



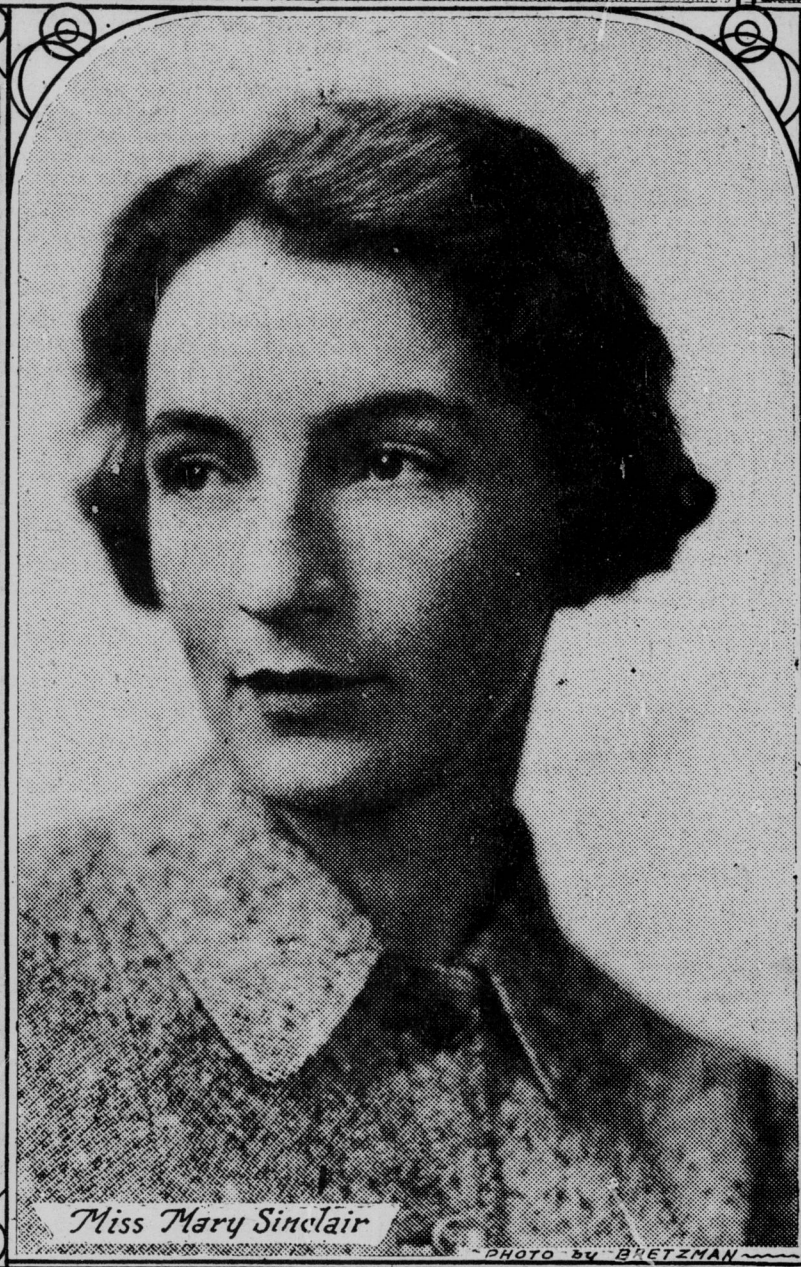
Mrs. Fred S. Boone, Mrs. Erwin Vonnegut and Mrs. Wells Hampton.



Mrs. Joseph Irwin Cummings.



