

# JOANNA

Story of a Modern Girl  
and a Million Dollars

SYNOPSIS

With unusual solemnity, Mr. Harkness buyer in the silk department of the store, Joanna, a slender, blonde, Manners, beautiful clerk, to appear before Mr. Graydon, owner of the store. Joanna has heard a great amount of the possible dismissal and thinks of the bills that have been accumulating.

Instead of reproaching her, Graydon asks her to tell him all about it. Some one whose identity she is not to know has placed \$1,000,000 on deposit to her personal check. Graydon assures her that she is not afraid to do the proposition, he has his chancery take her to his other banker, Andrew Eggers, who has given her a loan of \$10,000.

With \$10,000, her first withdrawal, in her purse, Joanna leaves the bank. She goes to the home of her friends Brandon, who tells her his attentions will not be denied.

Joanna purchases an expensive wardrobe for herself and promises to buy a new fur coat next winter. Georgia, her chum.

Mrs. Adams, her landlady, is dumfounded when Joanna gives her a crisp \$50 bill and asks her to keep the news quiet. She is not surprised, for with whom she has quarreled that evening when she hopes to see him again. Brandon is also waiting for her in the drawing room.

By H. L. Gates

CHAPTER VII

Shattered Dream

FOR one brief minute Joanna stood at the foot of the two stairs, just out side the drawing room door. The eagerness, the exhilaration which had wrapped her face as in an aura, had gone out of it. She closed her eyes tightly, the gold of their over-plucked brows making thin, straight lines. She steadied herself with her hand against the newel post. All the doubts, the confusions, the mysteries and the stupendous wonders of the day crashed down upon her. "Yes," he said, his tone cold, "Mrs. Adams told me what you told her. I congratulate you."

The girl started as if she had been struck. The carmine lips quivered. She stared into the brooding eyes that met her's so evenly. As if pleading for light, pleading for some one else to tell her why John was not happy, and eager, and excited with her, she looked across at Brandon. He was standing where she had left him, smiling, confident, with a barely restrained amusement. Joanna accused him: "Have you told him anything? Anything that you don't know?"

BRANDON was surprised by this sudden attack. "Mr. Williams seemed to know when I came. That is all, I assure you. He will say that I but expressed the hope that whatever was behind your unprecedented good fortune it would bring you a great happiness."

John flashed a glance at Brandon, and then spoke to Joanna, his voice still cold. "Whatever there is for me to know, will have to come from you. After awhile, perhaps!"

The arrogant dimples came back into the girl's chin. She thanked Brandon, in her self-conscious way, for his flowers. He took possession of her easily, and talked with her as if there were not a third person in the room. Once Joanna, remembering turned her face, glowing again, to John, who sat, moodily in one of the big red chairs, but he only noted his reply to Joanna's sally.

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"Really, you know, that is why I came this evening," he explained, smiling frankly at her. "I wondered what sort of a change you would make in yourself, in the first few hours of such excitement as must have been yours. It must be very wonderful, to a girl, especially a girl who has had so little, to suddenly feel the possession of money—and such unlimited money. If you've ever had dreams you may now proceed to make them come true. Can't you?"

Joanna considered a moment a frown across her brow. "I can't escape the feeling that everything is not going to be right," she said. "It is foolish, I know. Perhaps that is because I can't believe things yet." Unconsciously she glanced at John, and nodded, ever so slightly, at him. He acknowledged the look with:

"The world is made up of things that are hard for some people to believe!"

THE red came into the girl's cheeks again, red that was deeper than the rouge, and her lips trembled anew. Brandon rose.

"I promise Miss Manners that I shall always be ready to believe—whatever she wishes to tell me and that I shall keep myself at her feet, eagerly listening." Smiling down at the girl, he murmured, softly: "Shan't we make that a bargain?" Then the caress came into his voice: "Shall we set apart an evening for

## Puzzle a Day

The Postoffice Department has just announced the establishment of 498 new R. F. D. routes. They are divided into five sections, northern, southern, eastern, northwestern and southwestern. In the northern and southern sections there are 221 routes. In the southern and eastern there are 163 routes. In the eastern and northwestern there are 133 routes. In the northwestern and southwestern there are 208 routes.

How many routes are there in each section?

Last puzzle answer:

**SCOUT**  
**SPROUT**  
**POUTS**  
**PORTS**  
**PORES**  
**PARES**  
**PANES**  
**PANEL**

Here is the answer of the person securing the highest score in the spelling test. In each instance a new English word was formed by changing one letter only.

**666**

is a prescription for  
Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue,  
Bilious Fever and Malaria  
It kills the germs.

Are You Tortured  
By Indigestion?

There is more real suffering in indigestion than almost any other disease. Consumption, heartburn, shortness of breath, pain and burning sensation in the stomach—all these things pursue the victim until the very slight food nauseates him. Virtually this curse from thousands of tortured sufferers. It acts upon sluggish bowels, torpid liver, and weak kidneys. But, you know, and before long, you feel like a different person. You eat fearlessly and with appetite, you get real relief after a meal, with a clear, bright, and happy disposition. Will you give it a chance?

**VIUNA**  
The vegetable regulator

Million Dollar Letters

WE are swamped, buried, snowed under. Letters from readers on what they would do if they should suddenly receive a million dollars have been pouring into The Times.

We will announce the prize winners as soon as we succeed in digging our way out. Every letter will be read and considered by the judges.

Meanwhile, read about what Joanna did with her million dollars.

They have expected in the presence of another—an arm thrown around her, a hug and a peck at the lips. He only looked at her, brooding in his eyes.

"They have told you, haven't they John?" she breathed, plaintively. "I wanted to explain it all to you, first. Isn't it wonderful?"

Unconsciously she put her two hands on his breast—the trick that always turned John's thoughts, whatever they were, into fondness. It was a good trick, Joanna thought. She could never practice it with anyone but John. It invariably had serious effects. But it didn't work this time. John kept his hands in his coat pockets.

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"You said, awhile ago, John, that you couldn't get away with it when you wanted me to be different than I was—than my kind and my crowd. Well, there's a lot more just like you! You didn't have anything to get away with. And you're not getting away with anything now!"

"The advantages of money! For John?"

She hurried back to him; went up where he had dropped back into a chair, and stood before him.

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