

JOANNA

THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York socialite, is courted by HARRY HANNES, the buyer to appear before her employer, MR. WILMORE, who delivers an overwhelming number of goods whose identity she is not to know has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in AN-

THON. JOHN WILMORE, her name, but he is determined to earn his own way as an architect.

John is a brilliant young affair, wealthy FRANK BENDLETON, his uncle and nephew, introduces her to YVONNE OMBRETTA, a young woman whose romantic idler, admits he will try his hand at the art of architecture, the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

John goes to live with Yvonne where she meets MRS. DORIS MARKS, a MR. BENDLETON and LORDE TEDDY D'ALBREY, who are the ones in the courtship Joanna.

John attends Joanna's coming out party and realizes that her new setting has placed a great abyss between them.

In Paris, John meets a large number of paintings of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Amette in France and still Joanna has not lost her heart to any of her admirers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL.

Lord Teddy, during a morning ride, urges his wife, Joanna, to appear before her employer, Mr. Wilmore, who delivers an overwhelming number of goods whose identity she is not to know has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in AN-

THON. JOHN WILMORE, her name, but he is determined to earn his own way as an architect.

John is a brilliant young affair, wealthy FRANK BENDLETON, his uncle and nephew, introduces her to YVONNE OMBRETTA, a young woman whose romantic idler, admits he will try his hand at the art of architecture, the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

John goes to live with Yvonne where she meets MRS. DORIS MARKS, a MR. BENDLETON and LORDE TEDDY D'ALBREY, who are the ones in the courtship Joanna.

John attends Joanna's coming out party and realizes that her new setting has placed a great abyss between them.

In Paris, John meets a large number of paintings of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Amette in France and still Joanna has not lost her heart to any of her admirers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL.

said he would "run down" to the Villa Amette, during a morning ride, urges his wife, Joanna, to appear before her employer, Mr. Wilmore, who delivers an overwhelming number of goods whose identity she is not to know has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in AN-

THON. JOHN WILMORE, her name, but he is determined to earn his own way as an architect.

John is a brilliant young affair, wealthy FRANK BENDLETON, his uncle and nephew, introduces her to YVONNE OMBRETTA, a young woman whose romantic idler, admits he will try his hand at the art of architecture, the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

John goes to live with Yvonne where she meets MRS. DORIS MARKS, a MR. BENDLETON and LORDE TEDDY D'ALBREY, who are the ones in the courtship Joanna.

John attends Joanna's coming out party and realizes that her new setting has placed a great abyss between them.

In Paris, John meets a large number of paintings of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Amette in France and still Joanna has not lost her heart to any of her admirers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL.

were on the daily calendar among the Cap Martin villas—as Michael's, for example.

With her apparently endless supply of money and Yvonne's customary disregard of convention to support her, the news was, Mademoiselle Joanna was about to give the Riviera something' actually worth while talking about. These echoes were vague, indefinite, but, it was observed, workmen already were mysteriously engaged on parts of the Villa Amette grounds.

"What else would you have?" he wanted to know. "We have no wars to fight and no work to do. There is nothing left but pastime. People used to write poems and read Shakespeare. Rotten time they had of it. Today we invent pleasures to be built upon our sensibilities. That's more reasonable and it involves a learned knowledge of who belongs to who and what's the chances of taking her away from him? But we were talking of this architect fellow. Tell me about him, please. Seems to enjoy working at something."

"And you've told what they expect to hear, haven't you?" Joanna asked, lightly, "that it's to be just another wild extravagance of the mysterious American child?"

"I've been approached by an exact dozen of people," Roddy remarked when they had settled to their tea, "so far today with a request for inside information as to what's coming off at Amette. Monte Carlo is getting uneasy."

"And you've told what they expect to hear, haven't you?" Joanna asked, lightly, "that it's to be just another wild extravagance of the mysterious American child?"

"I've told them nothing," he returned. "It will be time enough when I am entrusted with a few invitations to extend. I may have some of my friends, may I not?"

"Yvonne is really the hostess, you know," Joanna informed him. "I'm only helping to pay the bills. I haven't spent anything for an age, now, it seems. I must have a real fling."

"I was then that Prince Michael cut in and set Joanna's pulses to racing."

"I am reminded," he remarked.

"Haven't I heard that Mademoiselle

counted among her acquaintances at

home this architect chap, who is

causing such a commotion just now?"

Wilmore, John Wilmore I think it is,

Sufficient importance for our

esteemed journals to announce his

arrival at Monte Carlo. Extra-

ordinary compliment, what with so

many dukes and their duchesses,

right and left handed, arriving daily.

Am I right Mademoiselle?"

He had heard his name and yours, together?"

Joanna answered quietly. "It is possible. You hear so much about names being linked together, down here." She smiled at him quizzically.

He laughed pleasantly. Prince

Michael was always pleasant, this

was the rumors ran, had wearied of

such stereotyped thrills as spectacu-

lar plays at the roulette tables in

the casino, commonplace revels as

Russian who had found nothing in his thirty-five years to make him otherwise except on such temporary occasions as when outwitted in some amorous adventure. It was a pleasantness, though, that impressed Joanna as a mask. The night before Joanna had known quite well there would have been no wedding formalities as she had found herself in Genoa with him.

"What else would you have?" he wanted to know. "We have no wars to fight and no work to do. There is nothing left but pastime. People used to write poems and read Shakespeare. Rotten time they had of it. Today we invent pleasures to be built upon our sensibilities. That's more reasonable and it involves a learned knowledge of who belongs to who and what's the chances of taking her away from him? But we were talking of this architect fellow. Tell me about him, please. Seems to enjoy working at something."

