

# JOANNA Story of a Modern Girl and a Million Dollars

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, clerk, is summoned by HARRIS, the buyer, to appear before her employer, Mr. Graydon, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some of the things she is not to know has placed \$1,000,000 on deposit at the Metropolitan Bank subject to her personal check. Graydon assures her "there are no strings tied to the proposition," and has his chauffeur take her to the bank. Andrew Graydon, Graydon's old friend, with \$10,000 her first withdrawal, Joanna purchases an expensive outfit for herself and promises to buy some smart new clothes for GEORGIE, her cousin.

That evening, when Joanna hopes to talk confidentially with JOHN, her fiance, she finds also the eloquent FRANKS BRANDON, a banker's nephew, waiting in the drawing room. Seeing the situation, Brandon, after being assured of a later engagement, promises to share her fortune with John, but he will not believe her story and departs with utmost coldness.

Perplexed because John as well as COHEN the furrier, and even her landlady, MRS. ADAMS, have told her Joanna goes to Graydon. He offers no advice, but shows that John will appreciate Joanna's sudden realization that she can show her the way to go.

By H. L. Gates

CHAPTER IX

Joanna Answers Questions

BRANDON watched the girl who sat opposite him, across the little table. The wraith-like smile—the smile that irritated while it taunted, hovered slyly at his lips, and in his eyes. The girl he watched breathed quickly, alertly, while she surveyed the bright scene around them. Her eyes leaped into far corners of the pink and gold hung room, in among the dancers and the other vis-a-vis tables like their own. Suddenly her glance met Brandon's. She nodded at him as if she had surprised his reflections, whatever they were.

"It was good of you to come," Brandon murmured. "Presently it will not be such a simple matter to win a tete-a-tete with you."

"After a while, I hope, you will tell me what you know and I don't know, of what 'presently' is to be for me," Joanna returned, the serious cloud which was never far absent, showing again in her face.

"We shall have to make a new bargain," he said. "That you will accept from me completely that I am only a spectator to your extraordinary circumstances. I shall be a part of them, only as you give me favor. What are you?"

"Please!" Joanna interrupted. "Not now—not just yet! Of course a man always has a list of questions to put to any girl he is just getting acquainted with, at least that's what I've found, and your list is longer than most, I suppose. I've always had the answers—learned them by heart, you know, but they won't fit now. So I shall have to think when you start in. And I don't want to think—just yet. About myself, I mean."

She fell to looking about the room, again, eyes wandering restlessly, but shining with the inner satisfactions of youth with its setting of the moment.

BRANDON had come for her, as they had agreed, in the wake of the flowers she had found. In their tissue box, awaiting her when she returned with George from their gay round of shopping after her visit to Graydon's office. One of the blooms now clung to her waist. Brandon, as he eyed her, compared its delicate perfection with the more buoyant loveliness of its mistress—a loveliness still marred, he saw, by the too elaborately penciled eyebrows, the beaded lashes copied from a screen close-up, and lips that betrayed a new attempt at reserve, but still were much too

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## Million Dollar Letter Prize Winners

MANY hundreds of letters were submitted in answer to the question, "What would you do if you were suddenly left a million dollars?" After much consideration, the judges have decided to award the \$100 in prizes as follows:

First Prize, \$50—Clement L. Poston, 1415 Tuxedo St., Indianapolis.  
Second Prize, \$20—William Zimmerman, 127 S. Independence St., Tipton, Ind.  
Third Prize, \$10—Robert G. Barnhill, 2411 Southeastern Ave., Indianapolis.

Fourth Prize, \$5—Anna Belle Birchard, 1040 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis.  
Fifth Prize, \$3—Miss Nellie R. Wiedenborn, 560 W. Thirtieth St., Indianapolis.

