

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 trip is to be much longer than a week-end. 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 Cintra 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.

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

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? Showing 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 glance 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 Woodford's seriousness? Perhaps he was only piqued because his vacation jaunt had broken into troublesome fragments.

But she could have asked him no more questions even if she'd wanted 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

sight aboard the yacht except the members of the crew.

When the tender reached the larger craft, Woodford and Bakely went at once to the wheel house, and Julia sauntered aft to where Cintra sat smoking a cigaret.

"I was a little surprised when I saw you in the boat with Woodford," the dancer said.

"Why?" Julia sat in the deck chair beside Cintra, felt the sudden vibration of the engines as the Wood Nymph got under way.

"I had a notion perhaps you'd decided to stay marooned with that handsome young man who tried to rescue you last night."

Julia turned to the girl. "You won't say anything?"

"It's not an affair of mine."

"I almost wish I had stayed. Somehow I don't like the idea of being on this yacht again."

CINTRA gave her a curious glance. "So you feel it, too?" She looked out over the rail a moment. Then: "I must be right about it."

"Right about what?" asked Julia quickly. There was something in the girl's tone that frightened her. Something ominous and sure.

But at her question Cintra only laughed. "It's probably just the jitters. I've been feeling that our bad luck hasn't run out. I've a notion to get into my berth and stay there until we land."

"Do you think Mr. Nesbitt is all right?"

Cintra nodded. "He's very lucky—lucky that Nash drank so much last night that his aim was shaky."

Her words might have meant everything . . . or nothing; and something told Julia not to press her for an explanation.

OBO served luncheon from his tray, seeking out the guests wherever they happened to be. Julia, who remained on the deck after Cintra had gone to her cabin, supposed that Woodford was attempting to avoid the strain and embarrassment of bringing them all together in the main cabin.

She wondered if the whole cruise back to the city was to be like this. Almost afraid to move from her place, she consumed her sandwiches and coffee, then set the plate by her feet.

It wasn't long, however, before Woodford appeared. His mood seemed to have lightened, for he greeted her with a pleasant smile. As he sat down in the chair which Cintra had vacated, Julia caught a faint odor of whiskey.

"Sorry to leave Evergreen Island?" he asked.

"Well . . . I'll be sort of relieved to get back to town," she told Woodford frankly. "I'm afraid I'm not very good at just—well loafing."

Woodford laughed. "We'll both be back in the office soon enough, Julia. I'm dreadfully sorry, for your sake, that the trip turned out like this."

She did not answer at once. Then she told Woodford quietly that she didn't intend to resume her place as his secretary at Woodford & Brooks.

"When did you decide that?" he asked, astonished.

"A day or so ago."

"What's the reason? Not enough money—or have you decided to plunge right into this night club business?"

"I STILL intend to sing in a night club," Julia told him. "But I'm leaving Woodford & Brooks for—"

"Personal reasons?" interrupted Woodford, and laughed. He faced her squarely, leaning forward in his chair. "I think I know what you mean, Julia. And I think you're right about it, too. The truth is that I'm glad you're resigning. You see," he smiled, "I don't like the idea of making love to my secretary. Perhaps it's because these cartoonists make so much fun of men who do."

"I'm—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 one 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.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:

NEA, U. S. PAT. OFF.

Gardening is another hobby that grows on you.

These Resort Costumes Are Frankly Slimming



Slim lines are emphasized in this cruise ensemble by color contrast and V's. Over the aqua crepe dress is an aqua jacket with longer front panels in duobonnet.

their chic in relation to hip lines, let us emphasize that the large size shorts are not sketched on today's fashion page.

IN their place are two resort costumes that come in sizes from 16 to 46, that are frankly slimming, beautifully contrasted as to color and youthful.

One is an ensemble of turquoise and duobonnet Pueblo crepe. The lighter tone is used for the one-piece dress that has a V neckline, an inverted V waistline to maintain that optical illusion of height,

not width. The loose hanging jacket is aqua crepe with a tuxedo collar and loose panels in duobonnet, again to heighten the up and down line. The aqua felt hat with duobonnet stitching is neither too flip nor maternally 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 color 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 shoulders, sleeves that are cut in one with the bodice and an embroidered 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, duobonnet, 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.

Take Heart! Study Your Love—Jane

Skip the Kisses, But You Must Learn Ways to Hold Him.

Discuss your handiaps with Jane Jordan, who will help you overcome them by her answers in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—The other evening I dated a fellow and while coming home I kissed him five times. I do not make a practice of this and now I regret it. Do you think he will consider me common and cheap for kissing him at all, let alone the first time I went with him? I don't know why I did it and my conscience bothers me.

I do not dance perfectly and do not smoke nor drink, and it seems I can't think of very interesting things to talk about while with a fellow, even though I try very hard. I felt like I didn't want to be such a poor sport, and that is why I kissed him at all. I enjoyed kissing him, but feel very remorseful for doing it. What should I do toward making amends? WONDERING.

