



THE STORY THUS FAR.

Joanna, pretty, flapperish, shop girl, is informed by Graydon, her employer, that an unknown man has given her a million dollars to spend. There are no "strings" to the gift. She is not even to know the name of her generous benefactor. Overwhelmed by this undreamed of wealth, unable to comprehend it, she confronts Banker Eggleston to learn only that the story is true—other than that he can tell her nothing. At the bank she meets Brandon, man-about-town, nephew to the banker. He helps her draw her first check and sardonically informs her that he intends to make love to her. With ten thousand dollars Joanna leaves the bank and goes to her furrier—a cheap side-street store—to buy a new fur coat.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"I don't suppose I'm expected to go back to the store," she went on, her voice quivering a little. "And there isn't any place else—except Mrs. Adams—she's my landlady, you know. I don't want to go there yet, because when I do go I'll go up to my room and cry like blazes. I'll put that off as long as I can—it spoils your eye-glasses and besides, it's so darned old-fashioned!"

"Do you then, avoid everything that is old-fashioned?" Again the girl was overwhelmed with a sense of distrust of the man beside her, with the conviction that, in some way or other, that man, a stranger of the morning, would be one of the figures of the fate into which she was blindly plunging. She couldn't think of anything appropriate to retort—and again she realized that she must read up on how people with money in their handbags said things to other people who had money they didn't have to spend before they got it. So, she replied a bit viciously:

"You mean something you don't say. I'll have to think that over. Now suppose, I've got to go—the Lord knows where!"

"It would be frightfully easy for me," Brandon assured her, "to suggest that I go along, and help you. But I know, as my banker uncle remarked, that you will want to be with yourself. I warn you, though, that I shall soon pay my court." Because he smiled at her, Joanna smiled back at him. She gave him her hand, when they had reached the door of her car—the door held open by the wondering-eyed chauffeur. Brandon asked if he might give her directions, "where to go" to the driver.

"Tell him to drive around in a circle till I make up my mind," she ordered. As they drove away Joanna felt again that burning at the back of her neck. She knew Brandon was standing at the curb watching her car disappear.

And then began the readjustments of Joanna, around whom everything swam in a hodge-podge. The driver, his anticipations illumined by the prospect of that suggested call "after ten," boldly stopped the car when they had turned into a cross street, got down from his seat, and put his head into the door.

"How about it, kid," he inquired in his most friendly and confidential way. "What did they put you up against?"

Joanna nodded at him, brightly. "Oh a lot of things. This, for example." She had to show that bag full of bank notes, hundred and five hundred dollar bills, to somebody; and to somebody who would share her wonders. As well the chauffeur, who had at least put his telephone number at her disposal, as anyone else.

The man's eyes widened. From the bag, which she held open for him to look into, he looked up into her face—into the face which had returned much of the alertness, much of the taunting challenge, that had made it a baffling ornament to the silk counter. But the man did not smile with her. Instead, he stiffened into something of the attitude with which he met his employer, the "Old Man."

"Oh, I see!" he breathed. "Excuse me, Miss, for thinking you would bother with giving me a date. I might as known you was bait for big fish only. Where to, did you say, Miss?"

Joanna snapped her bag. The lines that some of her boys would have recognized as sure signs of

a squall, formed about her lips—the much too-red lips.

"Say, you!" she said: "Take a look at your license. It's for driving, and it says nothing about fish. So get along and see if you can steer straight!"

The chauffeur was not impressed. "And where to, Miss?" he repeated, still very stiff.

"I'd like to tell you one place—but you can go there when I'm done with you. Meantime just pull up in front of my furrier's, will you?"

He touched his cap and received the address. "My furrier's" proved to be in a neighborhood not frequented by the most fashionable shoppers—in fact, by the most unfashionable ones only, those that dealt in installments. The name was Cohen.

Mr. Cohen came out of the back of his store, in response to the clamorous clanging of the bell set off by the opening of his door. As was his custom, he had set his face into his blindest formations. When he saw that his caller was "Miss Twenty-seven," his face became stern. He assumed his most relentless manner, and tinged it with suspicion.

"This isn't a holiday," he greeted the girl: "Fired?"

"Yes!" she returned, with a brightness that irritated him.

