

JOANNA THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, is surrounded by her admirers. MR. GRAYDON, who tells her that some of her admirers are not to know her, has deposited \$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 FRANCIS BRANDON, the banker's nephew, introduces her to YVONNE COLINAST, society divorcee, whose partner, RODDY KENILWORTH, rich, older, admits he will try his hand for Joanna.

She goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets MR. PENDLETON and LORD TEDDY DORMISTER, who lives no time in courtship.

In Egleston'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.

mirrors—not even PRINCE MICHAEL, enters the Casino while Joanna is losing heavily at roulette.

While Brandon inspects the structure being erected for Joanna's forthcoming birthday, he confers by car for her but has been waiting for her to find herself.

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

John suddenly becomes ardently devoted to Yvonne.

When Joanna is alone, after John breaks their engagement, she sobs convulsively.

By H. L. Gates
CHAPTER XXX
Joanna's Decision

A STABLE groom fumbled with his cap when Joanna had chosen her horse and sent to the house for the riding toge

into which she proposed to change in the stable dressing room. The man gazed dubiously down the Cap Martin slope and estimated the thickening blanket of violet haze.

"It'll be coming up fast, Made-moiselle, after a while," he said. "It's troublesome to ride through when it gets too heavy. I shouldn't advise Made-moiselle to go too far."

"Just along the sea road," she declared before the log fire which bled the cool dampness of the increasing mist outside, "you are wondering why I came so unexpectedly."

"That I wouldn't do," he declared promptly. "If you have any other reason than a sudden desire to enjoy my admirations without interruptions, I don't want to know it. I am jealous of my vanity."

"Then you shall be flattered," she returned gaily. "I am in the mood for you. Someday there's got to be a battle between us, between you and me, Roddy. Let's have it now."

He was on his feet in an instant and standing over her. She stopped with her eyes, and held him half bent down to her. She did not stir, nor put up a hand; it was just the indescribable something in her eyes.

"No, not just now," she said, her lips shaping into the utmost of their provocativeness. "You mustn't be too literal. But tonight, perhaps, or tomorrow night—or when the moment arrives. But as soon as we can I want to know how I'm coming off."

"Dam you! Are you playing with me?"

"No, Roddy. I've never played. Not since my money came. Someday I want to play. After we've had our battle, perhaps. What shall we do first? Let's go through the mist—to some place. Why not up La Turbie?"

"Tonight?"

"Tonight. That's what I must hurry home to change for. I shall wait to look very alluring."

He straightened and looked down at her coolly for a moment. She did not flinch under his gaze, nor did her lips uncurve. He turned away and looked out a window. It was already darkening outside, and the lights of Monte Carlo were vague pin points.

and strangely vibrant. He knew her well enough to sense a purpose. Joanna, he had discovered long ago, usually concealed a purpose behind whatever was unexpected of her. He had made a profession, almost, of discovering those hidden purposes and fathoming them.

"Confess to me," she challenged him when she had settled in a great chair before the log fire which bled the cool dampness of the increasing mist outside, "you are wondering why I came so unexpectedly."

"That I wouldn't do," he declared promptly. "If you have any other reason than a sudden desire to enjoy my admirations without interruptions, I don't want to know it. I am jealous of my vanity."

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"If we drive carefully we can make it," he concluded. "I'll take the wheel myself. You won't be afraid to trust yourself with me, shall you?"

"That's what I want to find out, Roddy. So many people are skeptical of me, I want to know if they're right or wrong."

He laughed. "I shan't ask you to stay beyond the hour," he declared. "I'll need some time alone to try and figure you out. What's happened? Something has, I am certain."

"Nothing," she assured him. "Nothing, that is, that wasn't expected."

A servant notified them that Made-moiselle's mount had been brought to the door before either of them realized that the hour had flown. She had induced Kenilworth to tell her some of the histories of the souvenirs which were strewn about the room in which their tea had been served, and she was enthusiastic about them.

When she went out to her horse she found that the groom also had brought a mount. Kenilworth nodded his approval. Joanna begged to be allowed to ride back to Ametie alone, declaring her faith in the lights along the sea boulevard and her horse's instinct, but Kenilworth was firm.

