

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

She found herself standing on a corner in a strange city; a beautiful young woman who did not know her name nor remember anything about her past life. A policeman asked her if she were in trouble. Frightened, she said she was not. A handsome young man who had been watching her came up and spoke. He said that he had noticed her having breakfast in the hotel where he was also staying. She thought he looked honest, and she was terribly afraid, especially after she had found nothing in her purse that would tell her even her name. She consented to let him escort her to the Garland Hotel. In the taxicab she learned for the first time that she was on Fifth Avenue in New York.

Now Go on with the Story . . .

"Yes," he told her, thinking it out as he spoke. "We can do it like this; I will get out of the cab a block from the hotel and walk the rest of the way. When you reach the Garland, go to the desk in the main hall, and ask the clerk if there's any mail for you. If there is, it may give you all the information you need. Anyway, it will give you your name. If there isn't any mail, the clerk may mention your name as he tells you so. In any case, go from the desk to the writing-room at the left of the entrance, and sit down at one of the double writing-tables. I will come into the hotel just behind you, and after you have left the desk, if I see that you haven't got anything, I'll ask Robinson, the day clerk, who you are and where you're from. He'll tell me. He's a nice chap, and we've talked a lot since I came. Then I'll come in and sit down opposite you at the desk you have chosen, and if there's any one else in the room I will cater to convention by asking you to lend me a blotter or something of that sort. We can fall into a low-voiced chat, and I'll tell you what I've learned."

"You think of everything," she assured him, with relief; and again there was a faint suggestion of a smile around the mouth.

There was no trace of a smile ten minutes later, however, when the clerk, having greeted her with evident recognition but without mentioning her name, turned from his inspection of the mail rack to tell her there were no letters. It was a heavy blow, but she left the desk without signs of its effect. The hotel was strange to her.

Nothing she saw suggested that she had ever been there before, except the attitude of the clerk. He had gone to the mail rack with the assurance of one who knew exactly what he was looking for, and he had also run over a few letters that had just been dropped on his desk. On a second thought she turned back to him.

"My key, please."

He took a key from the rack and handed it to her, and when she had found the writing-room and sat down at a table she looked at the number on the brass tag. One hundred and twenty-eight. So the young man with the nice face was right that far. She was a registered guest at this hotel; and the hotel itself, though a trifle passé, was reassuring in appearance and atmosphere.

Her slight delay had caused her to pass her new acquaintance in the lobby and he stepped aside to make way for her, raising his hat with conventional courtesy as he did so. She responded with an almost imperceptible negative sign, but he saw it and approached his friend Robinson.

"Who is that girl?" he asked casually, nodding at the slight retreating figure, as he lit the match he had asked for and applied it to a cigarette. "She sits at the table next to mine."

Robinson gave him an understanding grin.

"Easy to look at, isn't she? Her name is Parsons, I think—Miss Eve Parsons. At least it's as much like that on the register as like anything. She begins a word with one big clear letter and goes on with a wavy line. But we've called her Miss Parsons ever since she came and she answers to it." He added philosophically, "so I guess it's all right."

"Where's she from?"

The young man lounged against the desk in the manner of a visitor to the city, talking without much interest but to kill time; and the clerk goodhumoredly bore with him,

having nothing else to do at the moment.

"That's another queer thing."

Robinson remembered. "I can't make out her home town, except that it begins with N. I meant to ask her, but I forgot. Jenkins, the night clerk, was here when she registered three nights ago, and he didn't pay much attention, because she said she was leaving the next morning. I suppose she changed her mind, the way women do," he ended with large tolerance. "Anyway, you see she didn't go."

"How about her letters? They would settle the matter of the name, at least," the guest suggested.

"She hasn't had any, yet."

"I wonder if I could make out the names. I'm rather good at reading scrawls. Do you mind letting me look at the register?"

Robinson produced the book, turning back two pages with a smile.