"So that's how it seems to you, Miss?" he threatened her. "Well, just hear this, you pony up the twelve dollars that's overdue on that coat, and you give me two weeks ahead, that's twelve dollars more, or you leave the coat, understand?"

"Sure I understand," Joanna returned. "But if you've got time to put this conversation on ice for a bit, suppose you slip me that second hand thing you've had in your window?"



"You say you had a thousand dollars to pay for that coat?" Mrs. Adams interrupted again.

down since your grandmother died—the one that looks like a good imitation of mink. If it's not moth eaten maybe I'll take it along."

"Her furrier," twelve dollars her creditor, twelve dollars that he saw vanish in the abyss of a lost job, advanced upon her with his hands speaking in eloquent announcement of a threatening torrent of words. But before the words came he glimpsed through the glass panes of his shop door, the expensive limousine at the curb. He gave a puzzled glance at the girl and saw in her a connection between the automobile, her—and her absence from the store.

"How do you like my car?" Joanna inquired, sweetly. "I'm having my other done in mauve, to match the upholstery, you know."

Mr. Cohen's blandness returned. He nodded as if his windows were satisfactory to him. Mr. Cohen knew many things that were, more or less, connected with his business of decking pretty young women in furs. He was paternal—almost overwhelming:

"I knew it, my dear. I knew it. I always said you was one who'd make her way in the world. The mink one, did you say? I'll make it a bargain because you didn't forget old Daddy Cohen. It's straight from Fifth Avenue."

"Never mind the Daddy Cohen stuff," Joanna admonished him. "Trot out the wrap, I've been looking at it for three years now. I just want to get it out of your window—it's tired on the eyes."

Mr. Cohen was not to be hindered; even about his famous mink wrap, which he kept in his window in the day time and in his safe at

night—his one real bit of honest merchandise, and his proudest advertisement. He brought the wrap, with elaborate tenderness, from its window stand. Joanna, her own cloak thrown across the counter, put on the coveted mink with true nonchalance. She found all sorts of fault with it, accused it of being not second, but third hand, and pointed out to Mr. Cohen a score of mythical moth nests. Then she announced quite calmly:

"Just to do you a favor, you old skinflin, I'll take it along. I'm going to give it to my maid."

"Ah, yes!" the installment furrier retorted, with the smile of a trader who has traded well: "Furs for maids, that's the golden rule, my dear!"

Joanna knew the price. It had been displayed with the same pride as had been the coat, in the window. "One Thousand Dollars."

"And," Joanna remarked as she opened her bag, "worth every cent of half that much."

Mr. Cohen's eyes watered, gleamed and grew wiser than ever when the girl who owed him twelve dollars "back," and fifty odd to come on her last year's wrap, handed him three five hundred dollar bills with the reminder that she could count the change as well as he could.

As she turned to parade out of the store, triumphant in her first conflict with the unpleasant figures of her meager days, Mr. Cohen touched her softly on her shoulder. Reaching his lips close to where her ears nestled under her bobbed brown hair, he whispered:

"Maybe the rich gentleman will buy you another one, soon; maybe an ermine this time. I'll have one for you, cheap—right from Fifth Avenue."

Joanna turned upon him. "What do you mean, rich gentleman?" she demanded, glints of steel emerging from her deep brown eyes.

Mr. Cohen meek and apologetic, but insidious still:

"Of course, my dear, I don't know anything about a rich gentleman. But when a pretty girl like you buys one mink coat, she buys an ermine coat next, and then, maybe, it's sables. And that's the way rich gentlemen improve if they handle them right, my dear—they go from mink to sables, quick. I'll have the sable one, too, when the rich gentleman that I don't know anything about and won't ask no questions about is ready!"

Tears, tears of rage, and something more; of fear, dimmed the deep brown eyes. Joanna went, stumbling a little, to her car. Before the chauffeur's formal stiffness, she shrank. She gave him a number and a street.

"It's where I live," she said. "I've got something to do there, and I guess I'll go and do it now instead of putting it off."

CHAPTER V.

In the Drawing Room Only.

While the limousine moved along in the endless procession of its kind, out of the neighborhood of the little furrier whose experience of life in his own field had taught him that "furs for maids" inevitably meant "rich gentlemen," and into the beautiful shopping avenues where the dreams of women find reflection in the store windows, Joanna fought valiantly to assemble her wits and her understanding.