The twelve prizes of \$1 each have been awarded to the following:

Jane M. Jeffrey, P. O. Box 1413, Indianapolis.  
Miss Wilma Reese, 419 E. Walnut St., Indianapolis.  
Mrs. W. R. Kester, Bridgeport, Ind.  
John H. Apple, Oaklawn, Ind.  
Mrs. Gertrude Burroughs, 1041 N. Tremont Ave., Indianapolis.  
M. H. Carr, 1242 Ashland Ave., Indianapolis.  
W. J. Cunningham, Noblesville, Ind.  
Claire P. Thurston, American Legion Auxiliary, Memorial Plaza, Indianapolis.  
Claude H. Anderson, Continental Bank Bldg., Indianapolis.  
Mrs. Anna L. Isham, 929 Highland Ave., Indianapolis.  
Virginia Hadden, 1530 Keating Ave., Indianapolis.  
Mrs. Bryan Weir, 1120 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis.  
The prize-winning essay will appear on this page tomorrow.

Cupid-like. They were accentuations, that few would notice in the conglomerate company around them, but Brandon's was an experienced taste.

For their evening they had chosen the brightest of the fashionable rendezvous where names and distinction of some sort or other are held in high esteem. The atmosphere was to be the only acceptable scenes. The women were beautiful and of the varied pattern that decorates the new age. Debutantes and matrons from the first families, nasal-voiced and red-throated women of the nouveau riche from the last families, and the ever inescapable bevy of movie celebrities from none. Joanna had tasted of the gaudy cabaret—they had been the lamp posts along her path of gaiety. But here—here were women gowned by the master dressmakers of the day, artists of the world of the elect. And the men matched the women. She caught her breath at the originality of this thought—the men matched the women whose jeweled throats and ears shone velvet white against their black shoulders!

And the music—soft exotic strains that laughed and sobbed their rhythmic ecstasies. Jazz, of course, but not the kind she had ever heard. A super-jazz that called to her with its melodies of falling romance. Her feet were still and her slender, warm pulsed little body was quiet, but her soul was dancing; the gleams in her deep brown eyes were dancing, and through her brain new sensations danced. Brandon was wholly sensible of the little dramas that flitted across the eager face he eyed so curiously.

"I would like to dance," Joanna exclaimed, suddenly. "Shall we?"

He rose instantly and swept her into the maze on the floor. Joanna observed that women, when they had looked into Brandon's face and recognized him, shifted their eyes quickly into her's. What she saw in their glances puzzled her; she recognized something speculative, as if these women who knew the man whose arm encircled her and who danced as none of Joanna's partners danced, had a common curious regard for his unknown companion. She concluded, shrewdly, that what they looked to not like Brandon, but were secretly fascinated by him. She felt uneasy, again, and was glad when the encore finished.

"Now the question," she challenged him, abruptly, when he had held a light to her cigarette and then to his own.

"But I haven't made a program of them," he protested—once more his voice was like a caress. "I promise to combine them all into one, or two, at most; and be content with whatever you conclude to tell me. What are you going to do?—that, of course, is the first one."

"And that's longer than any list any man ever put to me," she assured him. "Yesterday morning I was in a fix. I could get along for two weeks' salary. Tonight I'm wondering where to begin to spend money. You see one of my plans—the first one I made, got all smashed up somehow. I don't know how—but it's gone, anyhow."

Brandon probed deep. "That was a most interesting chap who waited for you last night—in the drawing room," he ventured. "I wonder if the smash you have in mind came after I left you?"

JOANNA looked out into the room, as if, in the brilliance of the scene to soothe her memory of the hours in the "drawing room."

**Puzzle a Day**

To be in fashion a Florida tourist built a plot of land in the Everglades. It was many thousand feet long. But when it was surveyed, the owner decided he had better purchase another strip and make it a square piece of land.

With this last purchase the area of the plot was exactly the same as the original square measure. The distance around the plot in linear measure.

What was the size of the plot?

Last puzzle answer:

Cut the square "A" once as shown in the illustration. Reassemble the two pieces as shown in figure "B" and you will form the number seven. It is possible to form this number by using more cuts, but the puzzle consists in doing it in one only.

wet, or something like that. John has been the only one I could ever allow to talk seriously to me about—well, about my ever being married, you know."