"I should take you along myself," he explained, "but I shall want a look at the car. It's a stiff climb to La Turbie. I always want to be satisfied about my brakes."

At Villa Ametie, Joanna found Brandon awaiting her. "I have invited myself to dine," he explained, "and no one seems to object. Perhaps you will go along for an hour or two at the Casino, afterwards. There won't be a crowd and we can drop in for an act at the theater. Yvonne seems to have other plans for the evening."

"And so have I," she told him. "I'm going up La Turbie with Roddy. He's often wanted me to go up with him, and now I've promised. Sorry."

She did not wait for the inevitable protest against climbing the narrow, winding road that ventured up the steep La Turbie mountain to the isolated resort above La Turbie

village, but tripped on up the stairs. Brandon looked after her. Even women who were careless seldom went up La Turbie to dine or dance at the famous roadhouse atop the hill, unless in groups. The gayest of the hidden rendezvous along the coast, it was, in some respects, also the most forbidding. One always went up La Turbie but one did not, customarily, talk about it. After he had stood for a time in deep reflection, Brandon went onto the Ametie veranda and peered out into the damp fog. Accustomed as he was to the Riviera he estimated the feel of it to his nostrils and his fingers. He appeared to gain, from his conclusions, some definite satisfaction.

He summoned a servant and inquired if Made-moiselle Coutant was still occupied in her boudoir. The maid reported that her mistress was and would not be down for some little time. "You may tell her," he ordered, "that I shall not be staying to dine, if she won't mind."

A half hour later, when he had dismissed the Ametie car which had taken him back to Monte Carlo, Brandon summoned his valet and demanded that a suit of heavy tweeds be laid out for him. When the man had complied his master ordered:

"Go at once to the garage of the Italian in the Boulevard du Midi and ask for Antoine. If he is not at hand find out where he can be reached immediately. When you have him say that I want him to drive me as soon as he can be ready up the mountain. If he objects to the mist, tell him the thicker the fog the heavier his purse will be, and that much more for his men. Be sure, however, that it is Antoine himself you find. Otherwise return quickly."

On her way to her own boudoir Joanna stopped at Yvonne's. She, too, it seemed, was particularly painstaking at her evening's toilette. Her maids were flushed and nervous under the temper of their mistress. That they were having difficulties in pleasing her was evident from the litter of glittering gowns angrily tossed into heaps on the chaise longue, chairs and, even, tables. For a brief instant Joanna stood in the boudoir door, beneath the curtains

that shut off Yvonne's sitting room; just long enough for her eyes to harden and narrow. Then she announced brightly that she would be going out with Kenilworth and that she hoped her running away would not interfere with any plans for the evening Yvonne might have made. Yvonne glanced at her sharply. She concluded, however, that there had been nothing hidden in Joanna's tone. "I have no other plans than a run into the Casino, perhaps," she said. "Betty Weymouth is having something or other tonight at her place, and I did promise that you and I would drop in, but that is not important. If you are running away by yourself, I shan't trouble."

Joanna went over to the other woman and, stooping, lightly brushed her cheek with her lips. "Then I shan't be seeing you till tomorrow sometime. It will be early, though, for I shan't be able to sleep with tomorrow night so close." She stopped again at the door as she went out, to say, as if it were an afterthought: "Tonight I'm going up La Turbie with Roddy. It will be great fun on the mountain tonight."

Yvonne turned quickly, but the

girl had dropped the curtains behind her. She waved both of her maids away, when the bore down upon her with Joanna's departure, and sat quietly in a study. Presently she looked up and into the mirror before her. She examined the reflection she saw there with an intent, abstract scrutiny.

From her face her gaze wandered to her throat, around which hung her most magnificent pearls, and then to her gown—she had chosen a thing of pink in orchid hues that had come that day from her Paris couturier's. She shook her head, in response to her mental conclusions upon the ensemble the mirror reflected.

