

JOANNA

THE STORY OF A MODERN GIRL AND A MILLION DOLLARS

Beautiful JOANNA MANNERS, a New York clerk, who was given \$1,000,000 by an unknown benefactor, is joined by her fiancé, JOHN WILMORE, celebrated architect, for YVONNE COUTANT, divorcee, with whom she lives at Villa Amette.

While FRANCIS BRANDON, wealthy member of her banker, ANDREW BULLSTON, inspects the structure being erected for Joanna's forthcoming wedding, he promises to her, but she is deceived. Yvonne had played for him in the past.

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

LADY BETTY WEYMOUTH, who asks Joanna to discontinue the traditions of her brother, LORD DORMISTER, when Brandon hears that Joanna and Betty Kenilworth are going to the

clubhouse on La Turbie mountain, he follows. After a sold-up, Brandon seeks Joanna and informs her that he controls the source of her money, that he does not love her, but unless she marries him, the money must be returned.

With a champagne bottle she knocks him to the floor.

By H. L. Gates
CHAPTER XXXIV

The Flight
DOWNSTAIRS they danced, danced and shouted wittily, taunting, mocking things at each other. Long, twisting serpen-

tines, thrown from dancer to dancer in carnival abandon, spread a rippling blanket of tawdry colors over the clubhouse floor. And Joanna gazed down—down upon the prostrate form that lay at her feet, the crimson still trickling in ghastly persistence from the white forehead.

After a little while she opened her fingers and the broken wreck of the champagne bottle fell to the carpet. She closed her eyes and lifted her face, from which all the color had fled.

This was a pose Joanna had never struck before. It was one she'd never practiced. She'd never thought of anything quite like it. It was as if she wasn't posing at all—just holding her face toward Heaven with her eyes closed as if afraid to contemplate the message that might be written there.

Then she went onto the balcony and closed the door behind her. She nodded to the waiter who stood nearby, flashing him an assuring smile that seemed to tell him she was enjoying herself tremendously and would be coming back in a moment. Downstairs she skirted the dance floor and threaded her way among the tables to the foyer. The red-coated attendant bowed to her. "It is still black outside, Mademoiselle," he said. "No one could get down, now. It will lift by morning though."

"Just the same," she returned, "please to call for Mr. Brandon's car. I think he will have one parked in the yard."

The flunkey would have protested but Joanna silenced him with an arrogant gesture. Muttering, he went onto the veranda, Joanna following him and called to a knot of chauffeurs who stood in the mist-dimmed glare of a powerful headlight discussing, no doubt, the affairs of their masters. None of these responded. He went then into the yard, and among the parked cars. He found the hunched shape of Antoine and spoke to him. Antoine, wondering, agreed that Monsieur Brandon was his patron.

"Very well then," the attendant commanded, "be so good as to bring your car to the entrance. Your

master seems to be remaining. Mademoiselle, his young lady, apparently brings his order for you to take her down the mountain. You can't make it, of course, but that is his and her affair, not mine."

Antoine growled his doubts of such a situation. They were cut short by Joanna herself, who appeared suddenly at the side of the car in the wake of the doorman. "I do not desire to be taken down the mountain," she declared. "Your master, however, requires you, inside, at once. I am to await your return, with him perhaps, in the car. Please to go at once."

Both Antoine and the servant were puzzled, but Joanna brooked no tardiness in obeying her commands. To Antoine she repeated: "I bring your master's orders. Attend to them! The attendant here will show you the way to Mr. Brandon. He awaits you in the private room, on the balcony."

Still dubious about this sudden humor to expose him to possible identifications by the maskers in the clubhouse Antoine descended from the car and stumbled along behind the other man. Joanna climbed into the seat he had vacated. When their two forms disappeared across the veranda she felt with her toe for the starter, found it, kicked it, and in another moment was guiding the gray car toward the gate. When she was safely through the gate she disappeared in the mist. The curious chauffeurs who had watched her maneuver heard the echo of her horn until it, too, was absorbed by the thick, opaque atmosphere. "That's the one they call the Golden Girl," one of the drivers explained to his companions. "Pity, isn't it, to see a young thing like her clear gone to the devil?"

