

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 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 CYNTHIA LEE, dancer; MISS 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, camp neighbor, who offers to help her get away.

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

Back home, through Clara Lee's assistance, Julia is hired to sing on TONY LATTI's gambling ship. She sees Tom Payson on the ship and he takes her home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XVII

IN the days that followed, Julia learned for the first time what she had always suspected—that singing in a night club was hard work.

Julia began to see that it was not so bad, after all, to work from 8:30 until 5—because at 5 you were finished and your life was your own.

But this was what she had wanted, and she did not flinch now. Every day she met with the orchestra at 11 o'clock in the morning.

They rehearsed in a small building down town—and sometimes the rehearsal dragged on into the afternoon.

Then Julia would have something to eat, breakfast really—for she went to rehearsal the moment she was out of bed and dressed.

Following a rest at her apartment, she would start for Latta's gambling ship about 5:30 or 6.

It was not often that she could return to town before 1 the next morning.

Rarely did she see Amy now, and when she did it was only for a few minutes at a time. Their best talks now were on the nights when Amy herself had been out late, and they met in the apartment for a talk before going to bed.

It was on one of these nights—or, mornings—that Amy confessed she was worried about Royal Nesbitt. Julia's heart felt queer as her room-mate mentioned his name.

"I haven't seen him for weeks," Amy told Julia. "Did he ever telephone you any more about his promise to find you a job?"

Julia shook her head. Mentally she was trying to justify herself for keeping it from Amy that she had met Nesbitt on the Wood Nymph.

"Maybe he knows I'm working for Latta now, Amy."

"But it's not like him to slip up on a promise. I'm worried."

Julia managed a laugh. "He'll turn up," she said, "like the proverbial bad penny."

THE other was quiet a moment. "I've tried to telephone him several times," Amy said at last. "He isn't at his apartment, and hasn't been there for weeks."

"But that's not unusual, is it? I mean, for him to be away?"

"No . . . Amy had to confess. "But it's just a feeling I have. I can't explain it. Julia—but you've felt that way, haven't you?"

"Yes," Julia said, "I have." But she did not say that she was feeling that way now, and about Royal Nesbitt. "Did you try his parents' home? You told me once that the Nesbitts lived in town."

"I don't like to do that, because it might disturb them. You see, he doesn't get along with his father very well. He goes home only once every month or so—sometimes longer. They wouldn't think his absence unusual, but if I call them they might get worried."

Julia patted Amy's shoulder. "We'd better run along to bed, darling. I'm sure Royal Nesbitt is all right."

As she undressed for bed, Julia's thoughts were troubled indeed. What were Amy's feelings toward Nesbitt? Was she in love with him—or was it, as Amy had often insisted, just a friendship? In either event, Julia felt guilty, as if she were a conspirator in some dark plot against Nesbitt and was hiding it from Amy.

"I'm seeing things at night," Julia tried to tell herself. "There was nothing unusual in Nesbitt wanting to get back to town ahead of the yacht. But . . . where is he now?" A comforting thought came to her. Perhaps the doctor who treated Nesbitt's shoulder had advised him to go out of town for a rest to recuperate properly. Maybe the wound had been a bit more serious than they had believed.

Nevertheless, Julia's sleep was troubled that night.

PAYSON came to Tony Latta's gambling ship several times after his meeting with Julia there. But he did not offer to take her home again, for each time he had with him two or three young men.

He introduced them to Julia, seemed proud of knowing her, and when his friends danced with her they all spoke lightly of how much Tom raved about "the girl who sang at Tony Latta's."

Yet beneath their gay camaraderie Julia sensed that none of them considered it quite possible that Tom Payson would ever become seriously involved with her. It was as if she were one of a dozen "girls who sang"—or danced, or checked hats, or did one of a thousand things—in young Payson's life.

But a few weeks after their first meeting on the gambling ship, Payson appeared again, alone. Immediately after Julia's first number he sought her out and asked her to his table.

"I'm frightfully sorry I've neglected you so," he told her. "Although I don't suppose you've noticed it. Lately when I've been here I've had some of the boys along."

