The Million Dollar Doll

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

Miles Receives a Telegram That Betty Has Come To Algiers

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY. is taking a yacht trip, supposedly

known as the Million Dollar Doll. in reality, however, he is not with the Doll, but

rosa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's un-Believably innocent half-sister, ielievably innocent half-sister, whom the Doll sent to masquerade as herself. Ever since a kindness, Miles did her in her childhood, Terry has made him her dream h prince, and they are now madly in love with each other, although he coes not recognize in her whom he knows as Juliet Divine, the little girl he befriended so long ago. tty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is in love

aul di Salvano, a handsome Italian fortune-hunter, who has deserted

se Callahan, a somewhat ordinary young heiress, now traveling in Europe with her father. istace Nazio, a wealthy Greek, meeting Miles and the "Doll" at Monte Carlo, recognizes Terry Desmond, whom he knew and loved in

etty has just learned of Paul's de-

Capt. Yale's telegram from Algiers o Miles at Bousaada said:

'Mrs. Sheridan just arrived unexpectedly from New York. Has come you waiting for me. in board, and occupies her old cabin. nstructions from you not to give it had waked from a dream,

The incredible thing had happened. Aunt Caroline had been a true prohet. Betty had come!-if the mes-

Even that seemed more likely than French that Betty should be on board "Sil-"did" the desert town, and four bachtere, it could mean only one thing that she had changed her mind, and Life at Bousaada was not very live.

id not want the divorce.

As he gave himself this ultimatum. ly, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled physical pang stabbed Sheridan to Nails; and from the table where the

bound selfishness shook Miles with a spasm of repulsion. She had always sacrificed everyone who came near, for herself. Even to satisfy some whim of an hour she would steal the whim of an hour she would steal the life's happiness of a friend. But she

It mattered before, how much he gave up for Betty's sake, since there was nothing he greatly cared for. But new there was Juliet. She was his, new the was his his was his

During the night he had dragged wife's obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. He the gulf of his promise to Mrs. Parmalee, and he had grasped at the hope that it wasn't Yale who had sent the telegram. There was just one thing of which he was certain: nothing would make him give up Juliet Divine.

He made sure early as possible that his wire to Yale had gone, and that it should be delivered within two hours. Then there was no more to be done, except to decide that he would keep the news—the canard, perhaps!—of Betty's arrival to himself. No use worrying Juliet, nor letting her guess that he was wor-

Terry had had coffee and petits pains in her room, and was out on the balcony soon after eight. There Sheridan found the girl and made her realize that last night had been no dream. It was some words of here which induced him to mention the

telegram.
"I wish we needn't go back to Algiers for days and days!" she said. "Must we? This place seems—just to belong to happiness-and us!" Then, after a second's hesitation New York.

See Caroline Sheridan, Miles' auntalso writes to Betty about Terry's beauty and charm.

New York.

Miles said: That's the way I feel. But—there's always a 'but,' worse luck!—I got a wire last night—too late to tell you—and I may have to run hack to Alleren. run back to Algiers on important sertion, and she is opening a letter business. I hope not. It will be beastly to leave you. But if I must go, I don't see that I need be kept etty goes to Europe, to find Paul more than a few hours, so it will be best for you to stay here and wait.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS.

go, I don't see that I need be kept more than a few hours, so it will be best for you to stay here and wait. What's the good of two long journeys for nothing! That is—well, we do want more of Bousaada, don't we?

If we both wen't to Algiers something. If we both went to Algiers, something would prevent us from coming back And anyhow, it wouldn't be the same a second time. If I must go, I want

The roses of joy faded a little in Terry's cheeks. She couldn't bear to Asked for your address, but having have him leave her. In the night she o anyone, did not make exception because it seemed that she had to say good-bye to Miles. She loved Bou-

"I'll count the hours while you're gone," she said. "And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly." Miles answered. age told the truth.

