

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

"After they come we gotta be but there, setting around in our corner. The bunch there now is reg'ars that come early to get other. It's when the singles be good tables. They know each gin to wash in, or two or three men comes together, that we get busy."

"How do we get busy?"

"My Gawd!" Miss Morris exchanged a deeply eloquent glance with Mazie, who was smiling a sharpe toothed opidan smile. The instructress continued her explanation in depressed tones.

"We're dancers, and we're Jakes' hostesses to, see?"

"Our job?" Stella added, "is to keep the men from dyin' of homesickness after they git here?"

Queenie ignored Stella.

"When a man's sitting alone at a table, or two or three men are together looking like it's Decoration Day an' they're sayin' it with flowers, I drift up an' give 'em the glad eye. Nohthin' fresh, you understand. Just a kind look to let them know there's a live wire near. If they speak, I draw on my hot-air tank and find out who they are; and later I introduce them to some of the girls, if they see any they want to meet. If they don't ree-pond I breeze past them like I hadn't seen 'em, and try some others. None of the girls goes near till I find out who the you see your own brother at a men are and interduce them. If table you couldn't go to him fill I said you could. That's all there is to it, but it's gotta be done wihit class."

To the novice there seemed a great deal to it.

"If they respond I suppose we dance with them?" she asked anxiously to get a more definite line on her duties than Ivy had given her.

"Ain't she a clever kid?" Mazie murmured. "Got it the very foist time."

"Dance with them if they want you to," the instructress coldly explained.

"If they want you to set down an' give 'em the story of your life, let 'em have it. Only make it snappy. No sob stuff. Mazie tell 'em she's a Russian princess an' it goes over great. If they wanta talk while you listen leave 'em do it."

"They'll tell you how lonesome they are," Stella contributed. "Loresome!" she sneered. "They don't open my faucets wihit that dope. The men that comes here is as lonesome as angleworms in a box of bait!"

Stella, Eve learned was a pessimo a man-hater and freely confessed that she had no use for women. Her speech and Queenies were usually better than those of the other girls; but on occasion they could, and often did draw on the argot of the gutter. All this Eve grasped later. At present the lesson of the moment ment on.

"There's two things you don't stand for," Queenie was saying in a crisp tone. "You don't take insults and you don't drink from pocket-flasks. Jake's rule. See? Men that come here has got to treat us like ladies."

To Eve the whole experience was the nightmare in the dream was part of a dream she was in, was lessening. She was intensely interested and she realized also that she was a trifle more sophisticated than the girls around her. She had never danced in cabarets; she was sure of that. She knew nothing of the intinner working or of the duties of the employees. But she must have known such places as at least an occasional visitor, for the superficial aspects of this one held no surprises for her.

"What you're really here for, Stella drawled. "Make 'em see Berson, is to admire the men," what great big wonderful guys yo uthink they are, and you'll be a wow."

"New Berson if you think you've had enough gasoline to roll out on the floor with, we'll start; and I'll put you wise to the reg'ars and the loose-ankle boys."

"Which are the loose-ankle boys?"

"The reg'ars are the guys that come every night an' scatter their coin. The loose-ankle boys are the instructors—the lads Jake hires to dance with the dames that blow in for a good time. That's all they gotta do, but Gawd knows it's enough. Any woman that's got a real her to a cabaret and dance with face c'n make some man bring her. The ohes that come alone an' has to rely on the boys are the ones Gawd forgot."

"Don't pay an attention to the

loose-ankle guys. They'll come buzzing round for they need a change bad, an' they'll want to wive you the once-over because you'r egreen. But Jake ain't payin' us nickels to dance with them."

All the girls were intrigued by the new-comers presence and they showed it in various ways some by talking, the rest by close attention to what was said.

Eve followed her with a sinking heart. What had she let herself in for? But the two young whole-some looking American men who approached her were lad who had just given an order to a waiter, who for the present were most interested in the scene around them. Queenie cast a radiant smile at them, and one of the young men returned it with a cheerful but impersonal grin. She slowed her steps a little distance from the table, checking Eve's swifter movement by a warning pressure of the arm.

"Look at 'em settin' there waitin' for bread and milk, with good music goin' to waste," she tentatively observed, in a tone designed to reach the ears of the new-comers. The latter looked up this time with attention. The girls were under inspection now, to be taken or rejected. To Eve the moment was horrible.

"Give us time girlie, give us time," urged the young man with the grin. "We're hungry and you've got a pair of rabbits coming. But if we're able to move after the stuff you folks serve here, I'll take you out to the center of the floor later on and make a May-pole of you."

His friend had been watching Eve.

"That goes for me too," he quietly told her.

"It's a date," Queenie agreed, and tactfully started to move away. But the quiet young man spoke gain:

"Won't you ladies join us and have some of th erabbit?"

The young man of the grin frowned.

"We only ordered two, and I could eat both of them," he plaintively observed.

"We'll order two more."

As he spoke, the quiet young man next to him, Miss Morris secured man drew out for Eve the chair the remaining empty chair for herself and sat down with a sigh of achievement.

"You ain't of the nice manners of your boy friend, Willie," "But if you stick around with she told the grinning youth, him p'raps you'll improve. Got a cigarette?"

