

JOANNA

Story of a Modern Girl and a Million Dollars

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, clerk, is summoned by HARKNESS, the buyer, to appear before her employer. Graydon, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one whose identity is not known has placed \$1,000,000 on deposit at the Metropolitan Bank subject to her personal check. Graydon convinces her there are no strings tied to the proposition and has his chauffeur take her to the bank. Andrew Eggleston, Graydon's old friend, is there.

That evening, when Joanna hopes to talk confidentially with John, her fiance, she finds the elegant and wealthy FRANCIS BRANDON, her fiance's secretary, waiting in the drawing room. Seeing the situation, Brandon departs, 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 coldness.

Perplexed because John as well as COHEN, the furrier, and even her landlady, MRS. ADAMS, now distrust her, Joanna goes to Graydon for advice, but hopes that John will advise her. Joanna suddenly realizes that Brandon can show her the way to go. Brandon intends to learn from Joanna how much John means to her.

At a brilliant social affair Brandon introduces her to Yvonne, a strikingly beautiful woman. Joanna sees that the meeting has been arranged.

By H. L. Gates
CHAPTER X
Joanna Meets Another Suitor

IN the sudden cascade of small talk with which the newcomers were settled into their places at the table by two waiters, each more excited than the other, Joanna was vaguely unconsciously aware of her accustomed depths. Her sort of smart things seemed utterly inadequate to the easy greetings and persiflage.

Within her own experiences, introductory conversations took one or the other of two set courses—her self, or "himself." She was never worried with other women, whether they liked her or not. Not the one who came and went across her horizon. They were all like her, merely rivals, equipped as she was, with the common weapons of our modern flapperhood—lips always shaped for kisses, ready wisdom, and guarded those lips when occasions arose, clothes that added to the lure of her and a skill at defense or attack.

In Joanna's scheme of things any girl, these days, must be ready instantly to take the defense or launch an attack—one or the other was certain to be necessary. She and George got along splendidly in the induction of all new acquaintanceships among the available supply of properly mannered, good-enough-looking young chaps with new places to go. She considered now, when she stole a glance at the man who had come up with the woman with the sleek, black hair that by said, "How do you do?" to George, that little lady would have the time he had blithely inquired of him:

"Well now, look who's here: Why do you think you amount to so much?"

And she reflected that, this time, George would get the worst of it in any such encounter. As she had concluded a moment before, at her first sight of him, Kenilworth—"Roddy." Brandon had called him—was made in the same mold as Brandon, but there was a difference. She disliked Brandon, because she feared that he was to have some mysterious future, but she admitted, he wouldn't be little. He would not be the sort who would plot for some small favor. If he should want to amuse himself with a woman, he would aim at her soul. She knew the kind—and the danger they embodied.

Kenilworth—he was of the sort she was most accustomed to, only, of course, he was the super-kind that would press to his lips whatever ribbons might come to his finger tips at night, and blow them to the winds in the morning without regard for silk or cotton.

HE would always have to be on her guard against Brandon. If Kenilworth carried out the threat which lurked in his calculating eyes as he let them sweep over her, she'd checkmate him, easily. Considering all persons of the other sex as hunters, Joanna felt to wonder what would be the tactics of such a man as Kenilworth who, not being by any means young, must have had divers experiences. She was brought sharply out of this reflection by the young woman with the black hair, whom Brandon had called Yvonne.

"Don't you all know it's horrid to have to pretend," Yvonne said, suddenly, allowing her fingers to flutter over Joanna's wrist, "that we aren't bubbling over with excitement about Miss Manners' amazing news? I, for one, must tell her how thrilling I think it must be."

Joanna gave her a grateful glance. "There doesn't seem to be anything else I can think about," she admitted. "If I only knew why and from whom?"

"Let's see," Kenilworth mused aloud. "Joanna stands for some generosity of the gods, doesn't it? Something like a 'gracious gift.' If I remember my mythology aright, gods, like gifts, mustn't be looked in the mouth. Not even by the loveliest of their favorites. My

GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK AND BEAUTIFUL

Almost every one knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays, we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, for only 75 cents. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.—Advertisement.

First Prize Letter in Contest

THE following answer to the question, "What would you do with a million dollars?" was awarded first prize in the contest conducted by The Times. It was written by Clement L. Poston, 1415 Tuxedo St.

"If I had a million dollars handed to me tomorrow, I should marry the sweetest girl in the world tomorrow night. Therefore, to begin with, I have solved about three-fourths of the problem."

"But since I am furthermore a little serious-minded, I would from then on attempt to conduct myself as I normally do, and to keep myself directed toward the goal I set for myself when a boy. I should continue my studies in the Medical School which I am now attending and thereby derive for myself the true pleasure that come from doing real work."

