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THE STORY THUS FAR.

Joanna, a modern, pretty shop girl is to have a million dollars to spend. Graydon, her employer, tells her. There are no "conditions." She is not even to know the name of her benefactor. Nothing more than this can be learned from Banker Eggleston, nor his suave, man-about-town nephew, who helps her write her first check and tells her that he intends to make love to her. Dazed by the sudden flood of undreamed-of wealth, crushed by the fact that her shop girl friends will not believe she gained it honorably, she is confronted by John, her childhood sweetheart. He also scorns her tale, angry accusations are said—a scene ensues. Joanna crushed, sinks to the floor. Later she finds that Mrs. Adams, her landlady, does not believe in her. The next day is to be dedicated to George, a shop girl companion. They plan to spend some of the fortune for flattery.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued)

Which Georgie gayly did. Her report was hysterically satisfactory, sobered only by the discovery that she had been short-changed ten dollars out of the twenty-dollar bill she had finally given him.

"Let him keep it," Joanna ordered, shortly. "It'll be something to remind him of the next time he refuses you credit."

"If you get me those duds you've promised me," Georgie returned. "I'll get my herring and dill pickles at the Ritz. See if I don't. All I need is clothes to get out of the delicatessen class."

Joanna shot a keen look at her, but said nothing. John had turned her soul against preaching. The beautifications that are suitable to new street tailors, Joanna's which she had worn the afternoon before, and her preliminary gift to Georgie, which Georgie had blossomed in for the evening, are not hasty ceremonies. It was well toward noon when the two girls settled in their taxi. And then Georgie had to wait, a block from the store, where she would not be detected as having broken neither a leg nor a neck, while Joanna presented herself to Mr. Graydon's secretary. She just wanted to talk to him again, she explained, and to let him see her.

The "boss" of yesterday made her understand that he was her "friend" of today, and all days. He thanked her, gently, for stopping in, and hoped that she would come in often. But he would not give her the thing she asked. Advice. Something that would be a hint to her to what was expected of her; of what she should do to carry out the wishes, or the plans, of her unknown benefactor.

"I have been cautioned by your banker, Eggleston," he said, "that I must not pretend to advise you. Not now, at any rate. Mr. Eggleston is emphatic in saying that a condition that went with the money was that you solve your own problems. After awhile, perhaps, some of the severity of the ban may be lifted. Just now I mustn't interfere."

"Am I just to take all this money and go out and spend it, then?" Joanna persisted.

"Go out and spend it—some way. I suppose that is one way of repeating that you may do with it whatever you wish."

So naturally that she did not know that she was doing it, she began to tell him about Cohen, and Mrs. Adams, and John. Suddenly she hesitated and was abashed. "But all that doesn't interest you, does it?" she apologized.

The gray man had been watching her intently. Almost eagerly. He reassured her quickly. "On the contrary, Joanna, that is just what I mean, it does interest me tremendously. Won't you go on—about John? You straightened him out, I hope and it's quite all right, now?"

"No," Joanna replied, her voice quivering a little. "I didn't, and it isn't. I'm afraid it's all crooked in his mind."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Just let it stay crooked, I guess. Crooked things that ought to be straight, must get that way by themselves, I think. If they have to be hammered out, they're only make-believe." She was silent, for a minute, then added so suddenly that Graydon was sure she hoped to catch him off his guard.

"What would you do about it if you were in my place?"

He smiled. "That is one of the very things I mustn't advise you about. But I shall want to know, very sincerely, when it begins to straighten out—and see what happens then. I shall be interested in John."

"Well, that's more than I am, right now," the girl retorted. She was restless under the keen scrutiny with which Graydon was suddenly observing her. She was still uncomfortable when she said good-bye to him. She had intended to ask him what part in her affairs he thought Brandon was to play. But she concluded that she would have to find that out for herself, too. It was then that she resolved that perhaps Brandon could show her the way to go, as well—better, perhaps, than John.

CHAPTER IX.

Joanna Answers Questions.

Brandon watched the girl who sat opposite him, across the little table. The wraith-like smile—the smile that irritated while it taunted, hovered slyly at his lips, and in his eyes. The girl he watched breathed quickly, alertly, while he surveyed the bright scene around them. Her eyes lapt into far corners of the pink and gold hung room, in among the dancers and the other vis-à-vis tables like their own. Suddenly her glance met Brandon's. She nodded at him, as if she had surprised his reflections, whatever they were.

"It was good of you to come," Brandon murmured. "Presently it will not be such a simple matter to win a tete-a-tete from you."

"After awhile, I hope, you will tell me what you know and I don't know, of what 'presently' is to be for me," Joanna returned, the serious cloud which was never far absent, showing again in her face.

"We shall have to make a new bargain," he said. "That you will accept from me completely that I am only a spectator to your extraordinary circumstances. I shall be part of them, only as you give me favor. What are you . . . ?"

"Please!" Joanna interrupted. "Not now—not just yet! Of course a man always has a list of questions to put to any girl he is just getting acquainted with, at least that's what I've found, and your list is longer than most, I suppose. I've always had the answers—learned them by heart, you know, but they won't fit now. So I shall have to think when you start in. And I don't want to think—just yet. About myself, I mean."

She fell to looking about the room again, eyes wandering restlessly, but shining with the inner setting of the moment.

Brandon had come for her, as they had agreed, in the wake of the flowers she had found, in their tissue box, awaiting her when she returned with Georgie from their gay round of shopping after her visit to Graydon's office. One of the blooms now clung to her waist. Brandon, as he eyed her, compared its delicate perfection with the more buoyant loveliness of its mistress—a loveliness still marred, he saw, by the too elaborately penciled eyebrows, the beaded lashes copied from a screen close-up, and lips that betrayed a new attempt at reserve but still wore much too Cupid-like. They were accentuations that few would notice in the conglomerate company around them, but Brandon's was an experienced taste.

