

## JOANNA

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

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, is charmed by her employer, RODDY KENILWORTH, who delivers an overwhelming message. Some one whose identity is not known has deposited \$1,000,000 in the A. A. BLEW EGGLESTON'S bank.

JOANNA offers to care for Manners, but he is determined to earn his own way as an architect.

At a brilliant social affair, wealthy FREDERIC BENDON, the banker's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE COULTON, society divorcee, whose part-time idler, admits he will try his hand for Joanna. Yvonne desires the \$1,000,000.

JOANNA goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets MRS. DORIS MARKS,

a MR. PINDLETON and LORD TEDDY EGGLESTON, who loses no time in courtship.

In Eggleston's library hangs a large oil painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year ago, frailty abates at Villa Amet, in France, and Joanna has not lost her heart to any of her admirers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL.

JOANNA enters the Casino while Joanna is losing heavily at roulette.

JOANNA enters the opera. Yvonne strives to hold his attention.

While Brandon respects the "stunners" he is fond of Joanna, forthcoming festivity, he confesses he cares for her, but has been waiting for her to find him.

LADY BETTY WEYMOUTH asks Joanna to give up her brother, Lord Dornminster.

By H. L. Gates  
CHAPTER XXIX.  
Memories Again

**I** f the visit of Lady Weymouth left its impress upon Joanna, only Roddy Kenilworth and Teddy Dornminster sensed it. Neither of them knew of the appeal to the Golden Girl by the sister of one of them, but both, in their separate regard for her, were conscious of a subtle, but insistent change in her.

John might have realized it, too, but his was not a sensitive observation. And, as the days passed, Yvonne had drawn him closer and closer to herself alone. That Yvonne was deliberate, and merciless, in her fascination of the young architect, whose name had so suddenly become known around the world, was apparent to all that gay circle which worships, like glittering dervishes a Lucullan cult around the shrine where all is gold that glitters.

As Dornminster had repeated to her, as Kenilworth and Brandon had echoed, and as even Lady Weymouth might have said, those who watched were quick to recall it had been promised that when the brilliant, always dazzling Yvonne Coulant decided to strike back, there would be a crash. The crash, they predicted, was on its way. And the ruins it would leave would be the Golden Girl.

If there had been restraints fixed by Joanna for her bewildering revel,

they suddenly seemed to vanish. Whatever walls she had built around her scruples tottered. So it seemed, and so those who watched concluded. Dornminster was frankly worried. Kenilworth, with the calmness of the older man, gave no sign of whatever might have been his reflections, but Joanna found him more constantly at her side.

There was some marveling at the persistence of the bond which held Yvonne and Joanna together. Between them there seemed to have arisen—nothing! As always, they were inseparable, whether at the Casino in the gambling rooms, at Prince Michaels, the Opera or at the fashionable gatherings among the villas. There had been a deep interest in the vaguely rumored romance between the young and wealthy American girl and the promising young architect whose dream in stone was coming true. It was believed by some that Joanna was surrendering him too quietly not to have a design in reserve. Others pointed merrily to Kenilworth, Brandon and Dornminster and remarked that the field of her choice, and of her variations, was wide.

Perhaps Martha, who, at times, and in the seclusions of the blue and gold and scarlet boudoir, lapsed from the in-passiveness that should hedge in a prima donna, and laid her arms around the girl who slept in the big bed, might have added something to any discussion of her mistress. Particularly after that Missus had sat up in the bed, knees drawn up and chin resting on them, silent and almost pulseless, through all the hours after she came in un-  
seen. What Martha would have liked to have reported, as something, however, that she couldn't understand, was that when Joanna finally stretched out for a two hours sleep, she remarked, apropos of nothing:

"There's a lot of things in the world that doesn't matter."

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**J**OHN walked with her through the grounds when the workmen, with renewed feverish activities, were putting their finishing touches to the fairy-like structures. The night of the fete was close at hand. Here and there across the grounds miniature domes

and spires were being gilded. Their shining surfaces caught the glints of the sun and mingled them with a purple haze that hung like a filmy, iridescent veil over the whole Mediterranean shore.

"It means something, that tint in the atmosphere," Joanna observed. "One of the Monegasques, who lives here the year round, probably would make a prediction of some sort. Every one of them is a weather expert."

They would have spoken of the haze in the air to one of the natives, but in their absorption of the imposing details of the reshaping of the Amet grounds, they forgot the embryo mist. As was her custom of late Joanna acknowledged no intrusion between John and herself.

After that first day, the day of his arrival, when her heart was ready to leap to his, but was repulsed, she had been whatever his current mood dictated that she should be. At times he put his arms around her and drew her to him, and there were silences between them. At other times he was detached, moody. To-day, Joanna knew, he was fighting with a serious hurt.

The first weeks of his visit had been a calendar of notable occasions for him. The Prince of Monaco, interested always in topics and proposals that are of human merit, had honored him with a command audience and had presented him to that distinguished group of scholars and scientists, and many worthy men of other professions, who gather around him from many parts of the world. It is their tribute to the Prince who is dead, the father of the present ruler of the little principality. These savants greeted the young American with enthusiasm. They complimented him upon the daring of his projected monument to the femininity of the inspiration for deeds of valor that soldiers perform on the battlefield. They were interested in the spectacular rise of the young student. He was asked to deliver an address, and did, with triumph to himself.

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of these commands into the coveted

circle of men whose names were

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