

JOANNA THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York girl, is summoned by HARRY T. BROWN, the publisher of the Indianapolis Times, to appear before her employer, MR. GRAYDON, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one whose identity she is not to know has deposited \$1,000,000 for her in ANDREW EGGLISTON'S bank.

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

FRANCIS BRANFORD, the banker's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE COUNTRY, society divorcee, whose partner, RODDY KENILWORTH, rich, dramatic actor, admits he will try his hand for Joanna. He knows Brandon.

Joanna goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets MRS. DORIS MAIR, MRS. PRINGLETON and LORD TEDDY DORNINGTON, who loses no time in courting Joanna.

Joanna's coming out party and realizes that her new setting has placed a great divide between them. In Harrison's library hangs a large oil 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 admir-

ers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL. Joanna realizes that John, who has become a celebrity, has arrived in France. He enters the Casino while she is losing heavily at roulette.

That evening while they were guests of LADY WEYMOUTH at the opera Yvonne strives to hold John's attention.

By H. L. Gates
CHAPTER XXVII
Jealousy

THE wide grounds of Villa Amette, reaching down the slope of Cap Martin to the sea, began to assume new perspectives of their transformation. The speculative group of workman that had begun, two weeks before, to place their stakes, had now become a busy crew that numbered scores.

Pavilions, pergolas, and stretches of polished dance floors bordered by great potted palms brought from Cannes were taking definite shape.

Graceful columns, slender and carved into semblance of fairy spires rose in companies that, later, were to be hung with trailing green and hidden lights.

Joanna and Brandon strolled through the lawns on their customary daily inspection. Workmen touched their caps to the Golden Girl with their curiosities shining in their eyes.

To them, she was of more interest than the preparations they were making for the fête of which the entire Riviera talked.

For a one night's whim of this strange, restless girl, their hands erected an arched bower to be covered, for this night, with choicest roses culled from the gardens of the Monegasques in the Condamine. The cost of the roses alone would equal far more than the year's pay of any workman.

Around a miniature lake a carpet of lemon wood was being laid, and for the surface of the water, that would be pumped into the lake a canopied bark such as Cleopatra might have envied was being hewed from cedars. This cost, too, would have sent the children of a family to school for a year, freed a household from its fear of old age poverty, dowered a daughter or erected a home for a son and his bride. But the bower would do its service for a night, provide nothing more perhaps, than a fragrant screen for a stolen caress, and then, on the morrow, be contemptuously demolished.

The workmen at Villa Amette trudged vainly each day, to fit the stupendous folly into the fresh and

lovely youth of the girl who walked among them each morning and thanked them prettily when they touched their caps for the progress they had made. Older ones among them and those who were more thoughtful, glanced from the Golden Girl to Brandon, who walked with her. Sometimes their faces darkened and they muttered to themselves.

For, after all, was it not Brandon, who urged them, with his ironic smile playing at his lips, to spare no expense? Was it not Brandon, rather than the Golden Girl?

BRANDON and the girl stood on a knoll that the landscape gardeners had left on the hillside, and surveyed the scene that spread out before them. "Whatever celebrity has been withheld from you," Brandon observed, "will come to you after the echoes of this have reached from Nice to Genoa, and to Paris itself. Amette has provided him, and he saw that her glance was roving over the grounds mechanically. He noted that there was little of the accustomed light of eagerness in her face. Joanna had not laughed or smiled as much, or as often since John's arrival in the vicinities of Villa Amette. She had been gayer, if anything; more reckless, more persistent in her whimsical escapades. But Brandon, who studied her, sensed a shallowness in her merriments.

"It will be said of me," she murmured, at last, "that I will have earned indeed the name they have given me. Golden Girl, won't it?"

"No one doubts your right to that admiring designation now," he assured her. "Yet, until now, you haven't been so careless of the fortune that was entrusted to you, as is generally believed. Isn't that right?"

She shot him a quick, almost startled glance, and then fell again to calmly examining the Amette vistas of groves and gardens peopled with noisy workmen. "You would not expect me ever to admit that I had been careless, would you?" she asked, quietly. "I have done as we planned

I should, as you and Yvonne and I planned each morning and Brandon refused to help me with their advice. I have bought whatever seemed good to buy. That is all."

"You have been spared big jewelers' bills, I must admit," Brandon remarked, dryly. "Kenilworth, Michael, Dormister—even I, have gathered a great deal of happiness in finding for you the ornaments you like."

"And when," she asked, softly, but very clearly, "are you going to exact your toll—or demand it?"

She didn't look up at him, nor move. For an instant Brandon was uncertain as to whether she had mocked him, defied him, or merely teased him.

"That is an unpleasant sentiment," he said. "I, at least, of all your conquests, have asked nothing of you. I shall, of course, ask much, but not too much. And, I promise, I shall accept your gift, whatever it may be. You remember I promised that, a long time ago."

"And have bided your time. Why?"

"I have been waiting, more or less patiently, until you had found yourself. You see I preferred not to take unfair advantage of you. Others have, I believe."

