

JOANNA

THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, is summoned by HARRY FOREMAN, the brash, bold, self-made employer, MR. GRAYDON, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one important to him is dead, and to know has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in ANDREW EGGLESTON'S bank.

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

At a brilliant social affair, wealthy FRANCIS BRANDON, Joanna's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE COUNTANT, society divorcee, whose grandfather, RODD DORMINISTER, the romantic idler, admits he will try his hand for Joanna. He knows Brandon is in love with Yvonne, but she has got him.

Joanna goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets MR. DODD, Yvonne's husband, and Lord TEDDY DORMINISTER, who loses no time in courting her.

John attends Joanna's coming out party and realizes that her new setting has placed a giddy abyss between them. In a moment of lightheartedness, he has a large old painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Amette in France and still Joanna has not lost her head and her head admires ever PRINCE MICHAEL.

Joanna reads that John, who has become a celebrity, has arrived in France. He enters the Casino while Joanna is losing heavily at roulette.

CHAPTER XXVI
By H. L. Gates

John's Success

JOHN changed much, despite his dislike of being expected to be different, put Joanna's hands together and wrapped his own about them.

Quite a few of the men who had been spectators to the Golden Girl's reckless plays, and had marvelled anew at the abandon with which she tossed fortunes into the discard when she pitted a stubborn will against the implacable rules of chance, gave John a deeply speculative glance. Among the crowd about the roulette table there had been many women, smart women from Rome, Madrid, and Paris, with a sprinkling of Americans who were distinguished by their shy wonder at the boldness with which the others flaunted their banner of sex.

Some of these watched the girl who greeted the stranger so intently that their own stares seemed to

transfix them. Yet she was merely silent, only very still; the quizzical smile the croupier had seen played again about the curve of her lips. The brown of her eyes was browner, more golden than usual. What the women saw was the wilful, spendthrift, always startling young American whose whims and flirtations had aroused the Riviera, yielding, melting, swaying to a young man who had neither the grace nor place of any one of that bright company of worshippers which habitually fluttered about her. The man spoke, at last:

"It's good to see you again, Jo!" he said. The brown in the girl's eyes went a shade darker. It was an almost imperceptible change. It could be, though, a forerunner of shadows that could make those eyes almost black at times. She withdrew her hands gently. It was as if she had been holding something that she had suddenly discovered, wasn't there at all.

"I'm glad you found time to come down," she said quietly. "I intended to surprise you," he explained. "I was going to drop in and have you open a door and come into a room, or something like that, not expecting me, and then, I'd planned to say, 'Hello! You've got your good looks on, haven't you Jo?' or something like the old days. Didn't think they'd announce me for tonight."

Prince Michael bowed elaborately, and acknowledged that he was dining tête à tête. "Although it should be with some one else," he added, favoring Joanna with a meaning glance that was a reminder of the dash to the frontier the night before. Kenilworth would have accepted promptly the welcome to Amette, but Yvonne interfered.

"You can take me to the Metro, pole for dinner," she said, to Roddy. "You will not have to change it the balcony will satisfy you, and it will me. I shall run out to Amette later to dress."

Joanna thanked her with her eyes. Kenilworth was inclined to be stubborn, but Yvonne managed the situation. Presently Joanna and John were speeding out the sea road, in their luxurious foreign car toward Villa Amette. The lights of the early evening were twinkling in the bay, and the perfumes of orange and lemon and geranium were ushering in the mellow Riviera night.

Between the two people in the car there was some subtle barrier. It

referred to "the late war." John launched instantly upon a correction of that understanding.

"Not alone the men who went to fight in the late war," he said, "but in all wars—those ahead of us as well as those behind us. She regarded him gravely from her corner of the wide cushioned seat.

"The wonder of it is overwhelming," she said. "My throat was clogged with the things I was going to say to you when we were alone. They've gone out of it. It has made me very happy, though, when I have read the spindid things people say of you. You are going to be a success, after all, aren't you? All your dreams are coming true."

He waited a while before he answered. "Not all of them, Jo. And there's been a nightmare among them, you know. It's never gone away."

"You mean me?" The challenge was so sudden, so relentless, that he started.

"But we mustn't go into that, now," he objected. "We've both turned out differently than either of us expected. Let's just accept each other as we are, and be content."

"Oh—but we are not going to do that, a tall, John," she exclaimed, suddenly gay. "We're not accepting each other. You're too great and too serious and preoccupied for me. I'm much too frivolous for you. You've told me all of that before, and you'd made up your mind about me. I'm just downright glad to see you, because I shared those dreams of yours, you know, and I'm so glad to see you winning your way. You're out of the past, and I'm out of the past, the Mrs. Adams past. That's all it is, isn't it?"

"I had hoped it would turn out to be more," he said, shortly.

"That's the trouble with hopes," Joanna observed. "We build so much into them and it takes so little to blast them."

John's work room in New York.

where they used to "save carfare," as she had called it, by doing the best they could for 30 cents a piece.

"You must tell me all about it, now," Joanna prompted him, when the servants stepped back to their post. When he hesitated she said: "You must begin at the beginning. Your letters have been so rambling. I don't know at all what happened to bring you out of your workroom into fame. It is as mysterious to me as my own situation still is."

He told her with the air of one who repeats an old story. He thought he had explained it all in his letters.

"I was called in, one day, by Mr. Foreman, you remember? head of the firm I worked for? He swept me off my feet by asking if I had some idea of a memorial, and he described to me just what you and I had talked over so much. We spent an hour over it. I think I got enthusiastic. He reminded me that several times I had spoken of it in the drafting rooms to the other boys. One of them I suppose, had mentioned it to him. The firm always interested in the ideas of its apprentices. And he had passed the thought on to someone who, he said, had become concerned. That's all there was to it. That's all. Things just happened suddenly."