As he talked he ran a finger down the short list of entries, but his companion, whose interest seemed deeper now, found the name they wanted, before the clerk did.

"Here it is," the guest exclaimed, adding absently. "That's odd," as he studied the wavy line of the last word.

"Can you make out the town?"

The clerk was beginning to think there might be more in this than appeared on the surface. The guest's face took on its most matter-of-fact expression, and he glanced at his watch as if abruptly reminded of the flight of time. "It seems to be Nilport," he indifferently suggested; "one of those small towns one never hears of unless one lives in them."

The young man strolled away to the writing-room. It was empty except for the girl, so he wasted no time but went directly to her and seated himself in a chair beside her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Parsons," he began.

She drew a quick breath.

"Is that it?"

"No, but that's what they call you here at the hotel."

She looked confused and puzzled. "It doesn't he admitted, 'but what makes you think it isn't right?'"

"Because I happen to know a little French."

As she waited uncomprehendingly, he took a card from the desk rack, wrote a line on it, and laid it before her.

"Your signature on the register isn't very legible," he explained, "and the hotel people interpret your name as Parsons. But this is what it looked like. Does that mean anything?"

shook her head.

"Evidently you know French; don't you?"

"I think I do. I'm not very sure about what I know and what I don't know."

"Then let me write it more clearly as I interpret it. Does this mean anything?" He wrote another card and she read it in a low voice.

"Miss Eve Personne, Nulle part."

"Miss Eve Nobody, Nowhere," she slowly translated, and looked at him with a whitening face.

"What does it mean?"

There was a note of actual hysteria in her voice, and he quieted her with a quick gesture.

"Don't be frightened," he begged.

"We're getting our explanation, but we've got to do some guesswork. It may mean that you were rather desperate when you came here. Perhaps you were afraid of a nervous breakdown and felt it coming; perhaps you were hiding from some one. Anyway, you certainly registered in a way that gave no clue to who you are."

"Then we're just where we were," she cried out. "What shall I do?"

He found his card-case and taking a card from it, laid the bit of pasteboard beside the two already on the desk before her.

"First of all, remember that this little episode won't last long. Then remember that I'm here to see you through," he said comfortably. "I am your friend and brother for the time, if you will have me." It was hard to see that look of terror in her eyes. "Memory may come back any minute, you know, as suddenly as it left," he again reminded her.

To steady her he pushed his card directly under her eyes and went on talking.

"Eric Hamilton, The University Club," he read aloud, and added the pencilled word "Chicago" to the

address. She gathered up the three cards without comment and dropped them into her hand-bag.

"Evidently I have a room in this hotel," she said. "Perhaps when I go to it I shall find some papers or other clues in my luggage."

He looked at his watch and casually added that he had a suggestion to make. He had been thinking hard.

"It's quarter of six," he said. "Suppose we dine here together at seven. You must eat something, you know, to keep up your strength. Then, if you haven't found any more clues in your room, I shall ask you to let me look up the best psychiatrist in town and have him come here this evening."

As she began to protest he raised his hand.

"Just hear me through," he begged. "I know a little about such cases, and my theory is that you will be all right in a day or two, or in a few days at the most. I mean to stand by till you are. But I want to find a reliable man, and have him see you, and give him all the facts we know and show him my own credentials, so that he'll let me act as your counselor and friend. If you insist, we will wait till morning to send for him. If you seriously object to a doctor, we won't have one. I am not going to risk losing, by officiousness, any confidence you may have in me. But I've simply got to tell you what I think we ought to do, and then let you make your own decisions. You see that, don't you? I wouldn't be worthy of your trust in me if I didn't do it."

She drew a deep sigh that was half a groan.

"It's amazingly kind of you to take all this trouble. I wonder if I've ever had an attack like this before. Somehow I feel that I haven't. I suppose you are right about sending for the specialist."

