

JOANNA

THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York girl, is summoned by 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 AN-DRU 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.

It is a brilliant social affair, wealthy FRANKLIN BRANDON, the banker's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE, a society divorcee whose partner, RODDY KENILWORTH, rich, romantic, admits he will try his hand for Joanna. He knows Brandon is the one thing Yvonne desires that she hasn't.

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

A MR. PENDLETON and LORD TEDDY DOMINSTER, who have no time in courting Joanna.

In Egleston'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, John who has become a celebrity, enters the Casino while Joanna is losing heavily at roulette.

That evening at the opera, Yvonne strives to hold his attention.

While Brandon inspects the structures being erected for Joanna's forthcoming festival, he confesses he cares for her, but has been waiting for her to find herself.

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

By H. L. Gates

CHAPTER XXIX.

Memories Again

IF the visit of Lady Weymouth left its impress upon Joanna, only Roddy Kenilworth and Teddy Dominster 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 worshipped, like glittering dervishes of a Lucullan cult around the shrine where all is gold that glitters.

As Dominster 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 Countant 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,

Answer to Yesterday's Cross-Word Puzzle:

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MORTAR GENERA
SPA POLAR RAY
END SAP RUB
ANT ASPEN CAT
NEEDLE RECITE
ADD ERASE COD

they suddenly seemed to vanish. Whatever walls she had built around her scruples tottered. So it seemed, and so those who watched concluded. Teddy Dominster 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 her too quietly not to have a design in reserve. Others pointed merrily to Kenilworth, Brandon and Dominster and remarked that the field of her choice, and of her variations, was wide.

Perhaps Martha, who, at times, and in the seclusion of the blue and gold and scarlet boudoir, lapsed from the impassiveness that should hedge in a humble maid, and put her arms around the girl who slept in the big bed, might have added something to any discussion of her mistress. Particularly after that mistress 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 until dawn. 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!"

JOHN 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 fête 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 Amette 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. Today, 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.

Just this day, Joanna knew, one of these commands into the coveted circle of men whose names were great, had been canceled; not abruptly, or offensively, but canceled, nevertheless. It could only be in-

terpreted as a reminder that even a great purpose and a high ambition could not withstand a too flagrant violation of certain standards. John had become too much of a frequenter of the roulette rooms. And there was too great an interest generally in pointing him out as the new devotee of the beautiful Yvonne Countant, and one who would be apt to sacrifice deeply at the altars of her sorceries. The distinguished young visitor from America had become one of the bevy of moths, even if a brilliant one, and those who distributed honors are sometimes conservative.

THE girl who walked through the Amette grounds with him would have liked to comfort him, but he would give her no opportunity. While they stood on the Triana steps and watched the distribution of huge piles of blossoms, roses, rhododendrons and mimosa, already being brought from their Monegasque gardens, Joanna remarked:

"You haven't complimented me upon all of this. Doesn't it remind you somehow, of the evenings we spent planning the time when we would be able to build, together, a house that would have cost hardly more than my pavilion over there?"

It was not wistfully said, nor in reminiscent tone. She was standing apart from him and spoke as if voicing a casual thought. A frown came into his forehead.

"Those are not good memories to have," he said. "This sort of thing gives them a sting."

She looked at him in open wonderment. If this wonderment was a mask, she concealed it skillfully. "No memory has a sting, John," she returned. "That is, if they are the kind of memories that are worth while treasuring. The more we miss the things we once had, the more grateful is the recollection of them. I've put a little bit of that house we used to plan into every one of these things I've built here. Funny, isn't it?"

"The house, if I remember, was to last a life time. This is to be the humor of a night. I can't understand what part of one could be built into the other."

"Love, John! Into the other you put what was your love—your idea

of it. Into these things here I've put that love of yours, my dear—taken it from the home you would have built, and put it into this. It was you, you know, who said, just now, that the other was for a life time—and that this will be desolate and crumbled in the morning. At least, I expect nothing more of this."

He was silent, she left him for a moment to give an order to the Amette gardener who supervised the sorting of the blossoms which were to shed their perfumes for a night and then wither. When she went back to him John said, with the blunt suddenness that echoed a determined resolve:

"There's something I must say to you, Jo. It's been trying to come out for days, now, and I know you've been expecting it. I've been rather a coward . . ."

"Rather a coward, John?"

It was said, quietly, softly, but there was something deadly in the manner of it. He flushed, but went stubbornly on:

"Yes, rather. It's to be about Yvonne, you know—Yvonne and me."

Again that quiet, soft interruption. "Tell me, John; are you going to marry me?"

This time she was looking at him. He could not evade those brown eyes that were darkened by the purple haze in the air, and whose customary fires seemed to have cooled into a lazy smoulder. While he shifted nervously, she drove in her challenge:

"Don't be a coward always, John. I love you. I love you as a girl seldom knows how to love. The marvel of my own money, and its mystery and the threat that is hidden in it somewhere, has never appalled me so much as your success and the grandeur of the thing you are succeeding in doing. That has made my love more of a woman's than a girl's somehow so it will stand much. Even your cowardice. Now you're being brave again, so go all the way in one leap. Never mind the stops in between. You've a fortune of your own in sight, so my money needn't count now. Shall you marry me?"

"No, Jo. You see Yvonne has

She stopped him instantly. "That's splendid!" It was quite as if she were complimenting him upon some new triumph within his profession. She reached over and patted his hand and then pressed it for a moment in her own. "That's splendid," she repeated. "Now you're at least a coward no longer. You see I've got a funny mind, I think. I like to know things. It helps me make plans."