Julia laughed. "They've been attentive," she said.

"They've been too attentive, Julia. That's why I didn't bring them along tonight." He studied her a moment. "I want to talk to you seriously, Julia."

her eyes widened. "Seriously?" "Yes, I want you to get out of here. I don't like the idea of your singing on a gambling ship."

"Well . . . it's not what I'd have chosen, I'll admit. But," she smiled, "it's been very respectable so far."

"I don't doubt that," Payson told her. "And that's only because you are respectable, Julia. But just the same there's a stigma attached to a gambling ship, and I don't think it's good for either you or your career."

She spread her hands open. "What can I do about it?"

"That's what I want to talk with you about. Ever hear of Smith Garland?"

Julia smiled ironically. "Indeed, yes. That was why I was on the Wood Nymph—to meet Smith Garland. Only he wasn't aboard!"

"I know him pretty well," Payson told her. "I was thinking—"

"You were thinking what?"

PAYSON shrugged. "Well, I've an idea, Julia. I won't tell you any more about it right now, because it might not pan out."

"You're a brute," Julia laughed. "I'll be burning with curiosity until I find out."

"Are you going ashore in an hour or so?"

Julia looked at the little clock above the orchestra, and nodded.

"I'll meet you in an hour," Payson told her, "out on deck."

As she walked across the floor all eyes in the room were upon her. The envious eyes of women, or the faintly contemptuous eyes of women.

The admiring eyes of men, or the faintly covetous eyes of men. Julia had grown used to their stares by now. They gave her strength and assurance. They told her that she was making good, as she had wanted so badly.

The amber spot spilled over her and applause filled the little room. As she began to sing she saw Tom Payson smiling at her through the haze of cigarette smoke.

When she had sung three or four numbers, and taken an encore for each of them, she hurried toward her room to change. Tony Latta was standing near her door.

"Good evening, Julia."

"Hello, Tony." She put her hand on the knob, but something in his eyes restrained her.

"I understand," he said, "that you are leaving in a few minutes with Mr. Payson."

"Why . . . yes."

"We do not want Mr. Payson to leave so soon," said Tony smiling. "He is in the gambling rooms, winning heavily again. We would rather have him play some more. You know . . . his smile grew wider, 'just to make it even.'"

"But—if he wants to leave, I'm sure I—"

Tony Latta shrugged. "It is only a suggestion, Julia. But he really should stay. You see, my men who run the tables are on a commission. They do not like it that Mr. Payson has been winning so heavily. I think they will want him to stay, and I—"

again that smile of Tony Latta's. "I do not like to interfere with my boys."

There was suddenly in Latta's smile a hint of danger. There was suddenly in his eyes twin shafts of steel.

(To Be Continued)

ALGOMA NEWS

ALGOMA, Ore.—The Ewauna girls basketball team of Klamath Falls played the Algoma girls at Algoma on Friday evening. The Ewauna girls winning by two points.

On Thursday evening of this week Algoma women played a return game with the Ewauna girls at the Altamont hall and again the Ewaunas were the victors by two points. On Thursday evening of next week, Feb. 13 Algoma expects to play the Pine Street girls at Algoma.

The men's basketball team played the Old Fort Dairy boys on Friday evening. The Old Fort team being winners.

On Wednesday evening of last week Algoma played the Baisiger team at Algoma and again Algoma went down to defeat.

This Monday evening Algoma will play the Macbees at Algoma and on Wednesday will play Baisiger at the Altamont hall.

Saturday afternoon the boys and girls grade school teams of Fairhaven school played the grade school teams at Algoma. Fairhaven won both games.

Dandruff is the most common cause of baldness, but tight hats, which impede blood circulation, and impurities in industrial surroundings are other causes.

Flapper Fannie Says

Hearts keep circulation going until St. Valentine's Day; then hearts go into circulation.

OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

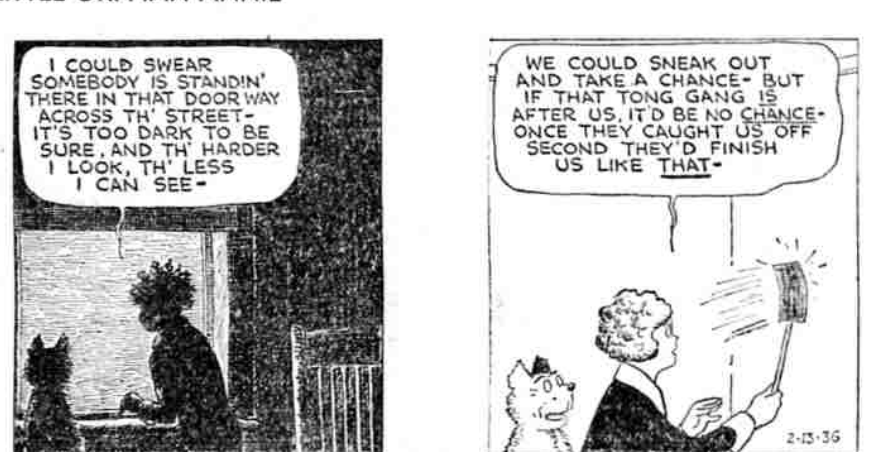
OUR BOARDING HOUSE



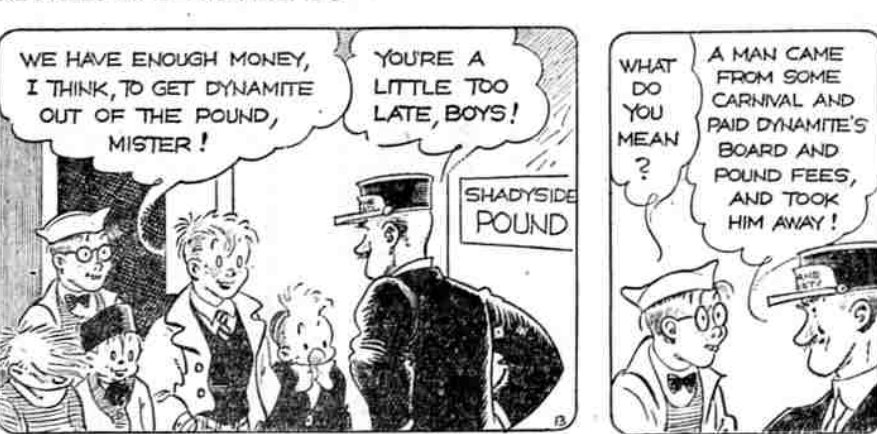
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



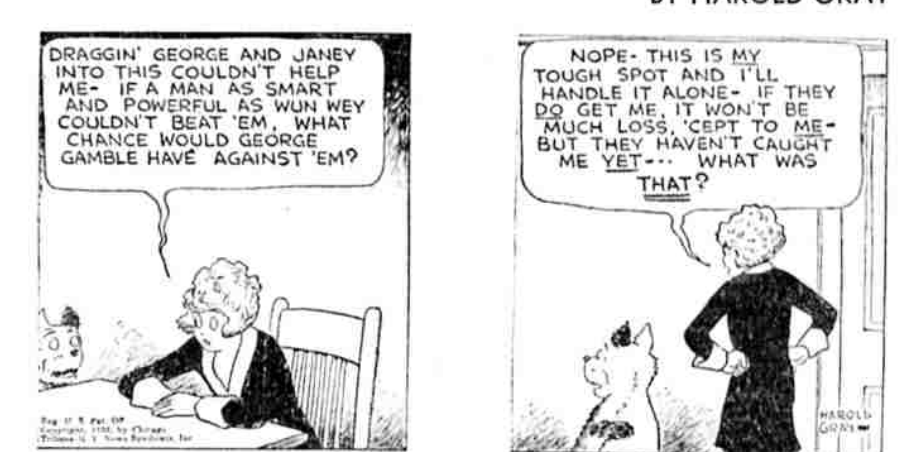
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

