

# JOANNA THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York girl, is summoned by HARKNESS, the boy, to appear before her employer, MR. GRAYDON, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in ANDEW BOULESTON'S bank.

Joanna offers to share her fortune with JOHN WILMORE, her fiancé, but he is determined to earn his own way as an architect.

At a brilliant social affair, wealthy FRANCIS BRANDON, the banker's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE KENILWORTH, society divorcee, whose partner, RODDY, is a playboy. Joanna, who knows Brandon is the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Amette in France and still Joanna has not lost her head, says her admirer—not even PRINCE MICHAEL.

Lord Teddy, during a morning ride, urges his suit.

Joanna overhears Brandon tell Yvonne that John, who has become a celebrity, intends visiting Joanna.

## CHAPTER XIV Old Memories

IN the house Joanna called her butler and inquired if any message, a telegram or cablegram had arrived for her. The servant assured Mademoiselle none had. If John was coming, or as she understood from the conversation she had overheard, he was already someplace near in the South of France, he had sent her no word.

She knew he was in London. He had written from there, his usual letter, glowing with the details of his reception by British architects, telling of some of his plans, and restrained affectionate. He had

said he would "run down" to the Mediterranean soon, but had mentioned no time. She made sure of this omission by hunting out his letter and reading it again.

She heard Yvonne come in from the grounds and found a reason for seeking her. They had not been together since the closing hour of the affair at Prince Michael's the night before. They had returned to Villa Amette in different parties and Joanna had retired at once.

Yvonne seemed to nourish no memory of what must have been her chagrin when the whisper went around at Michael's that the Golden Girl had stolen the prince away to a rendezvous that required less possibility of intrusion than that afforded by many palm nooks on his own estate. She talked of some of the details of the night before and didn't mention that she knew of John's coming or arrival.

"Roddy turned up this morning after you had gone," she remarked, "and was in a fearful fret. I gave him what consolation I could, which didn't satisfy him. I suggested he join us for tea at the hermitage. I am supposed to drop in, there, on Michael. You will come along?"

Joanna agreed enthusiastically. "I must make some amends to Roddy," she observed. She didn't add that she was glad of the opportunity to settle the gossip over her and Michael by being seen, casually, with him and Yvonne. She wanted to disabuse any notion that she had time for an affair with this Russian whose emotional amusements were never romantic. She preferred that he remain classified as belonging to the other woman.

When they crossed the lounge into the palmroom at the hermitage, smartly gowned women and debonaire, idle men who gather from all parts of the world for this fashionable tea hour, exchanged furtive and curious glances. The two men were most discussed of the Riviera habitués, and the women and the girl the season's brightest ornaments. For several weeks there had been rumors of some forthcoming event at Villa Amette. The Golden Girl, so the humors ran, had wearied of such stereotyped thrills as spectacular plays at the roulette tables in the casino, commonplace revels as

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.

"I have 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."

IT was then that Prince Michael cut in and set Joanna's pulses 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. Extraordinary compliment, what with so many dukes and their duchesses, right and left handed, arriving daily. Am I right Mademoiselle? Have I 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

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 as a mask. The night before Joanna had known quite well there would have been no wedding formalities if 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 by our senses. 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."

"You'll have to satisfy my own curiosity first," Joanna declared. "Perhaps you'll send for the 'esteemed journal.' I'd like to know what is being said of him. He was a very struggling student when I saw him last."

AN attendant quickly produced a copy of L'Echo which bore that morning's date. Michael pointed to a paragraph in the column of the new arrivals at the various resorts along the fashionable coast. Both Kenilworth and Yvonne watched her furtively, when, with a murmured "Pardon" she fastened her eyes on the short item.

"Among the bookings on the Blue Express at Calais yesterday, was the distinguished young American architect, John Wilmore, who comes from a visit to London for an indefinite stay. He has made reservations at Las Palmiers. Mr. Wilmore's recent achievement of fame has been extremely interesting. It is understood that a year or so ago he was unknown. American capitalists suddenly appreciated the great merits of his daring conception of a war memorial in which are included some startling features which have caused international discussions among artists and scholars generally. It is

believed his work will be a valuable contribution not only to America, but to society and the world in general."

The paragraph explained the knowledge of the others that John was coming; that he had arrived, for the Blue Express came in the morning. But it did not explain why he had not notified her. Something about it all quivered at her lips, briefly.