She tried to plan—and couldn't. Her brain, always in tune with events of the moment, things that went on around her, was unaccustomed to the burden of anything that had to do with tomorrow, or any deeper problem than the discovery of some new zest for today. Once John—funny old John, who had loved her for such a long time!—had taken her by the shoulders, swung her around, put his hand under her chin and forced it up so that she had to look up into his face, and had said:

"Will you really marry me, Joanna?"

And she had said: "Sure!"

What else was there to say? What else to think about? Ready any time he was. But John asked her, then:

"What sort of a wife will you be to me, Joanna? And do you think I'll be the kind of husband you really want?"

And that was John's old-fashioned way. Musing things up. As to what sort of a wife she'd be, how could she explain? She knew deep down inside her, that she'd be a darned good one to him, but she had not been spending her time thinking

up ways to explain why. Small chance! The wives she knew were the kind that men who weren't their husbands were always buying red roses for. She had tried to wonder, once, why men bought red roses for other men's wives, but she had given it up. She knew why these other men's wives drank more out of other men's hip pocket flasks than they did out of their husbands', but she couldn't have put that into words, either. And she knew, too, that these wives, whom she met at dancing places, at the cheaper and gaudier cabarets to which her boys could afford to take her, and at occasional beach parties to the summer time, were not the kind she'd be to John. But how in the devil could she get all that into common sense words? So all she could say to John that time was:

"Aw, you give me a pain! You take what you get, and I'll take what I get, and whoever kicks first can take the gate!"

Which made John say a thing or two she didn't like and a quarrel was the outcome, and so that was that. She knew perfectly well what she'd do with fifty dollars all at one time. With ten thousand dollars she was like a schooner at sea with the masts broken down. With one million dollars—her head ached! Joanna wasn't very good at figuring things out!

Why? Who? What was the strange, astounding, unbelievable thing behind it? She'd always marvelled at the things people thought up for the movies, and for the plays. She'd even thought of herself as married to a Wall Street broker with an apartment on Park avenue and a butler and a maid all her own. All girls had crazy dreams like that. But she'd never heard of a thing such as had happened to her. She didn't know what to do about it, except to go to Mrs. Adams, where she roomed, and, somehow, that was a waste of time. She ought to be out spending her money. But where should she begin? Let's see! First, now that she had the coat, she'd buy some—what?

Good Lord! With a million dollars everything she could think of seemed cheap and useless. And Cohen! He thought she'd fallen for a—

(To be continued.)

M'CAMANT FACING CHARGES OF JOHNSON

(Continued from Page One)

and the timber at perhaps \$8,000,000. In addition to getting the property at this low price the McCamant syndicate paid only \$50,000 down and 2 per cent interest on the unpaid balance.

The company estimated it would earn 42 per cent on its common stock, and would pay off the total cost of the investment in five years.

But the feature that brought the deal under most criticism was the provision whereby the government retained title to the property for ten years, thus leaving it tax free. This meant a saving of \$30,000 a year, the company estimated. The 2 per cent interest rate saved \$500,000, it is estimated.

Bills are pending in congress to compensate Lincoln county, Oregon, for loss of taxes due to the retention of the title by the government. Some damage suits resulted also from mob attacks last June when the company attempted to use Oriental labor.

McCamant's law firm represented the company in prosecuting the supposed attackers.

WANTS SAVINGS IN FIRST STATE

German Depositor Can't Understand Why His Draft Was Not Honored

Ambrose Fischer went to Germany—and then the First State & Savings bank went broke.

But apparently Fischer went short of funds while across the water for he made a draft on the savings department for his balance of \$253.02, which at the time, 1921, was a lot of money—in Germany.

When the draft for the \$253.02 was received the savings department turned it over to the commercial department which issued a draft on the Mechanics and Metals National bank of New York, and there after closed its doors.

Fischer wants his money, claiming that the bank was to blame for his not having it. A. R. Campbell, deputy superintendent of banks, who is handling the affairs of the defunct bank has petitioned Circuit Judge A. J. Leavitt to find out what he should do about it.

Just 50c a month—that's all it costs for the prompt and regular delivery of The Klamath News to your home or place of business. Phone 877 now and service will start as soon as you wish it to.

