

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

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, is summoned to HARKNESS, the buyer to appear before her employer, MR. GRAYDON, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one who identifies her is not to know the devoted \$1,000,000 for her in ANDREW EGGLESTON'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 FRANKLIN BRADON, the banker's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE COUNTRY, society divorcee, whose partner RODDY KENILWORTH, rich, romantic idler, admits he will try to hand for Joanna. He knows Bradon is the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't got.

Joanna goes to live with Yvonne, who meets MRS. DOBIE MARKS, MR. PENDLETON and LORD TEDDY DORMINSTER, who loses no time in courting Joanna. John attends Joanna's coming out party and realizes that his new setting has placed a great abyss between them. In Bradon's library hangs a large old painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Ametie 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 become a celebrity, has arrived in France. He enters the Casino while she is leaving heavily in a taxi.

That evening while they are guests of LADY WEYMOUTH at the opera, Yvonne strives to hold John's attention. While Bradon inspects the structures being erected for Joanna's forthcoming festivity, he confesses he cares for her but has been waiting for her to find herself.

By H. L. Gates  
CHAPTER XXVIII  
Lady Weymouth

CAR turning in at the Amette gate and rolling up the road to the veranda of the villa, reminded Joanna that Lady Weymouth, Teddy Dorminster's sister had telephoned early in the morning that she would like to come out

for a chat. "Something rather personal between you and me, my dear," she had said in her impulsive staccato way. "You may give me a cup of tea and a brandy and soda and when we've had a chat show me over the grounds, if you will. I am all excited by what I hear of the preparations you are making for your big affair."

Bradon frowned when Joanna got up from the bench and insisted that she must go to the house to greet her visitor.

"But we were just beginning to get somewhere, weren't we?" he protested.

"Were we?" she asked, looking at him coolly. "You were telling me that Yvonne is following the only honest path for a woman to take; that she is going straight to the goal of her desire. I believe you said that she must see some promise of novelty in stirring John's madness, and satisfaction in proving that she could go in where only an angel would be welcome. You had gone so far as to advise me that it was time I drop my pretenses and take love as I find it. I didn't know you were particularly trying to get anywhere."

Bradon, who had remained on the bench when the girl stood, rose. If there were a mask to drop his fell for a fleeting moment. He caught Joanna's arm and swung her about until she stood close and looked up into his face. But when he spoke his voice was like the smoothness of the motor in his Daimler car. It purred. And it was insolent.

"I said all of that, and more," he murmured. "I said that you were a cheat, an impostor in the order you have chosen to enter. You are playing every night and day of your life with flame, and foolishly think you aren't being burned, but you are. The deadliest burning, you know, is the kiss of an invisible fire that goes deep before it pains. You are being scorched by the ridicule of those who know that you only pretend that you don't understand Kenilworth, Michael, and the others, and the contempt they have for one who tries to be discreet, but is only deceitful. We had got that far."

For an instant anger flamed in the gold brown eyes that looked up

into his; she trembled, and the tangle of her hair came into her cheeks. Then she was calm, again, and inscrutable.

"But what futile progress!" she mocked him. "You read me a lesson from a book I learned by heart, long ago—when I was twenty-seven of the silks. It used to be, you know, that we needed to be told that if we invited we would be expected to accept; that if we made ourselves into a welcome sign we might as well say 'come in.' We've learned all that now. And we know when to say 'come in' and when to say 'go to the devil.' How much farther did you think to go?"

HE STILL spoke softly; still reminded her of the low rumble of the motor in her car. "Far beyond all of that, my dear Joanna! Up to the very edge of all your make-believe." Suddenly his manner changed. He dropped the hand he had held with a tight, nerveless clasp. His smile came back to the corners of his mouth. He spoke airily. "But the moment time has fled, hasn't it?" he exclaimed. "One must not profess love and make its demands and propose its bargains, when tempers are out of tune; should they?"

She regarded him from half closed lids before she spoke. Then she said:

"You are the cheat, you know. Because you hadn't said anything about love! You'd been trying to get wherever you were starting for with that part of it. Next time, remember. Neither Roddy nor Michael were so clumsy as to forget."

And she turned away and left him.

Lady Weymouth, a sprightly, ecstatic young woman of that English sort which possesses two distinct characters, the one that shows and the one that is hidden, often as opposite as the poles, greeted Joanna effusively when the girl reached the villa veranda, where the visitor had chosen to wait. Joanna was fond of Teddy Dorminster's sister, but it was a shy fondness that she never quite revealed. Betty Weymouth was different, somewhat, from others of the crowd that flitted from villa to villa, that

shone resplendent with its jewels and its velvet backs at the Casino opera, or rode, in pairs, through the quiet lanes that wandered back from the main roads by the sea.