"Extraordinary," Kenilworth remarked when she put the paper aside, "how a chap with nothing but a dream can suddenly stumble upon recognition and success. We all remember Mr. Wilmore in New York. If I remember, Miss Manners took occasion to be provoked with him."

"Then it was more than an acquaintance," Prince Michael declared. "One is never provoked with an acquaintance. We won't intrude upon that aspect, Mademoiselle," he added to Joanna. "As you will probably present him, I'd like to know how he got on so well."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much more than people generally know," she replied. "It came about after I left America with Yvonne. I ran away, you know, because no one I knew there had any confidence in me."

PRINCE Michael detected a seriousness as of some real need of observation. He sought her hand and would have put his over it, obvious to the others at the table. Joanna brought her hand away, quietly. She went on:

"Before then we had been quite good friends. I remember he had some plan for a memorial, something he wanted somebody to build. I was never interested, much, because it wasn't anything I could understand, or wanted to. I remember, though, he objected to its being called a 'war' memorial. It was to be something commemorating soldiers themselves. All kinds of soldiers, I think—not only our own, but of other countries as well. Somehow he's made it known about, I suppose. Now, when you have a mind to talk to him about it, you will know almost as much as I do."

"Mordid idea, though," the Prince observed. "I can't imagine any-

thing I'd run away from quicker than a reminder of that sort. Sentimental, though I suppose they'll always be doing things of the kind."

"The striking feature of his conception," Yvonne remarked, "seems to be his offering of a woman, a young woman, as the feature inspiration of all soldiers and putting her, instead of the customary fighting figure, on his highest pedestal. Others have given tribute to the fighter himself. He proposes a monumental structure which shall draw attention to what soldiers fight for." Of Joanna she asked: "Isn't that the idea?"

"Yes," Joanna agreed. "That wasn't his original plan, but he seems to have adopted it. It's what has caught on. I've read that he contends that it is always a girl that soldiers fight for. They've always left a girl of some kind at home, one like me, perhaps, or the one they're married to, or—at least a mother. And mothers and wives were girls in their day. John has explained that he doesn't think girls change like soldiers do. To soldiers who leave them to go to fight for them, they have always been quite the same reliable and worth-while. It's a quaint sort of an idea, but I suppose it must be a good one."

Yvonne had shot a sudden glance at Joanna, and kept her eyes on her, intently, until she finished.

"If I remember correctly," she observed, "he did not always have the opinion that women don't change."

Joanna nodded at her. "Yes, I've been wondering if he altered his theories, or just altered his scheme to make it pay."

"At any rate," Kenilworth remarked, "he is in a fair way to see his project materialize. It's becoming internationalized and there is talk already of duplicating the idea in other countries. The generation will go any length to draw a lesson or an undisturbed memory out of the last upheaval."

Yvonne decided they had given enough of the tea hour to the merits of John's bid for popular fame. She had observed that Kenilworth, while he gave his part to the discussion, was uneasy. He had studied Joanna's face constantly, and watched every changing light in her

eyes and line about her lips. She proposed a turn about the Casino rooms. "We shall have time for an hour of play in trente et quar ante hall," Prince Michael appropriated her at once, much to Joanna's satisfaction, and led the way along the avenue of poplars through the Casino gardens to the white terrace.

Kenilworth, lagging behind with Joanna, went directly to the subject that concerned him deeply. "You are not going to let his turning up interfere with things, are you?" he asked.

"So far as I can remember," she returned, "he has never interfered, much, with me. Used to want to, of course, but couldn't then. I could hardly fancy him being much of an influence now."

"Have you, then, completely wiped him out? As you seemed to imply that night when you invited me to join you in a kiss?"

She laughed. "That was so many ages ago, Roddy! I'd lost track of that one."

"That is evading the question," he rebuked her.

"John wouldn't have me then," she said, simply, "when I thought he was the one thing in all the world I wanted to buy with my money. I doubt if he'd want me at all now. He's famous, you see, and well on the road to prosperity. He won't need to take chances. I'm not as good a bet for him now as I was then. Am I, Roddy?"

There was a gleam in her smile. There was no wishfulness in it at all, just frank, open provocation.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, irritably, "you are the most unfathomable creature within my experience?"

