

# 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 singer. Julia shares an apartment with Amy Sanders.

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

Woodford gives the yacht party and asks Julia to come as a singer. The guests include Cindra 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 to 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. He and Julia escape in a speedboat.

Woodford telephones Julia and she goes to his office. He warns her not to tell any one about what happened on the yacht trip.

Smith Garland, night club owner, offers Julia a job singing in a new club he is about to open.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

LATER it was to seem to Julia that from the moment she had met Smith Garland her life had speeded up immeasurably. Sometimes she felt that she must look much like a character in one of those fantastic motion picture reels, where everything moves at erratic top pace.

But she was to learn that every one and everything connected with the dynamic night club owner moved in the same way.

Once he had obtained the idea for his White Club it was a reality to him, and he moved at once to make it a reality for the public.

Within a week after she had signed a contract with Garland, she and Amy were in a larger and much more expensive apartment. That had been Garland's idea, not Julia's—but taking Amy along was Julia's idea. She had protested the move at first, but Garland was adamant.

"You're Nadine White," he told her impudently. "Nadine White—and you've got to have an address. I'll sweeten your salary enough so you can afford it."

It was as simple as that, and the next thing Amy and Julia knew they were ensconced on the top floor of a smart tower. There was an elevator with gilt doors and an operator who wore flaming red.

There was a doorman as splendid as an admiral reviewing his fleet. And their apartment was in keeping—even to the black and gold bathroom with mirrored walls.

"I don't mind smothering every time I sit in this furniture," Amy said. "I don't mind wading up to my knees in the Chinese rug—but I'll be darned if I like to see myself taking a bath. It starts me. There's four of me in that bathroom, and every time I take a shower I feel like I was doing it in a train station."

Or a nudist colony," suggested Julia, laughing.

THE truth was that Julia had little time to let the apartment worry her. She did find it rather silly and disturbing to come down in the gilt elevator and have the operator say, "Good morning, Miss White."

But most of the time she was in Garland's rehearsal hall with the orchestra he had brought together especially for his new night club. And when she wasn't there she was trying on gowns—all of them white, for she was to wear nothing else.

When she wasn't trying on gowns and shoes she was having her hair treated in a shop that Smith Garland had selected.

Soon her hair was white—and yet not white, and Julia wasn't sure she liked it. But Amy thought it was more than becoming, and Tom Payson, who often appeared at rehearsals, told Julia it was nothing less than lovely.

"But it doesn't change you, for me," he said. "You're still Julia."

"Yes... I'm still Julia, and I'm worried."

"All this money that Smith Garland is spending—like water. Of course, if I don't pan out he can get another singer. But I keep thinking that I'm the one to open the club. I'm not good, then the word will be out and he will give his dream a frightful set-back."

"One thing seemed certain—the opening night would be a success. Already Garland had issued his publicity and newspaper advertising, and the reservations were flooding in."

Smith Garland was known as a night club owner who gave the customers something extra for their money, and his two existing clubs were popular.

Julia hardly recognized herself in the advertisements and posters. She hadn't seen the faces of the photographs for which she'd sat all of one morning. They were sent to Garland for acceptance or rejection—and he had accepted, Julia saw, only the most dashing and provocative ones.

"Nobody would ever dream that was Julia Craig," she told Amy one

## A Day's Menu

**BREAKFAST:**  
Baked winter pears, cooked wheat cereal, cream, French toast, syrup, milk, coffee.

**LUNCHEON:**  
Vegetable soup, toasted cheese sandwiches, sliced oranges and bananas, hermit, milk, tea.

**DINNER:**  
Tomato bouillon, toast sticks, grilled Canadian bacon, floating island, milk, coffee.

afternoon, pointing to an advertisement which featured her picture.

"It isn't," Amy said comfortably. "It's Nadine White. And you know, I think I'd better start calling you Nadine, before I slip up in public some time."

"If you dare stop calling me Julia I'll—I'll install another mirror in the bathroom!"

ON THE opening night the town realized that the White Club was everything Smith Garland had promised.

Illuminated by searchlights mounted on the building across the street, the new club shone resplendently with its tall white pillars and wide doors of Mediterranean blue.

