By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Entering the Mountains With Terry, Miles Makes An Important Discovery

known as the Million Dollar Doll. Everything else for which people visited Algiers, Miles left till their

has made him her Dream Prince.

dustace Nazlo, a wealthy Greek, meets Miles and Terry at Monte

see Paul de Salvano with a group of strangers

CHAPTER LXI. What We Might Have Known

"Of course you're too much a Bohemian to—er—worry about chaperone," he went on with his discussion of the trip. "They're as old sand whose hillocks were sparsely specified with green and fields of wheat, green in the midst of desolate tracts, were like the preface to an exciting book. Then, at last, there was yellow sand whose hillocks were sparsely specified with green. fashioned as dragons, and even if sprinkled with grass. they weren't, it wouldn't have suited sea had been sown with seeds which

over herself with joy to go.'

we ought to arrive before dark. But oasis lay spread over the sand like I'll take you to a mosque or two this afternoon. (He was pretty sure that Salvano would do no sight-seeing on "And the can get off" "When shall we see Bousaada?"

He took Terry to the Museum at Mustapha Superieure, where only those interested in history and archaeology were likely to come, and there he left her while he hurried off to hire an automibile.

There were several garages, and as the season had just begun he found

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS Advertising Lowers Prices

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY: | a good car and a chauffeur at the sec-Miles Sheridan is facilitating his ond place he visited. Satisfied that wife's obtaining a divorce by creat-ing a scandal about himself. He is taking a yacht trip, supposedly trees; the Kasbah; the Mosques; and the Rue Bab Azoun.

Juliet Divine, a beautiful show-girl, Everything else for which people

In reality, however, he is not with return, because — he imagined—Salvano wasn't a man to stop long in Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's one place which lacked the kind of unbelievably innocent half-sister, whom the Doll sent to masquerade the "spy act" was accomplished, a as herself. Ever since a kindness wire would probably flash the news Miles did her in childhood, Terry to Bettty.

Salvano would then travel to Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife is in love Biskra, and await the next chance to do a little spying. Everyone does Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian.

go to Biskra, and Miles had intended to go. But Salvano's movements in

meets Miles and Terry at Monte Carlo, and recognizes in the supposed Million Dollar Doll, Terry Desmond, whom he had met back in New York. In love with the girl himself, he is relieved to learn that Miles' conduct toward Terry has been most chivalrous.

It was bad enough to keep running against Nazlo, but Nazlo was a welcome sight compared with the Italian. Nazlo appeared only in the distance, and had as much right as Miles Sheridan to wander along the shores of the Mediterranean. But Miles drew the line at Paul di Salvano.

Mrs. Harkness, Miles' old servant.

takes care of Terry on board the yacht.

drew the line at Paul of Salvano.

He and Terry dined on "Silverwood" that night in the harbor of Algiers, and Miles was more friendly Miss Caroline Sheridan, meeting the couple at Monte Carlo, endeavors to dissuade Miles from his distance of the girl on board the yacht. She had the girl on board the yacht. graceful project. She writes to Betty of Terry's beauty and charm.

Miles, dining in Algiers with Terry, whom he does not recognize as the little girl on board the yacht. She had never enjoyed an evening so much.

Next morning early Sheridan.

Terry and Mrs. Harkness set off in a high-powered touring car for the desert oasis of Bousaada.

Terry had read "The Garden of Allah" on board the yacht, and last night at dinner she and Sheridan had talked of the desert. The girl disappointed not to see a waste of golden sand, when Algiers and Sheridan threw Terry a keen look.

Of course you're too much a RoMoorish irrigation and fields of wheat,

my book on this trip, you know, to had sprouted and covered the tops have every step dogged by a duenna: On the contrary!"

"But you and I won't be acting for the gallary at Pourseal. The changes whelfed into a pair the result of the second that a point of the second the second that the second that the second the gallery at Boussada. The chances subsided into a plain, and there was are we won't meet a European there, a glimpse of real desert. Away in except a few French officers, en the distance the sand was piled in garrison. Would you like to take fantastic shapes, like an army of old Harky along? She'd nearly fall lions that grouped and crouched, "Oh, I'd love to have her!" cried lakes of purple shadow.

Terry, clapping her hands.

It occurred to Miles that Salvano the sea, deep violet, and still as sleep. and his friends were probably star- Terry could hardly believe that it

and his friends were probably staring; but suddenly he didn't care. He eared for nothing except the girl, who looked a darling child. She should be a child for a few days, and he would be a boy.

Old Harky should play nurse to them both. Away off in the desert he and Juliet Divine would forget everything except the sunshine, the golden sands, and the burning violet of the African sky.

