

JOANNA

Due to a mechanical error, Thursday's installment of Joanna did not appear in some copies of The Times. For the benefit of readers in whose papers the chapter did not appear yesterday, it is being reprinted today. This is yesterday's installment. Today's installment appears on the story page as usual.

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, who was given \$1,000.00 for her birthday, has celebrated her name JOHN DAWSON, architect for YVONNE COUNTANT, director of the YWCA, who also lives at Versailles in France.

While FRANCIS BRANDON, a young man of means, and ANDREW EGLESTON inspect the structures being erected on the grounds of the YWCA, he confesses he loves her, but she is unmoved. Yvonne had played for him in Eggleston's library hangs a large painting of a girl who resembles Joanna.

LADY BETTY WEMOUTH asks John to pay her brother's debts. When Brandon hears that Joanna and Kenilworth have been in the bushes on a purple mountain, he follows. After a hold-up, Brandon comes to him.

By H. L. Gates

CHAPTER XXXIII

W HEN the domineered figure loomed at her table Joanna looked up, curiously. When she realized the unmasked face she started. The relieved greeting she would have given any one close to her, who might provide intimate companionship through the rest of such an exciting adventure, trembled for an instant at her tongue. But something in Brandon's face numbed her lips.

She rose to her feet, hand up, over her breast, with a faint recoil.

The fear that she had never shaken off, crashed down upon her in a tumult—the unformed, unutterable fear that came to her when she first touched her fingers at the table across from Eggleston at the bank when she had written her first check against her mysterious money.

"You here?" she breathed. "I didn't know—have you been—?"

"I have only arrived," he said, his words suave but irritably ironic. "I am happy to find you alone!"

Joanna knew, from his tone and his manner, that a climax portended. A climax of some sort; something associated with the night, with her, with whatever Brandon had stood for in his relationship to her since that day in the bank.

Out on the dance floor, and at the tables near, she saw men and women looking at them curiously; at her, the Golden Girl whom everyone recognized and for who many eyebrows had been raised when she came in with the bedraggled troupe that had been ushered back to club house by the brigands. Looking at her and Brandon whom they also knew. Her chin went up a little, and she braced herself inwardly.

"I am alone only by chance," she said coolly. "I was here with Kenilworth. He has been"

"I know," he broke in. "Some mountain bandits have taken charge of him and returned you here—that every one may know that for your relaxations you choose a society and a surrounding that are to say the least, daring."

"That, of course, is what pleases you to know. Why have you come? I feel that you are here—because of me."

"I am," he said, shortly. "I am here to tell you, at last, that the play is over. As you have put your mask aside for the rest of the night, so your interesting little masquerade must be dropped. You came up here, I imagine, to color an amour. Instead, you are about to discover what you're made of."

She sank back into her chair. Her face blanched. Her brain ached with the knowledge of an animal that in some mysterious fashion it has been caught in a trap. Before he spoke again she laughed, a short unmusical laugh, as if she were amused by the foolishness of her feeling, the utterly ridiculous about it.

The laugh died abruptly and she watched the man who still stood looking down at her unsmiling, ungracious, inconsiderate.

"I have a great deal to say to you," Brandon declared. He paused a moment and then continued:

"There is a room—a small upper room, just off the balcony. If you do not object, may we talk—in that room?"

SH E got to her feet silently and, when he had bowed his acknowledgment of her ascent, walked with him to the circular stairway that led to the mezzanine. At the door of the private banquet room he stood aside that she might enter ahead of him. A waiter met him at the door.

"We shall not be served," Brandon said to the man, "but, as I shall leave the door open, perhaps you will stand near to discourage loitering on the balcony."

Joanna faced him when he stepped across the threshold.

"Don't spend your wits in skirmishing," she challenged him. "What is it?"

He ignored her challenge for a moment while he lighted a cigarette, first offering her his platinum case. When he had evened his light to his satisfaction he went to the fireplace and dropped the burn match into it. For another moment he puffed calmly. Then he turned to face the girl, who leaned back against the table in the center of the room.

"Would you mind," he asked, softly, deliberately, "telling me what is your general impression of me? Not an analysis of my character, please but an expression of the quality of your regard for me?"

She replied without hesitation. "I have always distrusted you, but I have never been convinced that I was justified. If I hadn't feared you, I'd have liked you. As it is I am afraid I despise you, at times, because I know you are dishonest—dishonest with me, and with Yvonne who loves you. Is that the answer you want?"

"Not exactly, but it will serve. Suppose I should ask you to become my wife?"

"You used to tell me that you might do that, some day. I've always had an answer ready. I'd never marry you because I could never love you. If I could love you I wouldn't marry you because, by all the laws of decency, you belong to Yvonne whom you allowed to love you before you decided to laugh at her for her pretension that she would be worthy of me."

He examined his cigarette flame, and then drew in its smoke.

"That establishes our position toward each other," he observed, and was silent for another interval.

the situation is that you are going to marry me, never-the-less, because our will have to."

She swayed. Her slender white hand went to her throat again. She knew he was not talking idly. She had gone through one sort of battle—with Kenilworth, now, she sensed, she was at the beginning of another, and, in some unsuspected way, a more desperate one. She waited for him to go on.

He threw the cigarette over the fire-place and faced her across the table, pleased to understand the import of what I am about to say," he breathed. "You have wondered where your money came from, you have wondered why it was given to you. I am about to solve for you, at least a portion of your mysteries."