"They do, sometimes," Joanna remarked.

Foreman took me to his house. Two or three of our great architects were there. I had my plans—those plans I used to show to you, Jo. The ones you said made your head dizzy. Then it happened! Some one who is close to Foreman put up the money for me to go ahead. It was promised me that all funds necessary would be found to make the idea materialize. Some societies were interested, contributions began to pile up. Discussion began. Money was made available for me to work out and build a huge model. I've almost finished that, now. Whatever I need in the way of help is available. When the model is finished I am assured.

"There is to be a worldwide competition among sculptors for the figure of the girl that will surround the great dome. That's all. Foreman knows the backers. I don't."

"Yes," John murmured: "all that you do—do with the money that was given you, seems to make people talk. I've heard much. In London, in Paris, and even during the single day that I've been here. I asked the concierge at the hotel if he knew where the Villa Amette was. 'Oh,' he said, 'Where the Golden Girl lives? It's a gay place. Anyone will show you the way. And I, fancy, you gave them something to talk about at the Casino this afternoon. You're having a bright time with your money, aren't you Jo?"

"You mean to say, don't you, that I'm frivelling it away?"

"You don't seem to have accom-

plished much," he returned. "It's quite as I told you, in New York, isn't it?"

"Quite," she agreed. "I'm just a daughter of the Babylonians, John. A daughter of the Babylonian today, Lure, and Venture. I'm not the kind of girl, John, you'd put on your pedestal, am I?"

He wouldn't answer in words; yet Joanna understood that he did answer eloquently. And the shadows in her brown eyes were deeper; Yvonne recognized the depth of them when she returned, having left Kenilworth behind.

Both Yvonne and Joanna were promised at the opera. Lady Weymouth, Roddy Dorminister's blithesister, was entertaining in her box. One of the grand dukes, a Pasha from Constantinople, who was interesting, because of the general speculation that peopled the chambers of his Bosphorus palace with a bevy of languorous hours, and a demi-mondaine from Paris, who had married an American millionaire and was amusing by her efforts to acquire properties, were to be of the party. Lady Weymouth would have been desolate if the Golden Girl and the exotic Yvonne did not appear to perfect the mixture of spice and fashion.

"As you will be promptly possessed by Teddy," Yvonne remarked to Joanna, "I shall take charge of Mr. Wilmore. If Brandon and Roddy turn up they must create their own devices."

When the two women came down from the esoteric mysteries of their boudoirs it was Yvonne who summoned John to join her in a cocktail before they entered the earth that waited to take them back to Monte Carlo. On the drive in from Villa Amette it was Yvonne who talked with him, who dazzled him, led him into the subtle always eager within him his romantic project, and clothed it with the charm of her own sympathetic understanding. Joanna, silent, was almost forgotten until she drew up at the Casino gardens. There, Rodminister appropriated her. Yvonne, allowing John to reach in his hand to help her from the car, put her fingers into it, and allowed them to rest there until color came into his face.

"You mean to say, don't you, that I'm frivelling it away?"

"You don't seem to have accom-

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

This crossword puzzle is bordered with three-letter words, which makes it easy.

HORIZONTAL

- Headgear.
- Devoured.
- A very high mountain.
- Introductory actions.
- Visionary.
- Ancient.
- Horse.
- Japanese fish.
- Bearing of a rhomboidal figure.
- Rodent.
- Roll.
- To sleep.
- Taciturn.
- To mourn.
- Abode.
- Challenger.
- Ires.
- Inserting stays.
- To make lace.
- Card game.
- Venomous snake.
- Burdened.
- Cup.
- Paragraph.
- Inlet.
- Pertaining to air.
- Impartial.
- Fish noted for oil derived from it.
- Eye tumor.
- Possesses.
- VERTICAL
- Pertaining to the belief in divine creation.
- Pertaining to the atmosphere.
- To handle.
- Quantity.
- Sesames (plants).
- Finishing.
- Branch.
- Falsifier.
- Chances.
- To fondle or stroke.
- To place.
- Burial of the dead.
- Strip of bacon inserted in meat.
- To attack.
- Musical instrument.
- Ooral (sheep).
- To tug.
- Silkworm.

Answer to yesterday's crossword puzzle:

PEASANT SAILORS
BED LARGEST MOD
OLIO DEARS SEER
STUM ERE BIN I
IS TAR DEN ON
ACE RECEDED APT
COMA CANES ALPS
REPAIR PANIELLO
SINE PANTS EASE
HAD DETESTS YET
RE PUS R SEASE
I PEG SOD ERG S
ERIN SALAD KALI
KAT DECIMAL LEA
SHADOWS SWOLLEN

Hoosier Briefs

TWO Muncie youths ran out of gasoline after the filling stations had closed. Finding a quart milk bottle, they walked to a filling station and filled the bottle by draining the hose. The quart ran them to another filling station, where they repeated the process. By the time they reached home their tank was nearly full.

Marion has a Slow Poke Club, composed of young girls.

Philippine children will think Santa Claus lives in Indiana. A large shipment of dolls, stamped "made in Columbia City, Ind., U. S. A.," has been sent to Manila.

Mrs. Bertha McConaughay is the new president of the Lebanon Business and Professional Women's Club.

Omar Gears of Evansville was stripped of his liberty at Princeton. He was sentenced one to fourteen years on a charge of stealing chickens.

Tipton reports its first radio robbery. Thieves took a \$175 set from the Tipton Chevrolet Company, including batteries and horn.

Triangle football team at Elkhart met a real tough opponent when they battled the Van Wert Cardinals to a scoreless tie. Gaylord Kilgore had his right shoulder thrown out of place. Alton Meyer had a rib broken. Orel Meyers had to have his hand sewed up and George Feltz had his nose broken.

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