

# JANNA

## Story of a Modern Girl and a Million Dollars

Resistant JOANNA MANNERS, desk No. 27, is surrounded by HARKNESS, the lawyer, to appear before her employer, Mr. Graydon, on the subject of her resignation. Some one whose name is not known to the Metro-politan Bank subject to her personal check, Graydon convinces her there are no obligations and has his chauffeur take her to the bank. Andrew Erdington, Graydon's old friend.

That evening, when Joanna hopes to talk confidentially with JOHN, her husband, she finds so many people in the bank's waiting room in the drawing room, Graydon, after being assured of a later engagement, leaves her to her fate.

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

At a brilliant social affair, Brandon introduces her to YVONNE COUNTESS, famous society divorcee, whose partner, Roddy Kentworth, rich, romantic idler, while he will not believe her story, she knows Brandon is the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

Joanna learns from her chum, GEORGE, that John is willing to apologize since speaking with Erdington. She sends a note.

Joanna goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets LORD TEDDY DORSET, PENNYBANK, MRS. DORSET and a MR. PENDLETON.

By H. L. Gates

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Joanna Holds Her Own

It was not long before Lord Teddy eyed her intently. She felt singularly at ease with this exuberant young man. She laughed at him brightly when he protested: "Oh, really, now! You mustn't pretend that I'm dreadfully dumb when a young woman declares that she doesn't know everything! It's never true these days, you know, and it's a lot jollier to not make believe."

"I'll admit," she agreed, "that anything I don't know hurts. I've tried not to miss anything, but I have, a lot. So there's still a chance for you to do a bit of teaching. You may start with Mr. Pendleton and—was it Mrs. or Miss Marks. What was wrong about your Pen-Marks?"

"Do you know, I placed, moving from his chair to a place closer to her on the divan into which she had settled, "I'm going to be terribly fond of you before long."

"Yes, I'm sure of that," she informed him. "I can see the signs. Anyhow, teachers always are, aren't they? But you're saying."

"About Pen-Marks? It's Mrs. Marks, of course. You'll probably see the other part of her tomorrow night? You'll be here, won't you?"

"I'll probably be here, but I don't know what's happening. Is it what ever you thought a while ago I might be coming to sing or dance for? I must find out yet what you think especially about singers and dancers."

"Yvonne's giving something or other, usual thing. Doris will be on deck with her husband; he's not a bad sort, but a bit empty. She and Pen will be miserable trying to keep up appearances. It's beastly, of course, for anybody to have husbands and wives about, but these two moon about it so openly they're delightful."

"Is he married, too?"

"Profoundly! He has to be more surreptitious than any husband I know, you'll be fearfully amused by the two of them, Pen and Doris, when you're used to them. They're always about someplace for tea. That's why I really was clever, you know!"

"And it doesn't make any difference—to anybody? To their friends, like Miss Contant, and people who know of the husband and wife?"

LORD TEDDY examined the girl beside him deliberately. He noted all the distinguishing patterns of her. His eyes dwelt on her.

"California Fig Syrup" Dependable Laxative for Sick Baby or Child

When baby is constipated, has wind-colic, feverish breath, coated tongue, or diarrhea, a half-teaspoonful of genuine "California Fig Syrup" promptly moves the bowels, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or over-acts. Babies love its delicious taste. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig. syrup—Ad vertisement.

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particularly, for an instant that barely could have been measured, on a smartly slithering knee, hardly yet escaped from the angular sharpness that is youth—but threatening to come out altogether from within the confines of a modishly meager dress. His glance, sweeping upward in its lightning appraisals, hovered joyously upon her mouth, that was almost round because of the full, scarlet curving of the lower lip and the deep, perfect bow of the upper one—a splash of color as if someone had crushed a red rose there.

She knew what he was doing. She felt his eyes wherever they rested. Not a muscle of her twitched, but she was conscious of an exquisite thrill of satisfaction with herself. Her knees had never before, upon such an occasion—and why were skirts worn short and lips shaped like round rose buds, and a gown fashioned so carefully, if not for open considerations?—the knee had never been so beautifully sheathed in a silk so perfect, and the lips never so deftly toned and balanced.

