

# 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 she quarrels 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. Julia goes, later regrets it when she learns the house is to be much longer than a week-end.  
The yacht lands at Evergreen Island where Woodford has a lodge. There Julia meets Tom Payson, who offers to help her get away, but Payson is discovered on the yacht and forced to leave. Nesbitt is injured while the men are hunting. Woodford's party leaves at once to get Nesbitt to a doctor.  
Julia arrives home. Cintra Lee telephones and tells her she can have a job singing on Tony Latta's gambling ship.  
**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

**CHAPTER FOURTEEN**  
NEXT day, a little after 5, Julia found herself in a taxi bound for one of the municipal wharves. There, Cintra Lee had told her over the telephone the night before, she would find Tony Latta ready to take her to his gambling ship for her first professional engagement.  
All day long her better judgment had warred against the idea—but already she had heard Cintra Lee's word. And there remained the fact that she was out of a job and must do something.  
But, despite all this, she might still have sent her excuses had it not been for Amy Sanders.  
"I'd do it," Amy told her. "You can't care of yourself, Julia. It's not where a girl is, but what she is. If you're sold on this Cintra Lee, and she says that Latta is all right, what more do you want?"  
So, bolstered by Amy's advice, Julia kept her promise to Cintra Lee. All day long she had occupied herself furiously with small tasks around the apartment, trying not to think of her eventual appointment with Latta.  
When the time came, she ordered a cab almost automatically—and now here she was, headed straight for Latta's gambling ship.

It seemed only a few minutes before the taxi had stopped before the wide gates of the municipal wharf. Trembling a little, Julia got out and paid the driver.  
In her excitement she almost forgot her bag and he had to call after her. But when Julia reached out a hand for it a low, strange voice said, "I'll take it, please."  
She turned swiftly to look into dark brown eyes—enigmatisms eyes that told nothing.

"I am Tony. And you are Miss Craig?"  
"Yes," Julia faltered.  
"I recognized you from what Cintra told me. You are ready to come aboard now?"  
In those few seconds before she found her voice to answer, Julia examined Tony Latta.  
He was, rather short, and a little heavy—a man some where beyond 40.  
His eyes were the eyes of his race, deep and dark and beautiful. They were his most—perhaps his only— attractive feature. But his smile was broad and friendly.  
"Before we start out we must get things straight, eh?" He smiled again. "You want to sing for my customers?" He nodded quickly to his own questions. "And about the salary. I can not pay very much, even though Cintra tells me you are very good. Suppose we start at \$40 a week?"

JULIA started. Her salary at Woodford Brooks had been \$27.50 a week.  
Mistaking her hesitation, Latta

added, "That includes your meals aboard the ship, if you want them. And also you can have a room—or you can come in with the last taxi boat."  
"I—I think I'd rather stay in town," Julia said.  
Latta shrugged. "Even if you do, \$40 is all I can afford to pay."  
"That will be . . . quite satisfactory, Mr. Latta."

His wide smile flashed again. "Good! . . . And one other thing. Everybody calls me Tony. Nobody calls me Mr. Latta unless they do not like me very much. I think right from the start you should call me Tony, and I should call you Julia. Is it a go?"  
Julia laughed. "It's a go," she agreed, wondering what there was about this short, dark man that was so likable.  
But when he led her to the end of the wharf where four sleek mahogany runabouts were moored she felt as if she were about to step into an abyss from which a return would be difficult. At sight of Latta, a man appeared from out the sedan-top of the nearest boat.  
"Ready to go, Tony?"  
"All right. Put the light on the ladder, Pete."

BELOW her Julia saw the narrow rungs which made it possible to board the water taxi. In no time at all she and Latta were aboard, and the boat seemed to literally leap away from the dock.  
Julia caught her breath at the sudden speed and Latta smiled.  
"These boats are very fast," he said. "I have had them a long time." He looked at her slyly, like a small boy confessing a peccadillo. "I had them before prohibition was repealed. Before," he added with a smile, "before I decided that it was not right to be breaking the law."

"I see," said Julia uncertainly. "You know, my ship is perfectly legal?" he asked anxiously. "It does not operate in the state, and so it is not subject to state laws. You know that?"  
"Oh, yes," laughed Julia. "Cintra told me. I wouldn't have taken the job if she hadn't assured me of that."