Mr. R. Stephen Carrick, who dropped in at eight o'clock with the casual air of one making an evening call, was as human as he was distinguished. He listened patiently to Hamilton's preliminary recital, asked a few leading questions, and made a thorough examination of his patient in a manner that was not too impressive. He left Miss Parsons very much encouraged—they had decided to adopt the hotel's name for her, but when he found himself alone with Hamilton in the hotel writing-room his manner was less care-free.

It's a case one can't safely make any predictions about," he confessed. "If we knew what had caused the condition, or what the patient's previous life has been, we could do some guessing; and one man's guess would be about as good as another's."

"Her general health seems to be good. She's a highstrung temperamental creature, but she has dignity and poise, even in this condition, and I'd wager she's kept herself pretty well in hand all her life. I'm guessing that some big jolt caused this—something that just about sent her off her head."

On the whole their talk left the Good Samaritan glad he had shared his responsibilities; and later, in Miss Parsons's upstairs sitting-room, he gave her a carefully edited report of Carrick's conclusions.

"He thinks, as I do," he robustly announced, "that it's merely a temporary matter. He told you that, himself. Your memory may return any minute, or it may not come back for some time—possibly not for several days," he optimistically added, observing the quick change in her expression.

"As I expected, he wants a nurse with you at night," he went on, "and he will send a good one within an hour. He knows of just the right person. I'll stay with you till she comes. She is an understanding, tactful woman, and she realizes that she is engaged simply as a companion."

When he stopped she rose and walked to a window of her sitting-room, where she stood for a moment with her back to him, staring out at the night. He had too much understanding to speak or even to approach her. But he could watch her, and he did.

She was very slight and girlish, and in the rather dim room the light from a gold-shaded bulb near her gave her bobbed, bronze-tinted hair the effect of a halo around her small head. Her situation moved him profoundly. Life was a queer thing, he told himself as solemnly as if the discovery had been unique.

Last night at this time he hadn't known that girl was on earth. Tonight she was his biggest interest,

Precautions For Fire Protection To be Increased

REGISTRATION STATIONS WILL BE SET UP FOR FOREST TRAVEL.

Moncton, N. B., May 5.—"Our experience last year has proved the value of proper forest fire protection," stated G. L. Miller Chief Forester for the Province of New Brunswick, who was in Moncton discussing with Canadian National Railway officials matters in connection with forest fire protection so far as the railways are concerned. "Last year we had one of the greatest fire hazard years and our losses were the smallest on record, approximately \$4,000," he declared.

Mr. Miller stated New Brunswick now has 25 lookout towers in operation and two more will be added this year. The forest travel permit system, which has been in vogue in New Brunswick for some time, will have an added feature this year with the installation of forest permit registering stations on the most important routes of travel through the forests, at which all persons must register both upon going in and returning from the forest. The permits cover only one trip and new permits must be obtained for each trip. There are certain exceptions to requirements for forest travel permits, namely, persons accompanied by licensed guides and holders of hunting or fishing licenses, but these do not exempt from registering at forest travel registering stations. This will provide a greater check on forest travel than has heretofore been possible.

"We have found," Mr. Miller continued, "the greatest co-operation from the railway authorities in the matter of forest fire protection and we have always found them ready to assist us even in cases where fires have occurred outside their territory and which have assumed serious proportions." The value of forest stands is increasing from year to year, Mr. Miller stated, as new uses are found for wood. The rayon or artificial silk industry is one example of this.

Was Run Down and Very Weak

Too Little Blood the Trouble.

Mrs. Jas. A. Haughn, Bridgewater, N. S., writes:—"I was badly run down and very weak. So much so I could scarcely do my household work. My nerves were affected; my digestion poor; I had continual headaches and could not get a restful night's sleep. Different remedies failed to be of benefit and I was growing discouraged. One day, however, I saw an advertisement of a case similar to mine which had been relieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so I decided to try them. A few weeks' use of the Pills fully restored my health and now my household duties are a pleasure instead of a torture."