NOW she smiled up at him, but wistfully. "You must have had great patience, waiting!" she exclaimed. "It has been terribly hard for me to find—Hasn't it? And the worst of it is, I'm still hunting."

He waited for her to acknowledge his concluding words—that he would not, as he thought others had, take advantage of her. But she ignored that. Before he was ready to speak, she touched his arm and then waved her hand, like a princess bounding her domain, taking in the whole expanse of the Amette acres.

"Perhaps I'll find something here, when the lights are lit and the roses hung, and the people have come. Or, perhaps, you will. Who knows?" Suddenly she was serious. "It will cost enough," she added, "at any rate. Yvonne and I went over the estimates this morning. Mr. Eggleston will be shocked when the bills reach him. More than a hundred

thousand dollars, I'm sure. You have made me be very extravagant you know."

"Whatever you do, must be done well," he retorted. "Isn't that a better fitting ambition? I have understood, you see, that you look upon your money as a means to excitement. You will have it, when your fête is in full swing, and the memory of it will be just as exhilarating. Why should one bother with costs?"

"Why, indeed?" she agreed, briefly.

They walked across to the Trianon summer house, skirted it, and came to the most pretentious of all the temporary structures being erected on the estate. Around an open space the slender columns of wood that had been especially made were being set so close to form an almost unbroken wall like the pillars closing in the nave in some great outdoor temple. The columns stood in two rows, forming a continuous pergola over a wide path that completely skirted the enclosure.

Inside the columns gardeners were busy grading the lawn so that it sloped gently, as a theater auditorium, to a broad stage that had been raised on short pillars, fixed like piles, into the ground. Over all the workmen were hanging a latticed canopy of trellis. For whatever entertainment was planned for the spacious stage around which wings and curtain frames were being placed fully 300 spectators might sit comfortably between the pergola walks. For that many folding chairs were already piled under a canvas blanket near by.

WHEN they stood between the pillars and saw that this structure was further advanced than any of the other preparations, Brandon asked: "You still insist upon keeping this part of your program a secret?"

"Yes," she replied. "You shan't know anything about this, or what I'm going to do here, until you come in under the blossom laden roof and take your seats. I'm having great fun planning my little surprise."

"Am I forbidden to speculate?" "You are not, but you will be unsuccessful. It's to be my idea of the climax I've asked every one I know to remember the most sensational

things other tenants of Amette have done to make their fêtes remembered. I know about them all, from the feast presided over by the Indian rajah who presented his chosen lady the carpet of diamonds that was Nourmahal's nuptial rug, to the Moor who made a lake and had his servants suddenly throw all the women into it. I want to excel them both. There must be something startling by which to remember the Golden Girl's fête," she brushed his arm with her fingers.

"Mustn't there be?" she asked.

He would have made his speculations and sought some hint of the mystery which was to be revealed upon the open air stage, but he was suddenly conscious of a stiffening of the slender body that stood close to him. He followed Joanna's gaze and saw two figures crossing the terrace which faced the Trianon.

John, in flannels and blue, his strong, well set form bearing its new pose of easy confidence, stood for a moment with Yvonne at the top of the terrace steps between two stone images. Yvonne was very youthful and beautiful in the orchid tones she affected for tennis and golf. The single golf stick John carried was evidence that they had come in from a round of holes over rather not less."

She turned her eyes full into his. There was much of bitterness in her tone, when she answered him, and much of earnestness, too.

"I am not at all sure of that. I don't think I am glad that John came down to the Riviera, but now that he has come, and I have seen him and he has seen me, again I am not very deeply concerned about him. You wanted to know just how I feel—that was your real question. Well I haven't stayed awake a single hour because Yvonne has taken a fancy to John and he is making a silly fool of himself." She was silent for a time, while Brandon watched her quietly. Joanna always added something to whatever she was serious about. As he expected it came, suddenly.

"He never did know very much about a girl. It will do him good to learn all that Yvonne can teach him."

(Copyright 1935—H. L. Gates. (To Be Continued.)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

- To repulse.
- Discerns.
- Time past.
- Pertaining to the space between the eyes in birds.
- Back (used with to).
- To accomplish.
- Clique.
- Hypothetical structural unit.
- Rodent.
- To stuff.
- Hurried.
- Total.
- Melody.
- Possessed.
- Aqua.
- Era.
- Process of freeing once again (pl.).
- To employ.
- Reckoned chronologically.
- Mask of lace.
- Jewels.
- Executed.
- To challenge.
- Perched.
- Aurora.
- Neuter pronoun.
- Angles.
- Alleged force producing hypnosis.
- Female sheep.
- Is defeated.
- Reverential fear.
- Scale on molten metal.
- Commander.