"You may take off the pearls," she commanded a maid, "and bring me diamonds. A lot of them. And I shan't wear this gown after all. It's too innocuous. I've something in burgundy; bring that." As if to herself she added, in a murmur that neither maid could overhear: "Burgundy and diamonds. If I'm not mistaken that will do the trick."

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(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Did you know that from little words a mighty crossword puzzle grows? Just glance over this one!

HORIZONTAL

- Has.
- Corded cloth.
- Melody.
- Electrified particle.
- Back.
- Checked wool in cloths.
- Rigid.
- Spiders.
- Erratic members of the solar system.
- To observe.
- Ohlong yellowish fruit.
- Preposition of possession.
- Backs of necks.
- Inert gaseous element.
- Born.
- More recent.
- Rodent.
- To ward off.
- Burdened.
- Second note in scale.
- Animal having a humped back.
- Door rug.
- One who lays food away.
- Fibers obtained from century plant.
- Bewitching female.
- Pertaining to a seam.
- Some persons.
- Pure of machinery.
- To wander.
- Scarlet.
- Finished.

- Renovator.
- Where the sun rises.
- Given.
- To refresh with sailors.
- Pertaining to a region.
- Peak.
- Boxed.
- One who listens to admissions.
- Flower leaf.
- Lawyer's charge.
- More wan.
- Rowing instrument.
- Appended for additional songs.
- To pay.
- Challenges.
- Creative force.
- Males.
- Playing card.
- Prong of a fork.
- A suction motor.
- To rescue.
- Total.
- Guided.
- Stop.

MOTHER!

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Hurry Mother! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.—Advertisement.



THROUGH-LIMITED-TRAINS
EACH WAY DAILY, BETWEEN
INDIANAPOLIS and FT. WAYNE

3 Via KOKOMO and PERU
3 Via ANDERSON and MUNCIE

"HOOSIERLANDS" TO FT. WAYNE
Via INDIANAPOLIS, Via ANDERSON, Via MUNCIE, Via FT. WAYNE

7:00 AM. 8:22 AM. 9:00 AM. 10:10 AM.
1:00 PM. 2:22 PM. 3:00 PM. 5:10 PM.
5:00 PM. 6:20 PM. 6:50 PM. 8:51 PM.

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"WABASH VALLEY FLYERS" TO FT. WAYNE
Via INDIANAPOLIS, Via KOKOMO, Via PERU, Via FT. WAYNE

7:00 AM. 8:55 AM. 9:30 AM. 11:10 AM.
1:00 PM. 2:35 PM. 3:30 PM. 5:10 PM.
7:00 PM. 9:00 PM. 9:35 PM. 11:10 PM.

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Answer to yesterday's cross-word puzzle:

NATURAL GARTERS
OF ORES BOOM E
MIRNITS LEST AT
IRE NITRATE BIT
NOGS ROOMS TOLL
ANGEL REP LOOSE
LSPORE SKIRT D
SUE EAD
MFISTS PARES S
ALONE PEA SNORT
GORE SORRY TOUR
GUTTAINTED TIE
OBEARNS SAILINW
SONNETS STEWARD

Gone, but Not Forgotten

Automobiles reported stolen to police belong to: Robert Boyer, 5857 Lowell Ave., Ford, 142-782 from Meridian St., and Union Station elevation.

Larry Shepard, 10 Hampton Court, Chevrolet, 504-089 from Sixteenth and Meridian Sts.

Clayton Young, 401 W. Norwood St., Ford, 622-651 from West and Norwood Sts.

Link and Edwards, 319 N. Delaware St., Ford, T. 3064 from New Jersey and North Sts.

BACK HOME AGAIN

Automobiles reported found by police belong to: Floyd Taylor, 817 N. Bradley Ave., Overland, at McCarty and Maryland Sts.

Bulck, touring car, 597-680 at Orchard Ave. and Fall Creek Blvd., stripped of all loose parts except one tire.

Ray S. Peters, 1046 E. Vermont St., Ford, at 238 S. Meridian St.

The Best Cough Syrup Is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save \$2, and yet have best cough medicine you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it tastes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a pint bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the pint. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you a full pint of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