Mrs. Haughn's whole trouble was that she had too little blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were of aid to her because they renewed and purified her blood and that good blood promoted good health, for where good blood abounds disease cannot exist.

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Young Hartland Lad is Killed

17 YEAR OLD HERBERT EWING IS FOUND WITH BULLET THROUGH HEART

Hartland, N. B., May 4.—Herbert Ewing, 17-year-old Cossar Farm boy, brought to Canada in 1929 from his native country, was found dead in the home of Gordon Tweedie, of Greenfield, Carleton County, tonight, with a .22 calibre special rifle bullet through his heart by Mr. and Mrs. Tweedie on their return from a visit to friends, three miles distant. The case is believed to be one of suicide.

The body was found in the kitchen with the rifle lying across it. From all indications death had taken place some time before as the body was cold. Mr. and Mrs. Tweedie left home at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to make their visit.

Assistant Commissioner E. C. Morgan, of the Provincial Police, was immediately communicated with at the Fredericton headquarters. He went to Greenfield with Coroner W. O. Chesnut, of Hartland, who, after making an examination, declared that an inquest was unnecessary.

Young Ewing went to the Tweedie farm on February 12 last. He had been employed at another

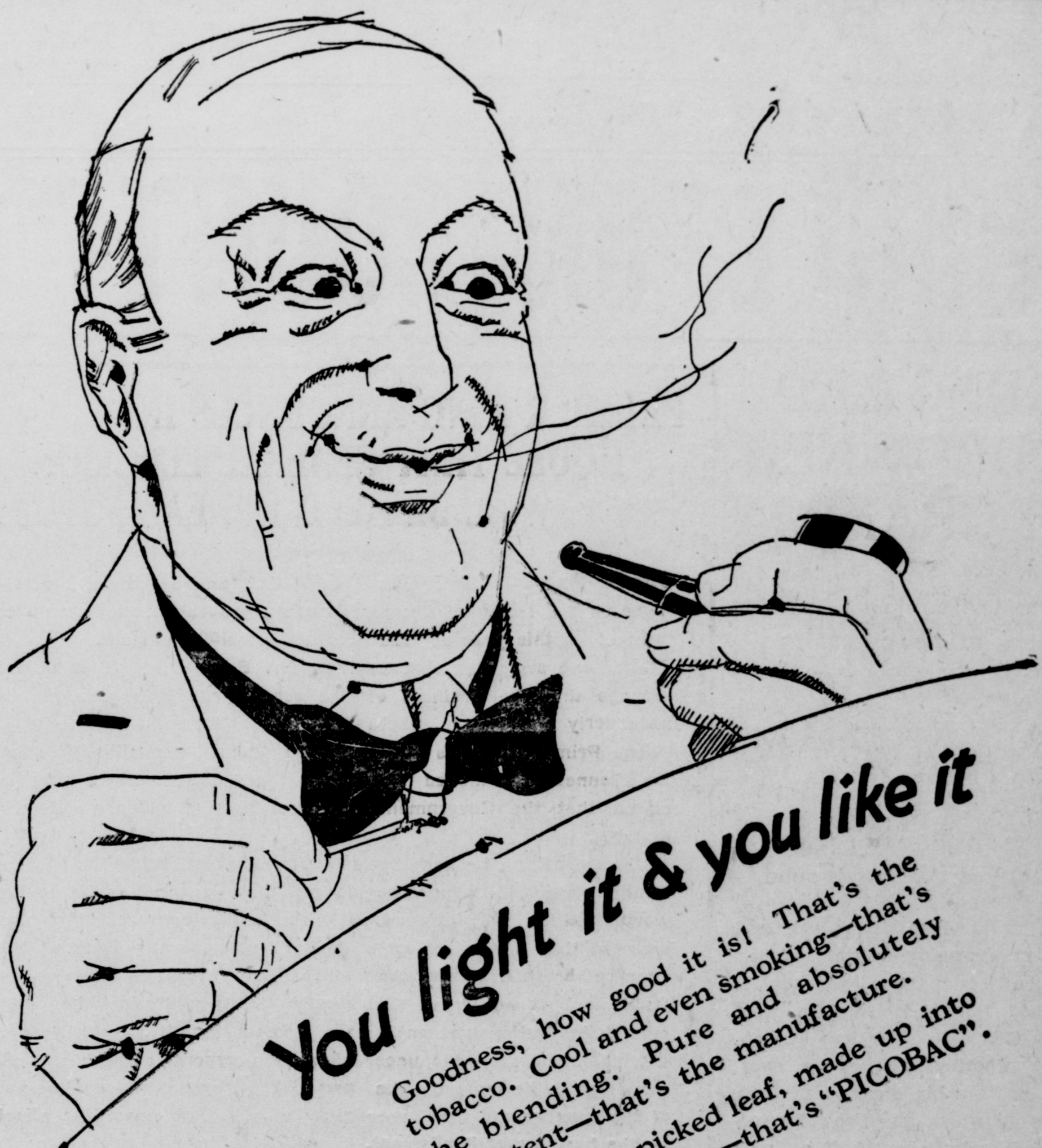
his greatest responsibility. (Continued Next Week.)

