

# JOANNA

## CHAPTER XXVIII (Continued)

Joanna rang for the butler and ordered tea. "May we have it served inside?" Lady Weymouth asked. "Some place where Brandon, whom I saw just now with Yvonne and Mr. Wilmore over there on the lawn, or the others won't pop up to us. I've really something to say, you know."

While they waited for the maid to wheel up her tray and arrange the service, Joanna proffered Lady Weymouth a cigarette. For her own she found, on a table, an exquisite new holder that Kenilworth had sent her the night before. She had others set with emeralds or rubies. This one was of bamboo in which some Chinese workman had fixed tiny bits of camphor jade. "How gorgeous," Lady Betty cried. "Trust Roddy Kenilworth to search the ends of the earth to sate the whims of his lady loves."

She was instantly mindful of that slip of the plural—his lady loves. And, being an English woman, she was never at a loss to turn her own ships into an advantage.

"I'm sorry I said that, my dear," she said gently. "But it is just as well, perhaps, because it will open my way. I want to talk to you about the kind of love that is spoken of in the plural." Joanna glanced at her sharply. This was a new Lady Weymouth.

"Or, it may be that it is love that isn't plural I will begin about," Lady Betty went on, after a moment's contemplation of the smoke that curled lazily from her lips. "It's about Teddy, you know, Teddy and you, dear. Teddy's an awful ass, I know, and he's kissed the hem of a thousand garmens when he should have stopped at the fingers. But he's always said that no woman is ever approached by a man she doesn't beckon to, and I'm sure he ought to know."

Again she waited to watch the nebulous trail of the smoke wreath that lifted from her cigaret. Joanna's jade and bamboo holder was poised midway between her lips and the table. The brown eyes had become ivory black. Her lids were drawn close, until they shaped into two straight lines. "You mean," she said, "you want me to stop beckoning?"

Lady Betty was so startled that her cigaret slipped from her fingers to the floor. A maid appeared out of her forgotten proximity and recovered it. Lady Betty did not see the hand that held the retrieved tobacco.

"We mustn't make it a skirmish, my dear," she said to the girl who looked her full in the eyes. "I'm not come as a wife with a bargain to propose to her husband's mistress. I'm just Betty Weymouth dropped in to tea to ask her friend, the golden girl, if she won't be chummy and generous and let a good chap down—let him down easily, but let him down. He loves you, dear, and he wants you. I've always said that there wasn't a reason in the world any man oughtn't to have any woman he wanted—if she'd let him have her. That's gone for my own brother, too. But he wants you for keeps. That's different, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's different," Joanna agreed. "Women are so free to be had these days, that it's strange any man would want one—for keeps. And you think I'm not the kind he ought to have—in that way?"

Lady Betty smiled, and reached for a new cigaret. "My dear, you are so unexpected," she exclaimed brightly. "One plans a speech, or a sentiment, and you twist it into something that doesn't sound right at all and hurl it back before it's given." She was earnest again. "I mean only that it wouldn't be fair to me, to my brother, to our family, and least of all to you, dear girl, if you married Teddy. It would be hell for you, in fact, and worse than everything else, it would be hell for him. I love my brother, Joanna. He's a good sort. Throw him over, won't you, like a good girl?"

"Really, you know, I've never taken him on," Joanna reminded Lady Betty, and then added: "But I might, most any time. As you say, he's a good sort. And you like him tremendously. He's asked me to marry him, you know, and that's made him fearfully interesting to me. You must tell me why—" She stopped. With her eyes she signalled the maid to serve the brandy and soda. Neither woman spoke while the ice was served and the mixture made. Then Joanna asked:

"Will you tell me why I am not worthy of your brother? He knows me. You don't. You and I are common birds of prey seeking the

same game. You hunt in your way, I in mine. Your thrill may be different than mine, but we're women—or, at least, if you are a woman, I'm a girl, which is the same thing. It may, or it may not be that I shall want Lord Teddy. Why not?"

"A Dorminster always has women," the other woman returned, "and he always put them aside for a wife. The wife must be clean, and good. Are you both, my dear? You're modern, you know. You're beautiful and lovely, and, I think, honest. But you're all body. I'm all body, too, but I haven't the nerve that you have. You're not ashamed of it. A Dorminster must be ashamed of it. It's a Dorminster convention. Surely I won't have to say any more."

"No, you won't," Joanna agreed. "Neither shall I. Teddy would rather have his final answer from me, than delivered through his sister, I know. And, I fancy, he'll know quite well what a Dorminster wants—and needs. Perhaps he'll get it. Perhaps not. Shall we walk through the grounds? I think you said you'd like to see something of the preparations I'm making. While we are about it I hope you'll choose the place for your seats in my pavilion theater. I'm staging a little play there that I know you'll love."

They spent an hour on the grounds. It was as if they had forgotten their time at the tea table. Lady Betty was ecstatic again, and enthused anew at each foretaste of the entire thrills prophesied by each preparation made by the workmen on the Amette lawn. At the pillared pavilion she was sympathetic with the mystery Joanna spread about the plans which were to have their climax there.

"I shall have Teddy sit close to me to protect me from whatever devilry this pagan temple shall unfold," she threatened. "I shall want him to be very close to you," Joanna agreed. And Lady Betty looked at her quickly. There was something unworldly in the voice of the golden girl.