Mrs. Skiles Test



Miss Mary Sinclair



Miss Katharine M. Brown

The STRANGE CASE of JULIA CRAIG

by Nard Jones
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Julia Craig, pretty young secretary to George Woodford, lawyer, is ambitious to become a night club singer. Julia shares an apartment with Amy Sanders.
Peter Kemp, young lawyer, is in love with Julia but they quarrel and Julia declares she never wants to see him again.
Woodford gives a party aboard his yacht and asks Julia to come to sing for his guests, including Cintra Lee, dancer; Mrs. Joseph, widow; Hugo Nash, and Royal Nesbitt. On board, Julia discovers the others think she is Woodford's guest and she that the trip is to be much longer than a week-end.
The yacht lands at Evergreen Island where Woodford has a lodge. Julia encounters Tom Payson who has been camping on a nearby island. He offers to help her get away. To do this he tries to break into the yacht's radio room. He is discovered and brought to Woodford.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER ELEVEN
BREATHELESSLY Julia and Cintra followed the trio into the big room. When George Woodford saw the two members of his crew with Payson between them, his eyes widened from their alcoholic squint.
"What's all this?" he said.
"What's all this?"
"We found him trying to get into the radio room, sir," said one of the men.
This astonished Woodford more than ever. "Into the radio room?" He looked at Payson. "What for?" he demanded. Then, before Payson could answer, "What's your name?" "Payson," said the younger man quickly. "And I'd like to explain the whole thing if you'll give me a chance."
Julia's heart leaped into her throat and whirled there like a frightened bird. Was Payson, now that he had been caught, going to tell them all why he had been trying to use the radio-telephone? Feeling her face aflame, she stood behind Cintra Lee.
"Go ahead, then," said Woodford angrily. "Go ahead and explain."
"Well, when you men say that I was trying to get into the radio room they're quite correct. But the inference is that they caught me breaking into it, which isn't true. He told me he'd give me 25 bucks if I'd let him in," said one of the men belligerently.

WOODWARD smiled unpleasantly. "I pay my men too well for any one to bribe them. Payson. Why were you so anxious to get at the set?"
"I wanted to send a message."

"Why didn't you ask me?" suggested Woodford.
"I naturally assumed you were aboard the boat. When I found you weren't I tried to get permission from one of the men."
Woodward nodded. Julia saw that too many cocktails had made him difficult and nasty. "You tried to get permission for \$25. I think it's odd you didn't ask the captain. Come on, Payson. What's your game? What was this message you wanted to get through?"
At the other's unpleasant attitude Payson straightened and his cheeks flushed with anger. "After all, Mr. Woodward, this isn't a police court, you know."
"But that's my yacht, Payson. This is my island, and these are my men. You can't get away with anything."
"I WASN'T trying to get away with anything. I have a camp on the next island. I was simply trying to notify a man at the settlement that I wanted him to bring his boat after me sooner than we'd originally planned."
Hugo Nash had been watching and listening, his sensual mouth twisted with alcoholic cunning. Now he stepped nearer Payson. "I think," he said to Woodward, "that this bird is lying. There's something queer about this whole thing." Payson's cheeks had been flushed, but now they turned suddenly scarlet, and he started toward Nash with his fists clenched. But as he stepped forward the two men caught his arms again and brought him to a helpless standstill.
Nash chose this auspicious moment to accept the challenge. With as much strength as he could muster he brought his first against Payson's mouth.
The women screamed, and Royal Nesbitt hurried between the two men. He stood facing Nash a moment, his eyes gleaming with contempt. And then, wordless, he struck Nash hard with an open hand.
"If you're anxious for a fight," he said icily, "nobody's holding me, Nash."
Nash rubbed his smarting cheek. "There's enough trouble here," he faltered at last. "I'll . . . I'll talk to you later."
"YES," George Woodford said quickly. "There's been quite enough trouble. Take this man out. If he tries to get aboard the Wood Nymph again, just hold him there and notify me."
Obeying, the two members of the

