

JOANNA THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York girl, is summoned by HARRY NESS, the buyer to appear before her employer, MR. GRAYDON, who delivers an electrifying message. Some one whose identity she is not to know has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in ANDREW BOGGS' 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 son, introduces her to YVONNE CONSTANT, society divorcee, whose partner, RODDY KENILWORTH, rich, romantic ideal, admits he will try his hand for Joanna. He knows Brandon is the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

Joanna goes to live with Yvonne, the more Mrs. DORIS MARKS, MR. PENDLETON and LORD TEDDY DORMISTER, who Joana, no time in courtship Joanna.

John attends Joanna's coming out party and realizes that her low setting has placed a great abyss between them. In Brandon's library hangs 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 heart to any of her admirers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL.

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

CHAPTER XXVI By H. L. Gates

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, and 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, spend-thrift, 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 who 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 hand 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?' or something like the old days. Didn't think they'd announce me and spoil it."

The haunting shadow remained beneath her lids. She made no reply, but turned to bring up Prince Michael for the introductions. Yvonne, who stood with Kenilworth, saw that John's glance repeatedly swept the room, the litter at the roulette table reminiscent of the recent scene, to return and rest on Joanna. And she saw, too, that Joanna, watching John furtively, was conscious of his inspections of the gambling rooms, the gambling company, and of her.

On the terrace, free from the ceaseless confusion in the gambling rooms, the party stood for a few moments, by a common consent, against the white balustrade. Michael and Kenilworth plunged into their polite appreciations of the world architect had drawn to his plan for a unique and stupendous monument to men who went to war, Michael

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. They all were stirred by the same exhilaration, you know, and always will be. Your ancient crusader fought for a religion but it was a woman, a girl, or one who was still a girl in his fancies, who gave him the courage to go, and sent with him the memories that cheered him. My structure is to commemorate the women who have made every soldier think he is not only a unit in a regiment but a knight with his lady's handkerchief waving from his helmet."

THE two women, who had drawn together while the men questioned John, became restive after awhile. Joanna declared: "But we are not to stand here talking about soldiers and wars and things made out of stone. Mr. Wilmore will dine at Amette. I know. You, too, Roddy, if you will. I know. Prince Michael has some glamorous engagement of his own for tonight."

Prince Michael bowed elaborately, and acknowledged that he was dining there a tete. "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 interposed.

"You can take me to the Metro pole for dinner," she said, to Roddy. "You will not have to change if 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 still-born, but Yvonne managed the situation. Presently Joanna and John were speeding out the sea road, in her 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 architect had drawn to his plan for a unique and stupendous monument to men who went to war, Michael

had come with the shadow back in the sale de roulette. John was stiff, Joanna thoughtful. "You haven't congratulated me," he said, at last. She regarded him gravely from her corner of the wide cushioned seat.

"The wonder of it is overwhelming," she said. "My throat was crammed 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 splendid 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 much 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, the silk counter 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!"

IN the long, low ceiling dining room of Villa Amette, they sat across from each other over a table of exquisite napery and massive silver things. A butler and the serving maid stood silent, immobile between courses, at the end of the spacious room. It wasn't at all like the dingy, coffee odored restaurant around the corner from 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 not 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 the start of it. 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 me 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 surmount the great dome. That's all. Foreman knows the backers. I don't."

"But the thought of the girl, John; that's an original idea, and new, wasn't it? And it's so splendid."

JOHN was silent a moment. Joanna kept her glance on his face.

"That is an odd circumstance," he said, slowly. "During that first interview with Mr. Foreman, when he brought up my secret idea, he made the suggestion of symbolizing the romance behind the soldier with the figure of a young girl, representing the youth of all ages. He had worked out that thought himself, or it had been worked out for him. Strangely, too, it seemed to me you had said one time, when you did bother your head by listening to me, that every soldier you knew of went away to fight with a girl's kiss on his lips. I remembered you said soldiers seemed to be satisfied with their girls, anyhow, if other people did distrust them. Foreman had the same idea. So I adopted it. It's caught."

After a time restraint settled between them again. They went into the moon lit grounds for a turn among the gardens. They came upon a litter of timber. "I'm having a pavilion built," Joanna explained, "for the dancing at my fete. I'm having a party, you know," she volunteered, "early next month. Everyone expects something of the sort among the villas down here, and I'm going to do my best. It was Brandon's idea. He and Yvonne are supervising the details. I'm spending the money. We shall make it something to talk about."

"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 ball time with your money, aren't you, Jo?"

"You mean to say, don't you, that I'm frivolling 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, 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, Teddy Dormister's blithe sister, was entertaining in her box. One of the grand dukes, a Fasha from Constantinople, who was interesting, because of the general speculation that peopled the chambers of his Bosphorus palace with a bevy of languorous houri, 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 epic 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 ear that waited to take them back to Monte Carlo. On the drive in from Amette it was Yvonne who talked with him, who dazzled him, led him into the subject always eager within him, his romantic project, and clothed it with the charm of her own sympathetic understanding. Joanna, silent, was almost forgotten until the drew up at the Casino gardens. There, Dormister appropriated her, Yvonne, allowing John to reach in his hand to help her from the car, but her fingers into it, and allowed them to rest there until color came into his face.

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(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

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

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50

- HORIZONTAL**
- Headgear.
 - Devoid.
 - A very high mountain.
 - Introductory actions.
 - Visitory.
 - Ancient.
 - Horse.
 - Japanese fish.
 - Bearing of a rhomboidal figure.
 - Rodent.
 - Roll.
 - To sleep.
 - Tactiturn.
 - To mourn.
 - Abode.
 - Challenger.
 - Iris.
 - 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.
 - Palsifier.
 - Chances.
 - To fondle or stroke.
 - To place.
 - Burial of the dead.
 - Strip of bacon inserted in meat.
 - To attack.
 - Musical instrument.
 - Oorial (sheep).
 - To tug.
 - Silkworm.

Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

PEASANT SAILORS
RED LARGEST MOD
OLIO PEARLS SEER
STUMPERE BINI
IS TARD DEN ON
ACE RECEDED APT
COMA CANES ALPS
REPAIR NIELLO
SINE PANTS EASE
HAD DETESTS YET
RE PUS R SEASE
I PEG SOD EGG S
EPIN 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 every 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 McConaughy is the new president of the Lebanon Business and Professional Woman'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 Bluffton 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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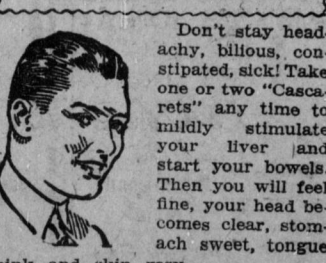
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