

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. Herons of the club are with PETER KEMP, young lawyer who is in love with her. Julia shares an apartment with AMY SANDERS.

Woodford gives a party and asks Julia to come as a singer. Others in the party include GENTIA LEE, the singer; JOSEPH, widow; HUGO NASH and ROYAL NESBITT.

They go to Evergreen Island, where Woodford has a lodge. There Julia meets TOM PAYSON, counting nearby. Woodford, Nash and Nesbitt go hunting and Nesbitt is injured. The party leaves immediately to get him to a doctor.

Julia gets a job singing on TONY LATTI's gambling ship, the sea. Payson frequently Woodford to the sea for a party and she is told that she is to be a singer. She is told that she is to be a singer. She is told that she is to be a singer.

Next morning Payson secures her release on bail. Peter Kemp offers to defend her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXIII

BY morning Julia's head had cleared and she faced the world with more courage than she had been able to summon before Buchen's barrage of questions. But what had Buchen meant by saying that Woodford had suggested the prosecuting attorney question her? Had Woodford simply given Buchen the names of his guests, or had he somehow suggested that Julia Craig was the most likely suspect? The thought chilled Julia, made her more than ever afraid for obviously, Woodford had all along been trying to shield either himself or someone else.

Nevertheless, armored by the knowledge of her innocence, she faced the new day with much more calm than Amy could muster. Wearing into a stupor, Julia had been able to sleep—but poor Amy appeared at the breakfast table pale and heavy-lidded.

"I'm scared, Julia. The morning paper tells of your being questioned, and that the police say they are putting—wait, I'll read it." She picked up the paper, and read, "Police told reporters they were putting considerable hope in the testimony of Julia Craig, better known as Nadine White, night club singer, who was aboard Woodford's yacht."

"That doesn't mean anything, Amy. And there's something I want you to do for me."

"What's that?"

"Don't mention that you knew Nesbitt. I told them that I'd known Nesbitt for some time before the yacht trip."

"But, Julia!—that makes it just that much worse for you!"

JULIA shook her head. "It won't. And there's no need of your being mixed up in this. Remember—you've got to stick to what I told them now!"

Amy's reply was prevented by a staccato knock which startled them both. Nervously Julia went to the door and opened it. The early-morning visitor was Smith Garland.

"Sorry about the hour, Julia. Hello, Miss Sanders." He strode into the room in his dynamic manner, turned suddenly to Julia again. "Is there anything I can do?"

"That's nice of you, Smith. But . . ." she smiled weakly, "everything is all right now."

Garland looked relieved. "You'll be able to go on tonight at the club?"

"Of course. I don't think they'll call me again. And Peter Kemp is going to watch out for me."

"Kemp?"

"He's a young attorney I know."

Garland's forehead deepened its lines. "If I were you I'd get someone like G. Williams Miller. He handles Payson's affairs. I'll speak to Ford about it, if you like. You never know what might turn up, and it pays to have good counsel, Julia."

Julia shook her head. "I've already told Peter I wanted him—if I need a lawyer at all."

The night club operator seemed still dubious. "All right, Julia. But I know one thing. This young Buchen is out for blood. He'll hang this thing on somebody or know the reason why. If you're easiest . . ." His voice trailed into a meaningful silence.

Amy got up from the table, her breakfast untouched. "Julia, do you think you really ought to sing tonight?"

"She doesn't have to unless she feels perfectly all right," Garland said.

"I am perfectly all right," Julia assured them. "I'm not going to let them stop me now!"

Garland smiled. "Good girl!"

Flapper Fannie Says

PAYSON called to take Julia to the White Club that night. "Feeling all right after your ordeal?" he wanted to know when they had settled themselves into his room and started through the thickening night traffic. She nodded. "At any rate, I'm feeling much better than when you found me last night. Tom, they could have hanged me, and I don't think I'd have had the strength to object."

"I know. . . ." His lips closed in a thin line. Then: "I'm going to remember this Buchen. Payson turned to study Julia's sober profile. You're a brick to stand up under all this. The fact is, I should be down there myself. I was on Evergreen Island."

"Oh, you mustn't tell them that!"

"Why not?"

"Woodford told them that someone tried to get into the radio room. Buchen asked me if anything else unusual happened on the island, and I had to tell him about your attempting to use the radio phone. But I said I didn't know who you were."

"I'm afraid that's bad, Julia."

You see, I told Woodford that night my name was Payson." Julia's hand flew to her throat. "I—I'd forgotten that. Do you suppose Woodford remembered?"

Tom laughed easily. "After all, Julia, I haven't been exactly a recluse in this town. And that night when I stood before Woodford I had a sneaking suspicion he recognized me then."

"Oh, Tom . . . I wish I hadn't told them about it."

"You had to. Buchen knew it from Woodford and he was laying for you."

"But it looks bad, that I pretended not to know who it was." Payson was silent a moment. "We'll have to wait and see, Julia, and I don't think we'll have to wait long. With Buchen at the helm, things will be cracking fast on the Nesbitt case."

"Let's not talk about it anymore, Tom. . . ."

"That's a good idea." He smiled down at her. "Let's talk about us, shall we? I haven't had a chance to tell you how sorry I am about what happened at the club the other night. You mustn't mind Theresa Davis. She has a vicious tongue."

"It wasn't Theresa Davis I minded," Julia said quietly. "But she was speaking for your whole crowd, Tom. I could tell that."

HE released one hand from the wheel, seeking her hand. "She wasn't speaking for me, Julia. That's what I want you to be sure about."

"I know. You've been grand, Tom. And I—I appreciate it."

