

# JOANNA

## Story of a Modern Girl and a Million Dollars

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, clerk No. 17, is summoned by HARKNESS, the buyer, to appear before her employer, MR. GRAYDON, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one who is not a clerk, but a girl, has placed \$1,000,000 on deposit at the Metropolitan Bank, subject to her personal check. Graydon convinces her there are no obligations and has his chauffeur take her to the bank. DREW EGLESTON, Graydon's old friend, Joanna offers to share her fortune with JOHN WILMORE, her fiancé, but he is determined to earn his own way as an architect.

Joanna introduces her to YVONNE FRANCIS BRANDON, the banker's widow, who introduces her to YVONNE COFFMAN, famous society divorcee, who, in turn, introduces her to YVONNE, rich, romantic, older, admits he will try his hand for Joanna. He knows Brandon is the one thing Joanna desires that she hasn't got.

Joanna goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets MRS. DORIS MARKS, who is a friend of Yvonne's. Yvonne, DORMINSTER, who has no time to court Joanna.

Joanna, Yvonne's coming-out party and realizes that her new setting has placed a great wedge between them. Joanna visits John's rooms in his absence and takes a set of drawings. Joanna and Brandon are invited to lunch with Eggleston. In Eggleston's library Joanna is mystified by a large oil painting of a girl who resembles herself.

Joanna dines at Eggleston's home. After she leaves he stands for a long time before a large oil painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

By H. L. Gates  
CHAPTER XXI  
The Golden Girl

A WILLFUL beam of mid-morning sun found a crevice between the rose-hued drapes that were intended to keep it out from whatever secrets were within their windings, and made straight for the face that was almost lost in a mound of pillows—pillows of exquisite lace and silk from golden looms.

The vagrant beam glided in its discovery, in the shimmer it aroused in gold-brown hair, in the velvet white and the startlingly youthful contours of the face so invitingly nestled to its caress.

Brown lashes fluttered under the sun ray's provocation and a bare white arm, velvet like the face, crept out from some place underneath the shimmering hair. The slender form outlined under the web-like coverlet that was also of a silken lace that may have been priceless, stirred and straightened, revealing the slender figure that was just curving away from boyishness.

A voice that was drowsy, but not without its note of petulance, asked: "What time is it?"

Out of the unnatural darkness of the room made by the drawn curtains, another voice, clearly that of a patient servant, answered: "It is not quite 10 o'clock, Mademoiselle. Shall I open the curtains, Mademoiselle?"

Again the sleepy voice from the depths of the huge, soft bed: "If you please, Martha."

Martha, very neat and prim in gray morning garb, rose from the edge of the chaise longue, where she had perched silently through two hours of waiting for the beautiful form in the bed to stir, and pulled the curtain ropes. Like a yellow flood the transfiguring Riviera sun burst through the curtains of broad windows that curved out from the room in a semi-circle, all shut off together by the heavy shell pink drapes. Bewildering, exotic odors of orange, mimosa and clematis filled the room with the sunshine, each separate fragrance seeming to bring up from the calm Mediterranean ransomed down below some ineffable perfume of March morning romance. When Martha turned from the windows the voice from the bed, not sleepy now, but alert, rippling:

"I ought to be dreadfully cross with you, you know, for letting me sleep so late," it said in mock severity. "But I suppose you may say that I looked so comfortable you nated to disturb me."

Martha, American from head to toe despite her "mademoiselle" and her French ribbons and ruffles, looked down on the girl in the big bed, a gleaming, glittering bed of golds and pinks and blues mounted on a dais under a gorgeous canopy of gold lace against pink tulle. Martha seemed to hover, for a moment, at the edge of a scolding, but dutifully remembered that, after all, the girl in the bed, whose eyes were twinkling up at her, was "Mademoiselle" and she was Martha. So all she said was:

"Mademoiselle did not return from Prince Michael's until 3 o'clock this morning."

"That's so," agreed the voice, emphatically, as if suddenly reminded. "There was an affair last night, wasn't there? And something happened. I know something happened, because something always does when Michael feels the urge. And Michael was urged, last night, Martha. Very urged. While you run my bath I will try to remember what about. Maybe it was me. If so, I will tell you about it while I splash."