The grinning youth had offered his case, Miss Morris helped herself and passed it to Eve who hesitated an instant and the took a cigarette and lighted it at the match the quiet young man held for her.

"My name is Hunt," he told her as he did so.

"Hers is Berson. She's new to this work. I'm Queenie Morris." Miss Morris made the announcement with an air that impelled bow deeply, and Queenie accepted the grinning youth to get up and ed the burlesque homage with a care-free grin equal to his own. She had lit a cigarette without his assistance, and having established it firmly between her carmined lips was adoin the honors with easy affability.

"Dno't mention your name she advised the grinning youth, "My heart's going to tell me what it is pretty soon."

"You bet it will," said the grinning youth in high good humor. "I'm one of the sheiks you read about. One long look into my eyes, girlie, and you're don efor."

"Let's see if I am," Miss Morris suggested with sudden interest, and she made the experiment forthwith. Hunt turned to Eve.

"You don't exactly belong here, do you?" he asked.

He laughed.

"No. Do you?"

"I'm afraid not," he admitted. "I don't care much about dancing round midnight. I tried to pering, and I'm apt to getsleepy a-suade Jack to go home after the play, but he wouldn't. . . . now I'm glad we didn't."

"Shall you be here every night after this?"

"No," she told him. "Th here only as a substitute. I don't expect to come again."

"Then we must make the most of tonight," he smiled. There was something very nice about his look and manner. He was like . . . whom was he like? Probably he was merely a type she had known well and met often in her former environment.

"Shall we dance now?" she heard him ask. Queenie and Jack were already on the floor.

She rose slowly.

"I'm not sure I dance very well," she confessed and caught his look of surprise as he put his arm around here and swung her out among the others. She exhaled the breath she had been holding. He was a good partner.

"You are an odd girl!" Hunt skillfully guided her through a rapidly increasing congestion on the dancin gfloor. "What made you say you weren't sure you could dance well?"

"I wasn't." His expression made her amplify the terse-statement, "I'm not very sure of anything just now," she smilingly admitted. "I'm so new to all this"

"Well you can be sure you're one of th egood dancers on the floor tonight," he said comfortably. "That's a tribute too, for there are a dozen here who know how to step out. That uptown bunch over there has some"

She looked in that direction bully dancers in it."

Hla fa dozen young men and girls, evidently of good families, were dancing in a close up group. They were keeping to themselves and ignoring the other patrons. Their eyes were tired and their expressions somewhat content with their entertainment.

"They're types that go to the theatre first, then spend the rest of the night rushing from one cabaret to another," Hunt explained. "Quite a lot of them like this place better than the clubs. I think Jake caters to them in various ways—drops the cover charge for them and that sort of thing. He likes to have them come in, he thinks they lend 'class' to his place; and Jake is strong for 'class.'"

They'll probably stay here an hour, then leave and visit half a dozen other places before they go home at daylight. In the bunch or two like them."

Eve knew all this, and didn't know why she knew it, any more than she knew why she appreciated the unusually good music of Jake's jazz band.

"Speaking of being here," Hunt went on. "Why are you here, really? It's easy enough to see that you don't belong."

Hints for the Home

by Nancy Hart

GELANTINE

Gelantine is one of the housewife's best friends in warm weather. Desserts made with gelantine have a distinct appeal to warm weather appetites. On days when a hot roast would destroy the over heated appetite a jellied meat loaf is tempting and delicious.

Jellied salads, too, are a completely satisfactory mainstay at luncheon in summer.

And the best of all these gelatine dishes is that they can be varied for every day in the week and still you won't have tried them all.

Lemon jelly is a good foundation for many desserts. You can make it with fresh fruit juice according to the directions that come with any box of gelatine ready prepared fruit gelatine or you can make it with the mixtures. Then vary it as you wish.

If your family doesn't like the flavor of the lemon jelly, then try something else—raspberry, orange, cherry or some other favorite fruit.

For one always good dessert prepare the fruit gelatine and let it cool. In the bottom of individual mould three or four ripe strawberries and when the gelatine begins to harden cover them and then put in moulds of sliced orange pulp, pour on the rest of the gelatine, harden and serve.

Individual moulds of any kind of fruit jelly are delicious served with whipped cream or with boiled custard. Or, if you wish, with crushed and slightly sweetened fruit. Orange jelly, for instance is good served with crushed strawberries, lemon jelly is delicious with raspberries.

Banana Pie

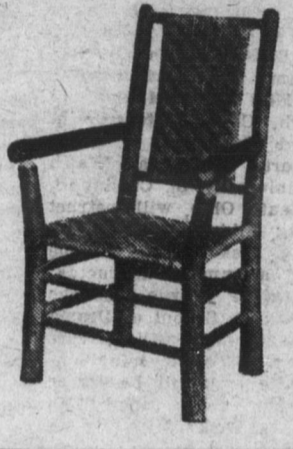
Three bananas, two eggs, one cup sugar, two cups milk two tablespoons flour.

Sales of wool at the pools in western North Carolina by farm agents this spring amounted to 141,338 pounds.



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