

The STRANGE CASE of JULIA CRAIG

(Continued From Page One)

wanted to marry you. Why don't you take him up?"

"Because I don't want to," said Julia quickly.

"Because you don't love him?"

"I haven't thought about love, Amy. But I've thought about some things that are a darned sight more important. Peter Kemp doesn't get any more money at Woodford and Brooks than I do. They use him to brief their cases—then Mr. Woodford or Mr. Brooks goes into court and makes the brilliant showing. I don't want to marry a man like that, Amy."

Amy didn't reply at once. She reached for a cigarette from the pack on the little table. When she had lighted it and blown a pillar of smoke toward the ceiling, she said, "Well . . . I didn't mean you'd have to take Peter. But in a job like yours you have a chance to meet a lot of likely men."

"Oh, yes," said Julia. "We have a chance to meet men. But . . . she faced her roommate squarely. "Amy, the average girl working in an office is stuck any way you look at it. We work for wages that most men wouldn't think of accepting; and we do plenty of work, too. Lots of times we correct the mistakes of men who get three and four times the salary we get. And you talk about the chances of meeting marriageable men—Amy, the men we meet are of two kinds, usually. The kind that want to marry us, but who can't improve our status. And the kind who offer something less than marriage—and expect us to like it!"

Amy looked at her roommate curiously. "All right," she said. "You don't like the way things are. What are you going to do about it?"

CHAPTER II

JULIA said, without hesitation, "You know we're well enough to know that if I didn't have some ideas for changing things I wouldn't be kicking." She took a long breath, then went on, "Amy, I'm going to try to do something with my voice. I don't mean anything fancy. But I know I have a knack for singing these modern songs."

Amy's tone was comically astonished. "You—you don't mean one of these female crooners?"

"Call it whatever you like," said Julia. "That's my plan."

"I guess I'll have to get a radio," Amy said, aloud as if to herself. "I saw a perfect honey yesterday for \$5 down."

"I'm not kidding, Amy. But I don't mean radio singing. I know

perfectly well that I haven't the best voice in the world, and that maybe I'll have to use my face and figure, too." She laughed. "Assuming I have them. You're always telling me I have."

"You know perfectly well you have. Did you ever look at a man's face when you were singing one of these modern torch songs?"

"I may be blond," said Julia. "But I'm not dizzy . . . yet."

"You're telling me?" asked Amy, and went to set to the percolator while Julia went into the dressing room which was also the hiding place for the folded-down bed. In that confined space, under a rather feeble electric light, she changed her clothes and prepared herself for Peter Kemp's call.

He rang the bell promptly a half hour later. He was a well set-up young man, neatly dressed and alert—and his eyes showed plainly that he worshipped Julia Craig.

"Sorry to creep up on you like this," he said when she let him in. "But I was working late at the office, and it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to stay downtown and have dinner with you—if you'd let me."

"I'm glad you thought of it tonight," Julia said, laughing. "Amy's all in a stupor to get out for a date—so I don't think she'd be much company at dinner."

JULIA was hesitating at the telephone when Amy Sanders came in from the kitchenette. "Tell him I'll go to dinner with him," she advised quickly. "Royal Nesbit is coming to take me out after dinner, and I'd have to hurry through it."

"All right," said Julia into the mouthpiece. "I'd like to come, Peter."

When she replaced the instrument in its cradle she was facing Amy's amused smile. "I'm not weakening," she told Amy. "I happen to know that Peter has a friend who leads an orchestra. Maybe he can get me a chance to sing."

"Okay, darling. Go change your clothes while I have a cup of coffee to strengthen myself against Royal Nesbit."

Julia Craig left the telephone and walked toward Amy. "You've been giving me some advice, Amy. What about this Royal Nesbit?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean . . . he has money, and everybody in town knows he's not very serious-minded. Why is he giving you a run?"

"Why not?" asked Amy. "He likes me, and I think he's a lot of fun."

"I guess I'll have to get a radio," Amy said, aloud as if to herself. "I saw a perfect honey yesterday for \$5 down."

"I'm not kidding, Amy. But I know

JULIA's glance met that of Amy Sanders, met it squarely. "You'll watch your step, won't you?"

Amy grinned. "I always do, Julia. There's something funny about a dizzy blond giving advice to a brunet. But I get your point, all right."

"I may be blond," said Julia. "But I'm not dizzy . . . yet."

"You're telling me?" asked Amy, and went to set to the percolator while Julia went into the dressing room which was also the hiding place for the folded-down bed. In

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dress. "Hello, Peter. I warn you about Miss Craig tonight. This is one of her moody days."

Peter and Julia exchanged glances which told Amy that Peter Kemp was all too familiar with Julia's "moody days."

"I want to quit Woodford and Brooks, Peter."

"Yes? What then?" Julia looked at him. "I—I've decided to try to sing, Peter."

"You've decided to try?" exclaimed Kemp. "Say, right now you're better than nine-tenths of these dames who get paid for it in the night clubs!"

