophone expert, maintains the female of the species learns to play the "blues horn" twice as fast as the male?

NOTICE OF LOCAL TAX ELECTION FOR SCHOOLS

Pursuant to a petition duly filed with the County Board of Education of Hoke County, North Carolina, on June 2, 1930, for a local tax election for schools in the territory described below, which petition has been approved by said board of Education and presented to the Board of County Commissioners of said county and state as by statute provided, the latter Board has ordered a special election for a tax for schools on all real and personal property located within

said boundaries, not exceeding 15c on the \$100 valuation of property, to be held on July 25, 1930, at Keith's Old Store within said boundaries, the same being as follows:

Beginning at the point where the Fort Bragg line joins the Moore County line; then with the Moore County line to the Harnett County line; then with the Harnett County line to the Cumberland County line; then with the Cumberland County line to the Fort Bragg line; then with the Fort Bragg line to the beginning, containing the whole of Little River Township; the territory within said lines being the Little River Special School Taxing District.

A new registration for said election has been ordered by the said registrar, Cameron Johnson and A. D. McLaughlin have been appointed judges or poll holders for the election. The registration books will be opened at the home of the registrar, at 9 o'clock A. M. on June 16, 1930, and will remain open until sunset on that day, and thereafter (Sundays excepted) until and including July 12, 1930; and the registrar on each Saturday during the registration period, will attend at the said polling place for the registration of voters. The books for such registration will close on the second Saturday before the day set for the election. The Saturday before the said election day shall be challenge day.

At the election those who favor the levy and collection of taxes shall vote a ticket on which shall be printed or written the words "For local tax," and those who oppose shall vote a ticket on which shall be printed or written the words "Against local tax."

This notice is published by order of the Board of Hoke County Commissioners.

D. K. BLUE, Clerk of the Board

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR

Having this day qualified as Administrator of the estate of M. A. Chisholm, deceased, late of Hoke County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me in writing on or before the 6th day of June, 1931, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 6th day of June, 1930.

T. D. POTTER,

Raeford, N. C.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF THE POWER OF SALE

contained in a certain deed of trust made by E. S. Smith and wife, Dixie McQueen Smith, to Carolina Mortgage Company, Trustee, dated the 15th day of July, 1927, and recorded in Book 66 at page 20, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Hoke County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the notes thereby secured, and the holder thereof having directed that the deed of trust be foreclosed, the undersigned Trustee will offer for sale at the court house door in the City of Raeford, North Carolina, at twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of July, 1930, and will sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate in the Town of Raeford, Raeford Township, County of Hoke, State of North Carolina, more particularly described as follows:

Located in the Town of Raeford on the South side of the Avenue which extends East and West and lies on the South side of the court house lot (Edinboro Avenue). Beginning at a point in the middle of the wall at the northwest corner of the brick building now occupied by

the southeastern intersection of Edinboro Avenue and Magnolia Street, in the Town of Raeford, and runs thence East with the southern edge of Edinboro Avenue 200 feet to an iron stake (Sinal's Property); thence at right angles with said line in a southerly direction 28.5 feet to an iron stake in the northern edge of Ellwood Avenue; thence in a westerly direction with the northern edge of Ellwood Avenue, 90 feet to an iron stake in the edge of Aberdeen & Rockfish Railroad Company's right of way; thence with the edge of said right of way in a northwesterly direction 146 feet to an iron stake in the edge of Magnolia Street; thence in a northerly direction with the eastern edge of Magnolia Street 193 feet to the beginning.

Being the same property conveyed to E. S. Smith by deed from M. W. Dew and wife, dated January 26, 1916, and deed from J. H. McRae and wife, dated January 15, 1917, and respectively filed for registration on the 5-4-1916 and 1-23-17 in the office of the Register of Deeds County of Hoke, State of N. C., recorded in Book No. 16, at pages 226 and 191 respectively, excepting the part conveyed to the Town of Raeford for street purposes.

The above described property will be sold subject to payment of taxes for the year 1930.

This 27th day of June, 1930.

CAROLINA MORTGAGE CO., Trustee.

666

Relieves a Headache or Neuralgia in 30 minutes, checks a Cold the first day, and checks Malaria in three days.

666 also in Tablets



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Making and SAVING money will not only educate your children, but it is an education ITSELF.

Not only get a PASS BOOK from us and START a bank account, but after you start, KEEP ON saving a part of your income and NEVER QUIT.

Start Saving Regularly NOW

WE Invite YOUR Banking Business

THINK! Bank of Raeford "Home of the Thrifty" Raeford, N. C. THINK!

which is the most virtuous snake.

HAVE MONEY!