Antoine, led at his request through kitchens and sculleries, was brought to the closed door on the balcony. The guardian water opened the door for him. Brandon's eyelids were beginning to quiver. The excitable water would have lunged out of the room with a cry of alarm, but Antoine clutched him by the throat and smothered the sounds in it.

"Quietly, my friend, quietly," he grumbled. "There's something to hide here, not to advertise. Bring

the proprietor, or his assistant—quietly."

At the end of an hour's patient ministrations behind the locked door Brandon, stretched in a divan, held his eyes open and gazed around him. His first feebly uttered question was:

"Where's the girl? The Mademoiselle?"

THE club house director would have silenced Antoine's complaint that she had stolen his car, but the Monegasque would not be restrained. Through the bandages matted about Brandon's head something of a fleeting smile escaped.

"It is just as well," he murmured. "Be of cheer, my good Antoine! I failed, but I fancy you and your men will be paid double for your little practice tonight."

"But she will give the alarm below!" the other exclaimed. "Before morning! After dawn it would be futile, we contemplated an alarm by dawn when the men got down. But not before! You did not keep her here—till dawn, as you agreed!"

Again Brandon smiled weakly, and indicated the bandages.

"She is to blame for that. But I do not think she will give an alarm. That will await the men you left in the barn. The police will not be concerned, much, when you have returned to them the plunder you collected. When you have sent them that, you will be as I said—paid double."

The expression on the face of the club house official who had heard the cryptic conversation began to show a gleam of understanding—a curious understanding of the hold-up which had sent the group of half hysterical women back to his hospitalities. Antoine noted and shifted, uneasily. Brandon too, alert despite his pain, saw. He called the man to the couch:

"Do not be concerned by the little drama in the mist tonight," he said, between his labored breathings. "You patrons who were robbed will receive their valuables. I have reason to believe. They will be none the worse for their experience. They may not know of it, of course, but they played their parts tonight in a great adventure."

MEANWHILE Joanna, her wraps unfastened again, her slim hands gripped to the wheel of the gray car, fought her way along the narrow road.

When she rounded a turn just above the village of La Turbie little pin lights of light shone up. For down, out over the sea, the light house at the base of Cap Martin glowed like a far away eye of the night. The mist was lifting before the threat of dawn. Beyond La Turbie the country, although chaotic, was visible. The lamba along the sea boulevard were discernible.

The thought of Kenilworth, still captive with the other men in the hidden barn of the bandits, bothered her for a moment. An impulse came to turn around and, with the road partially clear, now, feel her way back to the hut she was certain she would recognize. She could, she considered, pick up some one at La Turbie to help her awaken the countryside. She decided against this plan, however, settled back behind her wheel, and shot into high speed.

The grounds of Villa Amette were vaporated by the rising dampness of the dissipating mist. A solitary light, near the entrance gate, gleamed timidly. As she guided the car along the winding road to the house among the vague, gray shapes of the arbors and pergolas and pavilions which, in another few hours, were to be a blazing, fantastic background for her brilliant and lavish fête—the fête of the Golden Girl—and also, her Swan Song! For Brandon had said, "I am the one!"

He had said, too: "Whatever you have is to be taken from you. There shall be no more money!"

When she drew up in front of a side entrance to the villa she saw that the house itself was also dark. She considered whether or not to summon a servant with her horn, and decided to leave the car in the roadway and go in quietly. She ached for the aloneness of her room—the room which held the great golden bed.