FEB. 4TH TO BE BIG ELKS NIGHT

Past exalted rulers' night, which is the first meeting in February of each year, and this year comes on Thursday, February 4, will be one of the big nights in local Elksdom for the year. It is set apart as the night to do honor to those men who served the lodge in the highest capacity.

Exalted Ruler Charlton S. Curran has designated C. A. Hayden, a past exalted ruler of the Klamath Falls lodge, to preside that night, and Hayden has named Wilson S. Wiley, esteemed leading knight, G. W. Houston, esteemed loyal knight, P. O. DeLap, esquire, and Wesley O. Smith, esteemed lecturing knight. The other officers have not as yet been named.

A class of eight candidates will be initiated and there will be a banquet served after lodge session as well as other features.

CITIZENS WARNED OF TRASH FIRES

Warnings to Klamath Falls residents were issued yesterday by Dr. G. S. Newsom, county health officer, when he stated that indiscriminate burning of trash, refuse or garbage would result in arrest and prosecution. According to Dr. Newsom ordinance No. 510 which demands that the law in regard to burning of refuse be strictly enforced has not been in effect.

What is prohibited or permitted in the ordinance is given here:

Ordinance No. 510, Section 1.—From and after the passage of this ordinance, it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation within the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, to burn in any incinerator or other structure or device, other than a heating stove, cooking stove fireplace or furnace in any building, any garbage, refuse, trash, dirt or other matter.

Section 2.—Any person convicted of the violation of any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined in a sum not less than \$10.00 nor more than \$50.00, or imprisoned in the city jail not less than five (5) nor more than twenty (20) days, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the police judge.

Court Resolution Goes to President

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—(United News)—The senate resolution of adherence to the world court protocol has been delivered at the White House and soon will be passed on to the state department.

Secretary Kellogg then will proceed to notify the forty eight members of the court, either directly or through the league secretariat of the conditions of the senate's approval.

Formal signature of the protocol at Geneva must await the arrival of all nations affiliated with the court.

Notice that the irreconcilables will carry their case to the country was made in a statement issued by Senator Reed of Missouri. Reed said the opponents of the court would appeal the case to the "great court of American public opinion."

Kiwanis Select Two For Mgr. Committee

Kiwanis yesterday selected Ralph Crego and E. S. Ventch to respond to the request of the city council for names of prospective members of the city manager commission, which will be appointed from representative bodies of the city next Monday night.

W. W. McNeary spoke on the subject of building loans. He made the observation that the building and loan deposits were greatly in excess of deposits in national banks.

LONGFELLOWS ELECT COOS BAY DELEGATES

E. O. Nord, president and Henry E. Mueller, vice-president of the Klamath Falls Longfellows club, Chapter 6 of the Tall Men's association, were last night elected as delegates to attend the first annual convention of the order to be held in Marshfield, February 12. The men were named during a meeting of the board of directors last night. They plan to leave early Friday morning February 12 to reach Marshfield in time for the banquet that night.

Rev. J. Henry Thomas of St. Paul's Episcopal church and Abe Barnes, night clerk of the White Pelican hotel, were elected into membership.

Co-Fd Shoplifters Out on \$2000 Bail

EUGENE, Jan. 28.—(United News)—Edna A. Burtchael, 18, and Laura Pauline Break, 19, pretty university co-eds, were at liberty today on \$2,000 bonds each, awaiting action of the Lane county grand jury on charges of shoplifting.

The two girls are known on the campus as "moderns". They drive expensive automobiles furnished by their parents. Miss Burtchael has aroused much interest in college literary circles with her poetry and Miss Break is a well known artist.

Their apartments were searched and more than \$400 worth of valuable merchandise was recovered. Silk dresses, stockings and other stolen things were found. The girls are said to have admitted their guilt to Mrs. M. S. Ady, police matron, saying their shoplifting activities started two weeks ago.

Miss Burtchael is the daughter of wealthy Portland parents and Miss Break is from Gearhart, Ore. Her parents are cruising in the South Seas. It is said.

EUGENE, Jan. 28. — (United News)—Just an "I dare you" prank is the way the more than \$400 worth of valuable dresses were stolen from Eugene stores by two University of Oregon women, Eleanor D. Burtchael and Laura Break, they say, in explaining their shoplifting episode which caused their arrest here last Monday afternoon.

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