Miles couldn't understand. He had

They had dejeuner together at half

Miles couldn't understand. He had laughed at his aunt, saying he'd believe in Betty's coming when he saw her on the yacht. But now he was forced to believe—unless the telegram. As there were no private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking commercial traveler, Life at Bousaada was not very live-

a physical pang stabbed Sheridan to the heart. Salvano and that girl on the terrace of the St. George!—had the man thrown Betty over for someone richer and younger, and did Betty mean to snatch her husband back?

It would be like her!

The thought of his wife's hidebound selfishness shook Miles with a seen the girl there, on the stage It

whim of an nour sne would steat the and of a better figure. Guilbert had life's happiness of a friend. But she asked questions of the man who took ife's happiness of a friend. But said him, and had learned that the girl was well known. She was called by a

In and Out of the Rough



Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

RACCOON UP A SIMMON TREE! Possum on DE GROUN'-RACCOON TUK A SNEEZIN' FIT EN SHUK DEM SIMMONS DOWN



"You Said It, Marceline!" By MARCELINE d'ALROY=

"DON'T 'GIVE' YOURSELF AWAY!"

Women are NOT As STINGY as They USED to be. Before, many of them Gave EACH OTHER away. But NOW many of them Give THEMSELVES away. If they have a Good FORM, it is Doesn't need any. Beneath their gown. If they have NOT A good form, they Seem to consider it

EQUALLY good form

Cheap candy is Put in paper bags. And you can see Its shape through. The BEST candy is tied Up securely in a box And has to be untied, For one pays for QUALITY And the "good taste" that Is INSEPARABLE from A GOOD NAME.

To DISPLAY it-

I mean ARRAY it-

In as LITTLE

As possible.

Encouraging Girl Friends. One Mother Says:
My children are all boys and lack the wholesome balance of sisters. It into the house in a happy, comradely way. I, therefore, began, when they were very young, encouraging girls to play in the yard. When they grew of the gardeners and underlings who clder I found girls must be specially invited and a time arranged when I should be home to entertain them. I have succeeded in making friends with a group of girls who seem alwith a g is my problem to bring girl friends into the house in a happy, comradely

back. "But I like so well being Mr. Providence I'm glad I came. The name may work both ways." "I hope it does, so you'll keep on comin," the girl answered eagerly. "I most reckon you can buy on credit after you pay Miss 'Riah this first time. She'd credit you right off only I can't let her. Have to stand be-tween her and cheats and liars, like

Mothers and Their Children



we had a machine." "Looks like witch-work to me," his lips. He was forgetting that he had nothing beyond what was in hand. It would have been disgrace—
His stepdaughter frowned darkly and her mother cast up her eyes.

away by pocketfuls."

By MARTHA Mcculloch-Williams

"Any truck to sell? Green stuff, fruit, flowers, anything? I'm here to buy. Yes, I said it—b-u-y, buy!"

Liston chanted, pausing at the gate outside a locust-set yard. Locusts meant old residents, generally with fine gardens. Gardens he must discover if this fine adventure was not to draw blank. His estate was disinheritance for rank disobedience, his main asset a lusty, hard-headed be
"The best of the girl said, darting away. In five minutes between them they had the new splint basket slightly heaped.

"All but two ripe ones," the girl cried. "See 'em—up in the tiptop. Shake that big limb, hard. I'll hold my apron to catch them—and you may eat one while I eat the other."

Liston obeyed, but, peach in hand, said:

"The all outs of the girl said, darting away. In five minutes between them they had the new splint basket slightly heaped.

"All but two ripe ones," the girl cried. "See 'em—up in the tiptop. Shake that big limb, hard. I'll hold my apron to catch them—and you may eat one while I eat the other."

Liston obeyed, but, peach in hand.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

self; also to feed right. Feeding bulked big in the immediate future

-a hearty fellow with little cash soon

eats up his capital unless he minds

Liston plucked great handfuls of

ush tender grass, removed the bit

that fellow who got a whole wagon-load of peaches, just on his say-so,

and never came back even to say

asked eagerly. Following a beckon-

heritance for rank disobedience, his main asset a lusty, hard-headed belief in himself. Additionally he had Black Hawk and the shabby training black Hawk and the shabby training hunt anything else."

sulky, an almost gift, in that no money had passed, from the blacksmith some miles back.