She was silent until they came up to the terrace steps. She answered him then as if there had been no lapse of time. "No, I'm not. I was thoroughly fathomed this morning. A man told me he wanted me however and whatever I am. If I could say just what I'd like to say about that, I'd say that would be a damn safe bargain for a man to make with any girl. But I can't say that, of course, for I must be a hypocrite, and let on that I never swear."

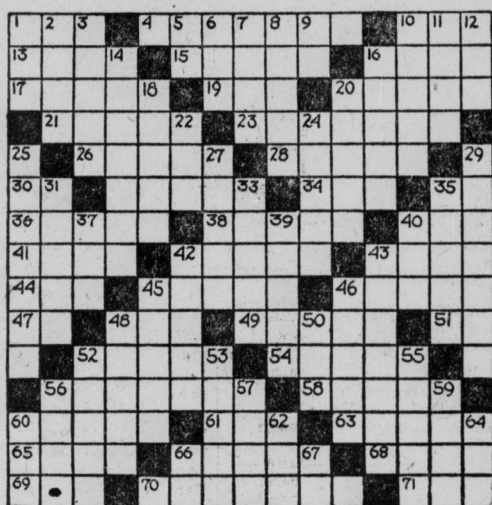
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## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

As soon as winter comes a large group of northerners leave for warmer climates. Some go to Florida, others to California and still others to No. 63 horizontal.

### HORIZONTAL

1. Portion of circle.
4. Chiefs.
10. Mineral spring.
13. Earthly mat.
15. To depart from a country.
16. Digits of the foot.
17. Ghastly.
19. To place out.
20. A warm part of States.
21. Malayan race.
22. Includes.
26. Test.
28. Plovers.
30. Preposition of possession.
32. Tip and moving.



34. Combustible fluid.
35. Correlative of either.
36. High.
38. Married.
40. Eucharist wine vessel.
41. To liberate.
42. Clergyman.
43. Valley.
44. Frozen water.
45. Pepper nut.
46. Jar.
47. Point of compass.
48. By.
49. To plant.
51. Point of compass.
52. Pleasure boat.
54. Japanese magnolia.
56. Baggage carriers.
58. Part of an auto engine.
60. Shown used by bathers.
61. Inlet.
63. Largest State in the Union.
65. Curse.
66. Long guide rope used for horses.
68. To challenge.
69. Half horse.
70. To sway.
71. Sheltered.

### VERTICAL

1. Every.
2. To put to flight.
3. Diamond weight.
5. Morindin dye.
6. To observe.
7. To capture.
8. Incident.
9. Second note in scale.
10. Spirits.
11. Fondles.
12. Tree with tough wood.
14. Change locations.
16. Words.
18. Yellow or white flower.
20. Prepared lettuce.
22. Upright shaft.
24. Carnivorous animal of the cat family.
25. Florida sport in winter.
27. Boundary.
29. California is famous for these.
31. Strength.
33. Confests of speed.
35. Prophecies.
37. Lawyer's charge.
39. To score.
40. Wing part of a seed.
42. To border.
43. Glittered.
45. Bed on a train.

Answer to Saturday's crossword puzzle:

ACROSS: 1. BANAG, 2. EARS, 3. STUB, 4. EARS, 5. STUB, 6. EARS, 7. STUB, 8. EARS, 9. STUB, 10. EARS, 11. STUB, 12. EARS, 13. STUB, 14. EARS, 15. STUB, 16. EARS, 17. STUB, 18. EARS, 19. STUB, 20. EARS, 21. STUB, 22. EARS, 23. STUB, 24. EARS, 25. STUB, 26. EARS, 27. STUB, 28. EARS, 29. STUB, 30. EARS, 31. STUB, 32. EARS.

## BAPTIST LEAGUE MEETS

Life Service Group Concludes State Convention Here.

Principal Indiana cities were represented at the Baptist Life Service League State convention, which closed Sunday with afternoon devotional service at the First Baptist Church. Peace linked with Christian patriotism results in power, said the Rev. P. J. Morris.

## MOTHER GIVEN SENTENCE

By Times Special  
LA PORTE, Ind., Nov. 30.—Convicted of giving false statements to permit her daughter, 14, to wed, Mrs. Bertha Hendrickson of Michigan City was sentenced to the Indiana Woman's Prison for six months.

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—My Martin



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



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