

JOANNA

Story of a Modern Girl and a Million Dollars

SYNOPSIS

With unusual solemnity, Mr. Mark Manners, beautiful clerk, to appear before Mr. Graydon, owner of the store, Joanna shudders at the thought of possible dismissal and thinks of the bills that have been accumulating.

Instead of reproaching her, Graydon delivers an address to the effect that some one whose identity she is not to know has placed \$1,000,000 on deposit at the store, and that she is to have the personal check, Graydon pursues her, there are no strings tied to the proposition, and has his chauffeur take her to the bank.

With \$10,000 her first withdrawal, in her purse, Joanna leaves the bank, and with her money she goes to see John alone in the drawing room.

By H. L. Gates
CHAPTER VII
A Shattered Dream

FOR one brief minute Joanna stood as if the foot of the door, just outside 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 wall. All the doubts, the confusions, the mysteries and the stupendous wonders of the day crashed down upon her. A little while before she had revealed in her own beauty, and in the glory of John's surprise, his ecstasies, all the questions he would ask her and she couldn't answer.

She would be glad with him over every thought of the future either of them could conjure up. There would be no more tempers and insipid quarrels; no more fighting at each other. This time, when he put his arms about her, and kissed her, she wouldn't be restless and wish that he'd take her out into the lights, as other boys did, and romp with her through the narcotic valleys of jazz.

That had been what she had looked forward to. Now, as she faced the door, with John just beyond, waiting for her, and with the other man, whose very manner toward her was like a caress, also waiting for her, a premonition stirred her nerves. She felt, somehow, that her fate, the fate that had been so strangely brewed for her by unknown hands, was in there, in the hands of those two men, and that she was going in, now, to meet it face to face. Foolish, of course! She braced her shoulders, and brought an arrogant dimple into her chin. Smiling, wistfully, she stood in the doorway. She had rehearsed, upstairs, a pose, something graceful after the fashion of one of the especially bred maids in the exclusive shop where she had found her gowns, but she forgot to use it.

John and Brandon had been talking; that is, Brandon had been talking to John, easily, lightly. He was very handsome and graceful, in his full evening clothes. He appeared to be as much at home in the humble rooming house parlor as he would have been in a ballroom. Joanna sensed this John, whom she had never seen in evening clothes, appeared to be ill at ease. She sensed this, too.

Both men gazed at her, silent for a moment, fascinated.

The lithe, slim figure and slim breasted girl, with the deep gold bob and the full-shaped cupid lips who blushed furiously and wondered what the strange sensation was, was very lovely. It was a full-blown loveliness that still was characteristic of Miss Twenty-Seven of the silks, but Brandon's appraising sense estimated quickly the effect that restraints would leave the restraints that would come naturally to the girl—or that wouldn't come, according to the sort of her.

It was Brandon who spoke first. He moved over to her and bowed low, with an exaggerated homage. "There is nothing so beautiful," he murmured, "as the bud that is bursting into a blossom!" He lifted her hand and kissed its slender fingers. Joanna could not help laughing. She'd always laughed, at the movies, when men kissed the hands of women. It seemed such a silly thing to do. But this didn't appear to be silly, with this man, who completely dazed her with his always new gallantries. Each move he made seemed to have the thrill of a kiss in it. She laughed because it was so unexpected and so wholly outside the sentimental amenities to which "Miss Twenty-Seven" had been accustomed.

Her laughing eyes turned to John. "They sobered immediately. John was not coming to her; not coming to take her hand and squeeze it, and say: 'Some looks you've got on, Jo,' or something eloquent like that. She took her hand from Brandon, who had held it so that her senseless fingers rested on his, and went up to John. When she reached him she realized that he kept his hands in his pockets; that he did not even go through the slight formality she

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 office.

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.

might 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 perfectly knew. 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.

"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, watching with a barely restrained amusement. Joanna accused him: "Here you told him anything? Anything that I 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 muttered his reply to Joanna's sally.

Brandon led her to talk about her clothes—the marvelous things she had bought during the afternoon. He understood how to talk about such things, she discovered. He complimented her upon her choice of the frock she had chosen to put on that evening.

"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—what 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 193 routes. In the northwestern and southwestern there are 208 routes.

How many routes are there in each section?

Last puzzle answer:

SCOUT
SPOUT
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.

lips open, her eyes hungry, for him to speak.

"I haven't lost my head, Jo!" he said. "It's you. And I was afraid. I was afraid it was coming, something like this. I knew you could never wear your skirts up to your knees, Jo, and flavor your kisses with cocktails, and be as you ought to be. You've laughed at me and called me a fool when I've told you that what you and your friends think is smart is only polished dirt. I wasn't old-fashioned, Jo; it was only that I wanted my girl to be different, and better—and safer! I could never get away with it, though—so whatever it is, it's happened, hasn't it?"

He had not raised his voice. He had kept his even tone. The sorrowful, quizzical smile remained at his lips. Joanna was helpless: every fibre of her was wounded and useless.

All that she could say was: "You really don't mean it—John! You don't think that I would—"

"Think?" he replied. "Think? Why, what I am thinking is, that even tonight, when you must have known that you would have to tell me something, some better lie than you planned, you meet me—meet me with this other man here too—in a gown like that! Half bare! True to the last to the morals of your kind, and your crowd!"

She heard her own voice, still pleading with him; but it sounded as if it were coming back to her from a great distance. The horror in her eyes had spread through her body and numbed it. She laughed, and cried out that he was playing with her. Then she fell into a chair and shook it with her sob. But, so suddenly that it surprised the man, who watched her, she got onto her feet and faced him. Her words were very distinct, now:

"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!"

She thought, secretly, that he would protest, and that after awhile he would be himself again, and take her into his arms, and ask to be forgiven, and believe and kiss her. She would explain about Brandon, about Graydon and Eggleson, and he would smile into her mystery with her. But he went out of the room, slowly, put on his hat and coat, and shut the door behind him.

Joanna sank to the floor, in the midst of the pretty pieces of the alabaster box in which she had treasured the only jewel she had. (To Be Continued)

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Tells Women to Avoid "Physics"

TO DR. W. B. Caldwell, of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for 47 years, it seemed cruel that so many constipated women and girls had to be kept constantly "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

While he knew that constipation was the cause of nearly all head aches, biliousness, sallow skin, indigestion and stomach misery, he did not believe that a sickening "purge" or "physic" every little while was necessary.

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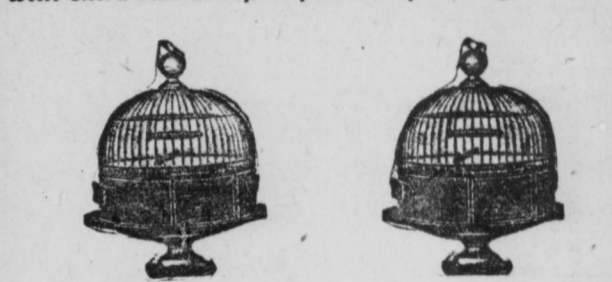
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