She professed, openly, to be ever at the verge of indifference; but one was quickly confident that she never was. She was barely thirty, but repeatedly announced that she was in imminent danger of being arrested, or fined, or something like that, for having deliberately lopped off two years from her birth certificate. "One must knock off at least a year with every baby," she liked to declare. "and I've already got two." She was desperately unconscious of any attractiveness or worthwhileness upon the part of the earl, her brother, but often sat and talked with him for an hour at a time. Which is seldom the way between brothers of the Teddy Dorminster type and sisters of the Betty Weymouth kind.

Joanna would have liked to have Lady Weymouth realize how fond she was of her, but was ever afraid Betty Weymouth would not take such appreciation seriously.

"I am all eagerness to know about your fate," the visitor said at once, for that is all I hear whispered about. It's terribly exciting, you know, to be doing something, or about to do something, that is whispered about. I've been trying ever since I came down from London to get someone to drop their voices about me, but they won't. Because you hadn't said anything about love! You'd been trying to get wherever you were starting for with that part of it. Next time, remember. Neither Roddy nor Michael were so clumsy as to forget."

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"A whisper doesn't count for much, though does it?" Joanna asked the ebullient Betty Weymouth. "It's rather like a cocktail without the gin in it. When there's really anything to say folks talk it right out loud, as a rule."

"That's quaint!" Betty exclaimed. "Positively quaint. And so wise! I shall not be content, now until people are talking out loud."

Joanna rang for the butler and ordered tea. "May we have it served inside?" Lady Weymouth asked.

"Some place where Brandon, whom I saw just now with Yvonne and Mr. Wilmore over there on the lawn, or the others, won't pop up to us. I've really something to say, you know."

WHILE they waited for the maid to wheel up her tray and arrange the service, Joanna proffered Lady Weymouth a cigarette. For her own she found, on a table, an exquisite new holder that Kenilworth had sent her the night before. She had others set with emeralds or rubies. This one was of bamboo in which some Chinese workman had fixed tiny bits of camphor. "How gorgeous," Lady Betty cried. "Trust Roddy Kenilworth to search the ends of the earth to sate the whims of his lady loves."

She was instantly mindful of that slip of the plural—his lady loves. And, being an English woman, she was never at a loss to turn her own slips into an advantage.

"I'm sorry I said that, my dear," she said gently. "But it is just as well, perhaps, because it will open up my way. I want to talk to you about the kind of love that is spoken of in the plural." Joanna glanced at her sharply. This was a new Lady Weymouth.

"Or, it may be that it is love that isn't plural I will begin about," Lady Betty went on, after a moment's contemplation of the smoke that curled lazily from her lips. "It's about Teddy, you know. Teddy and Mr. Wilmore, but I've never heard an echo. You're so fortunate! A night before you took just a little dash in a car with him and whispers were so thick you could cut them."

Again she waited to watch the nebulous trail of the smoke wreath that lifted from her cigarette. Joanna's jade and bamboo holder was poised midway between her lips and the table. The brown eyes had become ivory black. Her lids were drawn close, until they shaped into two straight lines. "You mean," she said, "you want me to stop beckoning?" Lady Betty was so startled that

her cigarette slipped from her fingers to the floor. A maid appeared out of her forgotten proximity and recovered it. Lady Betty did not see the hand that held the retrieved tobacco.

"We mustn't make it a skirmish, my dear," she said to the girl who looked her full in the eyes. "I'm not come as a wife with a bargain to propose to her husband's mistress. I'm just Betty Weymouth dropped in to tea to ask her friend, the Golder Girl, if she won't be chummy and generous and let a good chap down—let him down easily, but let him down. He loves you, dear, and he wants you. I've always said that there wasn't a reason in the world any man oughtn't to have any woman he wanted—if she'd let him have her. That's gone for my own brother, too. But he wants you for keeps. That's different, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's different," Joanna agreed. "Women are so free to be had these days that it's strange any man would want one—for keeps. And you think I'm not the kind he ought to have—in that way?"

LADY BETTY smiled, and reached for her new cigarette. "My dear, you are so unexpecting," she exclaimed brightly. "One plans a speech, or a sentiment, and you twist it into something that doesn't sound right at all and hurl it back before it's given." She was earnest again. "I mean only that it wouldn't be fair to me, to my brother, to our family, and least of all, to you, dear girl, if you married Teddy. It would be hell for you, in fact. And, worse than everything else, it would be hell for him. I love my brother, Joanna. He's a good sort. Throw him over, won't you, like a good girl?"

