

JOANNA

THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York girl, is adored by MR. GRAYDON, who tells her that some on whose identity she is not to know, has deserted him. He is the head of ANTHONY PENDLETON'S bank.

Joanna offers to share his fortune with JOHN WILMORE, his finance, 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 COUNTAN, a society divorcee, whose partner, HODGE KENDRICK, the romantic older, admits he will try his hand for Joanna.

She goes to live with Yvonne, where she meets a MR. PENDLETON and LORNA TEDDY, the banker's daughter, who are not in on courting Joanna.

In Eggleton's library hangs a large old painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

A year of frivolity passes at Villa Amete in France and still Joanna has not lost her heart to any of her ad-

mirers—not even PRINCE MICHAEL, emperor of the Casino, who does not heavily at roulette.

While Yvonne 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.

LADY BETTY WEYMOUTH asks John to give up her brother, Lord Dominator, who 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 togs.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

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

HORIZONTAL

1. Has.
8. Corded cloth.
11. Melody.
12. Electrically
 particle.
13. Back.
14. Checked wool
 en cloths.
16. Rigid.
17. Sneers.
18. Erratic members
 of the
 solar system.
20. To observe.
21. Oblong yellow
 fruit.
22. Preposition of
 possession.
24. Backs of
 necks.
26. Inert gaseous
 element.
28. Born.
30. More recent.
32. Rodent.
33. To ward off.
35. Burdened.
37. Second note in scale.
38. Animal having a humped back.
40. Door ring.
42. One who lays food away.
44. Fibers obtained from century
 plant.
46. Bewitching female.
47. Pertaining to a seam.
49. Some persons.
50. Purr of machinery.
51. To wander.
52. Scarlet.
53. Finished.
1. To stroke.
2. Verbal.
3. Male ancestors.
4. Cotton fabric.
5. Errs.
6. Calls for help at sea.
7. Half an em.

VERTICAL

1. To stroke.
2. Verbal.
3. Male ancestors.
4. Cotton fabric.
5. Errs.
6. Calls for help at sea.
7. Half an em.

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in 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. Mademoiselle, after a while," he said: "It's troublesome to ride through when it gets too heavy. I shouldn't advise Mademoiselle to go too far."

"Just along the sea road, to Mr. Kenilworth's," she informed him. "The lights there are never lost."

The groom would have liked to voice more insistent caution, but his mistress was abrupt with him. There were times when the servants at Villa Amete were afraid of their Mademoiselle Joanna. The groom shook his head but decided not to venture a further protest. He reflected that, after all, she was a good horsewoman and that a horse usually is dependable.

Kenilworth, whose villa nestled at the base of the hill, shut off from the majestic boulevard which skirts the shore by a dense hedge of semi-tropical bush, met her, with his own coach, at his gate. She stepped lightly from his hand to the ground and tossed her bridle to the man. "Just an hour, please," she commanded.

Kenilworth immediately expressed dismay. "You haven't braved the mist to give me but an hour? It will take me quite that long to get accustomed to the vision of you among my things."

"Just an hour, Ruddy," she insisted, nodding to the groom, who accepted her order as final and led the horse away. "You see, I've made plans for the evening, and I mustn't interfere with them. I shall have to get back to Amete and change."

It was the first time Joanna had granted Kenilworth a tete a tete hour "in the midst of his things," as he expressed it. She had always made a pretense of being afraid of him, which, he customarily reported, was flattering but untrue. He assured her, at such times, that she was one who wouldn't be afraid of anybody. He had desperately proposed Lady Weymouth as a chaperon, but with no success. Joanna asserted that she'd never resort to a chaperon—"in these days." He was then, puzzled by the sudden whim which brought her, uninvited,

and strangely vibrant. He knew her well enough to sense a purpose. Joanna 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 baffled the cool dampness of the increasing mist outside, "you are wondering why I came so unexpectedly."

"That I wouldn't," he said: "It's troublesome to ride through when it gets too heavy. I shouldn't advise Mademoiselle to go too far."

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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 Mademoiselle'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.

HE summoned a servant and inquired if Mademoiselle Coustant 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 Amete 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 compiled his master

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 the great roadway 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 Amete veranda and peered out into the damp fog. Accustomed as he was to the Riviera he estimated the distance to his nostrils and his fingers. He appeared to gain, from his conclusions, some definite satisfaction.

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 Amete 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 Amete, 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 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

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. "I have no others plans, then," 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 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 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 hands away, when the boudoir down, 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 Paris couturier's. She shook her head, in response to her mental conclusions reflected.

"You may take off the pearls," she commanded a maid, "and bring me diamonds. A lot of them. And I shall not 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: "Burden and diamonds. If I'm not mistaken that will do the trick."

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(To Be Continued)

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