VERTICAL

- Root used as a relish.
- Self.
- Therefor.
- Opening for letters.
- Child.
- Spike of corn.
- To slide.
- Provided.
- Silkworm.
- Saturated.
- Negative arguments.
- Mean, cowardly man.
- To dine.
- Recover through payment of money.
- Chaperons.
- To analyze a sentence.
- Prepared lettuce.
- Allotted.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:

CAPATEALP
PRELIMINARIES
AERYOLDMARE
TAFUSILRAT
TIBUNNAPD
SILENTGRIEVE
HOUSEDARER
ANGERSBONING
IATATLOOT
ASPLADENMUG
ITEMRIAAERO
DISINTERESTED
CODSTYHAS

27. Head wind.
28. Married.
29. More hideous.
30. To proffer.
31. Membraneous bag.
32. Lower settlement by husband at marriage.
33. Gaelic.
34. Deuce in cards.
35. Eggs of fishes.
36. Snake-like fish.
37. To be indebted.
38. Half an em.
39. Paid publicity.

WARNING IS ISSUED

Salvation Army Head Tells of Fake Christmas Collectors.

Major W. B. Sowers, State commander of the Salvation Army has issued warning to Indianapolis citizens, that persons in uniform, representing themselves as solicitors for the "Army" have been collecting cash, and material "for the Christmas work of the Army."

The Salvation Army has no collectors out except those who collect newspapers, magazines and old furniture, and they are not authorized to accept cash, he said. The Army this year will take baskets to more than 600 families. Donations will be accepted Major Sowers said. Call headquarters or send donations to 24 S. Capitol Ave.

CHURCH PLANS PAGEANT

Baptists to Celebrate Hundredth Anniversary in City Next Spring.

The Rev. P. J. Morris, Emerson Ave. Baptist Church pastor, has been named chairman of a committee to arrange a pageant celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the denomination in Indianapolis next spring.

Purchase of a piano for children's building at Sunnyside sanatorium was authorized by Federal Baptist Church directors. The board will cooperate with the Southern Ave. Baptist Church in raising \$27,000 for a church on Southern Ave., overlooking Garfield Park.

Gone, but Not Forgotten

Automobiles reported stolen to police belong to:

- Robert H. Higgins—53 Richelleu Pkts. East and North Sts., Essex, 476-217, from in front of that address.
- Clyde E. South, 2519 Southeastern Ave., Chevrolet, 477-337, from Market St. and Capitol Ave.
- Monroe L. Mass, 363 S. Ritter Ave., Chevrolet, 2326, from 430 Massachusetts Ave.
- Travis J. Milikan, 5118 University Ave., Ford, 469-731, from Pennsylvania and Georgia Sts.
- Wayne Thomas, 930 Lexington Ave., 493-565, from Market and Delaware Sts.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin

GEE, THERE'S AN AWFUL BUNCH OF FRESHIES THAT HANG AROUND THAT NEW FRAT HOUSE.

Y'CAN'T WALK BY THERE BUT WHAT A BUNCH OF 'EM WAVE A WHISTLE AT YOU.

DO YOU MEAN THE NEW ONE RIGHT DOWN THE STREET?

YEH! SOMETHIN' OUGHTTA BE DONE ABOUT IT.

WELL, ANYWAY, THANK GOODNESS—YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO PAST THERE ON YOUR WAY TO SCHOOL. ITS GENERAL BLOCKS OUT OF YOUR WAY, ISN'T IT?

YEH, BUT EVERY DAY WHEN I TRY T' FLIRT WITH ME.

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

NOW LOOK HEAR MISTO RABBIT—YO'LL HAVE TER FINE A HOLE FO YO SEFF—DISH YERE AM MINE.

HOLED UP.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

WELL GAY MAJOR—WHAT'S TH' IDEAR TAKIN' OFF OUR CARPET BEATERS?—I THOUGHT Y' SAID EVERYTHING WAS JAKE!

WY, THIS AINT ANY DIFFERENT THAN COPPING A SNEAK ON MY OWN ARSENAL!—ONLY THING IS—I KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AT HOME, I DUCK BEHIND TH' HALL DOOR UNTIL TH' ALARM CLOCK HITS TH' COAT RACK—BUT WHAT ARE TH' SHOTS HERE?

T-T-SH-H-H-H—WHISPER, HARVEY!

THERE IS NO DISPLAY OF NOCTURNAL VIOLENCE IN MY HOME!—SH-H—I DO NOT WISH TO DISTURB ANY OF THE BOARDERS, AS FOR THE MADAM, EGAD, IF SHE KNEW I WERE BRINGING A GUEST HOME, WHY SHE WOULD BE UP IN A JIFFY TO PREPARE US A WELSH RAREBIT AND COFFEE!—BUT WE WILL LET THE GOOD WOMAN REST—SH-H-H—IT IS ONLY FOR THE BOARDERS.

WELCOME TO HOOPLE MANOR.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

NOW REMEMBER—I WANT THIS NICKEL BACK BY T'MORROW—SEE?

WHY, SURE—I KNOW MY BUSINESS!

WILLIE, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A NICKEL YOU COULD LOAN ME, HAVE YOU? I'LL PAY YOU BACK SATURDAY.

I DID, BUT I JUST NOW LOANED IT TO OSCAR.

OSCAR? NOT LITTLE OSCAR PLETZENBAUM??

YEAH—HE'S HONEST, AIN'T HE? DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL PAY ME BACK?

WELL, OF COURSE HE'S HONEST—HE'LL PAY YOU BACK EVEN IF HE HAS TO STEAL IT!!

Demand

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