If the vehicle was to carry things, riding was out of the question. Listing all but the price of feed and stabling into garden stuff. Fate must love adventurers. Inside of five hours he had sold out clean and sat in roadton did not mind. By the time his excellent walking boots were worn excellent walking boots were world out who knew he might be able to step in better ones. Lucky he had gone in for walking in vacations; thus gone in for walking in vacations; thus square. One woman had all but cried square. One woman had all but cried over not getting all the peaches. To had sold out clean, and sat in roadover not getting all the peaches. To pacify her he had promised next morning's basketful exclusively hers. Others had asked him to come regularly. As for the mill folk, they had all but mobbed him, so joyous was their hunger for streen stuff. was their hunger for green stuff.
"And I'll give to em—fresh and lush tender grass, removed the bit and fed his comrade as joyously as he himself would have eaten, given the chance. Therefore, he did not things. They deserve better than the town." Then came the great idea—town." Then came the great idea—town."

the chance. Therefore, he did not hear lightly tripping feet on the crumbling brick pavement within the why not lodge with Miss 'Riah and her enchanting helper—now that he knew he could pay, he did not fear to name the plan—which two hours gate, and started as a clear girl volce said: "Man, you are Mr. Providence. We've got more to sell than ever you saw or heard of, and have been a-wonderin' and a-wonderin' however we'd get the chance." later went through with bells on. He was to everybody Mr. Providence— and fitted himself admirably into this "That sounds bad for me. I'm buying to sell again." Liston flung back. "But I like so well being Mr. unfamiliar groove. It was joy to help with things—in the garden, the kitchen, where Miss 'Riah made good Everlina's boasts. Liston made a clamorous market for her offerings— but agreed with her it was unwise to call in outside help. "It's your touch does it," he said oracularly. "No-body would pay half our prices if

it were lacking. A phone had soon been imperative. Over it, mid-August came jolly call—Landlord Miggs of the best hotel in town, demanding imperi-"Thanky, marm,"

"At least I'll not do that," Liston laughed. "Nod, pretty lady, what's the most taking thing in stock this most taking thing in stock this pound cake, beaten biscuit—and any other little trimmings Miss 'Riah much think tasty. Price? Never ously: "The best of everything-and morning?"

"Depends on where you're going.
If it's the mill settlement, you need cabbage, onions, beets, scallions, lastyear cucumbers in brine, and bags it. Things must come by 12 o'clock of smoking sausage," the girl said next day. Could they make it?"
"But for town—early peaches. Only Miss Riah shouted yes over Liston's next day. Could they make it?" Miss 'Riah shouted yes over Liston's "But for town—early peaches. Only a few are real ripe yet, but beauties, I can tell you. Such a shame they shoulders, then hurried to puff paste and beaten biscuit. Nocan't be shipped to Chicago. There they'd bring \$10 a bushel; here we than dawn next morning. body slept before midnight-or later

can't much more than give them In result Liston carried the big order on time to the dot—and found "Can I see them--please?" Liston himself face to face with his father, his stepmother, and her wilful daughter, whom Liston had been

asked eagerly. Following a beckoning nod, he was almost at once between low-headed thrifty young trees whose bending boughs were blotched and dotted with truly wonderful pink - flushed, creamy - skinned because bigger than his flet. The peaches, bigger than his fist. The trees were the foreword to an orthand in high tilth. At its farthest edge a few gnarled veterans bent toward a white house, weathered to patting him on the back, babbling, soft gray as though entreating its lamost blubbering: "Son-it's-it's

toward a white house, weathered to soft gray, as though entreating its comrade protection. At his admiring exclamation the girl laughed proudly: "All our own work—mine and Miss 'Riah's," she said. "Except the spray—we could do that too—if only we had a machine."

patting him on the back, babbling, almost blubbering: "Son—it's—it's like you had risen from the dead." "I have, dad." said Liston, wringing the paternal hand, his eyes misty and something hard to swallow in his throat. "I was a graceful, selfish cub. Hard work has I have made the Hard work has, I hope, made the beginning of a man of me. You must Liston flung back. "Why our orchard come and see the good people who have helped it—" checking suddenly and biting have helped it——"
"H-m. Is there a Mrs. Providence?"

obys are never self-conscious around —more'n you dare risk?"