When he was satisfied of his observations, which occupied hardly more than a brief hesitation, Lord Teddy moved closer on the cushioned divan—only the knee, which was crossed and pointed his way, halted him. His voice, when he spoke, was little above a murmur.

"Please," he pleaded, "don't let us pretend. It's much nicer not to, really. You do it splendidly, but you couldn't be wholly successful. When a woman has had so much experience, old enough, you know, so that a man knows there's nothing new under either the sun or the moon for her, then she has to pretend that she hasn't yet learned that everything is what it is and not what's in copy books. If she didn't she'd be too forbidding, so we know she's serious about it. But when a lovely girl makes believe she doesn't understand everything and everybody we know she's just kidding. Because she thinks she does, anyway. Don't you?"

Joanna regarded him elaborately, frankly imitating his own examination of her a moment before. "Yes," she said, her inscrutable smile playing upon him. "Then you have a way with you—as a teacher. I suppose you've a diploma, or some good references, or things like that?"

His ready laughter bubbled through his mask of seriousness.

"Only experience my lovely Joanna," he said, finding her hand among the cushions and taking possession of it with both of his own. "My experience will have to be your guide, and yours my ambition."

When he finished he gave her limp, fragile fingers a confidential pressure and looked into her eyes shining eyes with a deep smoulder in his. She seemed to be unconcerned about her hand. She even moved her knee, a little, to help him out down the space between them. She said, then:

"We seem to be making a bargain of some sort. When you happen to think about it, tell me what it is, won't you? The best I can get out of it is that you want to be a guide and you've ambitions of some kind. I like ambitions tremendously. It's so much fun flattening them out!"

"Yes," he admitted. "You'd flatten out almost anybody, I should imagine. You wouldn't be afraid of missing anything. That's why I'd like it awfully if—"

He nodded at him. "I know," she finished for him. "If I give you my other hand, too, and let you fill up the rest of the distance between us. Then you could tell me just how pretty you think I am, and how you've always been crazy about hair like mine and you'd like to run your fingers through it, and maybe you'd have something new along that line that I'd never heard before and then you'd end up by saying I was just made for somebody to love a lot and you're somebody. Have I forgotten anything?"

"Not a thing," he declared. "When do we begin?"

HIS time they laughed together buoyantly. Joanna deanna decided she was going to enjoy this fair haired, ebullient young man whose chief aim in life, according to Yvonne, was consoling neglected wives.

He was amazingly handsome, as easily read to her—as an open book, and she was convinced, utterly harmless. Yvonne's picture of him puzzled her. She concluded he would be easily in his thirties, but already she was becoming accustomed to older men than her "dancing boys" had been. John always had appeared older to her than any of the other chaps she knew, although he wasn't, in years. She was astonished, secretly, at her own ability to be interested to men who must have served many apprenticeships at more dazzling shrines than her's.

She was still disturbed by that ready supposition of his at their sudden meeting earlier in the afternoon. She reminded him of it again, and declared that she wouldn't be satisfied with him until he had made

THE BUREAU OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING was having trouble finding enough rags to make paper for the amount of paper money needed. So you can imagine how glad they were to find two extra bales of paper rags hidden in the storeroom.

The man who weighed these bales said that they each weighed a square number and that the difference in weight was 69 pounds. He also said the difference between the square roots was 3.

How much does each bale of rags weigh?

Last puzzle answer:

Each garage is 36 feet long and therefore the distance around is (36 plus 4) 144 feet for 1 building, for 3 buildings it is 432 feet. 36 feet or 12 yards plus 12 yards equals 144 square yards equals area of 1 building plus 3 equals 432 square yards equals area of three buildings. \$5.00 times 144 equals \$720 equals annual rent of each garage.

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satisfactory explanations. He was not abashed.