yacht's crew led Payson out of the lodge. He did not look at Julia as he left. If he had, he would have noticed that her eyes were filled with sudden tears for the trouble and humiliation she had caused him.
Cintra Lee saw Julia's glance following Payson from the room, and she whispered quickly: "Easy there, Julia. I think I see through this—and you'll give yourself away." Julia nodded, her face white. She saw Woodward walking toward them.
"I'm sorry this had to happen," he said.
"It's—it's been a little upsetting," said Julia weakly. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go up to bed."
WOODFORD patted her shoulder. "Sure, go right ahead, Julia. We men folk are rising early for a hunting trip in the morning. We'll be back about 9 or 10—so you see to it that Obo has a good breakfast ready!"
As Julia moved toward the stair, Cintra said in a low voice, "If the men folk can hold a bead on anything tomorrow it'll be a wonder." And when Julia had undressed nervously and climbed into bed, she was inclined to agree with Cintra. For long after she heard Cintra and Mrs. Joseph retire to their rooms, the men downstairs talked and laughed, quite as if nothing had happened. But Julia wondered about Royal Nesbitt and Hugo Nash.
Under the warming influence of cocktails they might pretend to have forgotten. But, remembering the look in Nash's eyes when Nesbitt had struck him, Julia doubted if he would let the matter pass so easily.
Nesbitt, the happy-go-lucky, a man of quick loves and hates, might possibly be willing to let things drop. But something told Julia that Nash wouldn't forget.
That night she slept fitfully, and in the morning she was grateful for a cold shower which revived her a little and made up for a bad stretch of hours in the strange room.
She realized that she must have slept at least a little toward morning, for she hadn't heard the men depart on their hunting jaunt. Her suspicion was that they had failed to arise at all—but when she went downstairs she found Obo laying a fire on the hearth and he told her that the "gentlemen" had gone before the sun was up.

JULIA looked at the clock on the mantel, its hands indicating 8:30. "Mr. Woodward asked me to tell you they'd want a good breakfast," she said.
Obo grinned happily. "Yes, Missie. Obo always have good breakfasts."
She felt a little crushed at this remark, and was forced to smile to herself. And then, as she thought of Tom Payson, her smile faded quickly. Had he gone back to his own camp last night?
Or was he still on Evergreen Island, waiting for another chance to use the communication system on the Wood Nymph? Surely, she thought, he would never be so reckless as to attempt it again. And yet it was his only chance to help her—and something told her that he would.
"I've got to find him," she told herself. "I've got to tell him that he mustn't get into trouble on my account again!"
SHE would have left the lodge then, but Mrs. Joseph appeared on the balcony and called down a lofty good-morning. Julia answered her as pleasantly as she could manage, wondering how she might get away without arousing the widow's suspicions.
"I'm famished," the woman confessed, making her way regally down the staircase. "I'm afraid I quite forgot to have dinner last night. I hope the boys bring in something delicious from their hunting trip."
"I think Obo is getting breakfast ready now," Julia told her.
"Indeed?"
There was much implied in the word. Julia sensed that the widow was assuming that Julia, as the companion of the host, had ordered breakfast in the absence of Woodward.
She sensed, also, that the widow was assuming the situation and resenting it, too. In a sudden flash Julia recognized the source of this strange woman's unhappiness—an unhappiness that cloaked her vaguely, yet surely.
She was a possessive woman; a woman who wanted all things and all men, and she could never be happy on this earth.
JULIA was glad when Cintra appeared at last, yawning indolently. The slender dancer had hardly reached the bottom of the stairs when there was a commotion

"That's that" was the comment of the Christamore Aid Society invitation committee members as they completed addressing and stamping invitation to the Mexican dance Feb. 15 at the Indianapolis Athletic Club. Mrs. Fred S. Boone, Mrs. Erwin Vonnegut and Mrs. Wells Hampton were among those who checked lists, addressed and mailed the invitations to the society's annual party for the benefit of the Christamore House.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Irwin Cummings are traveling in the South following their marriage Saturday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe Drake. Mrs. Cummings formerly was Miss Irma Frances Drake, Christamore Aid Society member.
Mrs. Skiles Test, active Junior League and Players' Club member, is on a trip to South America. Before her marriage Sunday, Mrs. Test was Mrs. Elsa Panter Haerle.
Miss Mary Sinclair is occupied with details incidental to the Indianapolis League of Women Voters' general meeting Wednesday afternoon in Ayres' auditorium. Speakers are to be Dr. Christopher B. Coleman, acting state library director; Luther L. Dickerson, city librarian, and Winston Riley Jr., director of the educational department, National Youth Administration.
Miss Katharine M. Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur V. Brown, has her thoughts centered on the success of the Smith College alumnae dance next Saturday at the Columbia Club. The college emergency fund is to benefit from the dance proceeds.
outside and Woodward pushed open the door from the porch.
He was supporting Nesbitt on one arm, and Julia saw that Nash, too, was helping to hold Royal erect. Cintra's hand flew to her mouth and she stifled a little cry.
"It's all right," Woodward said, helping Nesbitt into the room. "Just a little accident."
Nesbitt's face was white as he looked toward Cintra and smiled. "I deserved it," he said weakly. "I left the others and started thrashing around in the bush. Hugo mistook me for a deer, naturally."
Woodford set Nesbitt on the big leather davenport. "Just a clip on the shoulder," he said. "But we'd better start back this morning. Don't want to take a chance on any infection."
In an instant the widow was at Nesbitt's side, tenderly removing his leather hunting jacket. But Cintra Lee only stood staring, her lips half open and trembling. She was staring not at Nesbitt but at Hugo Nash.
Instinctively Julia went to her. (To Be Continued)