"Even with a million dollars, I would try to be a common mortal, speaking as I might think, and in all things keeping myself loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship."

"With a fraction of the million dollars, I would, after graduation from the medical school, give myself the added advantage of continuing my studies for a time under the direction of the best scientists in my profession. In this way I should improve to the maximum the mind that God gave me, and thus place myself in a fair way to be an asset to my profession and to those about me."

"Finally, after I had developed a breadth of mind that would guide me to judiciously spend the remainder of the million dollars, I believe I should get rid of it by erecting and equipping a great hospital to care for those less fortunate than the most of us."

"With that accomplished, I should hope to keep always in mind the fact that a man who secretly thinks himself a martyr will never be one."

advice to Miss Manners is to never worry over the source of her dramatic good fortune, but proceed to hire as many piers to make music for her as she wants to pay."

Yvonne laughed a silvery little laugh that Joanna envied. "And you, Roddy, are dying to offer your self as one of the original piers," she accused. To Joanna she added brightly:

"He's a beast of prey, this Roddy. He has the same accessories in every part that a sailor is supposed to have put away for his shore leaves. You must never take him seriously. Especially when he makes furious love to you." Kenilworth raised a protesting hand, but Yvonne continued, nodding at him:

"Oh, you'll be making love to her before the evening's out." She turned again to Joanna, and informed her, with a trick of dropping her voice, into the inflections of a mock confidence that Joanna resolved to practice as soon as she was home: "He'll start in with your eyes, my dear; he has a fancy that young women pin their faith in their eyes and old women on their complexions."

"Don't let her mislead you," Kenilworth pleaded. "She has me confused with someone else. She is positively libelous. I never begin with the eyes, as I'll prove to you as soon as possible."

"You see," Yvonne exclaimed, "He prepared you for his onslaughts. You must tell me at once if I am right. It'll be the eyes, I'm sure. They're quite pretty you know. I can fancy him raving over them."

Brandon came to Joanna's rescue. He will survive even Roddy, I'm sure," he commented. "She has a most disconcerting way of putting the proper people in the right places."

OVER the coffee they talked of the money, of Graydon, and Eggleston—and quite understood Joanna's inability to make plans. As often as she could Joanna watched Yvonne, and studied her. She was of the kind that seldom comes to the silk counter of a department store. Joanna decided she was a bright example of the butterfly who hovers gaily over the most desirable gardens in that world to which "Miss Twenty-Seven," of the silks, had stood no closer than the farthest edge until tonight. And she thought that Yvonne was deliberately reaching out to her, as if to bring her within some common bond. Immediately, though, she considered if this feeling were not born of her own self-consciousness.

"She concluded she would have to learn, soon, to take these new people, who lived among the hills, tops and knew the real ways she had always imitated, as she found them. With this resolve she smiled, brightly at Kenilworth. He acknowledged it by putting down his cocktail glass.

"I don't know whether you mean it or not," he said, "but you are saying to me that with so much dancing to be done before they turn us out you'd like to be getting busy. May I consider that I'm right?"

When they were on the floor Joanna asked him to repeat Yvonne's name. "I didn't hear, or I didn't understand it," she explained.

Puzzle a Day

At the annual dahlia exhibition at the New York Botanical Garden, thousands of dahlias are in bloom. One exhibit is arranged in five sections. Each section contains a different variety of blossoms separated by four long metal rails and four short ones.

Some of these dahlias were sold and the grouping was changed to three sections. The same number of rails were used. They formed an attractive design with no projecting ends.

How were the rails rearranged? Last puzzle answer: The plot of land purchased in the Everglades by our tourists was 4 miles long and 4 miles wide. Therefore its area, 16 square miles, has the same number in square measure as the distance around the plot, 16 miles, has in linear measure. The answer must be miles, because the puzzle stated that it was many thousand feet long.

Yvonne will do, quite satisfactorily," Kenilworth assured her. "Whoever knows her knows her well enough to forget the rest of it if he can! Anyhow, it's Countant—the Yvonne Countant you read about. There's a husband here to night, off in a corner some place. But I don't know which one it is, the first or the last. No use asking her. She's probably forgotten."