Brandon, caught the witfulness in her voice, the wistfulness that came into it at every mention of John. His lips curled again, ever so slightly.

"You will have to listen to a great many men who will talk of marriage," he said. "I think it is better for you that you had your little smash, last night before you had plunged too far. John will be waiting, when you are ready to call him—if you really want him."

A deep flush warmed Joanna's face. Her eyes hardened. Brandon saw, but he did not deliberate. He met her eyes coolly. Before she could make her attack he disarmed her.

"I fancy that whoever bestowed a fortune upon you would prefer that you be uninfluenced in your spending of it—for a time, at any rate. That, though, is only my own conclusion. And I'm wondering if you will fit John into your new career as snugly as you fitted him into the one behind you."

Again Joanna surveyed the company around her while she considered what sort of reply to make. She realized that Brandon had been leading up to this—and she was unhappy before a doubt that he had succeeded in planting in her mind. Would John fit in? Now? Into this gay world of pleasure, joy, unrepression, to which she was being admitted? Could she, with him holding up for her the examples of his own old-fashioned ideals, exact from her new opportunities their full meed of the only things she knew to be worth while. She hated Brandon, fiercely, she confided, for conjuring up the doubt. And hated him for the cunning with which he had stirred it.

She was brought abruptly out of her reflections. The woman who had once before hovered at the table, had come up again. Joanna had not seen that quiet signal from Brandon's cigarette which was instantly caught at the nearby table where a woman sat with her escort, a man made much after the pattern of Brandon himself.

Brandon rose and greeted the newcomer. Joanna looked up at her, startled by a sleek, perfectly assembled beauty that was as pungent as the essence of some heavy perfume. Brandon made his presentation easily. Joanna caught the softness of a foreign sounding name, and heard that Brandon called the stranger, "Yvonne." Despite the pretenses, Joanna sensed, instinctively, that the meeting had been arranged.

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(To Be Continued)

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**WOMAN**, a young woman, whose smooth black hair clung to a beautifully formed head, a woman with sombre black eyes that suggested twin flowers of night, hovered close to the table and paused. An observer would have thought that she had stopped, and was about to speak to one or the other of the pair at the table. But she moved on, her slender hand fluttering at her escort's sleeve. Only one who observed very closely would have detected the almost imperceptible signal that Brandon passed to her with a gesture of his cigarette.

Joanna was not even conscious of the little tableau of an instant. Brandon kept her attention.

"You think then that your problems will have to do mostly with—what you are calling competition from your own sex? That implies that your plans, when they've formed, will be a conquest of men?"

Joanna's brow wrinkled. "That sounds as if I'd admitted something I shouldn't. Won't you tell me what?"

"But you haven't," he protested, earnestly. "What else should there be for you to plan—but to bring the moths to your candle-flame. Could there be anything more interesting for a girl so lovely and so free from care?"

Joanna smiled into his eyes, brightly. "There really isn't anything else to do, is there? For a while I shall be just buying things. No one will tell me of anything else to do with the money. And there are so many things to buy. I hardly know where to start in. I shall have to find someone, too, to help me. George has been my best girl friend, but she's too much like I am. All she can do is to squeal. That's a trick she developed until it's become second nature to her. I imagine men like you, for example, require more efforts on the parts of a girl than we could think of behind the silk counter."

BRANDON smiled with her. "You mustn't class me as so different from the rest of 'your boys' as you call them. You have succeeded admirably in captivating me, without added wiles. And you can't put me down as a plain fortune hunter, can you? You see, I have a famous banker as a dotting uncle and I've heaps of stocks and bonds and such things—so you are not to consider me as having set a trap for your millions."

"Where—that's what I mean," Joanna flung at him. "I shall have to learn how to meet you and your kind when you say things like that. The best sort of talk I've ever had for a man who went right down into deep water was, 'come in out of the

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