

The STRANGE CASE of JULIA CRAIG

by Nard Jones

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Julia Craig, secretary to George Woodford, lawyer, is ambitious to become a night club dancer. She shares an apartment with Alice Sanders.

Peter Kemp, young lawyer, is in love with Julia, but they quarrel and she tells him everything is over between them.

Woodford gives a yacht party and asks Julia to come as a singer. The guests include Cintra Lee, dancer; Mrs. Joseph, widow; Hugo Nash, and Royal Nesbitt.

Julia goes, later regrets it. The yacht lands at Evergreen Island where Woodford has a lodge. Julia meets Tom Payson, camping nearby, who offers to help her get away.

The men go hunting and Nesbitt is injured. Woodford's party leaves immediately to get him a doctor.

Back home, Julia is hired to sing on Tony Latta's gambling ship. Tom Payson comes to the ship frequently. One night after winning heavily, Tom is threatened. And Julia escape in a speedboat.

Woodford telephones Julia and next morning she goes to his office. He asks if she has told any one what happened on the yacht cruise.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
WOODFORD stirred uncomfortably in his chair. "You're sure you've told no one besides this Miss Sanders who shares an apartment with you?"

Julia hesitated, wondering how much she should reveal to Woodford. She remembered having told Tom Payson that Nesbitt had been injured—but she hadn't told him of Nesbitt's disappearance from the yacht.

Julia decided she should play safe, to hold from Woodford the fact that Payson knew something of the cruise of the Wood Nymph. And if she did tell the lawyer that Payson knew, he might shrewdly connect Payson with the young man who had tried to trick his way into the radio room of the yacht.

"No . . ." Julia said slowly. "I'm quite sure I've mentioned it to no one else."

Woodford got up from his chair and walked to the window. He stood silent a moment, looking out. Then quickly he turned to Julia again. "When did you tell Miss Sanders?"

"Only last night."

Woodford's relief was like a mask dropped suddenly over his worried features. "Then she can't have had much time to talk," he said.

"Amy doesn't talk idly," defended Julia. "But why all this fretting over what I've said about the trip, Mr. Woodford? Is this why you asked me to come here?"

"Yes," Woodford answered quickly. "It's extremely important that you or your friend say nothing about the cruise of the Wood Nymph to Evergreen Island. I want you to get in touch with her immediately, and advise her to keep quiet."

"But . . ." Julia's heart sank at the inference his words conveyed, "but why, Mr. Woodford?"

He faced her squarely. "Julia, you've worked in a law office. You know very well that more than one business has been ruined—or at least badly harmed—by the thoughtless babbles of some employee. This is a similar situation."

"I've worked for you long enough to be entitled to know what person is concerned, haven't I?" asked Julia, smiling.

"But you aren't inside the firm now," returned Woodford. "I'm afraid I'll have to deny you that information, Julia. I'll simply say that it involves—domestic difficulties."

"I see, Mr. Woodford," Julia stood up, certain that he was ly-

ing. "Then that's all you wanted to see me about?"

He nodded. "Can I depend on you?" He reached into his desk and pulled out a checkbook. "I'd like to make you and Miss Sanders a little present," he said, attempting a lighter manner. "After all, it's worth something to a woman to keep quiet."

Julia straightened. Now she was sure . . . sure that something was terribly wrong about that cruise of the Wood Nymph. "We don't want a little present, as you call it, Mr. Woodford. Thank you just the same. I know Amy will feel well paid if you can just tell her one thing."

"What is that?" asked Woodford, looking up from his desk. "Where is Royal Nesbitt?"

LONG years in the courtroom must have prepared George Woodford for that moment. His expression did not change by so much as the flicker of an eyelash. His hand, holding the pen over the checkbook, slowly replaced it in its stand—and never trembled. Then he gave Julia a surprised smile.

"I'm sure I couldn't answer that for her, Julia. Isn't he at his apartment?"

Julia shook her head. "She's been unable to find him there since—since the trip."

"Then undoubtedly he's out of town for a while."

"Have you seen him since the Wood Nymph returned?"

"Of course," answered Woodford. "I had a game of bridge with him at his club since then."

His eyes met hers squarely, never flinching, and Julia said, "If you see him again, please tell him that Amy Sanders is a little worried about him."

"I will," Woodford laughed. "I—I wish I had Royal's way with women!" He left his desk to see Julia to the door, patting her hand affectionately as he said good-bye.