"Good!" he said, in a care-free voice. "We'll start soon. It's too late today, because I must hire a car, and there'll be some packing. The journey's seven hours at least, and we ought to arrive before dark. But I take you to a massue or the sea, deep violet, and still as sleep. Terry could hardly believe that it was not the sea; and always 'just ahead, as the car plunged on, lay masses of color—gold, rose and amethyst—which were like beds of flowers till they turned with nearness into bunches of desert crystal, and wastes were emerald patches bright as a serpent's eyes. By and by, low mountains like a belt of uncut sapphires inclosed the travelers in a secret world. Terry saw her first camels, passing in a string, and gazing at the car with superclious disable to arrive before dark. But I take you to a massue or true that it was not the sea; and always 'just ahead, as the car plunged on, lay masses of color—gold, rose and amethyst—which were like beds of flowers till they turned with nearness into bunches of desert crystal, and wastes were emerald patches bright wastes were emerald patches bright as a serpent's eyes. By and by, low mountains like a belt of uncut sapphires inclosed the travelers in a secret world. Terry saw her first camels, passing in a string, and gazing at the car with superclious disable. He car with superclious disable to a mountain like a belt of uncut sapphires inclosed the travelers in a secret world. Terry saw her first camels, passing in a string, and gazing at the car with superclious disable to a mountain superclious disable to a mountain superclious disable to a mountain superclious disable to a moun

Salvano would do no sight-seeing on these lines.) "And we can get off about 10 tomorrow morning."

When they rose from their table towers, sphinxes and giant tables—castles and towers, sphinxes and giant tables towers, springer and giant tables hand. towers, springer and giant tables hand. the Italian and his friends were gone to have banded themselves hand. together for the keeping of secrets. His The road improved, and had been carefully made; yet apparently it led

nowhere. As the afternoon waned, the car

turned crimson and mauve, and the sand glittered in the sunshine like a powder of rubles.

Terry had not spoken for a long time; but when the gateway of the Miles knew what she might have known days ago. Such as this Juliet Divine was, he loved her!

In Tomorrow's Installment Miles Asks a Question.

There's At Least One In Every Office.



Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

JES LET DE PAHSON GIT GOOD EN MAD BOUT SUMPN. EN, MAN-! HE SHO KIN PREACH!!!!



of unbelievable shapes—castles and towers, sphinxes and giant tables—involuntarily she touched Sheridan's and the diamond sparkle of wet

> His closed upon it. The girl's heart stopped, then beat again with a new rush of blood.

time; but when the gateway of the mountains opened to show a forest of dark green palms, ringed with gold,

Asks a Question.

(Copyright, 1923, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY-ON MAKING MATCHES

Men say WOMEN are INCONSISTENT-If a woman is

Consistently inconsistent, Doesh't that make her Consistent?

Men are SIMPLE And methodical-

Women are simply intelligent. A MAN'S mind works Methodically FORWARD-A WOMAN'S mind works Intelligently ANY WAY. A MAN takes a MATCH,

Gets a FLAME,

And a SAFETY match, at that. And all the time She is doing it She KEEPS COOL. In a man's HEART Lies a LOT of KINDLING But almost ANY woman

Kindles it to a FIRE,

While the fire LASTS.

Fans him into a BLAZE.

And then, finally, makes

A MATCH out of him-

A WOMAN takes a FLAME,

And keeps WARM

Is a MATCH for him! Copyright, 1923, Premier Syndicate, Inc.

Spotty and Mrs. Spotty Become Acquainted With the Children

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Spotty the Turtle and Mrs. Spotty vere lying on a partly sunken log interest. She looked up at him, and their eyes in the Smiling Pool, taking a sun more of the met. She did not know how to read bath. They are very fond of taking keep count. forged on through an ocean of changing colors. The blue mountains she had ever been.

The sum baths on the end of that old the opposite bank for a long time turned crimson and mauve, and the Miles knew what she might have the conditions of the sumshine like a long time there. They can watch much the two they had already seen swam that the conditions are the conditions to the conditions of the conditions the conditions are the conditions to the conditions the co time there. They can watch much The two they had already seen swan of what goes on in and around the about, and Smiling Pool, and the Smiling Pool is their world.

> On this warm summer morning nothing of particular interest had Longlegs the Heron had visited the Smiling Pool, but not a collywog, frog or fish had he caught. Finally he had flown away in dis-Rattles the Kingfisher had gust. Rattles the Kingfisher had and Mrs. Spotty watched the other caught two very small minnows. This bank, but not another baby Turtle was the only real excitement.
>
> "It is a rather dull morning; don't you think so, my dear?" said Spotty

to Mrs. Spotty. "Rather," replied Mrs. Spotty, blinking her eyes sleepily. "But I would rather have it so. I am not at all fond of excitement." She blinked her eyes again, and looked as if she might fall asleep any

But Spotty wasn't sleepy. He continued to watch and wish for some-thing to happen. Somehow he was finding life very dull. Presently he noticed that something was moving on the opposite bank of the Smiling Pool. He watched. Whoever it was over there was moving very slowly. But Spotty himself moves slowly on



land, and so he didn't grow impa-He patiently watched and

other wee Turtle scrambling down the opposite bank.