And the interior struck the patrons breathless when they first glimpsed its simple beauty of line. The walls were high and white, seeming to reach a summer night sky of dark blue. The chairs, and the settees along the wall, were in white leather, and even the carpeting was white—the latter representing Garland's victory in a strenuous argument with his head waiter.

Waiters wore white jackets, and the band white evening clothes. But whenever this stunning absence of color threatened to become monotonous, Garland's decorator had introduced a touch of blue. It was indeed a triumph of setting.

But the public is critical. Those who had paid good prices for first-night tables would be quick to see where Smith Garland had missed. Garland knew this; and all he had to do was to make the public as quick to accept and acclaim.

In Julia's dressing room he told her this. "But I'm not saying it will be easy," he added. "They like the place, and they like the dance music. They like the food—and now they'll like you. Yours is the hardest job of all, Nadine. You have to cap the climax."

"GOOD grief, Smith!" Julia heard a familiar voice in the doorway and looked up to see Tom Payson striding toward her. "Don't scare the girl to death!" Payson touched her shoulder. "You'll knock 'em dead, Julia."

"Thanks, Tom," said Julia shakily. "Just one song," Garland warned. "And an encore if they beg for it. The first night is tough on you—and if you're weak, you don't want them to get onto it." Then he left the dressing room in his quick, nervous stride.

Payson laughed. "Don't mind him, Julia. He's so excited he doesn't know he's doing it."

"What do you think?" exclaimed Julia. She stopped quickly. A tiny green light flashed on the wall. She stood up, quickly arranged her long white gown. "It's my number," she whispered.

"Good luck, kid. I'll be out there leading the cheering."

As she walked out into the spotlight there was no applause as there was that first night on Tony Latta's gambling ship. Suddenly, Julia realized that Garland's publicity has been so extended as to arouse their skepticism.

In effect, their silence meant, "We know nothing about you, Nadine White. We're waiting to learn if what we've read is true."

Then a queer thing happened. Out of all that crowd, the face of Peter Kemp focused into Julia's gaze. He sat at a small table with a young, dark girl—a quiet, pretty girl whose eyes betrayed her awe for this glittering Nadine White.

The sight gave Julia an odd feeling and she thought, "She is the girl he will marry, and she will always think of me as strange—and yet she is no different from me..." And then the music began.

"...learn to love, if you want me..."

"...learn to trust me if you'd have me..."

It was a dragging, plaintive tune—a tune that must have been written for Julia's appealing voice, when she reached the chorus she held her arms out toward the skeptical crowd, dropped her voice to a husky whisper, singing "Learn to love, if you want me..." There in the glitter of the spotlight, with the sad, mad music drifting around her, she became Astaire—Astaire of old, in a modern gown, singing a siren song in the idiom of today.

Suddenly the crowd could not wait to tell her it was sorry it had doubted. Suddenly it had voice, breaking into the song, making Julia stop for a moment until it had finished.

And when she had finished, the applause began again, louder now and more prolonged.

"I've done it," she thought, making her way unsteadily toward the exit. "I've done it! And they thought I couldn't!"

She passed a long table, lined with a party of guests. Some one said, "She's pretty, isn't she? I can't blame Tom." It was a woman's voice, and it was a woman's voice which answered, too, as Julia went by.

"Of course he can't be serious, even if he did back Garland with money to start this place. Imagine Tom marrying a night club singer!" Her face flaming, Julia hurried toward her dressing room. Smith Garland was there waiting, a broad smile on his face.

"You were marvelous, Nadine," But Julia did not hear him. "Is it true that Tom Payson put up the money for all this?"

(To Be Continued)

# Lacy Valentines Help Solve Leap Year Problem



BY MARY MARGARET M'BRIDE

NEW YORK, Feb. 11 (NEA)—Going on the principle, apparently, that on Valentine's Day, men's hearts are to be softer, the girls are to get in their best looks for 1936 Leap Year Friday. The valentines from her to him come right out and say, "Will you marry me?"

For centerpieces on Valentine tables, beautiful blond paper mache women dressed in billowy skirts and lace paper pantaloons hold out provocative arms. One of the most popular place cards has a girl standing on a frog, crying: "Come leap with me and you shall see that I'm for you and you're for me."