"Really, you know, I've never taken him on," Joanna reminded Lady Betty, and then added: "But I might, most any time. As you say, he's a good sort. And I like him tremendously. He's asked me to marry him, you know, and that's made him fearfully interesting to me. You must tell me why—" She stopped. With her eyes she signaled the maid to serve the brandy and soda. Neither woman spoke while the ice was served and the mixture made. Then Joanna asked:

"Will you tell me why I am not worthy of your brother? He knows me. You don't. You and I are common birds of prey, seeking the same game. You hunt in your way. I in mine. Your thrill may be different than mine, but we're women—or, at least, if you are a woman, I'm a girl, which is the same thing. It may or it may not be, that I shall want Lord Teddy. Why not?"

"A Dorminster always has women," the other woman returned, "and he always puts them aside for a wife. The wife must be clean and good. Are you both, my dear? You're modern, you know. You're beautiful and lovely, and I think, honest. But you're all body. I'm all body, too. But I haven't the nerve that you have. You're not ashamed of it. A Dorminster must be ashamed of it. It's a Dorminster convention. Surely I won't have to say any more."

"No, you won't," Joanna agreed. "Neither shall I. Teddy would rather have his final answer from me, than delivered through his sister, I know. And, I fancy, he'll know quite well what a Dorminster wants—and needs. Perhaps he'll get it. Perhaps not. Shall we walk through the grounds? I think you said you'd like to see something of the preparations I'm making. While we are about it I hope you'll choose the place for your seats in my pavilion theatre. I'm string a little play that I know you'll love."

They spent an hour on the grounds. It was as if they had forgotten their time at the tea table. Lady Betty was ecstatic again, and enthused anew at each foretaste of the entree thrills prophesied by each preparation made by the workmen on the Amette lawns. At the pillared pavilion she was sympathetic with the mystery Joanna spread about the plans which were to have their climax there.

"I shall have Teddy sit close to me to protect me from whatever devilry this pagan temple shall unfold," she threatened. "I shall want him to be very close to you," Joanna agreed. And Lady Betty looked at her quickly. There was something unaccounted in the voice of the Golden Girl.

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(To Be Continued)

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

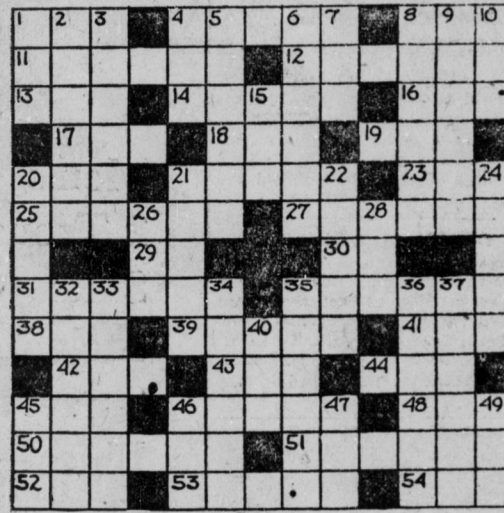
Three-letter words predominate in this crossword puzzle. Give yourself fifteen minutes to work it out.

### HORIZONTAL

- Part of verb to be.
- Condition.
- From (used in opposition to "to").
- Replacer.
- Allowance of food.
- Fit.
- To diminish in size gradually.
- Billiard stick.
- To assist.
- Males.
- To put on.
- Twisting (disease).
- Shovel.
- Dessert.
- Builds.
- Slips.
- Either's pal.
- To accom-

### VERTICAL

- Eucharist vessel.
- To fix.
- Inveigle.
- Matching dishes.
- Walks noisily.
- Tendencies.
- Spice of corn.
- Resembling a fig.
- The handle on a hand press.
- Unit.
- Tiny vegetable.
- Portions of a school year.
- Leather strip.
- Official in a church.
- Theme.
- Portable bed.
- Electrified particle.
- Blossomed.
- Raved.
- Attachment of a circular saw.
- Clams.
- Pertaining to a crystalline acid.
- The modifying of metrical time.
- To drink dog-fashion.
- Collection of facts.
- Beverage.



Answer to yesterday's crossword puzzle:

RESIST ESPIES  
AGO LOPAL FRO  
DO COTERIE ID  
I RAT F PAD D  
SPED SUM TUNE  
HAD WATER EON  
REGALATIONS  
USE DATED NET  
GEMS DID DADE  
IT SAT O EOS M  
IT CORNERS OD  
EWE LOSES AWE  
RONDLE LEADER

## Hoosier Briefs

J. H. BOOHER won't be able to toe the mark at the H. C. Bay piano factory at Bluffton for a while. He dropped a fifty-pound piece of iron on his foot.

Discharged from a Marion hospital, where he was operated on, State Policeman Mont Seright announced a war on dirty license plates and motorists who drive cars with one headlight and no tail light.