Mrs. Spotty began to take more were lying on a partly sunken log interest. "There should be several in the Smiling Pool, taking a sun more of them," said she. "We must

presently came acro and crawled out on the old log which they themselves were lyi Spotty and Mrs. Spotty paid no attention to them. To have seen then you never would have guessed tha those wee Turtles belonged to Spot and Mrs. Spotty. If the truth mu be told, the two babies didn't kn it themselves.

All the rest of that day Spott

did they see. Mrs. Spotty at last grew a bit anxious. She began to suspect that there would be no more of those baby Turtles. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Why There Were No More Baby Turtles."

Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

your equal rights all lined up you are going to get pestered purple with lady life insurance agents and take a letter to Mister Inne Demnity, Proection Building, City. Dear Mister Demnity colon paragraph. Your new two color letter head

with your letter on it asking me did ever stop to think the risks I am unning every day and what proection has my wife got in case a errible emergency meets up with me cause people have been known to die after long lives in which they ad never been sick a day leaving heir families in sorrow and destitution and if I will fill in the card elling you what my birthday is you ome around and tell me all your new non-cancellable clause protecting me against loss of hearing through the use of radio

period paragraph. You write a real interesting letter comma Mister Demnity comma and I waited.

At last there appeared another Turtle. Yes, sir, it was another Turtle, but a very tiny one. It was so little that Spotty hardly recognized it as a Turtle until just as it reached the edge of the water and started to dive in. started to dive in.

"Look there!" exclaimed Spotty to
Mrs. Spotty. "Where do you suppose that little chap came from?"

"Look there!" exclaimed Spotty to you will promise to call because I want to have a heart to heart talk with you about equipping your car. Mrs. Spotty. "Where do you suppose that little chap came from?"

Mrs. Spotty lazily opened her eyes, and was just in time to see the small Turtle. "Oh," she yawned, "that must be one of our children. I thought it must be about time for them to appear."

"What!" exclaimed Spotty. "I didn't know we had any children."

"We didn't have, but I guess we have now," replied Mrs. Spotty.

"It is a rather dull morning, don't "There's another!" exclaimed Spotty.

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Mothers and Their Children



A School Day's Convenience.

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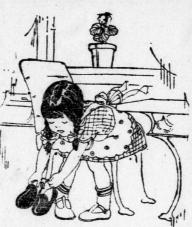






nixed in with others in the cloak- hat





One Mother Says:

I give my children common safety

lips to keep in their desks at school.

This took much courage. Peggy, escapade, 'now may I borrow some of the hats you bought? You know they say a shoemaker's children always go uminous dowager seated before a gray barefoot. Well, I am simply sufferclips to keep in their desks at school. They always clip their rubbers tothey always clip their rubbers tothere with them as soon as they
the results the compatible of the rubbers tothe wanted and Rob stamthe compatible of the rubbers tocompatible of the rubbers tothe rubbe ake them off, which prevents the something he wanted and Bob stam-rubbers from getting separated and mered out: "Yes, I want to buy a

oung woman.

young woman.

"It doesn't make much difference. I want it for—for—for my aunt."

As a matter of fact there was no one for whom Bob could buy hats. His sister was his only woman relaapartment in town.

Bob Randolph found himself thinking of Peggy Nelson, sometimes as he

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

PEGGY SELLS HATS.

By JANE OSBORN.

"Who was the girl with the squint eyes and angel sleeves-talked baby Bob Randolph was asking.

"She hasn't squint eyes at all,"
protested Clara, his sister. "That's
Rebecca Yates — loads of money and terribly good family. They have just rented a place out the North road. We think she's charming. But, my dear," went on Clara, addressing her house guest, Olive Dray, "did you see how peeved Maud Landis was? And does want to cut out Rebecca Yates and all her millions she really ught to wear something besides that

a little outre, she conceded; still, tulle is smart."

"And who in blazes," queried the other house guest. George Kelly, "was the little lady with the long, black earrings and the bobbed hair."

Another day Bob went to the Peggy shop and finding Peggy in asked for a hat.

"For your mother?" she asked.

"Why don't you bring her with you She certainly is some killer. Tried so she can make her own selections? to get a dance with her just for the "It's for my sister this time. She fun of it, but couldn't get a look in.
They say she's promised for three

more bats that time. That made five dances ahead. She's ---

business. Fancy!"

Bob had acquired enough courage shanter out and posed it on the top

Bob had acquired enough courage by this time to ask the question that had been uppermost in his-mind ever since the evening before.