In the outer lobby she came face to face with Peter Kemp. He had just come into the office and carried a bulging brief case. In his confusion at meeting Julia so suddenly, he tried to juggle the brief case and hat together—and both fell to the floor. Laughing, he left them there and grasped Julia's hands.

"Gosh, it's good to see you!" he exclaimed boyishly. "It's nice to see you, Peter."

HIS smile faded and he regarded her soberly. "I . . . I believe you mean it," he said. "Of course I mean it. I hear you've done just what you wanted, so surely you can't be angry with me now."

Julia laughed. "I'd forgotten all about that, Peter."

"I've been meaning to get out to Latta's and hear you. I will soon."

"I'm not there any more, Peter," Julia told him. "I'm looking for a job again."

"No fooling? Why don't you try Henri Lamb again? He told me you really had the goods, Julia."

"I may try him at that!" she held out her hand to Peter. "I have to run along."

"I'd like to call you for lunch one of these days."

"Please do, Peter . . ."

But as she walked down the hallway to the elevators she was forced to admit that she was faintly piqued at Peter's attitude.

He had been different somehow, not seeming to care about what she was doing, not even asking why she was in Woodford & Brooks' offices. And he had even suggested that she see Henri Lamb again.

"Why should he care?" Julia asked herself. "Why should he . . . and why?" she added slowly in her mind, "why should I care, now?"

She had always been honest with herself, and she tried to be honest now.

It was because Peter was decent and plain and true. He had nothing to do with the world that moved on Tony Latta's gambling ship; and nothing to do, either, with the shadowy meanderings of a man like George Woodford—who had everything . . . and nothing. That was why she cared what he thought. That was why she wanted him to like her.

But such thoughts did not cool her ambition. "I can go on," she told herself, "and keep clear and apart. I can do just what I started out to do—and still be Julia Craig."

But such thoughts did not cool her ambition. "I can go on," she told herself, "and keep clear and apart. I can do just what I started out to do—and still be Julia Craig."

"Yes . . ."

"This is Smith Garland."

It was several seconds before Julia could find breath to answer, and Garland went on: "Tom Payson told me about you several weeks ago and I heard you at Latta's a few days ago. Are you tied up out there?"

"With Latta? No . . . I—I left last night."

Smith Garland's chuckle came over the wire. "I thought you would. Have you something else in mind?"

Her heart pounding, Julia admitted that she hadn't.

"Then when may I see you again?"

"It would, Julia told him, and gave him the address. When he left the wire her hand trembled so that she could hardly replace the instrument in its cradle.

She felt precisely as she had when she met Henri Lamb, exactly as she had on her first night at Latta's. Bewildered, she looked around the room for a moment, then flew to make herself more presentable for Smith Garland.

His knock, when it came, was staccato—it was like Garland himself.

The night club owner was tall and thin, a man born to wear evening clothes to make his living. He smiled winningly at Julia and flopped down at once on the davenport.

"I've a new idea," he said instantly, after introducing himself. "I think you'd fit into it."

"YES?" Julia sat down opposite him, forgetting in her excitement to offer him cigarettes.

"Smith Garland's White Club," he announced impressively. "Everything in white—that is," he amended with a smile, "almost everything. Maybe a little blue here and there to give the modern touch. But the front will be white, and the walls—and the band will dress in white. Then there'll be you."

Garland nodded. "All in white, too. You'll even bleach your hair a bit lighter. And you won't be Julia Craig. You'll be Nadine White. Nadine White of Smith Garland's White Club—the biggest thing that's hit this town in years!" He rose abruptly from the davenport. "That's the picture. Like it well enough to come along with me on the idea?"

"Why—why, it sounds splendid," Julia faltered.

"Good! If you'll be in my office tomorrow at 11 we'll talk about money." Then he was gone just as swiftly as he had come.

(To Be Continued)

BY GERTRUDE BAILEY
LITTLE remains of the old trousers versus skirts controversy—remember when shorts shocked the censors? — except "What length trousers?"

And that isn't settled by the slack and the short of it, either. There is an in-between length in the culottes, or divided skirts, that is unbeatable for bicycling costumes, for golf, or a brisk walk around the deck. These have all the appearance of a skirt, admitted the most graceful, along with the comfort and freedom of pants. You don't have to hug your knees when you sit down in them, and you can kick as high as a chorus girl kicks, or can you, and still be called a lady on the play courts.