Tipton is electrifying its water works.

Its real punishment now for pupils to be sent to the office of Frank E. Allen, superintendent of Muncie schools. He has a new police dog in his office.

Postmaster General Harry S. New has complimented Muncie police for its help in rounding up the bandit gang which the late Dutch Anderson, One Armed Wolfe and Gerald Chapman.

Peggy Jean Zinn, Tulsa, Okla., is visiting relatives at Sharpville. She has five living grandmothers, including a great grandmother.

Seymour postoffice gained \$709 in business November over the same month last year.

Evansville boasts five high school seniors who are under 14 years of age.

M. S. Smith, agricultural instructor of Bluffton schools, has been elected county agent of Wells county.

Thomas McConnell, State commander, and Frank E. Henley, State adjutant, will speak at a Legion meeting at Huntington, Dec. 8, when a membership drive will close. The post has more than 350 members.

Judge Earl B. Stroup, Frankfort, will deliver the address, at the Elks memorial service at Warsaw Sunday.

### QUARTETS POPULAR

Harmony singing rather than solos are preferred by listeners to radio station WBBM, according to mail received at that station. At all harmony singing, quartets prove to be the most popular. WBBM officials have concluded that quartet harmony makes the best vocal entertainment.

**Demand**

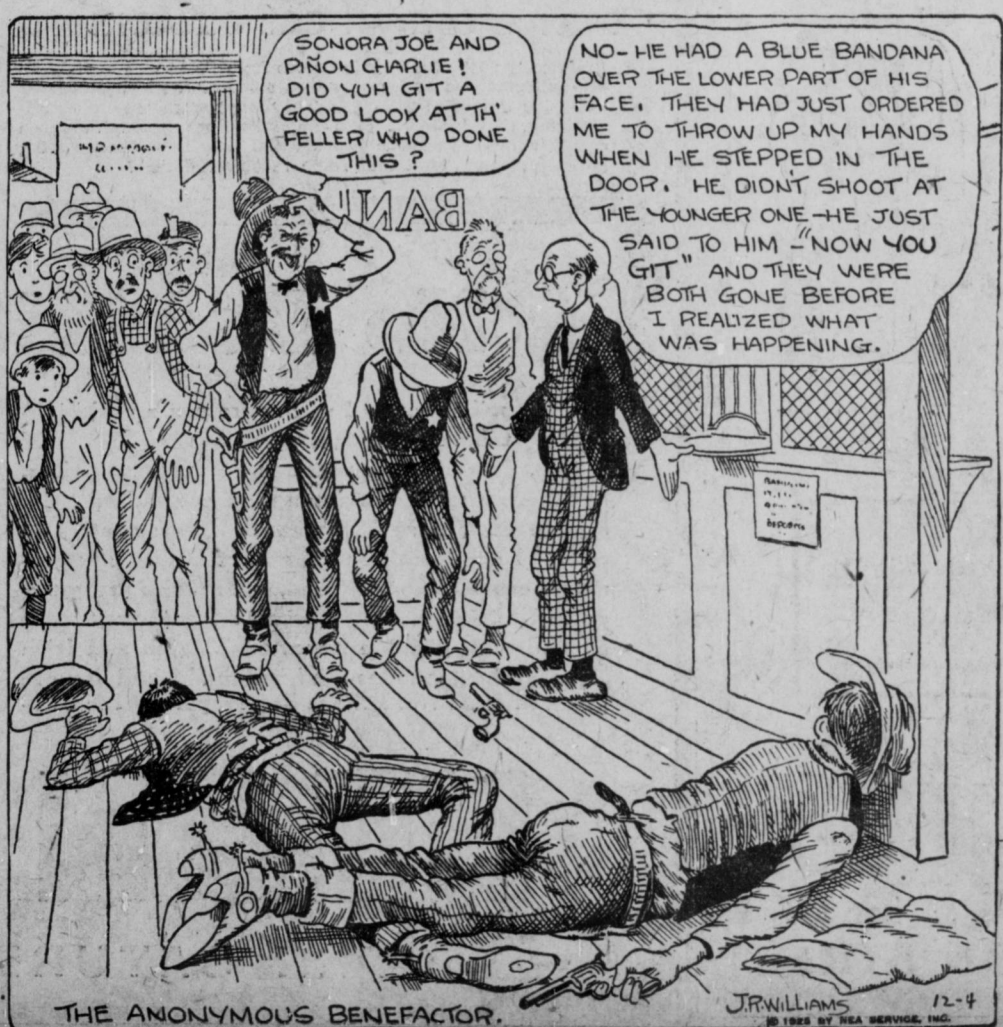
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## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



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