Lacy valentines are all the mode this year, but with a difference. The lace is real, not paper. A bow of lace is used as a tie or a strip of stiffened lace becomes a border and there is one lovely lady with a skirt of real lace under cellophane.

Among the centerpieces that have no definite Leap Year but only a romantic implication are: a large red heart filled with favors standing on a silver paper platter; a cupid with a red heart halo and a fawned white skirt trimmed in red; a Mickey Mouse postman with a red mail sack filled with favors and a large red mail box with hearts as fastener.

THE favors themselves may be red snappers with ruffled ends trimmed with hearts, tiny heart-shaped bottles of perfume, or boxes of candy, goldfish wedding and engagement rings.

In addition to the centerpiece there are all sorts of table gadgets to put guests in romantic mood. You can get tablecloths with stylized hearts of red in silhouette against a white background, red mailbox nut cups, paper plates confetti to throw. There are even candles for the cakes, made in heart-shape and they are non-drip, too.

Valentine games, however, drip with sentiment. The old-fashioned ones, with heart prizes, are popular at this time, particularly if you have made your party a costume one with the men in powder and breeches and the women in crinolines. A game of archery with a big heart for a target and arrows shot from Cupid's bow will while away the time before supper, or you might try pinning a small heart within a large one, the pinner to be bluffed out of course.

For supper, find partners by matching hearts. Half of a sentimental couplet is written upon the heart that the woman gets and the other half on the heart given to a man. The two must find each other to complete the verse.

**PROPYLAUM DAY PROGRAM OUTLINED**

Propylaum Day, Monday, Feb. 11, is to feature a program by Mrs. Jane Johnson Burroughs and Walter Whitworth.

The contract bridge luncheon was held today at the clubhouse with Mrs. Fletcher Hodges, social committee chairman, in charge. She was assisted by Mesdames Edward Lynn, C. Fred Davis and Joel Whitaker.

**FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A bone of contention provides meat for argument.

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# Search Your Own Heart, Says Jordan

Don't Expect More of Love Than You Give, Writer Told.

Tell your problems to Jane Jordan, who will give you the benefit of an impartial viewpoint. Write your letter now!

Dear Jane Jordan—My greatest desire is to be happy and I'm glad that I can say I've had much happiness in my 18 years. I have been going with a boy the same age for two years, but he has caused me a lot of unhappiness. The girl with whom he went before he knew me has been running after him constantly. I have put up with it for two years, and I can put up with it no longer. I hate jealous people, but I am afraid I am getting jealous. I get terribly angry every time she even speaks to him. I'm sure he doesn't like her, but he is too friendly with her to suit me. We have had trouble over her before, but he won't leave her entirely alone. I've gone with lots of boys, but none of them meant anything to me except this one, but I've considered giving him up many times. Don't you think that if he really loved me he would try to make me happy? I'm always happy when I'm with him and we plan to go to college together. Is there any way I can keep this girl from coming between us? Or should I give him up?

**Answer—**Something in your letter calls up the vision of a small child expressing its love for an animal by squeezing the breath out of it. Love is something you can't grasp like that. It's charm rests on the fact that it is given—never demanded.

Now you're only 18 and you may as well face some facts. Strict fidelity between lovers is perhaps impossible and it is just as impossible for you as for him. Even though your behavior is technically perfect, some mental promiscuity is pretty sure to exist.

Is every one else simply null and void beside him or is it still entertaining to talk to others? Why expect to receive from him that which you can not give yourself—namely, total absorption in another personality?

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## French Create Weird Styles for U. S. Sale

By United Press

PARIS, Feb. 11.—Sleeves shaped like tennis rackets, trousered evening dresses, hats and dresses trimmed with vegetables are just a few of the many weird innovations of couturiers who, having lost much British trade because of court mourning, are trying all the harder to capture American trade.

In their spring and summer styles some couturiers go Chinese, others Spanish, Russian, Turkish, even Ethiopian, in odd contrast with the classic Grecian lines seen in more conservative places.

It is too early to predict what styles are to dominate, but undoubtedly yellows, shading from deep mustard to palest citron, are to prove popular as they are shown at all houses.