farm since being brought to New Brunswick. Mr. and Mrs. Tweedie spoke highly of his services and said that he was a very promising youth. Commissioner Morgan notified the authorities at Cossar Farm last evening of the tragedy.

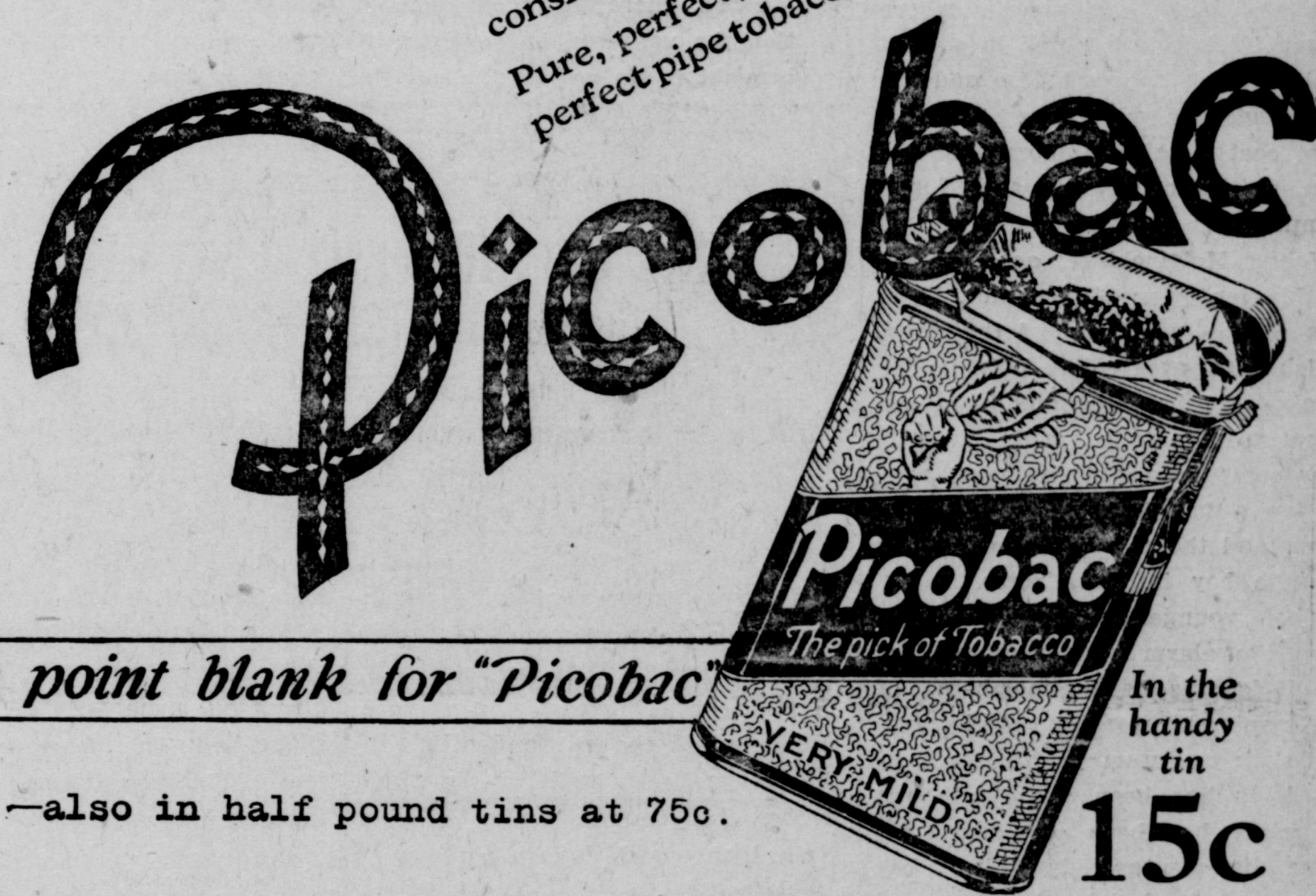
Campers Carry Minard's.