"By the way," he began, to make it sound casual, "who was the girl, quite young, dark eyes, light hair, who came with Bob Dawson? I just happened to notice her."

Sanater out and posed it on the top of a standard lamp and tried to imagine the face of the brown-eyed blonde Peggy beneath. It was then that his sister made an unannounced visit before he had time even to get the tam o' sharter out of the way.

"You've a girl calling on you," announced his sister. "You needn't days

"Why that was Peggy Nelson," said it, because I see her hat.' And, to Clara. "Peggy's a dear, though probably you wouldn't find her attractive.

Men don't. Peggy's father died, and the health and the showed his entire collection Men don't. Peggy's lather died, and she had to do something, so she started a hat shop. I think it was so brave of her. You see she couldn't teach, as she'd never been to college, and she had to do something, and we're all had to do something, and we're all had to do something. The person of the had to do something, and were an boosting her. She calls it the Peggy shop—its on Walker street, just off the Main, and, Olive dear, if you want it.

her hats really are attractive."

"Walker street, off Main," Bob Randolph rehearsed to himself, and then dolph rehearsed to himself, and then weren't married; that a man who

got out of the discussion. He had learned all he wished to know.

The fact was that he had first noticed Peggy Nelson when the dance twas half over. His own dances were was half over. His own dances were taken with the girls of his own set, and when he had tried on three occasand when he had tried on three larity with the men

along Walker street near Main just to locate the Peggy shop. The next day he walked past it twice. Then he stopped and looked in the windows and before the week was out he ventured within the gray curtained doors. This took was because of the week was out he ventured within the gray curtained doors.

tive and obviously she would think him insane if he started buying hats for her. Still, he was eager to help Peggy. In fact his own sister had urged him to—at least at breakfast that day she had urged everyone to help her. After a rather confused and confusing dialogue. Bob Randolph bought and paid thirty dollars for a hat. When the young woman asked for the address he gave that of his

had seen her at the Country Club lance, but oftener as he had seen her n her little hat shop, Keening a has hop, it occurred to him, was a charm-hop it occurred to him, was a charm-ng occupation for a woman, especially hat shop in soft French grays and flowered chintz like Peggy's. But of course she needed a boost. If he were

married he would certainly persaude his wife to buy her hats there, and he would urge her to have many. While It was the morning after the dance at the Northfield Country Club, and the usual sort of post mortem discustions and the usual sort of post mortem discustions. Would urge her to have many, while thinking thus one day he wandered again toward Walker street, entered the store and stood wondering what to do next, when Peggy herself, with sion was going on around the late her best saleswomanly manner, came

breakfast at the Randolph country toward him.
"May I do something for you?" she asked sweetly but impersonally.
"I'd like to buy a hat," said Bob "For your wife?" asked Peggy

sweetly. "Goodness, no. It's for my-my

"Then you would like something a little—shall I say sedate?"
"Not too sedate." he said.
"Here is something very effective," said Peggy. lifting a soft-brimmed velvet with feathers drooping on one side, and deftly trying it on her own golden hair. "See" it on her own golden hair. "Seo," she said. "Do you like it?" Bob looked, not at the hat, but "Sea," she said.

ought to wear something besides that horrible green tulle."

"Say, that's rough," protested Bob. "Maud didn't look peeved at all. I thought she looked great—"

"Oh, you men,!" giggled Olive. "You always stick up for the girls with red hair. That green tulle was a little outre," she conceded; "still, tulle is smart."

"And who in blazes," queried the straight at Peggy. "Immensely," he said, and then: "I'll have that and another. Mother really needs some new hats." Peggy tried on several and finally suggested as quite appropriate an impertinent little brown velvet tam o' shanter with a long silk tassef.

Another day Bob went to the Peggy shop and finding Peggy in asked for a hat.

more hats that time. That made five "Oh, that's Doris Pater. A widow.
But she's frightfully common. She poses terribly. She's in the real estate business. Fancy!"

One evening he got the brown tam o'

nounced his sister. "You needn't deny

one reason I dropped in. I met Peggy the other day, and she told me about it. She asked if I was your only siswho does, please do give her a chance.
We're trying our best to help her, and her hats really are attractive."

"Walker street off Main" Rob Rop.

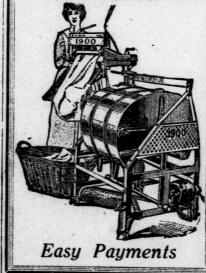
"Walker street off Main" Rob Rop.

and when he had tried on three occasions to look up someone who would present him to the dark-eyed young blonde he had not been able to find her. It was not apparent to Bob that she suffered from any lack of popularity with the men. Clara agreed. She was already thinking of the pleasure of having The next day Randolph took a walk Peggy for a sister-in-law instead of



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