

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 decides 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 Clinto Lee, dancer; Mrs. Joseph, widow; Hugo Nash and Royal Nesbitt.

On board, Julia discovers the trip is to be much longer than expected.

The yacht lands at Evergreen Island, where Woodford has a lodge. Julia meets Tom Payson who agrees to help her get away, but he is discovered on the yacht and accused of tampering with the radio. After an angry scene he is allowed to depart.

The men go hunting and Nesbitt is injured.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWELVE
WHEN Royal Nesbitt had been administered a stiff brandy by the excited Obo he went immediately aboard the yacht so that Capt. Bakely could give him adequate first-aid from the medical kit.

At the lodge, under the direction of Woodford, preparations for leaving were swift indeed. Julia was certain that it was not the seriousness of Nesbitt's wound which prompted the sudden break-up of the party.

It was not, she felt, the wound itself that worried Woodford, but rather its implication. She was almost sure that Hugo Nash's aim had been calculated—and obviously the Lee girl thought so, too.

There had been something vaguely furtive about the three men as they returned that morning. It was as if they had come to an agreement of silence before the women.

But Julia's thoughts were directed more toward Tom Payson than toward Royal Nesbitt. As she hurriedly packed her bag she planned an attempt to see him before the Wood Nymph should leave the little bay.

IT proved an easy matter to leave the lodge without being seen.

Nash and Woodford had already gone to the yacht, while the widow and Clinto Lee were still in their rooms getting their luggage packed for Obo to take down to the beach.

Julia slipped quickly out the door and down the path she had taken the night before.

She felt somehow that Payson was on Evergreen Island—where he could keep in touch with her.

Mindful that the Wood Nymph would be leaving within the hour, she ran along the path as swiftly as the clutching foliage and overhanging boughs would let her. Soon she was relieved to see an open space ahead, then the blue waters on the other side of the island.

The path ended at beach, and there were marks where the bow of a small boat had cut into the sand. But beyond this there was no indication of the recent presence of Payson.

What he had called "his island" was within shouting distance, but Julia could see nothing but a thick green wood. Not even a spiral of smoke hinted at habitation—and there was no small boat moored on the shore opposite.

WE stood there, uncertain whether to return to the yacht or stay behind in the hope of seeing Payson.

Somehow it didn't seem fair to leave on the Wood Nymph without some word—and yet, what assurance did she have that Payson was

still camping on the adjacent island? Shoving her hands helplessly into the pockets of her skirt she encountered a cool small cylinder which was a silver pencil Amy Sanders had given her months ago.

But neither of the pockets revealed even a scrap of paper on which to write a message for Payson. Then her glances happened to fall upon a piece of driftwood on the beach. Its surface was bleached white, and as she picked it up she discovered gratefully that it was dry.

There was little chance that Payson would find it—but at least, Julia decided, it was worth a try.

Holding the little silver pencil tightly she printed in black capitals on the wood:

"WOODFORD HAS DECIDED TO LEAVE FOR THE CITY. WISH I COULD THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR TROUBLE. J. C."

Then she set the white wood near the marks on the sand, but out of reach of the tide; and with another and last look at the island beyond, she started reluctantly back along the path.

HALFWAY to the other side of the island she met Woodford. He was red from exertion, and obviously relieved when he saw her.

"Didn't you know we were leaving?" he said petulantly. "Why run away without telling some of us?"

"I'm sorry. I thought you weren't going before an hour."

"Everybody's aboard and ready," Woodford told her.

Puzzled, Julia followed him down the path. She had never seen him like this and she was moved to ask how Nesbitt was getting along.

"He'll be all right. It wasn't serious."

THEN why, Julia wondered, all of Woodford's seriousness? Perhaps he was only piqued because his vacation jaunt had broken into troublesome fragments.

But she could have asked him more questions even if she'd wanted to for he rushed on down the path quite as if the Wood Nymph might leave without its owner. In a moment she saw Capt. Bakely waiting in the stern of the power boat.

Cintra Lee was the only one in

Daily Recipe

Prune and Cranberry Lattice Top Pie

Line a dish with plain pastry and fill with 1½ cups cooked prunes, pitted and sliced:

1½ cups chopped raw cranberries.

1 teaspoon cornstarch.

½ teaspoon salt.

1 cup sugar.

½ cup prune juice.

1 tablespoon butter.

Mix cornstarch, salt and sugar and stir into prune juice. Pour over the fruit in the pie shell and dot with bits of butter.

To make a lattice top roll pastry as square as possible and cut in strips about ½ inch wide. Moisten the edge of the undercrust just as if you were going to put on an upper crust.