WHILE Martha bustled herself with the taps over the pink marble pool in a glistening shower-room, the girl in the bed sat up, drew up her knees until her elbows could rest on them and her chin on her wrists. Her brow wrinkled a little, as if trying to remember. The warm sunshine wrapped the cuddled figure in yellow splendor. Thin shadow lines from the diamond patterned bars of the clematis trellis outside the windows romped through the filmy, diaphanous chiffon of the girl's pajamas and twisted about her like mischievous, fiery arms. Suddenly the puckered brow cleared and a laugh that was as vibrant as music rippled at red lips.

Martha turned off her taps, satisfied at last that the water was just warm enough—her mistress ever refused to brave a cold shower—and went up to the bed, a flaming yellow robe of transparent silk over her arm, tiny satin boudoir mules in her hand. While she knelt at the bed dais to slip the mules on bare feet, and then stood to receive the slim form in the fold of the robe, the voice promised:

"If you haven't made the water too cold, Martha, I'll tell you what it was that happened last night as soon as I'm in it. If it's cold you shan't know a thing."

When the robe had fallen and the pajamas had been tossed, rolled into a ball, at Martha's head, and the splashing in the marble pool was begun, Martha was merrily informed:

"I stole Prince Michael. Martha! Actually took him right out of Yvonne's arms, almost actually,

that is, figuratively speaking or something like that, and ran away with him. Mad flight over the boulevard by the sea at midnight, across Monaco and up the stone road into the Alps, Ooh! Martha, you made it almost too cold. Please turn on a little more warm! It was thrilling, Martha, that wild ride through the moonlight, all alone with the Prince—alone except the driver and he didn't count, of course. And Michael was in a real moonlight mood, too. Because, there, now it's too hot! Why don't they make water just right!"

"Because, Martha, we were running away to be married in Genoa at dawn and all that sort of thing, and we were to come back and face the Grand Duke Nicholas in his villa at Nice and say, 'Le Roi Behold, Sirs! If there's ever another throne in Russia here's a new princess to hang on it!' That's what happened last night Martha because Michael had the urge."

Martha's eyes widened and she stared at the bare form splashing in the pool. "But, Mademoiselle!" she protested: "It didn't really happen, did it?"

"Don't be silly, Martha. One has to have a passport to cross the frontier from France into Italy, and one just can't get that sort of thing from iron minded old fogies that stand on guard, Michael forgot all about that, he was so filled with me, and of course I didn't remind him of it. I had all the romantic thrill of a dash to become a bride knowing I wouldn't have to be bride at all. Now you may dry me, Martha, but don't rub too hard. I could hardly keep from laughing when Michael lost his argument with the frontier guard and realized he wasn't having any nuptials in the morning."

MARTHA should have said, "Yes, Mademoiselle!" with a maid-servant's reticence, but somehow her mistress was never dignified during that morning bath. So she did not refrain from a prompting, "I should fancy so, Mademoiselle." And her mistress gratified her.

"He turned on me very fierce and solemn and just thundered at me. You knew we didn't have our passports, didn't you? You remind me? He must have seen my lips getting crooked because he said, then, 'Joanna Manners, you're a fraud!' But I'm not a fraud, am I, Martha?"

"No, indeed, Mademoiselle!" Martha replied, but even her mistress detected more of hope than conviction in her tone. For a brief instant, while the faithful maid held the thin, yellow robe the slender little body was enfolded in her arms. The warmth and pulses of it went straight to her heart, and she wished that she could be sure that the girl she had served through a hectic, galloping year, was not—a fraud!

The events of that tempestuous year had reached flamboyant climax; the distraught, mystified mistress Martha had sent down the stairs to her first triumph in Yvonne's house off the Avenue had become the Golden Girl around whom a vortex raged, a glittering, luring feather of paradise in a world of money and madness. And down in the secret recesses of Martha's soul there was a fear that she wished wasn't there. Perhaps this fear would have gained a little comfort or, perhaps, it might have been stirred anew, if she could have seen a hard, unpleasant shadow that passed swiftly across brown eyes when her mistress caught the note of prayer in her maid's assurance that she was not what the disappointed Prince Michael had dubbed her. But the shadow had gone completely when Joanna was propped again in her mountain of pillows. The sweetness was still in the voice when it commanded:

"Now you may bring me some tea."

For a moment the maid hesitated, then announced: "Lord Dorminster has been waiting, Mademoiselle, for much more than an hour. He is in your sitting room."

"Joanna was all resentment immediately. 'Why didn't you send him away? What in the world does he mean by sitting on my doorstep, I mean sitting in my sitting room, at this hour of the day?'"