"I control the source of your money, I guard its secret and its reason and its purpose. I am the one to whom you have made your accounting, the accounting you haven't known you were making in every whim, in every spendthrift mood, in every choice of the paths you have elected to follow!"

"Your accounting has been fully made. It is totalled up by me. I give you now, the results. I demand that you marry me."

"I do not say that I love you. I do not."

"I do not say, even that I respect you, for I despise you as you have professed to despise me. I shudder before all that you stand for: the abortive pretenses of you, the sham of you, the deceit and cheapness of you!"

Yet I am saying to you that I want you to be my wife."

JOANNA had stood as if transfixed. Her eyes widened. The brown deepened to black. The scarlet of her lips became ashen. Her hands were hot with the scalding riot of her blood. Through her brain rang the one phrase: "I am the one!" And in its wake all those other sentences, sharp and bitter, that emerged from his lips like the crashing of cannon on a battlefield, pierced her with the precision of a deadly fusillade. She collapsed into a chair and threw her hands before her eyes as if to shut out a vision.

But Brandon, moving over to her, went on cruelly, relentlessly:

"Of your enormous gift of money you have made a farce. You have used it to enhance—not the world, not society, but the lure, the sense appeal, the woman of you. You have shown what the kind of girl you represent shall surely become if given rein.

"But the farce is over, as I said, downstairs. The mystery of your money is dispelled—or you may count it as being dispelled. The other mystery, which must exist for a little while, is that despite the frankness of you, I want you to marry me."

"And if you do not, there will be no more money. All that you have will be taken from you—even tonight! Whatever is yours now gained by fraud must be surrendered. You will be—Miss Twenty-Seven of the silks again, if your old job is still open to you!"

"Are you, by any chance, still of the mind not to be my wife?"

The crumpled figure in the chair straightened a little. It tried to sit but sank down again. Its hands fluttered a bit. The girl looked up at the foolishness of her feeling, the utterly ridiculous about it.

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you would never understand. I don't understand it myself. Nor does he—the man, I mean, that I'm in love with. You'll be kind to me, won't you? You'll tell me why the money was given me? You'll tell me what I've done that's wrong, so that I shall not do it again? I'll be anything you say, if I may have my money, the money, that has made life so beautiful—with money and my love!"

"Anything I say?"

Before his sudden thrusting back at her those pleading words, she shrank as if he had struck her. Dazed again, she heard him saying: "You may have your love, my dear girl. I would not interfere with that. It's you I want, for reasons and purposes of my own: not your love. I know the one you mean; I know the man to whom you've given the love that neither you nor he understands. Give it to me. Let him have it. Take his return if you can win it. All of that shall be the bargain—a bargain of teeth until now."

"The Beech Grove fire department was the first on the scene and under the direction of C. O. Driskell, assistant chief, cooperated with Indianapolis firemen.

In the excitement, Butler, the orphange fireman, lost his false teeth. He had removed them preparatory to going to bed. He said he was in the engine room when he heard one of the nurses cry fire. He grabbed the fire extinguisher, and, with another man, went to the roof. The hose was too short and he returned to assist in the rescue of the children, forgetting all about his teeth until now."

and lifted herself, by bracing against the table, to her feet.

When she looked across at Brandon, the quizzical smile that so many people had never understood hovered about her lips.

Brandon went at once to the table and reached for the champagne to open it.

Then he sank, noiselessly, to the floor.

Joanna stood over him and watched the crimson rickle from his forehead, the bared, jagged neck of the champagne bottle still clutched in the deadly grip of her hand.

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(To Be Continued)

BABIES SAVED AS HOME BURNS

(Continued From Page 1)

charge of the orphange, sponsored by the Catholic Community Center.

Scores Heroes

Scores of Beech Grove citizens were heroes in the rescue of the babies.

The flames were discovered about 8 p.m. by August Straub, who was driving by in his auto. He turned in the alarm. Firemen and police sped to the rescue, but the children had all been removed when they arrived.

Misses Martha J. O'Connor and Mary Helen Doyle, two nurses on duty, hastily wrapped the children in blankets, clothing and handed them to the men who came in to carry the children to safety.

The babies screamed at the sight of strange men and nurses had difficulty in soothng them.

The children were first carried to the home of Mrs. Bailey.

She was one of the first to see the flames and yelled:

"We must get those babies out."

The orphange is a home for foundling children.

Girls Seek Babies

Father Peter Killian, pastor of Holy Name Church, nearby, said two girls, both in tears, came up to him during the fire and asked him if the babies had been burned.

"Our babies are in there," they said.

Mother of the youngest child, two weeks old, is still in St. Francis Hospital.

Loss was estimated at \$12,000.

After the children were rescued, a large part of the furnishings were saved and carried to the Holy Name parochial school, several blocks away.

John Butler, 1012 Oxford St., fireman, said the fire started from sparks on the roof. He assisted in getting the children ready for their rescue.

Firemen Handicapped

The fire started upstairs. Firemen were handicapped in battling the flames, due to lack of water.

Sister Superior at St. Francis Hospital was told over the telephone that the orphange was on fire, and with Peter Fleming, hospital en-

gineer, left for the scene, taking blankets and clothing.

The orphange formerly was the home of Captain Dawson, a Civil War veteran, and was purchased by Father Killian, and Father Morris O'Connor four years ago and remodeled.

Children up to 3 years of age are kept there.

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ever, sat up in her bed calmly and waited to be carried out.

Mrs. Bailey, to whose home the children were first taken, was near collapse today as a result of her experiences. Her home, too, was lit with baby beds, cribs, blankets and clothing.

Carried Three</p