CHICAGO PEER

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, and the Duke of York came for the wedding. Montreal Herald.



You light it & you like it
Goodness, how good it is! That's the tobacco. Cool and even smoking—that's the blending. Pure and absolutely consistent—that's the manufacture. Pure, perfect, picked leaf, made up into perfect pipe tobacco—that's "PICOBAC".



Ask point blank for "Picobac"

—also in half pound tins at 75c.

In the handy tin 15c



New Brunswick

May 1st is the Date

ON, and AFTER WHICH FOREST TRAVEL PERMITS

ORIGINAL For person registered
New Brunswick Registration Certificate
(Sec. 43, c. 32, R. S. of N. B. 1927)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that _____ Place _____
residing at _____ Street and No. _____
has been duly registered, and is authorized to travel on forest lands between _____ and _____
for the period of _____ days from _____ Departing Point _____
The holder of this Certificate agrees and undertakes to observe the Fire Laws and all the Regulations of the Department of Lands and Mines concerning the Prevention of Forest Fires.
This Certificate is subject to inspection by all authorized Wardens.
Signature of Person Registered _____ Signature of Person Issuing Certificate _____
Date Registered _____ PREVENT FOREST FIRES—IT PAYS (OVER)

will be required by all persons and parties entering upon forest land in New Brunswick, except licensees or owners of lands entered upon, their employees, fire wardens, fire fighters, land surveyors, licensed guides, holders of hunting, fishing, prospecting and mining licenses or leases, clergymen, teachers, pupils accompanied by teachers, scout masters, scouts accompanied by scout masters.

All those exempted must carry an identification card, badge, certificate or license as the case may be, which must be presented to authorized persons upon demand.

STOP FIRES BEFORE THEY BEGIN

Forest Travel Permits may be secured from local Fire Wardens or other authorized persons. Each applicant must give his name, route, destination, purpose and duration of the trip with dates. Where Official Registering Stations are provided and designated by signs, particularly in the northern part of the province, all those Entering or Leaving Forest Lands on roads, trails or other routes of travel must Register with the Warden on duty there. Permits should be obtained from the Warden or Vendor nearest to the woods in which it is desired to travel.

Penalties for non-compliance, not less than \$10.00 and not more than \$100.00 or 30 days' imprisonment.

New Brunswick Forest Service

Department of Lands and Mines

The Hon. CHAS. D. RICHARDS
Minister