LATTA nodded. "I believe you, Julia. You are a good girl. I can see that with only one eye. And that is what I want. Cintra says you sing like—I think she said it was like nobody's business."  
"I hope she didn't build me up so much that you'll be disappointed," Latta said. "I can't tell a good note from a bad one," Latta confessed. "But I take Cintra's word for anything. And anyhow, my customers will tell me if they do not like you."

He laughed uproariously at this last remark, but somehow Julia could not find it amusing. "I hope," she thought, "that I can last the week out."  
But when the speedy boat had left the harbor and encountered the heavier weather outside she was not so certain that she would want to last the week out.  
The runabout seemed to leap from one wave crest to the next, and each wave slapped the bottom like a giant sledge.  
"Does it get rougher than this?" she asked.  
"Rough?" Tony Latta seemed surprised. "This is not rough. These boats will take more than you think—and sometimes it is pretty bad." He smiled at her. "I think sometimes you will change your mind about wanting to come back into town."

JULIA's heart beat faster. Would this job, too, be virtual imprisonment—she had suffered on the Wood Nymph?  
Certainly she had no desire to spend very many days and nights, friendless, on a lone ship moored out from shore. But perhaps Latta was having some mild fun with her. Fortunately it was not very many more minutes before there loomed ahead of them the outlines of a ship. It was not now fully illuminated, except for its regulation lights, and to Julia it seemed a black and forbidding bulk bearing down upon them.  
But Latta's man maneuvered the small boat with the perfection of long experience, and Tony Latta helped Julia to the landing platform. In another moment she was on the deck of his gambling ship.

It was not the largest ship out of the harbor that night, but neither was it very small. Latta explained that he had purchased it from a transportation company which considered the boat out of date.  
"But she's fine for my purposes," he said. "I got her for a song, and I sold the engines for a good price, too." He laughed, pleased at his own astuteness. "She don't need engines—we tow her when we want to change her position."

"But mostly she's just anchored tight, and I got plenty of weight in her hold and she don't roll much." The interior was not at all what Julia had expected. It was more like the interior of a fine hotel than of a smaller passenger vessel. There were three large gambling rooms with cream-colored walls and furniture that just missed being in florid taste.  
Most of the chairs and settees were in bright red leather, which seemed to please Latta immensely—and the game tables were all covered with green felt, and marked for a dozen different games of chance.  
"But here is where you will sing," Latta said, and pushed open a wide white swinging door.

Julia gasped. It was, in truth, a miniature night club. There were small tables, each with a blue cloth. At one end of the room was a space for a small orchestra, and along one wall was a cocktail bar, resplendent in gray wood and indirect lighting. Latta smiled. "A nice setting for my—my little jewel, eh?"  
"It's so much nicer than I expected," she said, without thinking how her remark might sound.

"But Tony's boat gets the best people," he assured her. "Your singing will not be wasted. . . . And now I will show you your room."  
"I like it," Julia said.  
But as Latta closed the door she was trembling in every fibre of her slender young body. This was such a strange new world in which she had chosen to make her way. Yet there was no turning back now.

(To Be Continued)

ELKS WILL HOLD VALENTINE BALL  
Elks' entertainment committee with Frank W. Spooner, chairman, announces a Valentine ball for Feb. 15 at the Severin roof. The event is to be open to members, their friends and members of the Fifty Club.  
Mr. Spooner is to be assisted by Dr. Paul C. Beckner, master of ceremonies; James N. Nelson, W. G. Taylor and Dan R. Anderson. Proceeds are to be used for the Elks' charity fund.  
Entertainment is to be presented by Misses Roslyn Ludwig and Margie White, dancers, and Miss Helen Louise Morrison. Courtland C. Cohee is chairman.

**Daily Recipe**  
Prune Custard  
Two cups milk.  
One tablespoon cornstarch.  
One-half cup sugar.  
One-fourth teaspoon salt.  
Two eggs.  
Ten or 11 prunes.  
One-fourth cup boiling water.  
One tablespoon sugar.  
Two teaspoons lemon juice.  
Four tablespoons powdered sugar.  
Remove pits from prunes and cut in small pieces. Combine with water, 1 tablespoon sugar and cook in double boiler or until soft. Scald milk, mix and sift cornstarch, salt and sugar and slowly add scalded milk, stirring constantly.  
Cook in double boiler for 20 minutes. Add yolks of eggs slightly beaten and cook a minute longer. Add prunes and cool. Turn into a serving dish and chill. Beat whites of eggs until stiff, adding powdered sugar gradually. Beat in lemon juice and pile roughly over pudding before serving.  
Dried apricots, dates or figs can be used in place of prunes. Use about ¼ pound of dried fruit. I gave you the number of prunes because I thought it would be easier than weighing them.