Among the erratic costumes displayed are voluminous white voile gowns, caught in at the hem to form Turkish pantaloons. With them go flopping gilt sandals held on to the feet by a strap between the toes. These oriental gowns usually are worn under an evening coat made of brightly colored wooden beads woven into a loose mesh and weighing several pounds.

Pajamas are shown as a foundation under a chiffon evening gown. Another evening costume is composed of pajamas whose full legs float back like trains, and frothy mousseline train petticoats are worn under some evening skirts.

Glazed or gilded linen, cut in lacy designs like paper dollies, is used for petticoats under other full skirted evening gowns.

One famous dressmaker shows a garment which, when buttoned in front, makes a coat, but when put on backwards becomes a dress with white pleated reverse trimming on the back.

There is the usual assortment of tailored linen picnic garments which become beach costumes when skirt and jacket are removed.

**NIGHTINGALE CLUB PICKS MRS. MANN**

Mrs. O. R. Mann has been elected president of the Florence Nightingale Club.

Mrs. Lawrence Wright has been named first vice president; Mrs. J. A. Strack, second vice president; Mrs. Paul Bland, third vice president; Mrs. Herman Kerch, secretary, and Mrs. Orlan Dorrah, treasurer.

**Alumnae to Lunch**

Ward Belmont Alumnae Club members are to have luncheon with Mrs. Morris Carlin, 219 W. 52nd-st., at 1:30 Saturday.

**Daily Recipe**

**VALENTINE PIE**

1 1-3 cups condensed (sweetened) milk  
1-2 cup lemon juice  
2 eggs  
Grated rind 1 lemon  
1 baked pie shell or a crumb pie shell

Blend milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and yolks of eggs. Pour into pie shell. Chill. Cover with whipped cream when ready to serve and arrange halved maraschino cherries in the form of a heart on top.

**Riviera Club to Elect Officials Thursday Night**

Riviera Booster Club officers are to be elected at 8:45 Thursday. They are to be installed at the Boosters' Minstrel Show Feb. 27.

Present officers are W. R. Swope, president; Mrs. Paul Whipple, Judson Stark, D. J. Zimmerman and Clyde Montgomery.

Election is to follow the dinner and precede the dance, which have been scheduled. Decorations are to be in the Valentine motif, and music is to be by George Pollard and his orchestra.

Mr. Swope is to be master of ceremonies for the floor show of six acts. The show is to include Al. Andy and Doc. WIRE radio artists; Mrs. Mary Lou Koster, dancer; Mrs. John Lichtenberg, soloist; Mrs. Dorothy Ryker Spivey and Mrs. Christina McGuire, pianist and cellist; Walker Reed, pianist, and Betty Jane Mitchell and Phil Parsons, dancers and comedians.

**I FEEL SO MISERABLE! I HAVE A BRAND-NEW WASHER—YET MY LINENS AREN'T MUCH WHITER THAN WHEN I SCRUBBED AND BOILED THEM**

**YOU SHOULD USE RINSO INSTEAD OF THAT OLD-FASHIONED SOAP**

**RINSO GIVES RICH SUDS THAT GET CLOTHES REAL BRIGHT, COLORS COME SNOWY AND FRESH-LOOKING, TOO**

**IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE A SOAP COULD MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE IN A WASHER—BUT I'LL TRY IT**

**HURRAY FOR RINSO! IT WASHED MY CLOTHES SO MUCH WHITER, I'LL NEVER HAVE DULL-WHITE CLOTHES AGAIN!**

**MILLIONS use Rinso—for safety. Its rich, creamy suds wash clothes so much whiter—keep colors bright. Recommended by makers of 33 famous washers. Gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Fine for dishes. Easy on hands. Try it!**

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Ladies' Plain Dresses, 1-piece ..... 75c  
Ladies' Plain Dresses, 2-piece ..... \$1.00

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North Side Store: 109 E. 34th Street

**Dr. J. E. KERNEL**  
TRACTION TERMINAL BLDG.  
STREET FLOOR, COR. MARKET & ILLINOIS STS.

**PROPERLY FITTED GLASSES**  
Relieve eyestrain and eliminate the resulting headaches and nervousness... they make you see better... they make you feel better... and they make you more efficient. Be sure you are wearing the proper glasses. Have your eyes examined at least