"You really think so?" "I know it, Julia."

"Then will you give me a note of introduction to your friend, Henri Lamb, who leads the band at the Green Club?"

The directness of her question surprised Peter. "Why—I—" "Will you, Peter?"

"Why, of course, if you're really serious. But I don't see—"

"My mind's made up, Peter. And you can help me, if you will. You've known Lamb a long time."

"I'd do anything in the world for you, Julia. You know that. I'll write the note tonight and give it to you tomorrow morning at the office."

(To Be Continued)

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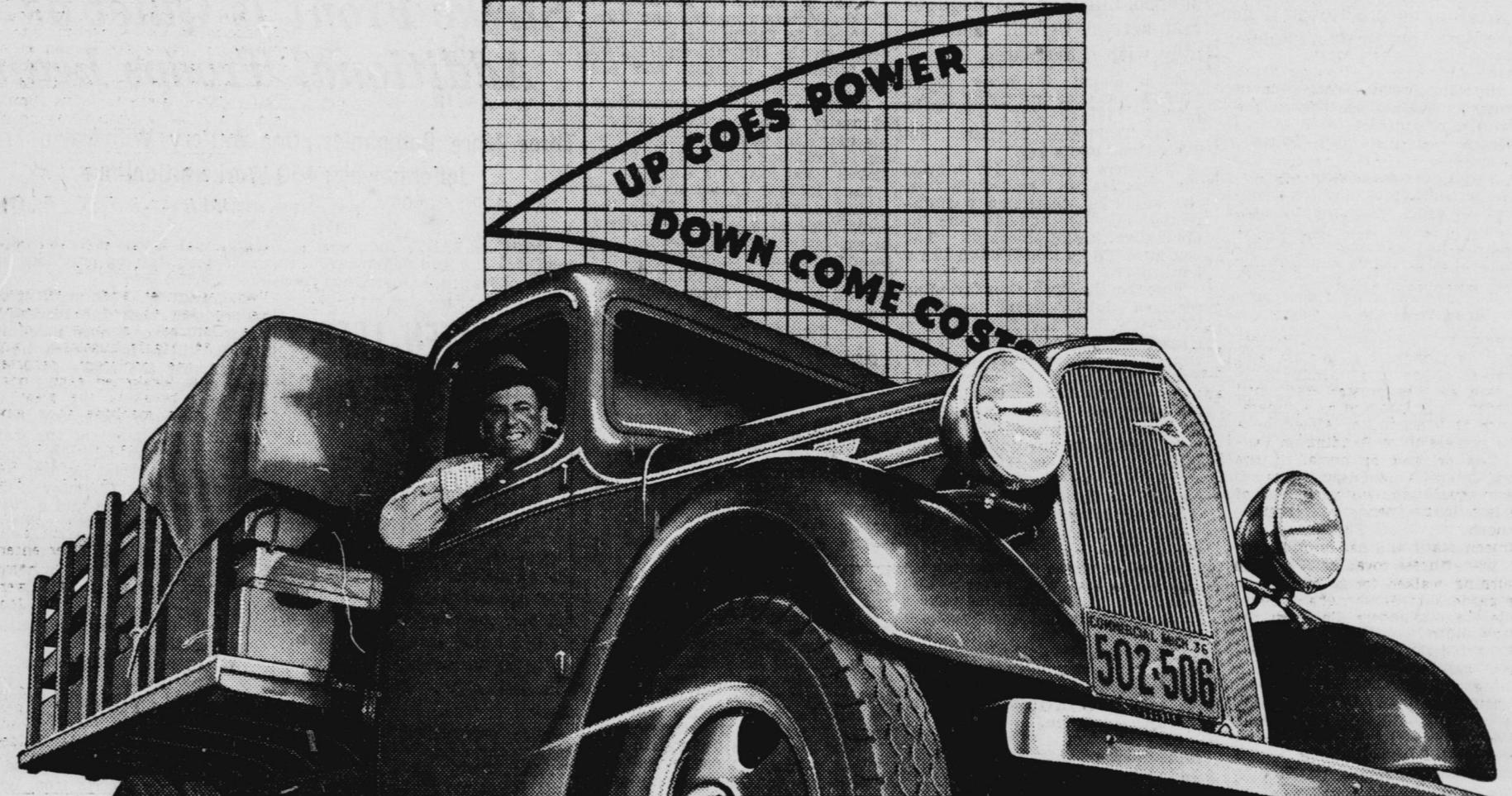
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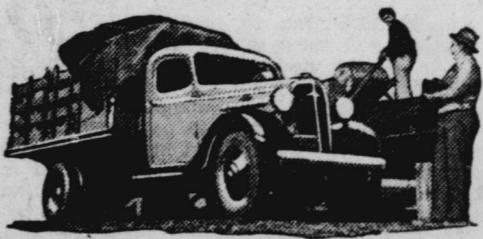
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