At the ponderous villa doors she was troubled by the thought that she had never found it necessary to carry any sort of key. Servants always awaited her return, but they had to be summoned by the bell. She tried the door, however, and found

that it was unfastened. She closed it softly behind her and felt her way across a tiny reception room to a draped arch that opened into a self-domed drawing room. Across this room would be the grand hall from which a stairway led to the upper floors. When she was almost up to the heavy, double drapes which hung in the arched door that opened into the bigger room she stopped, suddenly. Between the curtains a line of light shone. She heard the murmur of voices. Convinced that it would be servants, awaiting her perhaps, she pushed the curtains aside and stepped into the room. Then she stood, fascinated.

The voices swelled as the curtains parted. One of them she recognized as Yvonne's; the other, John's. And at the far end of the room she saw them, before the gentle glow in the fireplace, the only illumination in the room. Yvonne, gorgeous and Circe-like, her sinuous body wrapped in the sense-destroying hues of rich, red Burgundy, her only ornaments dazzling diamonds that glinted like a myriad of consuming fires in the gentle firelight glow, leaned forward in a cushioned, gilded chair. And at her feet—at "satin slippers never worn by Joanna's feet," as Brandon had taunted her—was John!

For one brief instant the thing before her muddled, and assumed a contorted shape. Then the smolder in the fireplace burst into a flame of hell, and died again into something that flared as a grotesque mockery. Joanna's wrap fell from her shoulders. Her little hands dug into her breasts, but gave the senseless body no pain. The little figure in black stood, then, utterly lost to every thought, of what she saw—and heard.

"I have never known love until now! All else has been just a chimera. It is you who have shown what love's glory is! Please, my wonderful dear, will you take me in—and comfort me?"

John's voice, that was; John! Passion and pleading and humility, in it. All those nuances of adoration, submission, hope and prayer and yearning that Joanna had never heard in it.

Now, Yvonne's low, silvery cadences, infinitely sweet, and—infinitely soothing:

"Are you content—will you be content—to accept from me the love that is the only kind that I may give you? The love that has blossomed and withered so many, many times? Mine can never be a pure love, my friend. And I may never promise its constancy. It is the crown that you may wear only while you can defend, and keep it. That is what I said to me, and my love, my dear, and I must not say to you that what I said is untrue. If we love, you and I, and if I give to you the portion I may spare you, you must be content. It can never be a holy love—there must always be something wanting in it. It must be the kind we take and put aside. Will that then, satisfy you?"

He crept closer to her. She put her hands about his face, a warm, mesmeric hands. Her rich, soft, round lips—lips that were a sign of all love-madness since the world began—went down to his. Then it was John's voice, again:

"There can be no other love as wonderful as you can give. In any way that I may have it, if it be pure or defiled, I want it!"

A scream, a torrent of them, a frenzy of them, surged to Joanna's lips, and halted there. It was Yvonne who rose, slowly, sinuously gracefully, Joanna saw, as if it were some strange, fantastic symbol taking form at the rim of a distant horizon, a smile, a faintly lined, queer and fitting smile, at Yvonne's red lips.

And John saw, and got to his feet, sense-dazed and marveling. Again that low, soft, silvery cadence of Yvonne:

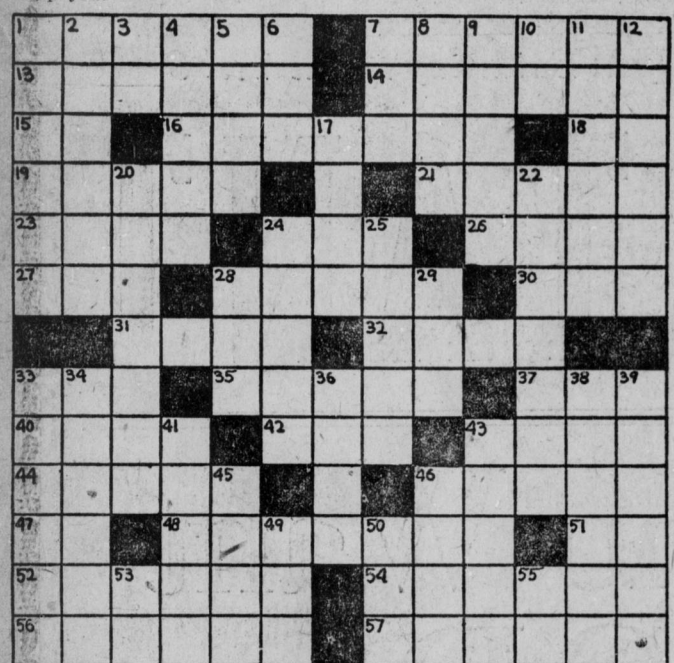
"What a poor, damnable thing you are, my friend! Go preach, my dear! Preach to Joanna; preach to the heart and the soul and the waders of her! Preach, but do it on your knees and take your text from the lesson I've taken the trouble to give you. Tell her that you've learned, at last that you're only make-believe—you and all your kind. Tell her that if she'll have you, you'll try to learn from her—the sort of thing her kind can teach."

John's voice, then, but Joanna didn't hear. She stumbled blindly back through the curtains.

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(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

You'll find that this is a difficult crossword puzzle. But don't let it stop you!



- HORIZONTAL**
- A line of color.
 - To spatter water.
 - One who takes advice.
 - Abutment on an arch.
 - Morindin dye.
 - Mistake in printing.
 - Solar disc.
 - To make even folds.
 - Seethe.
 - Slippery fish (pl.).
 - Humor.
 - Bird's home.
 - Opposite of wet.
 - Becomes dimmer.
 - Almost a donkey.
 - Remark.
 - To belittle.
 - Silkworm.
 - Altruistic matter.
 - Self.
 - Tidy.
 - Female of the fallow deer.
 - Stomach of an animal.
 - Stalks of sugar.
 - Lac.
 - Alleged force producing hypnosis.
 - Paralyzed.
 - Point of compass.
 - To complain.
 - One who censures.
 - Eaten away.
 - Church officers.
- VERTICAL**
- Molded.
 - Bank clerk.
 - Second note in scale.
 - Thoughts.
 - Saucy.
 - To mistake.
 - Was seated.
 - Fruit.
 - Citric fruit.
 - Preposition of place.
 - To emphasize.
 - Blood pumps.
 - In the midst of.
 - Beautified.
 - Those who are clothed.
 - Walked through water.
 - Concise.
 - Similar to a date.
 - Drunkard.
 - To applaud for additional songs.
 - A child's first book.
 - Ages.
 - Winner.
 - Landlords.
 - Moderately warm.
 - Yielded.
 - Sensible.
 - Roll of film.
 - Guided.
 - Small fish.
 - Italian river.
 - Myself.

Answer to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle:

STAB MOA AIRS
L REPEATERS H
AT FENCERS DO
WOMEN E SIZED
MALTS TENET
BALL APE EBON
AHA STALL ANI
TARE ELL RIAL
WINKS SPELT
SKATE E APSES
AS ENSLAVAL 30
I TROUSSEAU U
DAIS NEPT SAR

OLD CELLO BROKEN

Expensive Instrument Maintains Sweet Tone.

By NEA Service
SOUTHAMPTON, England, Dec. 11.—An expensive cello which dates back to 1730 has maintained its rich tone after being broken to pieces and glued together again. The instrument is owned by Michael Cherniavsky famous cellist. Cherniavsky claims that the injury did not hurt the instrument's tone.

HIGH DEATH RATE

More Than 1,300,000 Japanese Babies Die.

By NEA Service
TOKIO, Dec. 11.—The death rate of infants is on the increase in Japan. Official statistics show that more than 1,300,000 babies die in the empire every year. This high death rate is believed to be due to the deficiency of relief and sanitary measures.

COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

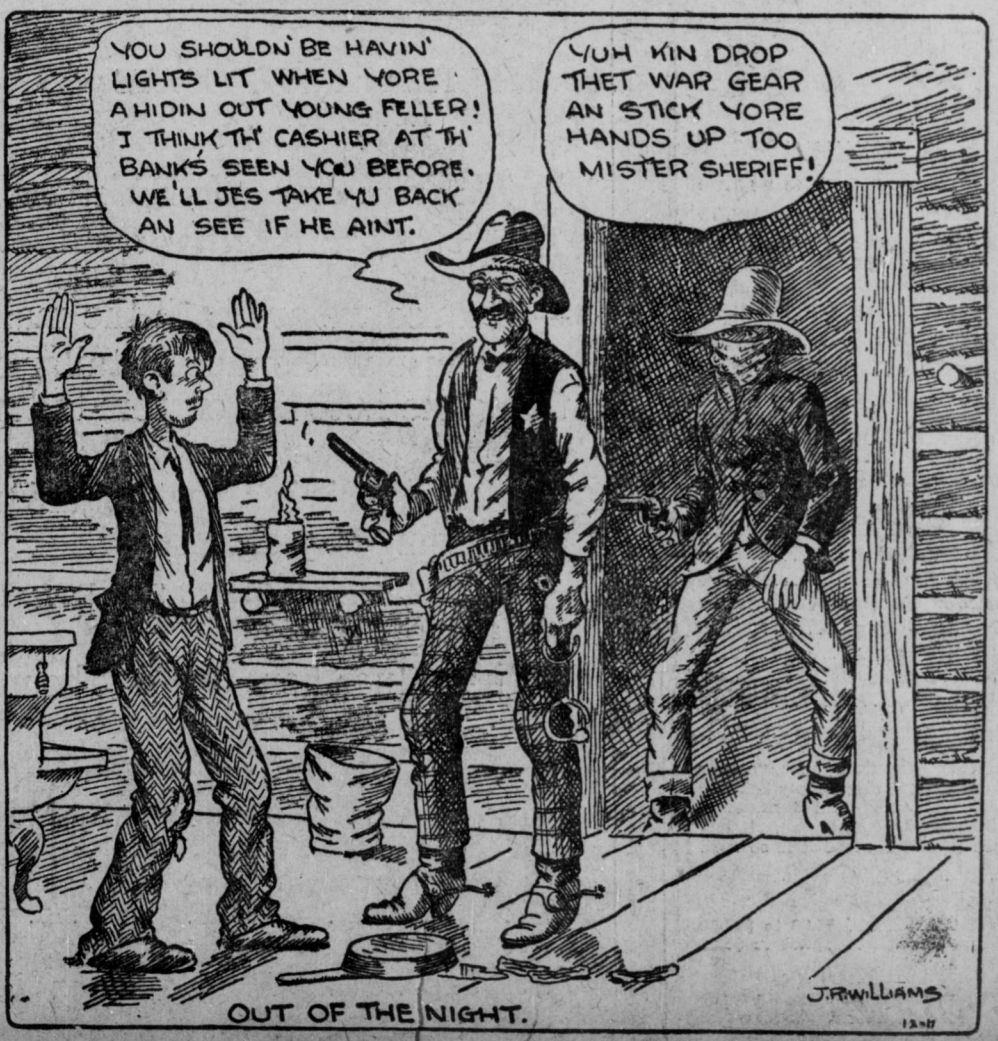
The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, for only 75 cents. It is improved by the addition of other ingredients, and is called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. Advertisement.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



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3 Via KOKOMO and PERU
3 Via ANDERSON and MUNCIE

"HOOSIERLANDS" TO FT. WAYNE

Lv. Indpls. 1:30 AM. Lv. Anderson 4:00 AM. Lv. Ft. Wayne 6:00 AM.

1:00 AM. 8:22 AM. 9:00 AM. 11:00 AM.

6:00 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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Lv. Indpls. Lv. Kokomo. Lv. Peru. Lv. Ft. Wayne

7:00 AM. 8:55 AM. 9:30 AM. 11:00 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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