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## Today's Patterns



THE step-by-step sewing chart makes the finishing of these garments a simple matter. The pajamas (No. 8720) have sleeves cut in one with the blouse, which is slanted at front and tied at the waist. Patterns are sized 6 to 14 years, size 8 requiring 2½ yards of 35-inch cotton crepe, silk or flannel, with 2½ yards of 1½-inch bias binding. The undergarments can be made of batiste, nainsook or long cloth, from patterns sized 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 35-inch fabric for slip and chemise, with 4½ yards of ruffling or lace trimming.

To secure a PATTERN and STEP-BY-STEP SEWING INSTRUCTIONS, fill out the coupon below.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES, TODAY'S PATTERN BUREAU, 214 W. Maryland-st., Indianapolis. Enclosed is 15 cents in coin for

Name..... Address.....  
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Address your envelope to The Indianapolis Times, Today's Pattern Bureau, 214 W. Maryland-st., Indianapolis.

## 1936 Decorations Strive for Spacious Effect

BY MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

NEW YORK, Feb. 5. (NEA)—Round coffee and cigar tables with no corners to bark your shins, cork floors for the sake of the people underneath or to benefit your own feet, largish furniture and not so much of it, solid comfort in chairs and sofas—these are the 1936 notes in interior decoration.  
Modernistic metal has given place to more flexible modern wood. Nothing is done for effect only, as it was once. Window and wall treatment have been simplified for comfort.

Take, for instance, the average living room. It is 14x16 feet, according to the statisticians. The problem is to make it seem larger than it is, livable and attractive. One entire wall of mirror helps build the illusion of spaciousness. Another wall is light in color to contrast with the two darker walls and furniture. The chairs are the right height to allow leaning back restfully and are upholstered for comfort, not looks.

THE newest note, by the way, is to have the wall space broken so that pieces of furniture can't be set stiffly against the wall as they used to be. The furniture itself serves several purposes as a rule. In bedrooms, a dresser, chest and cheval mirror, for instance, form a single unit that makes for unity and grace.  
There's also a move on to render dining rooms less cold and formidable by turning them into combination bars and lounging rooms.

The most sensible innovation of all, though, has to do with curtains and draperies. The modern windows (usually they are casement, incidentally), wear either curtains or draperies, not both. This does away with extra bunchedness and allows the occupant of the room to get an occasional glimpse of what is going on outside.

Paint seems to have a little edge on wallpaper at the moment, and all the strange panelings that were so popular for a while have been abandoned.  
A budget room for combined dining and living fitted up by one girl of high school age, considered very attractive, and I am a good dancer. I am friendly and ambitious. If I don't succeed in anything, I keep on trying. I always make nice remarks about other people, but it seems as if most people give me a lot of attention at first and drop me out of the circle afterward.

I am quiet at some times and at others I can be one of the jolliest in a crowd. I can not keep my friends as I would like to. It is the same with the boys. I think I could make many friends



The illusion of spaciousness in the average living room (above) is gained by using one light wall to add width and a huge mirror panel to increase the length. The color scheme is dulled brown with greyed chartreuse and a soft blurred beige. Both leather and coarse fabrics are employed in upholstery.

## Keep Alert, Active to Attract Friends, Jane Jordan Suggests

Put your problems in a letter to Jane Jordan, who will answer your questions in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—I am a young girl of high school age, considered very attractive, and I am a good dancer. I am friendly and ambitious. If I don't succeed in anything, I keep on trying. I always make nice remarks about other people, but it seems as if most people give me a lot of attention at first and drop me out of the circle afterward.

I am quiet at some times and at others I can be one of the jolliest in a crowd. I can not keep my friends as I would like to. It is the same with the boys. I think I could make many friends

among the boys if I knew how to treat them. Please help me.

**PUZZLED.**  
Answer—The art of making friends is a job of self-salesmanship. You've mastered the first step in your ability to attract favorable attention. Apparently you relax your efforts to put your personality across after you've succeeded in arousing another's interest.

Since I do not know what you do, or do not do that fails to hold the interest of the people you meet, I can give you no specific instructions. Usually a person who fails to interest others for any length of time is lacking in intellectual curiosity.