Answer—You are attaching too much importance to five kisses. After all, there is nothing so terrible about kissing an attractive boy, and certainly nothing unusual about it. Most girls have done the same thing many times without ruin. The main thing you are worrying about is the boy's opinion of you.

There may be some boys today who prefer a girl who makes them wait a little longer for such favors, but there are few puritanical enough to consign a girl to the gutter just because she kissed them.

Instead of worrying about the circumstance, which is harmless enough in itself, do your worrying about your limitations. The girl that can't think of anything to say suffers a social handicap which she can overcome if she will. It is embarrassing to realize that petting is the only form of entertainment you know.

What is the boy interested in—schools, sports, business, movies, politics? Find out what it is and lay in a good supply of information on his pet subject. Then you will have something to talk about.

He, on the other hand, will like to broaden his knowledge by hearing about your activities, aspirations and ambitions. If you are profoundly interested in some feminine pursuit, what you have to say about it will not be boring. Read newspapers, books and magazines until your head is crammed full of events, stories and incidents which you can impart to others.

If you do not dance well, practice! If you do not talk well, practice! Any dumb bunny can pet, but a boy likes a girl with other attractions, as well.

Nothing lowers a girl in a boy's estimation more quickly than promiscuous petting. It is so unflattering to him. He prefers to believe that his charms and his slow broke down the resistance of the charming young lady who doesn't kiss everybody but who saw fit to make an exception in his case.

Dear Jane Jordan—My boy friend has no dates, but lunches with another girl. We have been going together for almost 10 months and still I don't know if he really likes me or not. Should I just forget about the other girl and not step out on him or should I say something to him about her?

UNDECIDED.
Answer—Even if you were married to the young man I can't see why you should object to his lunching with another woman, nor can I see why you shouldn't lunch with one of your men friends if you want to. The notion that you can be all and everything to another person has no foundation in fact. Perhaps the boy is not head over heels in love with you, but he enjoys your friendship and you enjoy his. Why break it up because you are not the sole owner of his time?

Broadmoor Luncheon Set
Arrangements have been completed for Ladies' Guest Day at Broadmoor Country Club Wednesday. Kenos is to follow the luncheon. The committee in charge includes Mesdames Sidney J. Sternberger, Louis J. Bornstein, M. S. Cohn and Milton L. Sternberger.

Today's Pattern



ONLY the bell sleeves break the simplicity of the frock's lines—and even the sleeves can be made in a short version. Unusual pockets and button trim keep it from looking austere. Made of printed, plain silk or cotton fabrics. Patterns are sized 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric.

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Good Health Is Aid to Beauty, Expert Says

BY ALICIA HART

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, cleansing cream, tissue cream, a lotion, anti-wrinkle and pore creams every night, a mask and the accompanying treatment 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 quality 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.

TRICK MET BY TRICK

Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the contract at three no trump. What is the safest way in which declarer can make his contract?

♠ A Q 7 3
♥ K 8 3
♦ A 8 7 3
♣ J 8

W N E Dealer
(Blind) W S (Blind)
♠ K Q 10 9 6
♥ 10 4
♦ A 10
♣ A J 8 6

None vul. Opener—♠ 5.
Solution in next issue. 27

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. MCKENNEY

Secretary American Bridge League

WATCHING re-entries, or creating re-entries, plays a very important part in bridge. A good defensive player is on the alert at all times to try to kill any entries declarer may have.

Today we find an opponent employing a defensive holdup and then making a good defensive play, to have it offset by good strategy on the part of declarer. Of course, the most interesting hands in bridge are those that give both sides chances to employ strategy.

West opens his fourth best spade, which declarer wins with the king. The ten of diamonds is played and West refuses to win.

Declarer continues with the six and again West refuses to win, but when declarer continues with another diamond, West wins with the ace.

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 entry there. A heart return also will provide an entry.

So West makes a very nice play

JOAN LIKES WHITE AS ALL-YEAR WEAR

For smart, all-year wear, Joan Crawford chooses white. The new sport coat of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star is fashioned from white chinchilla cloth and is swagger in type. It features a large, coachman's collar and pockets and may be worn belted in at the waist or flaring.

Miss Crawford is particularly fond of this wrap over a dress of white light-weight woolen, accented by a scarf of fog blue. Matching blue accessories complete the ensemble.

Duplicate—None vul.

South West North East

1 ♣ Pass 1 ♦ Pass

2 N.T. Pass 3 N.T. Pass

Opening lead—♠ 2. 27

by leading the jack of clubs. Now, if South wins this trick, his contract probably will be defeated, as he will count West for three clubs and therefore will be afraid to cash his other high club.

His safest play is to refuse to win this trick. Now his contract is assured and West is forced to lead into declarer's ten-ace position.

This gives declarer three clubs, two diamonds, two hearts and two spades (nine tricks in all.) (Copyright, 1935, by NEA Service, Inc.)

Calls Board Meeting

The Rev. George S. Southworth, governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in Indiana, has called a luncheon meeting of the board of assistants for noon Wednesday at the Y. W. C. A.

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