"He assured me that, Mademoiselle had told him he might come for her, at nine. He is in riding clothes."

"Well, I shan't pile out now for anybody. Put something around me that I won't show through and bring him in. I won't even give him any tea, but I'll make him hold my tray."

Martha spread a hasty glance around the room, a room that was all gold and pink, a spacious setting for the great golden bed, with its ceiling of limpid mirrors. There were countless feminine things about, lovely and expensive. Joanna saw Martha's roving glance and

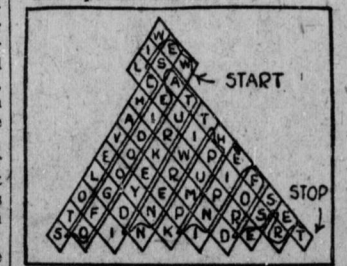
### Puzzle a Day

Giving cupid a lift is what Al Carney of station WHT, calls playing the wedding march for all couples who request it.

In June the march was played exactly four times as often by this station as in October. And the October number is just as many short of forty as June is over forty.

How many times was the wedding march played in October by station WHT?

Last puzzle answer:



Start at the corner marked start. Follow the continuous line and you will discover message in the Thanks-giving invitation was, "We will have lots of goodies, a turkey dinner with pumpkin pie for dessert." With this message Johnny secured 100 per cent attendance.

laughed at her. "Oh, I shall keep my eyes engaged; don't fear Martha. He is much too experienced to examine the corners of a young lady's chamber. Or to show it, at any rate."

When young Lord Dorminster appeared at the bedside Joanna ignored the cloud that hinted his dissatisfactions with his long solitude in the boudoir sitting room, and frowned up at him without so much as giving him her fingers.

"What a terrible man you are," she accused him, "to begin on me so early in the morning. Invent me some good reason at once or go away."

"But you told me last night that I might come. At nine, we agreed. You promised to ride to San Remo. It's a gorgeous morning, too."

Joanna considered him judiciously. "Do you know," she said, "you are the most beastly thing I could imagine! You have the most disagreeable habit of reminding me in the morning of what foolish thing she says at night. That's not fair, Teddy. Things are so different in the morning!"

"Surely you don't expect me to forget all those things you said to me last night so soon as this morning?" he demanded, incredulous.

"Of course," she assured him. "I have, anyway. While did I say last night, Teddy? Here, sit down. You mustn't stand over my bed like that. Hold my toast. If you're good you can feed me a bite now and then. What did I say last night, Teddy?"

"You said that you were really becoming fond of me and that after a little while you'd talk seriously with me—about our future, you know."

"I really said that? Give me a bite of toast and let me think how to explain such a distraction."

He was gloomily silent while she disposed of a tiny nibble of her toast. His moroseness was so amusing she had to laugh at him, and she reached a finger to his lips, careless of the drooping away from her arm of the robe Martha had wrapped about her. "There now!" she said, "I remember. I had just had a glass of burgundy with Roddy Kenilworth. When he wants me to be very generous Roddy always inveigles me to a sip of burgundy. I detest Roddy for that, but I did promise him I'd play tennis with him this morning. That was such a good promise, Teddy, it delighted him so, that I gave it to you too. If a promise is good one should repeat it, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," he declared, still morose. "But Roddy's out of it because I'm on deck and he isn't. But it's the other thing you told me that I hope you haven't forgot."

"You mean about my getting fond of you? That doesn't require any immediate making good, does it, Teddy? All right then, we won't forget that. I'm terribly fond of you and maybe I'll marry you, who knows?"

She considered him a minute and

added: "I'm glad you are holding my toast, Teddy. You take everything I say so seriously. Now then, get out of here. I'm going to be dressed. And, evidently since Roddy hasn't remembered this morning any

better than I do, I shall have Martha bring me my riding togs."

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(To Be Continued.)

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There is more real suffering in indigestion than in almost any other human ailment. Constipation, sour stomach, gas, distress, heart-burn, shortness of breath, pain and burning sensation in the stomach—all these things pursue the victim until the very sight of food nauseates him. Viuna has lifted this curse from thousands of tortured sufferers. It acts upon sluggish bowels, torpid liver, and weak kidneys. Right away, you can tell it's helping you, and before long, you feel like a different person. You eat fearlessly and with appetite, you get restful sleep, you walk with a new stride, and know what it is to enjoy vigorous health. Will you give it a chance?

better than I do, I shall have Martha bring me my riding togs."

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(To Be Continued.)

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