"But, Jo—there's much more to say. It isn't just like that—Shall I marry you? No! There's more." "There really isn't," she declared. "You explained quite fully—even without words, when you came down from London, that matters were quite the same as ever. You'd got on but I hadn't. I was just the same jazz girl with the short skirts and a lot of knees and a good time brain. Not the kind of a wife for the great creator of a beautiful thing for future generations to marvel at. Why tell me all over again?"

He knew she was mocking him and he realized that he was helpless. A thousand things hung on his lips. In her calm scrutiny of him they jumbled. She reached to him again and patted his sleeve. "We'll have a drink over it all, someday," she said. "Meanwhile I shall stop drinking all of my cocktails to you. Now go alone into the house. You will find Yvonne in the reading room. I'm going to have one of Teddy Dominster's horses saddled and ride over for tea with Roddy Kenilworth at his house."

She gave him her hand and smiled up at him. "You will not be seeing much of me now until the fête," she said. "It is so near and I have so much to do. But I shall want you to dance with me that night. By then we shall have both forgot today."

She watched him until he disappeared beyond some shrubbery that cut off the view of the house. Then she turned toward the stables, but had not gone far when she stopped. She stood for a moment looking about her. When she saw that none of the workmen nor attendants were near, she crumpled onto the lawn, and lay, face buried in the grass, her shoulders shaking convulsively. (Copyright, 1925, H. L. Gates)

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

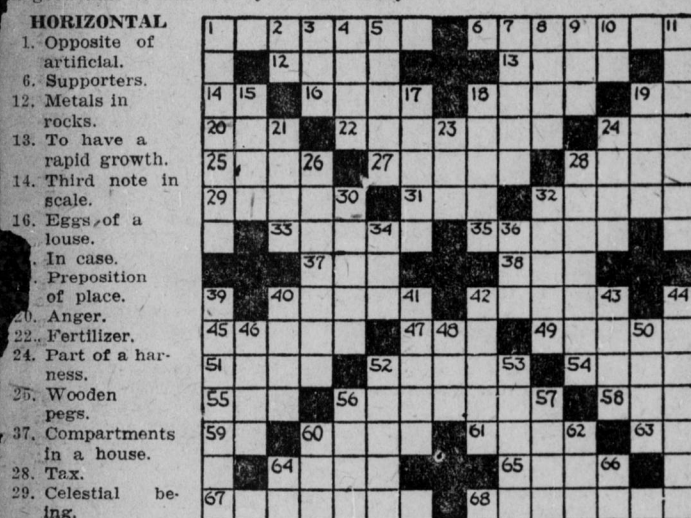


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 36 vertical is an unusual word. If you don't know it, this is good time to add it to your vocabulary.



1. Opposite of artificial.
2. Supporters.
3. Metals in rocks.
4. To have a rapid growth.
5. Third note in scale.
6. Excess of a house.
7. In case.
8. Preposition of place.
9. Anger.
10. Fertilizer.
11. Part of a harness.
12. Wooden pegs.
13. Compartments in a house.
14. Tax.
15. Celestial being.
16. Corded cloth.
17. Unfastened.
18. Fern seed.
19. Portion of a dress.
20. To bring legal proceedings.
21. Spike of corn.
22. Doubled-up hand (pl.).
23. Peels.
24. Solitary.
25. Tiny green vegetable.
26. To force air violently through the nose.
27. To pierce with horns.
28. Poor.
29. Journey.
30. Violin string.
31. Defiled.
32. To bind.
33. Alleged force producing hypnotism.
34. To ladle out water.
35. To travel on water.
36. Point of compass.
37. To be worthy of.
38. To crack.
39. A type of poetry.
40. Officer of a ship.

1. Existing in name only.
2. Toward.
3. Pitcher.
4. Strain of a bride.
5. Up and moving.
6. Instigates.
7. Flower.
8. Child.
9. Standard type measure.
10. Established.



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Hoosier Briefs

FRANKFORT is looking forward to see 120 gallons of alcohol destroyed. Sheriff Dan Power has announced that liquor, taken several days ago will be poured into a creek before the public eye, if some good, husky, citizens offer to assist him. Otherwise it will be poured in the sewer at the jail.

George Donhost of Jonesville, attended a symphony orchestra concert at Seymour, but forgot all about the soothing tones of the violins when he returned to his automobile and found a spare tire stolen.

Politics for '26 already has started in Boone County. Omer Dale, Lebanon patrolman, has announced that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for sheriff. He will resign from the police force, Dec. 15, to open a meat market.

Fayette County farmers have resumed corn husking, after having been delayed several days by rain and snow. Extremely wet weather has caused the corn to rot and fall over.

Muncie buildings permits for November totaled sixty-two, with combined valuation of \$44,130.60.

ELWOOD citizens must have a sense of humor. They are passing petitions asking the city to construct a swimming pool in Cullaway park. And it is less than three weeks until Christmas.

Warsaw children are thrifty. Every one of the 1,023 public school pupils in the city made a deposit in the bank conducted in connection with the schools, the last week of November.

Santa Claus has received a good boost in Marion. Christmas savings clubs of the city gave more than 7,000 men, women and children checks totaling \$200,000 this week. "A date a week," is the slogan which pledges of the Thototetan Library Society of Evansville College must follow. The purpose of the rule is to make each member of the society develop himself in all phases of college life, social as well as scholastic.

The Hartford City Hospital received 25 cans of fruits, vegetables and pickles in the annual canned food shower conducted under the rection of the Federated Women's clubs.

TREMENDOUS ENERGY Approximately 1,600,000,000 horse power hours of engine work are used annually by farmers in this country for pumping water. This is four times the amount of mechanical and animal power used to do all he planting and seedling of the country.

STATE HAS MORE AUTOS Southern California highways are being used by 32,332 more motor vehicles than at the first of the year. The thirteen counties have 753,221 registered motor vehicles.