

JOANNA

Story of a Modern Girl
and a Million Dollars

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, clerk to appear before her employer, Mr. Graydon, to receive his overwhelming message. Some one who's identity she is not to know has placed \$1,000,000 on the table, and she is to cash it, subject to her personal check. Graydon assures her that she is to be paid off to the proposition, and has his chauffeur take her to the banker, Andrew Cohen, the son of old friends.

With \$10,000 her first withdrawal, Joanna purchases an expensive outfit for herself, promises to buy some smart new clothes for GEORGE, her chauffeur.

That evening, when Joanna, hopes to talk confidentially with JOHN, her fiancé, she finds also the elegant FRANCIS, BILLY DOODLE, a banker's nephew, waiting in the drawing room. She is to have a date with him, after being assured of a later engagement.

Joanna promises to share her fortune with John, but he will not believe her story and departs with utmost concern.

Perplexed because John, as well as COHEN, the banker, and even her dad, ALFRED W. ADAMS, now distrust her, Joanna goes to Graydon. He offers no advice, but when John, again, confronts Joanna suddenly realizes that only Brandon 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 wrath-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 via a vis tables like their own. Suddenly her glance met Brandon's. She nodded at him, as if he 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 from 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 Georgie 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 perfections 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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VIUNA
The vegetable regulator

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. Wiedenhorn, 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. Gertude 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 Kealing Ave., Indianapolis.

Flora 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 to be the only acceptable sesames. 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 cabarets—they had been the lamp posts along her paths 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.

"Yes," she admitted, quietly. "After you left. You see John was all that I had, the only one to share with. He dug a knife into me and twisted it around."

"That shouldn't be serious," Brandon observed. "Wounds of that sort are easily healed. He'll soon be thinking better of his temper—and his suspicions."

"I am not so sure of that!" she returned, quickly.

"He doesn't understand me—it seems as if nobody does. But he was the only one who hurt. It would be easy to straighten out his mind, of course. But he couldn't preach at me, any more. That would make him uncomfortable."

"Was it, then, so serious? Is he really necessary?"

Joanna shot a quick glance at him. "I'll not answer that now," she said. "You said there was to be a second question—what is that one?"

"You have already answered it," he murmured. "It had to do with John. I won't ask any more about him. I'm to be his rival, you know."

Brandon's habit of saying this sort of thing so easily, worried Joanna. Any of her boys fumbled dreadfully when they attempted debt gallantries.

"I believe you could look into any woman's eyes and say, 'I love you' with a free conscience and without a quiver," she challenged him.

He laughed softly. "You will find men, in your new career, who will hesitate with such a vow," he replied. "And, I fancy, you will not be long learning how to meet all such emergencies."

"I shan't fear the men," she agreed. "It's the women. I wonder how I can bring myself to measure up. You see, I realize that I shall have to learn a lot of new—well, learn a lot!"

"I'd give most anything if you would finish your phrase—a lot of what?"

"Tricks," she confessed, laughing to him. "I could hold my own with George—she's been rather a chum, you know—or with any of the rest. If they had anybody I wanted I usually landed them, if I tried, and they had to start early to get any one away from me—but now, well, I'm in for new competition now."

"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 women would profess to not like Brandon, but were secretly fascinated by him. She felt uneasy, again, and was glad when the encounter was 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 if 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 "draw-

Puzzle a Day

To be in fashion a Florida tourist bought 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 numerical in square measure as the distance around the plot in linear measure.

What was the size of the plot?

Last puzzle answer:

A 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 insists 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 wifeliness 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 widened. Brandon saw, but he had been 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? 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 concluded, for conjuring up the doubt. And hated him for the cunning with which he had stirred it.

She was brought abruptly out of her reveries. The woman who had once before, hovered at the table, had come up again. Joanna had not seen that quiet signal from Brandon's cigar 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 presentations 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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