He is not alert to what is happening in the world about him. He lacks an awareness of situations, either personal or general. He is too passive in his attitude toward life, always hoping that something pleasant will happen to him, but never doing anything to stir things up.

Your cue is to take a more active part in the life of your community. Join in the things that others are doing. Read books, play games, ride a hobby, take up a study, join a club—it doesn't make much difference what you do as long as you're active. Don't sit on the sidelines and watch the world go by, but jump in the stream and swim.

The trouble with many people is that they expect dividends without making an investment. Even after you have learned to contribute something to the life around you, you can't expect immediate returns.

You can't deposit money in a savings bank and expect to draw interest the next day. Likewise, if popularity does not follow your first attempt to join in the activities of your group, you must not be disappointed. Neither must you relax in your efforts.

**Boiling Milk**  
Milk will not boil over if you rub a little glycerine around the rim of the saucepan.

## Choose Simple Style for Hair on Sea Voyage

BY ALICIA HART

THE day before you start on a winter holiday trip decidedly is not the time to have your hair-dresser design an intricate coiffure. Given a free hand he probably can make you look like a picture of a screen actress coming down a gang-plank, but how long will your hair stay that way?

Not for more than the time it takes you to pace once around a windswept deck. I'm afraid, so you'd better stick to a simple hairdress and one that will be as nice for dancing after dinner as for deck tennis in the morning.

More and more simple hair-styles that are waved softly backward from the face (what's more, can be combed backward with your own two hands) are catching on. If you haven't tried one of this type, you might do so a week before you start on your trip.

If you don't like it, you can go back to your old style when you get your hair done again the day before sailing date.

Anyway, don't be persuaded to go on a cruise with dozens of ringlets that will have to be whipped into shape by the ship's hairdresser before dinner each night. In the first place, so many appointments will break your budget.  
Secondly, you'll miss the 5 o'clock "horse races" in the main lounge. Also, likely as not the curls won't stay in overnight and you'll have to breakfast in bed, thereby making the young man you're trying to impress think you are the kind of girl who gets seasick.

You might consider a plain, unwaved coiffure with halo braid. If your hair is long, this will be practical all day long. If short, wear it straight during the day, pin up the ends and fasten the braid around your head for evening.

If you're one who likes to stroll around the deck between dances, don't forget a Juliet cap or some kind of evening hat or veil to keep your hair in place.

**RIO DE JANEIRO TOPIC FOR TALK**  
Illustrated talk on Rio de Janeiro is to be given by Howard W. Adams at 8 tomorrow night at the Washington before members of the Alliance Francaise.  
Mr. Adams, formerly of Indianapolis, has spent six years in Rio de Janeiro as counsel for a South American public utilities company.  
The talk by Mlle. Marquerite Andrade, scheduled for this meeting, has been postponed.

Believe it or not!  
You Saw This Hat Described in the Times Yesterday—  
You Can Buy It at Block's Today!

## You Can Wear This Novel Hat 101 Different Ways

BY GERTRUDE BAILEY  
AT last we've found a hat of which it can not be said, "Nice for you, but I couldn't wear it." You don't have to be a magician to wear it 101 different ways, though you doubtless will discover that six of them are the most becoming. We want to be the first to tell you that the "Believe It or Not" hat has arrived from the romantic little province of Swaziland.

There Robert L. Ripley, while roaming off the beaten path in Europe, discovered that every one wore the same hat. Strangely, however, each wore it differently and it looked like a different hat on each one. That gives you an idea of the style possibilities.  
This still would not appease our between-season restlessness unless we knew that arranging and rearranging the brim would not injure it. That is because it has been put through a special mellowing process and can take it. The New Yorker who adapted Ripley's tribal discovery thought of that, and it took months of experimenting to develop an adaptation that really gives the wearer a different hat to suit mood, costume and occasion.

UP in the front, down in the back may be your first inclination. Then there's down in the front and up in the back. Both sides up, a pointed back and front, for an admiral's profile. The brim can be doubled over and pulled into several more effective styles. We have illustrated a few to start you off. In front of your own mirror you will discover some of the others.

The eighteen colors that you choose from sound like fun this time of year. There are chamois, tronie, blue, sky turquoise and Antibes pink for Southern ward-



\$3.50

Virginia Rhines

Block's



It's the same hat and the same girl. She can wear it many more because