

JOANNA

the stairs, each eager to perform some share of the task of helping Joanna out of Teddy's arms onto the floor. A woman who stood behind John and Brandon said to her companion loud enough to be overheard:

"One of Teddy's best points is that he can love a woman as he has carried that one, without missing her." John's face grew a little whiter, and his fingers twitched nervously. He saw that when Teddy had put her down his arm lingered for a moment around the girl; that he held her close to him while he whispered and that Joanna brushed his cheek with the back of her hand playfully. The woman whom John had overheard spoke again: "Teddy is beginning a campaign. He always does it with a whisper. Whoever the girl is, and whatever she is, there are some people here tonight who will hate her—if Teddy shows signs of following up that little tableau."

John turned to look at the speaker. She returned his glance and started at what she saw in his face. Then she was amused. She said something to her companion, a man who quite evidently would not be her husband. He surveyed John curiously. He spoke to his companion in a low tone. "Yes. You probably are right. He's in love with the girl. Odd looking chap, but one who would make trouble if he felt like it."

Both Brandon and John sought to make their way to where Joanna stood, the center of a throng of men and women, some fascinated, as was Teddy Dominister by her amazing beauty and freshness, and others paying their sycophantic dues to Yvonne by fawning upon her protégé. But neither reached her side before she was whirled into a dance by Lord Teddy. He surrendered her, after a few turns, to others who pressed forward for the privilege.

Men were fulsome in their compliments. The mystery of her was the intriguing subject to which everyone led along the route of intimate, personal things, things the men murmured softly while she swayed close with them to the music, or whispered so that her ears alone caught them. It had been decided by Yvonne that the history of her sudden shower of gold from an unknown benefactor should not be told. Kenilworth and Brandon, and the few others of Yvonne's intimates who knew, agreed to keep the secret. Dominister had not been taken into anyone's confidence as to Joanna's wealth. The men who made their devotions to her, and the women who were curiously pleasant, soon gave up their efforts to fathom her after failing in such hints as: "Have you known Yvonne Contant a very long time? Do you belong in New York, or are you from elsewhere?" The men returned gleefully to their sentimental venturings.

When a score of toasts in punch had been drunk to her, and she had flitted from one pair of arms to another in the dancing, Joanna became conscious of an unfamiliar quality in the murmured admirations heaped upon her. She had been accustomed to the tentative proings, of the boys in her old crowd, and their frankly said and usually sincerely meant flatteries. "You're a swell girl!" was what she had learned to expect. Her acknowledgment customarily was prompt and was perhaps: "Is that the best line you've got?" She knew the danger of the threat, or

the safety, in every compliment, as her dancing boys paid them, and usually she guided them well away from the edge. But now she felt that her wits must grapple for new understandings. The man who captured her for a few fleeting moments sang their adorations in a sure elusive melody. The words of their praises seemed harmless; but she sensed new meanings. Roddy Kenilworth took both of her hands and held her a little away from him, and looked at her. All that he said, was:

"You are very pretty tonight. That dress you are wearing must have been created just for you by a really great artist."

Nothing more. Yet Joanna was conscious that she trembled, and conscious, too, that she had been faithful to the present day mode which required that underneath that dress she wear but a single garment, so delicate and sheer that it almost blended into her skin. Roddy said only that she was pretty and her dress becoming. Yet she understood that the man who was speaking, and who had bantered her but a few nights before with the threat of his pursuit of her, already wanted to take her all his body into his arms and crush it. She decided she would have to strengthen her battlements. She had learned to make her lips provocative, and use her knowledge boldly and saucily. She had the sense that in this order of life, so different from the domain of the silk courier and its flirtations, it was much more dangerous to be provoking.

(To be continued)

BOLSHIE LEADER HATES AMERICA

MOSCOW, Feb. 20. — (United Press)—Leon Trotsky has returned to the public platform after two years absence with a vigorous pronouncement of doom on the "world mastery of American capital and a prediction that Europe and Asia will combine to bring that boom about."

Trotsky spoke Monday in the Moscow experimental theatre to persons who had scrambled at the box office for tickets at from \$3 to \$8 each. Militiamen were required to control the eager crowds of would-be purchasers. The living member of the Lenin-Trotsky team is not forgotten by the Russians who followed it into one of the most tremendous social experiments in history.

For more than two hours Trotsky spoke on "Europe and America," predicting with his customary fiery eloquence the revolutionary combination of Europe and Asia. Referring to American resentment against the British rubber monopoly, Trotsky epitomized the United States' situation with regard to raw materials as follows:

"The American millionaire lacks coffee to drink, rubber for his automobile tires and a rope with which to hang himself."

Wild Scramble

The scene outside the theatre resembled an American football scrimmage in which scores of teams were participating. Virtually the entire population of Moscow wanted to hear the speech and all possessing the price endeavored to buy tickets. The box office proceeds will benefit the proletarian students of Russian universities.

Greyer, stouter, more aged, but still vigorous after his long eclipse he appeared on platform to receive an ovation from the packed auditorium.

"We don't underestimate the power of American capital," said Trotsky, but all we know of the passions of civil war will pale before buyers and sellers together.

(Continued on Page Seven)

CHANGES HIS FACE.

DANVILLE, Ill., Feb. 20.—(United Press)—Luke O'Neill, 25, who says he spent \$15,000 in an attempt to have himself disguised by plastic surgery after murdering Catherine Gore in New York City last September 12, was arrested here late Friday and identified by his finger prints which he failed to have remodeled.


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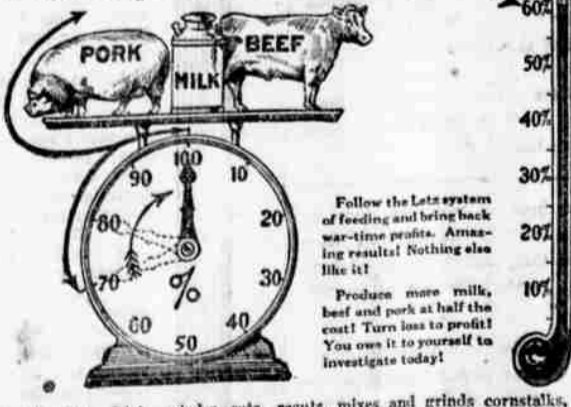
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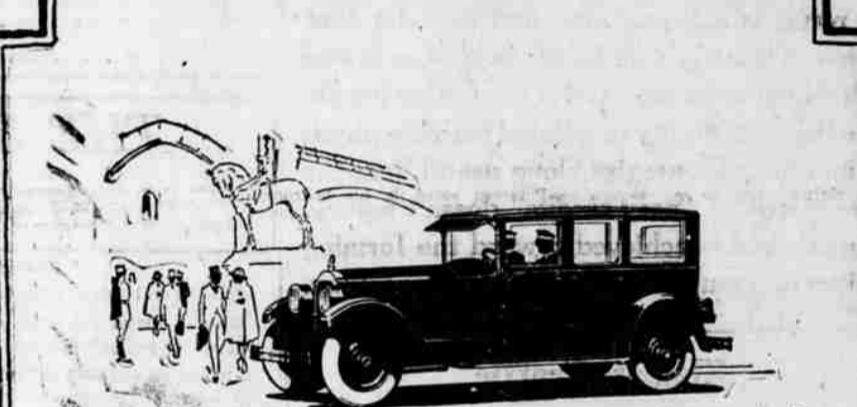
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