YVONNE COUNTANT! Now Joanna knew why her face had seemed so vaguely familiar! Each marriage a sensation, and each divorce a greater one. She had seen her pictured regularly in the Sunday newspapers—that part of them which she really looked at, the illustrated pages. She remembered Yvonne Countant divorcing a college boy she'd run away with. A college boy, who was a son of a family, or something like that. Yvonne Countant engaged to another millionaire's son, and then to an Egyptian prince. Yvonne Countant at Monte Carlo, shocking English duchesses with gowns that wouldn't be allowed even in the movies—one newspaper had described them just that way. And in the most daring of beach costume at Deauville. Then married to the famous author and promptly divorced in Paris. Joanna knew her Sunday paper history as girls of another day knew their cook books. The Paris buyer for the store had sent over a dress, one time, which he said was an exact copy of the model worn by Yvonne Countant at the Longchamps races. The store designers had added four inches to the back and front and put on shoulder straps, and made of it a best selling number in the four hundred dollar class. And she, Joanna, yesterday morning "Miss Twenty-seven," had talked with her! Had talked and held her own with her!

"Did you really mean that her husband actually is here, tonight?" she asked her companion.

"One of them. If I spot him I'll give you a nudge. He's with a new name. Yvonne went over to them, while ago, to see what she's like. Says she's the kind that has golden weddings."

Joanna laughed gaily with him. "Funny things to look forward to, golden weddings, aren't they?" he bantered, looking down at her quizzically.

"Fancy you, now, getting through the marrying stages fast enough to leave time for an anniversary like that!"

"Oh, I shan't be so quick to get married that I'll be likely to change my mind," Joanna retorted.

"Now that's a sensible resolve," Kenilworth agreed. She felt his arm tightening a bit. He was holding her closer than Brandon had,

almost as close as her own dancing boys customarily did. She began to wonder much about him. She had thought him old, much too old, but he danced with her and talked to her on the level of easy youth. She had observed earlier in the evening that most of the men around the tables appeared to be much older than their women. But, she reflected, they seemed to be men who had a place in life and, so were more worth while than inconsequential younger men. And she rather liked the change. Her companion was still talking to her as he swung her deftly in and out among the dancers on the well-croqueted floor.

"An exquisite flower like you, you and your happy kind—is much more attractive when you're not set on being exclusively worn in one coat of arms. I shouldn't say half the things I really mean if I thought you'd be adding them up into a matrimonial sum. You'll find life is all too short for that sort of thing."

Joanna looked at him queerly. "I ought to say something to that," she announced. "But I'm not sure just what. It'll probably come to me in the middle of the night, and then I'll know I'm a dumbbell."

"I shall supply your comments now, and spare your slumbers," he returned. "I don't like that dumbbell! You should say: 'Sit at my feet, sir, and speak freely of pleasant things. They shall enter one ear and depart not from the other.'"

"Your deliveries will have to be better than your samples, or they won't even get into the first ear," she promised him. "I thought we had decided to call about Yvonne. But I don't know which one it is, the first or the last. No use asking her. She's probably forgotten."

"Our beautiful friend is one who is never comfortable without a thrill," Kenilworth informed her. "A new husband is a thrill, I suppose. As for other reasons for Yvonne's whims, you probably will find them out for yourself. She has taken a liking to you. I know the signs. She'll probably decide to take you under her wing. You will make an admirable foil for her."

A curious turmoil shot through Joanna's blood. "Yvonne Countant might take her, Joanna, under her wing! The most glittering wings in the world, according to her standards. She glanced shyly at the man who was dancing with her. He caught her glance and fathomed it. "Quite probable, I assure you," he insisted. "And the obligation won't be on your side, you know. You mustn't forget that. It won't be the money. She's collected half of at least two millionaire fortunes already. It'll be Brandon."

"Mr. Brandon? I don't see what you mean."

"Now you've got me gossiping! Oh, well, we're all new friends. You'll play us one against the other, most likely. So I'll start your imagination working. If there is one thing in the world that our charm-

ing Yvonne desires, that she hasn't found da way to get, it's Brandon, your banker's nephew. And Brandon undoubtedly will be having a try at you. Because any other woman would handle the situation differently. I've a mind Yvonne will want to take her newest rival right into her own camp."

He spoke lightly, almost whimsically, but Joanna was certain he was serious. And she remembered her impression that the coming of Yvonne and Kenilworth to Brandon's table had been prearranged. It made another puzzle that baffled her. She tried to catch Kenilworth off his guard.

"Why are you telling me this?" she flung up at him.

He didn't answer her at once, but smiled, quizzically again, and let his eyes roam over her upturned face. The music stopped, and he guided her to the rim of the dance floor, toward an opening between the tables. Still he had not acknowledged her sudden question. She put her hand on his sleeve and stopped him. "You haven't told me, you know," she reminded him, standing quite still so that he could not evade her again. "Why you warn me against your—both of your friends."

"For perfectly obvious reasons, my dear girl," Kenilworth said, then, meeting her gaze steadily, "I've suddenly decided to have a try at you myself; Brandon plays his games deep, and I think Yvonne plays her's deeper still. And just now you are the stake. I'm going to play for you, too."

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(To Be Continued.)

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