"You were such a surprise," he assured her. "Not at all like the usual girl one sees about, in places. I'm fearfully fed up, you know, on girls, most girls, I mean. They've lost their enthusiasms. You're enthusiastic. Sort of caught me up sharply with it. And you haven't been spoiled. The girls one meets nowadays seem to be spoiled; that is, too many of them. The kind I know. They're the daughters of the 'twenties that has chow dogs, you know. Funny, but it's always struck me that when a woman gets a chow dog her daughter goes to the devil. Really doesn't go to the devil you know, but tries to act like she had been to him and found him too old-fashioned to be amusing. Now you're different. As soon as I saw you I was sure there were no chows in your family. Are there?"

"Not having the family, there aren't any," she said, quietly.

"Right! There's a reference for you. You see I'm always right about women. You're a flapper without a chew background. There's a heap of difference. If I were a literary chap, now, I'd put that in a book, or something. As it is you'll have to figure it out yourself. It's deeper than I usually go. I thought you must be something different, and I couldn't think of anything, but singing girls and dancing girls. As a rule they've got sense, anyway. The debutantes that imitate them haven't—by the same rule. Now am I forgiven?"

"I never forgive a man anything," she declared promptly. "It always makes him dangerous."

"That's your difference," he discovered eagerly. "The kind of girl I don't like, the kind that isn't near so daring as you are, is the one who's always trying to forgive. They say it adds to excitement."

YVONNE's voice interrupted. She dropped into a chair and surveyed the pair on the divan. "You two seem to be hitting it off quite satisfactorily," she commented. "No entangling confidences, I hope."

Of Joanna, she asked: "He's relieved himself of his own admirations for his pun at Doris and Pen, I suppose?"

"We'd just started on them when we cut all preliminaries and got down to ourselves," Teddy informed her ingenuously. "We've made progress. I shall be here tomorrow, promptly at four—to continue matters."

"You will not!" Yvonne corrected him. "Miss Manners—by the way, have you made it 'Joanna' yet? I see that you have—Well then, Joanna has a day mapped out. There's some important things to attend to. And you can run along now, Teddy, if you will. You may fix yourself a drink on your way out."

When he was gone Yvonne and Joanna took up the 'important' matters of the morning; the automobile, its chauffeur—"I'll find you one," Yvonne agreed—and a descent upon a famous jewelry house.

"There'll be a crowd here tomorrow night," Yvonne explained. "That's what Teddy was referring to. I'm making it a big crowd in your honor. I'd already planned a night of it, but I've elaborated for you. You'll meet every one and they'll meet you. I'll have an unmarried Senator and two married ones, without their wives, a few exiled Russian princesses and a smattering of their princesses. You'll like the Russian girls. Some South Americans who will make you think, always, of sapphires or black diamonds, and everybody who's in love with me, or wants to be. That'll make a representative party. I'm keen to know how you'll like it—the crowd, I mean. Between Brandon and Roddy, to say nothing of Teddy, you'll

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Joanna looked up sharply at the mention of Brandon and Kenilworth. She detected a change in Yvonne's tone as she pronounced the names. She wanted to ask her about these two, for she knew Yvonne shared with Brandon, at least, some intrigue concerning her. But she thought better of the impulse. Her thoughts went back to John.

"Have him come to you here, by all means," Yvonne insisted, shrewdly. "I fancy he is a young man who will require handling, if you continue to be concerned about him. Shall you—be much concerned about him?"

The suddenness of the challenge caught Joanna off her guard. She dropped her eyes. All at once she was conscious that her lips were quivering and that she was concerned. It wasn't quite the right time, her mind, but she had put away something Teddy Dornister had said for later consideration, and it came back to her, now, a little confusedly. She was enthusiastic. But a flapper without a chow dog background. And "you haven't been spoiled."

She wondered why John had not understood as well as Teddy Dornister. She decided she'd find out, soon!

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"I shan't be so much concerned," she said to Yvonne, "that I'll go around hunting sad music!"

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(To Be Continued)

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"Relieve that Tickle" Swallow Just a Little "Garglette" Stops Colds at the Start Ask Your Druggist.