Barring knock-knees or office hips you probably will want shorts, slacks and culottes in your vacation wardrobe for sun and sand. For when you're in the tropics you

Culottes Hold Answer to Slack-Short Argument

BY GERTRUDE BAILEY

want to dress as the tourists dress, which means active sports clothes most of the day.

Even with many changes you will want some of them to be washable, dependable so. Consider the pique, the gabardine, the linens, along with your flannels and jerseys, and make sure that the ones you're getting will not shrink away from their smooth tailored lines.

There is a unique process called sanforizing that is used as a safeguard against shrinkage for the nicest cotton play clothes. That is why those pique play shorts with the little girl blouse, photographed in the center of the group, can be washed like a hankie, and will not kick back through shrinkage. The same applies to the divided skirt of dark-toned linen, and the sailor slacks and mess jacket of gabardine.

Although he doesn't do that any more he does everything else to drive me off. He offers me a few hundred dollars to go and says all he wants is his property back. He made a joint debt to get me to come back and live with him. He did this to show me he meant to do right, but it wasn't a month until he started to drive me off. If I go to church downtown he thinks I am seeing another man, when I never think of such a thing.

But if a woman comes in our store he runs up and helps her look for her bus or asks her to stand over the register and get warm. He never pays any attention to the children, men or old people—just the women. I hate to break up my home. It is hard to get a job that pays anything any more. I hope you can help me.

Jane Jordan

Dear Jane Jordan—I have been married about two years and have no children. We have been separated three times and I have applied for divorce twice. Each time my husband ran after me and I came back because I did love him. He has a good business with which I help him, but he gives me hardly any money. He used to get drunk and beat me.

Although he doesn't do that any more he does everything else to drive me off. He offers me a few hundred dollars to go and says all he wants is his property back. He made a joint debt to get me to come back and live with him. He did this to show me he meant to do right, but it wasn't a month until he started to drive me off. If I go to church downtown he thinks I am seeing another man, when I never think of such a thing.

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MARY.

Answer—I do not believe your situation is simple enough to be improved by an exchange of letters. My guess is that if you left your husband he would come after you again and plead with you to return, whereupon the trouble would start all over again.

But why? I hear you ask. "The very things which I do to arouse his love, like keeping myself pretty and helping in the business, only incur his anger and contempt."

No one could answer your question correctly without a prolonged study of the case. I only know that some people can not distinguish sharply between their tender and hostile emotions and the result is a morbid kind of love accompanied by the desire to degrade and give pain to the loved person. That is to say they can be "in hate" and "in love" at the same time.

Almost everyone has two attitudes toward a loved person. Our loved ones often provoke us more readily than those to whom we are indifferent.

We are accustomed to excuse so-called attacks on loved ones by saying "If I didn't love you so much I wouldn't care what you do." The normal person is able to hold his hostile impulses in check and enjoy the tender affectionate side of his nature. When hostile forces fight in his bosom he takes it out in kicking the chair or getting mad at the government or some such impersonal object or circumstance.

Then occasionally some individual gets the process reversed. A harried business man will control his wrath all day and take it out on helpless loved ones at night, making them bear the brunt of anger that never escaped at its proper sources.

The first thing we know he makes a habit of turning pleasure into displeasure, unconsciously preferring the latter to the former.

To straighten out such a tangle is the work of months and even years, with the full co-operation of the ailing person. That is why I do not feel capable of advising you. I could mention your foolish jealousy, which I believe is uncalled for, since his behavior springs from the same source—the desire to hurt you—but that's like treating an effect while ignoring the cause.

Dear Jane Jordan—I have two little children and I want to understand their problems. I would like to read some books on child psychology. Will you recommend some?

Mrs. L. E. Gausphol is hospital chairman, assisted by Mrs. Harold Feigher.

SORORITY RUSHEES
ARE TEA GUESTS

Mrs. Wallace Smith, assisted by Miss Daphne Pyle and Mrs. Kenneth Evans were hostesses at a rush tea given by Alpha Epsilon Chapter, Delta Gamma Delta Sorority, at the Silver Cup Tearoom, 2035 N. Meridian-st., yesterday.

Guests included Misses Ella Mae Werfing, Marian Stiers, Margaret Elliott, and Margaret Hadley and Mesdames Mildred Langdon, Thelma Drake and Caroline Marschke.

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