For their evening he had chosen the brightest of the fashionable rendezvous where names and distinction of some sort or other are held to be the only acceptable essences. The women were beautiful and of the varied pattern that decorates the new age. Debutantes and matrons from the first families, nasal-voiced and red-throated women of the nouveau riche from the last families, and the ever inescapable bevy of movie celebrities from none. Joanna had tasted of the gaudy cabarets—they had been the lamp posts along her paths of gaiety. But here—here were women gownned by the master dressmakers of the day, artists of the world of the elect. And the men matched the women. She caught her breath at the originality of this thought—the men matched the women whose jeweled throats shone velvet white against their black shoulders.

And the music—soft exotic strains that laughed and sobbed their rhyth-

mic ecstasies. Jazz, of course, but not the kind she had ever heard. A super jazz that called to her with its melodies of lulling romance. Her feet were still and her slender, warm pulsed little body was quiet, but her soul was dancing; the gleams in her deep brown eyes were dancing, and through her brain new sensations danced. Brandon was wholly sensible of the little dramas that flitted across the eager face he eyed so curiously.

"I would like to dance," Joanna exclaimed, suddenly. "Shall we?"

He rose instantly, and swept her into the maze on the floor. Joanna observed that women, when they had looked into Brandon's face and recognized him, shifted their eyes quickly into hers. What she saw in their glances puzzled her; she recognized something speculative, as if these women who knew the man whose arm encircled her and who danced as none of Joanna's partners danced, had a common curious regard for his unknown companion. She concluded, shrewdly, that women would profess to not like Brandon, but were secretly fascinated by him. She felt uneasy, again, and was glad when the encore finished.

"Now the questions," she challenged him, abruptly, when he had held a light to her cigarette and then to his own.

"But I haven't made a program of them," he protested—once more his voice was like a caress. "I promise to combine them all into one, or two, at most; and be content with whatever you conclude to tell me. What are you going to do—that, of course, is the first one."

"And that's longer than any list any man ever put to me," she assured him. "Yesterday morning I went to my job at the store wondering if I could get along for two weeks' salary. Tonight I'm wondering where to begin to spend money. You see one of my plans—the first one I made got all smashed up somehow, I don't know how—but it's gone, anyhow." Brandon probed deep. "That was a most interesting chap who waited for you last night—in the drawing room?" he ventured. "I wonder if the smash you have in mind came after I left you?"

Joanna looked out into the room, as if, in the brilliance of the scene to soothe her memory of the hours in the "drawing room only" after Brandon had gone.

"Yes," she admitted, quietly. "After you left. You see John was all that I had, the only one to share with. He dug a knife into me and twisted it around."

"That shouldn't be serious," Brandon observed. "Wounds of that sort are easily healed. He'll soon be thinking better of his temper—and his suspicions."

"I am not so sure of that!" she returned, quickly.

"He doesn't understand me—it seems as if nobody does. But he was the only one who hurt. It would be easy to straighten out his mind of course. But he couldn't preach at me any more. That would make him uncomfortable."

"Was it, then, so serious? Is he so very necessary?"

Joanna shot a quick glance at her answer that, now. "You said there was to be a second question—what is that one?"

"You have already answered it," he murmured. "It had to do with John. I won't ask any more about him. I am to be his rival, you know."

Brandon's habit of saying this sort of thing so easily, worried Joanna. Any of her boys fumbled dreadfully when they attempted deft gallantries.

"I believe you could look into any

CHURCHES

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7:30 p. m., Evening worship.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

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9:30 a. m., Sunday school.
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woman's eyes and say 'I love you' with a free conscience and without a quiver," she challenged him. He laughed softly. "You will find few men, in your new career, who hesitate with such a vow," he replied. "And, I fancy, you will not be long learning how to meet all such emergencies."

"I shan't fear the man," she agreed. "It's the women. I wonder how I can bring myself to measure up. You see I realize that I shall have to learn a lot of New—well, learn a lot!"

"I'd give most anything if you would finish your phrase—a lot of what?"

(To be continued.)

SACRED HEART CHURCH

Eight and High Sts.
Father Looser in Charge
8:00 a. m., First Mass, Communion Sunday for boys. Children's choir.
10:30 a. m., High Mass. Parish choir.
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Arthur L. Rice, Minister.
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11:00 a. m., Morning worship. Sermon especially for the Boy Scouts of Troop No. 2, "Life's Blue Print." Anthem: "On Life's Highway." Bertrand-Brown. Organ selections: "Prayer," Capocci, "Largo," Handel.

6:30 p. m., Young People's and Intermediate C. E.
7:30 p. m., Evening Worship. Organ numbers: "March," Petrall, "Berceuse," Dennee, "Traumerel," Schumann. Anthem: "God So Loved The World." Stainer. Sermon: "New Lives For Old."

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11:00 a. m., Church worship.
6:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor. Sermon text: First Peter, second chapter, fourth verse. Unto whom coming a living stone rejected in-

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ment of men but with God elect the Parent Teachers' Association that this meeting has been called. Rev. J. W. Price, a Congregational minister working under the Home Missionary Society will speak to the idly that the long felt for need of parents and teachers and children. A Christian service of some kind will materialize next Sunday, when a service will be held in the Mills J. P. Wells, superintendent of city school at 10 o'clock in the morning. It is through the efforts of rooms for this meeting.

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