He was silent a moment, thrusting the car carefully into a faster traffic lane. "I think I got it, Julia," he said at last. "You appreciate it . . . but that's as far as it goes."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"I mean I'm in love with you," he said quietly, not turning his head. "You haven't an answer for that, have you?"

"Not . . . not now, Tom."

He nodded. Then, suddenly, in a wholly different tone, he said, "Here we are, Julia!"

Julia stared through the windshield. The doors of the White Club were scarcely visible, so great was the mob outside!

"Looks as if this is going to be bigger than the opening night," said Payson in an odd voice.

"I know . . . why," Julia answered. "It's—it's because of the publicity about—Royal Nesbitt." She turned to Payson quickly. "Turn the car around, Tom. I'm not going in there!"

He looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Julia?"

"I won't be stared at as a sensational curiosity! Most of them out there haven't come to hear me sing. They've come to see the girl who was questioned about the murder of Royal Nesbitt." She was sobbing now. "I won't be that kind of a success. I won't, Tom! I'll come back to the White Club when they've forgotten all this."

Payson sped the car past the milling mob, turned at the next corner.

"I don't blame you," he said. (To Be Continued)

Garcia Hero III



Lieut.-Col. Andrew S. Rowan, whose epic exploit at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War inspired Elbert Hubbard to write "A Message to Garcia," is seriously ill in his San Francisco home. In 1898 Rowan made a hazardous trip through Cuban war lines, contacted the Cuban military leader, and returned with information that hastened the end of the war.

US MAIL

A fan letter puts the stamp of approval on an actor's work.

OUT OUR WAY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



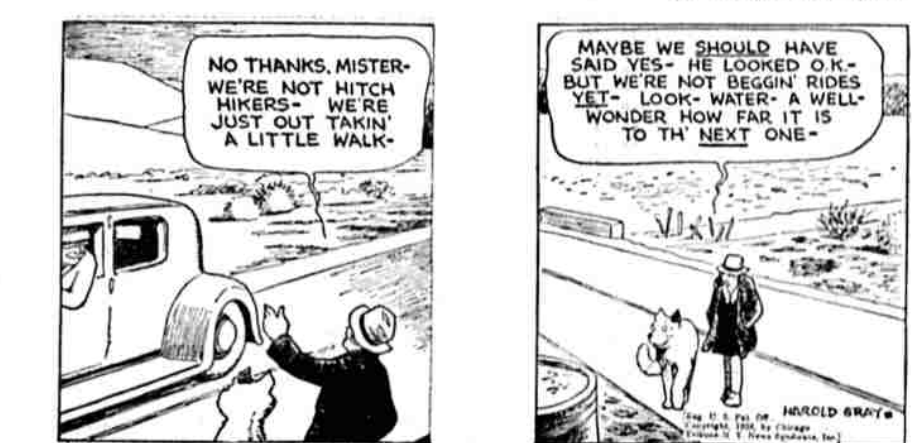
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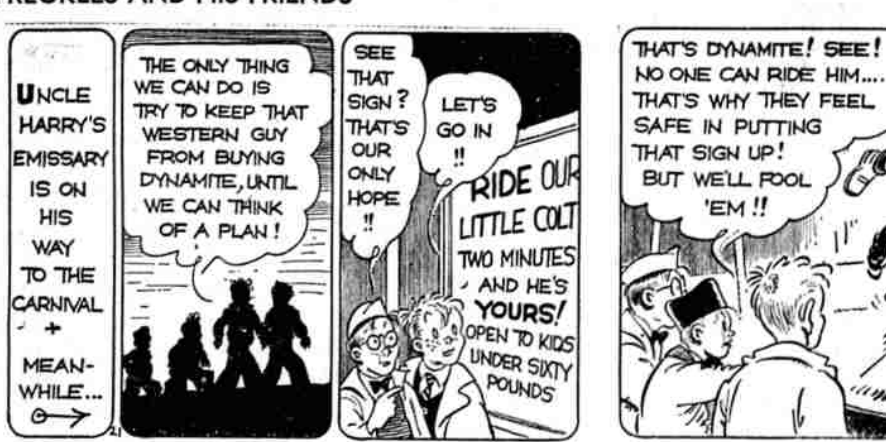
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



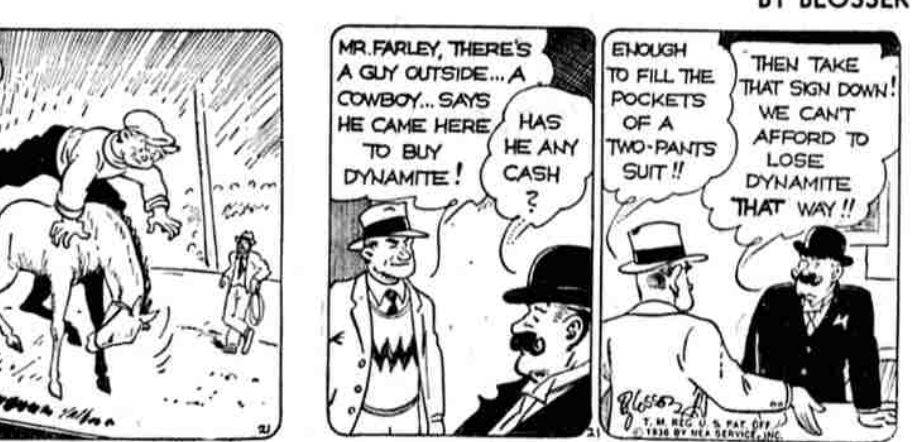
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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