Press strips against the moistened edge, working at right angles so the strips will be under and over each other. Then moisten the strips around the edge and place a strip of crust over. Pinch with thumb and forefinger to crimp edge. Bake at 375 for 30 minutes.

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These Resort Costumes Are Frankly Slimming



BY GERTRUDE BAILEY

Did you know that there are now white gabardine shorts in size 56? We're so afraid someone is going to buy them and wear them on our southern beaches that we are determined to sway every woman larger than 36 in the direction of another counter where there are gracefully cut culottes that cover the knees and look like skirts and where there are ladylike slacks with three-quarter coats and spectator sports ensembles so flattering that we hope every size 40 will sense her niche in the sun is the hotel terrace or the cabana porch.

Brevity and smoothness that get briefer and smoother for the bathing beauties every season have a size limit, or should, if not an age limit. Neither was intended for a comic ballet on the boardwalk. Stores say they have to carry large sizes in shorts and halters because larger women demand them, after they see how cute they look on somebody else on a magazine cover. If the fashion writers have neglected to point out the inverse ratio of men who do.

"Tim—I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"I think you do, Julia. All you have to do is decide whether you'll let me make love to you."

"I can make that decision very quickly, Mr. Woodford. It's no."

"I could still manage that interview with Smith Garland." He went on quietly. "And I wouldn't object to your having a career."

Her face white, Julia got to her feet. Anger rushed full into her throat and choked her words.

"That's really big of you, Mr. Woodford—and now let's not discuss ourselves for the rest of the cruise!" She turned on her heel and hurried to her stateroom.

(To Be Continued)

SUITS FOR WOMEN

MEET WITH FAVOR

If you do not feel like buying a printed silk or sheer woolen dress to freshen up your winter wardrobe, why not consider a suit? You can get a navy blue, gray, brown or black suit right now, wear it under your fur coat and later on, with a topcoat. Gray probably is to be the most important suit color this spring.

Men's wear fabrics are best. One interesting model looks very much like a director's suit. It includes a slim skirt of black worsted with gray chalk stripes and a nipped-in-at-the-waist jacket with man-tailored lapels and cuffs.

Having warned you against wearing cosmetics which bear no relation to your natural skin tones or, worse yet, to each other, I want to go a step farther (then I'll be through with negative advice for months) and say that it's possible to overdo the use of creams and lotions.

I am reminded of a letter I received from a reader. She writes that, although she uses soap and water, cleansing cream and two lotions each morning before she makes up, cleaning cream, tissue cream, a lotion, anti-wrinkle and pore creams every night, a mask and the accompanying treatments twice a week and has professional facials now and then, her skin never seems healthy and clear. She was, of course, perturbed about the fact that she does so much to her complexion, yet seems to get practically no results.

I think every one ought to appreciate the value of regular and meticulous night and morning beauty routines, of course, but after months, if these seem to have no visible good effects on the skin, one ought to look behind the scenes.

Check Health Carefully

In other words, make a careful check-up on health. Sometimes a visit to a doctor and careful following of his directions have been known to do more to improve the complexion than any number of beauty treatments.

In addition, if many creams are used several times a day, their method of application has to be particularly gentle. Delicate muscles and skin on face and throat were not made to be scrubbed like laundry or manipulated this way and that as though you were trying to massage away fatty tissues on your thighs.

Do be gentle with your skin, use only the purest beauty preparations (and no more of them than you actually need), get plenty of sleep and see your doctor the minute you suspect some organic disorder is spoiling your complexion.

Now we find West in a peculiar situation. Two good diamonds have been established in dummy. He can not lead a spade or the jack will be an entry there. A heart return also will provide an entry.

So West makes a very nice play

not width. The loose hanging jacket is aqua crepe with a tuxedo collar and loose panels in a bodice, again to heighten the up and down line. The aqua felt hat with dubonnet stitching is neither too flip nor matronly to be anything but becoming to a face all the more interesting because of a few character lines. This ensemble is even gayer in taffy with Kelly green for contrast.

Sitting on the arm of the chair

is a woman who likes more casual clothes, especially the one-piece

dress of turquoise basque linen that has diagonally tucked shoulder.

ders, sleeves that are cut in one

with the bodice and an embossed motif on a tricorn pocket that comes out of a deeply curved seam to break any suggestion of width above the waistline.

White pearl buttons from neck to hem in back emphasizes the vertical line going. This dress comes in gold, white, dubonnet, as well as turquoise. The white felt tri-corn hat has plenty of depth at back where the brim turns up and the right brim for eye-shade at the front. It is young and casual at any angle.

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