## CHAPTER XXIX Memories Again

If the visit of Lady Weymouth left its impress upon Joanna, only Roddy Kenilworth and Teddy Dorminster sensed it. Neither of them knew of the appeal to the golden girl by the sister of one of them, but both, in their separate regard of her, were conscious of a subtle, but insistent change in her.

John might have realized it, too, but his was not as sensitive observation. And, as the days passed, Yvonne had drawn him closer and closer to herself alone. That Yvonne was deliberate, and merciless, in her fascination of the young architect whose name had so suddenly become known around the world, was apparent to all that gay circle which worshipped, like glittering derisives of a Lucullan cult around the shrine where all is gold that glitters.

As Dorminster had repeated to her, as Kenilworth and Brandon had echoed, and as even Lady Weymouth might have said, those who watched were quick to recall, it had been promise that when the brilliant, always dazzling Yvonne Constant decided to strike back, there would be a crash. The crash, they predicted was on its way. And the ruin it would leave would be the golden girl.

If there had been restraints fixed by Joanna for her bewildering revel, they seemed suddenly to vanish. Whatever walls she had built around her scruples tottered. So it seemed, and so those who watch concluded. Teddy Dorminster was frankly worried. Kenilworth, with the calmness of the older man, gave no sign of whatever might have been his reflections, but Joanna found him more constantly at her side.

There was some marveling at the persistence of the bond which held Yvonne and Joanna together. Between them there seemed to have arisen—nothing! As always they were inseparable, whether at the Casino, in the gambling rooms, at Prince Michael's, the opera or at the fashionable gatherings among the villas. There had been a deep interest in the vaguely rumored romance between the young and wealthy American girl and the promising young architect whose drama in stone was coming true. It was believed by some that Joanna was surrendering him too quietly not to have a design in reserve. Others pointed merrily to Kenilworth, Brandon and Dorminster and remarked that the field of her choice, and of her variations, was wide.

Perhaps Martha, who, at times, and in the seclusion of the blue and

gold and scarlet bouclé, lapped from the impassiveness that should hedge in a humble maid, and put her arms around the girl who slept in the big bed, might have added something to any discussion of her mistress. Particularly after that mistress had sat up in the bed, knees drawn up and chin resting on them, silent and almost pulseless, through all the hours after she came in until dawn. What Martha would have liked to have reported, as something, however, that she couldn't understand, was that when Joanna finally stretched out for for a two hours' sleep, she remarked, apropos of nothing:

"There's a lot of things in the world that don't matter!"

John walked with her through the grounds when the workmen, with renewed coaxial activities, were putting their finishing touches to the fairy-like structures. The night of the few was close at hand. Here and there across the grounds miniature domes and spires were being gilded. Their shining surfaces caught the glints of the sun and mingled them with tiny, iridescent veils over the whole Mediterranean shore.

"It means something, that tint in the atmosphere," Joanna observed. "One of the Monegasques who live here the year round probably would make a prediction of some sort. Every one of them is a weather expert."

They would have spoken of the haze in the air to one of the natives but in their absorption of the imposing details of the reshaping of the Amette grounds, they forgot the embryo mist. As was her custom of late, Joanna acknowledged no intrusion between John and herself. After that first day, the day of his arrival, when her heart was ready to leap to his, but was repressed, she had been whatever his current mood dictated that she should be. At times he put his arms around her, and drew her to him, and there were silences between them. At other times he was detached, moody. Today, Joanna knew, he was fighting with a serious hurt.

(To be continued.)

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## Legal Notices

### SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Klamath County, Olive E. Soltz, Plaintiff, vs. Robert A. Ward and Emma Lyle Ward, husband and wife, defendants.

To Robert A. Ward, defendant.—In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of first publication of this Summons; and, if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: For joint and several judgment against defendants Robert A. Ward and Emma Lyle Ward, husband and wife, for \$500 principal and interest, also for \$150 attorney fee, also for plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein to be taxed; For decree that a certain mortgage dated October 27, 1921, made and executed by defendant to plaintiff, and recorded on October 27, 1921, on page 559 of Book 19 of Mortgage Records of Klamath County, Oregon, be foreclosed and that the real property therein mortgaged and described, to-wit: Lot 1 in Block 34 of First Addition to Klamath Falls, Oregon, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining, be sold by the sheriff of Klamath County, Oregon, in the manner provided by law, and that the proceeds of such sale be applied in satisfaction of the costs of sale and of amount found to be due to plaintiff under said judgment; also that the purchaser of said mortgaged premises be let into immediate possession thereof, and in the event possession is refused a Writ of Assistance issued without further notice requiring said sheriff to place and maintain said purchaser in the quiet and peaceable possession of the premises so purchased; and for a further decree that all right, title, estate, lien, interest or claim of defendants and each of them are inferior and subject to the lien of plaintiff's said mortgage, and that said defendants and each of them, also all other persons claiming or to claim by, through or under them or either of them be barred and forever foreclosed of any and all right, title, estate, lien, interest or claim in or to said premises and every part thereof, excepting the equity of redemption allowed by law; also for such other and further relief as may be equitable.

This Summons is published once a week for six weeks pursuant to order of the Honorable A. L. Leavitt, Judge of said Court, dated March 9, 1926, the dates of first and last publication being March 11, 1926, and April 22, 1926, respectively.

BERT C. THOMAS, Attorney for Plaintiff. Address: 8 Loomis Bldg. Klamath Falls, Oregon. M11,18,25—A1,8,15,22

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