PLAYER SQUEEZES FOR BIG SLAM

Today's Contract Problem
Against South's contract of three no trump, West refuses to win the diamond lead, after South has taken the first trick, until the third round. Now what is his best defensive play, and how can South overcome that?
None vul. Opener—A 2.
Solution in next issue. 25

Solution to Previous Contract Problem
BY W. E. McKENNEY
Secretary American Bridge League
LESS than a year ago the American Bridge League announced it would discontinue the premium for honors in duplicate tournaments. This brought forth a great deal of favorable comment.
On Dec. 1, 1935, the national laws and rules committee, which is the law-making body for duplicate bridge, released its new code.
There are many differences between the duplicate code and the

rubber code, and tournament players should familiarize themselves with them. Geoffrey Mott-Smith of New York is secretary of the committee and handles all inquiries of tournament directors throughout the country.
Strangely enough, shortly after application of the code, Mr. Mott-Smith held the South cards in today's hand, which contained 100 honors in spades. Of course, after making the contract he could not score the honor premium. But he did make an extra trick for top score on the board.
The Play
Opening lead, six of hearts, was won by declarer with the ace. Declarer immediately decided that, if there was a squeeze in the hand, he would have to find West with the high diamonds and long clubs, which was more or less indicated by the fact that East bid hearts; therefore, East must have bid on length in that suit.
At this point declarer led the 10 of spades and won in dummy with the king. A small heart was returned and ruffed by declarer with the jack of spades. The three of spades was played and won in dummy with the eight.
The jack of hearts was ruffed with the queen of spades. Declarer now cashed the ace of spades. Then the ace and king of diamonds were played. A small club was won in dummy with the ace, and now declarer applied the squeeze.
He cashed the last two spades, discarding from his hand a club and a diamond. West couldn't protect both the diamonds and the clubs. If he discarded his queen of diamonds, dummy's ten

spot would be good, and a club discard would set up the two clubs in declarer's hand.
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GUILD IS TO HOLD LUNCHEON SESSION
Red and white sweet peas and appointments in keeping with St. Valentine's Day are to appoint the luncheon meeting of Sunnyside Guild at 1230 Monday in the Columbia Club.
Mrs. Edward A. Yawson, chairman, is to be assisted by Mesdames Wallace O. Lee, George Lemaux, Howard W. Linkert, Jesse G. Marshall, Addie Martin, Leroy Martin, W. Mort Martin, Floyd J. Mattice, William McQueen and Gus Meyer.
Arrangements are to be made for the guild dance Friday, Feb. 21, at the Indiana Ballroom.

♠ K 8 6 5 2			
♥ J 8 7			
♦ 10 7 2			
♣ A 2			
♠ 7 4	♥ 6 2	♦ J 8 6	♣ Q 10 8 7
Dealer	W	E	S
♠ A Q J 10 3	♥ A	♦ A K 3	♣ K 9 5 3
Duplicate—N. & S. vul.			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	3 ♥
4 ♥	Pass	5 ♣	Pass
6 ♣	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♥ 6. 25			