"I've told them nothing," he returned. "It will be time enough when I am entrusted with a few invitations to extend. I may have some of my friends, may I not?"

"Yvonne is really the hostess, you know," Joanna informed him. "I'm only helping to pay the bills. I haven't spent anything for an age, now, it seems. I must have a real fling."

"I was then that Prince Michael cut in and set Joanna's pulses to racing."

"I am reminded," he remarked.

"Haven't I heard that Mademoiselle

counted among her acquaintances at

home this architect chap, who is

causing such a commotion just now?"

Wilmore, John Wilmore I think it is,

Sufficient importance for our

esteemed journals to announce his

arrival at Monte Carlo. Extra-

ordinary compliment, what with so

many dukes and their duchesses,

right and left handed, arriving daily.

Am I right Mademoiselle?"

He had heard his name and yours, together?"

Joanna answered quietly. "It is possible. You hear so much about names being linked together, down here." She smiled at him quizzically.

He laughed pleasantly. Prince

Michael was always pleasant, this

was the rumors ran, had wearied of

such stereotyped thrills as spectacu-

lar plays at the roulette tables in

the casino, commonplace revels as

Russian who had found nothing in his thirty-five years to make him otherwise except on such temporary occasions as when outwitted in some amorous adventure. It was a pleasantness, though, that impressed Joanna as a mask. The night before Joanna had known quite well there would have been no wedding formalities as she had found herself in Genoa with him.

"What else would you have?" he wanted to know. "We have no wars to fight and no work to do. There is nothing left but pastime. People used to write poems and read Shakespeare. Rotten time they had of it. Today we invent pleasures to be built upon our sensibilities. That's more reasonable and it involves a learned knowledge of who belongs to who and what's the chances of taking her away from him? But we were talking of this architect fellow. Tell me about him, please. Seems to enjoy working at something."

"I've told them nothing," he returned. "It will be time enough when I am entrusted with a few invitations to extend. I may have some of my friends, may I not?"

"Yvonne is really the hostess, you know," Joanna informed him. "I'm only helping to pay the bills. I haven't spent anything for an age, now, it seems. I must have a real fling."

"I was then that Prince Michael cut in and set Joanna's pulses to racing."

"I am reminded," he remarked.

"Haven't I heard that Mademoiselle

counted among her acquaintances at

home this architect chap, who is

causing such a commotion just now?"

Wilmore, John Wilmore I think it is,

Sufficient importance for our

esteemed journals to announce his

arrival at Monte Carlo. Extra-

ordinary compliment, what with so

many dukes and their duchesses,

right and left handed, arriving daily.

Am I right Mademoiselle?"

He had heard his name and yours, together?"

Joanna answered quietly. "It is possible. You hear so much about names being linked together, down here." She smiled at him quizzically.

He laughed pleasantly. Prince

Michael was always pleasant, this

was the rumors ran, had wearied of

such stereotyped thrills as spectacu-

lar plays at the roulette tables in

the casino, commonplace revels as

Russian who had found nothing in his thirty-five years to make him otherwise except on such temporary occasions as when outwitted in some amorous adventure. It was a pleasantness, though, that impressed Joanna as a mask. The night before Joanna had known quite well there would have been no wedding formalities as she had found herself in Genoa with him.

"What else would you have?" he wanted to know. "We have no wars to fight and no work to do. There is nothing left but pastime. People used to write poems and read Shakespeare. Rotten time they had of it. Today we invent pleasures to be built upon our sensibilities. That's more reasonable and it involves a learned knowledge of who belongs to who and what's the chances of taking her away from him? But we were talking of this architect fellow. Tell me about him, please. Seems to enjoy working at something."

"I've told them nothing," he returned. "It will be time enough when I am entrusted with a few invitations to extend. I may have some of my friends, may I not?"

"Yvonne is really the hostess, you know," Joanna informed him. "I'm only helping to pay the bills. I haven't spent anything for an age, now, it seems. I must have a real fling."

"I was then that Prince Michael cut in and set Joanna's pulses to racing."

"I am reminded," he remarked.

"Haven't I heard that Mademoiselle

counted among her acquaintances at

home this architect chap, who is

causing such a commotion just now?"

Wilmore, John Wilmore I think it is,

Sufficient importance for our

esteemed journals to announce his

arrival at Monte Carlo. Extra-

ordinary compliment, what with so

many dukes and their duchesses,

right and left handed, arriving daily.

Am I right Mademoiselle?"

He had heard his name and yours, together?"

Joanna answered quietly. "It is possible. You hear so much about names being linked together, down here." She smiled at him quizzically.

He laughed pleasantly. Prince

Michael was always pleasant, this

was the rumors ran, had wearied of

such stereotyped thrills as spectacu-

lar plays at the roulette tables in

the casino, commonplace revels as

Russian who had found nothing in his thirty-five years to make him otherwise except on such temporary occasions as when outwitted in some amorous adventure. It was a pleasantness, though, that impressed Joanna as a mask. The night before Joanna had known quite well there would have been no wedding formalities as she had found herself in Genoa with him.

"What else would you have?" he wanted to know. "We have no wars to fight and no work to do. There is nothing left but pastime. People used to write poems and read Shakespeare. Rotten time they had of it. Today we invent pleasures to be built upon our sensibilities. That's more reasonable and it involves a learned knowledge of who belongs to who and what's the chances of taking her away from him? But we were talking of this architect fellow. Tell me about him, please. Seems to enjoy working at something."

"I've told them nothing," he returned. "It will be time enough when I am entrusted with a few invitations to extend. I may have some of my friends, may I not?"

"Yvonne is really the hostess, you know," Joanna informed him. "I'm only helping to pay the bills. I haven't spent anything for an age, now, it seems. I must have a real fling."