-more'n you dare risk?"

full paternal blessings. What the price Liston laws thought is better left untold.

— Are You Getting Gennine MAPLE BUDS?

WHEN you ask for Maple Buds notice what the man behind the counter gives you. There are a number of cheap imitations that look like Maple Buds, but lack their quality and flavor.

See that you get the genuinelook for the name "COWAN". It is on each real Maple Bud.

They're not COWAN'S heire Not MAPLE BUDS



The Birds Agree That Farmer Brown's Boy Is Their Best Friend

Conveight, 1928, Premier Syndicate, Inc.

now there was Juliet. She was his, and he wouldn't give her up—to gratify that woman's jealous spite against her lover.

"If she won't divorce me, I'll divorce her?" he said hotly. And then, as before, came the still, small voice of the dead woman who had loved him as her own son: "Remember your promise."

The struggle in Sheridan's mind did not end, when day came. It merely paused.

"It merely paused.

"It merely is what in les Etats Unis they call the stare of the 'baby vamp.' If that is read to the wouldn't give her up—to graticate, and withered almonds, sipping bitter black coffee or smoking cheap cigarettes, a telegram was handed to l'Americane on a tray. He tore the with a little-girl look in her eyes at the feathered folk while the four lingered over their dates and withered almonds, sipping bitter black coffee or smoking cheap cigarettes, a telegram was handed to l'Americane on a tray. He tore the with a little-girl look in her eyes at the feathered folk while the four lingered over their dates and withered almonds, sipping bitter black coffee or smoking cheap cigarettes, a telegram was handed to l'Americane on a tray. He tore the with a little-girl look in her eyes at the feathered folk while the four lingered over their dates and withered almonds, sipping bitter black coffee or smoking cheap cigarettes, a telegram was handed to l'Americane on a tray. He tore the folded and gummed blue paper apart and read the message hastily. The said put up houses for some of them. He had put up houses for some of them. They understood all this, and so they thought of him always as a friend. But it wasn't until he began trapping them to put little shiny bands on their legs that they understood fully his friend-ship. You see, once a bird had been caught

You see, once a bird had been caught n that trap and taken out of it by Farmer Brown's Boy, stroked gently and handled tenderly, and finally set free, that bird knew absolutely that here was a friend to always be trust-ed. Some birds are more shy than others, but there was hardly one that others, but there was hardly one that did not return to the trap again and again. Those most shy did not return as often as some of the others. But even these at times found the good things spread for them in the trap quite worth the experience of being caught and sat free again.

So it was that before the summer was over the birds of the Old Orchard agreed that Farmer Brown's

Brownie into that trap, was caught and banded himself. And from that day on he also thought of Farmer Brown's Boy as the Old Orchard's best friend.

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Peter Is Surprised by a Strange Dog."

Dictation Dave

in his hands a dozen Brownie the Thrasher

Boy was the best friend of the Old Orchard. They welcomed him when-ever he came. They liked to have him They knew that they and about. They knew that they and their bables were never so safe as when he was there. Sometimes birds from other places would visit the Old Orchard, and these always were timid and would fly as soon as Farmer Brown's Boy came anywhere near. Then those who knew him so well and loved him would laugh at the timid loved him would laugh at the timid ones and tell them that they were afraid of their very best friend.
"Twe been in his hands a dozen times." said Brownie the Thrasher to one of these.

"I don't believe you," retorted the visitor promptly. "If you had been in his hands even once you wouldn't be

"It's the truth! Brownie has been in his hands many times, and so have we!" cried Chippy the Chipping Sparrow, Welcome Robin and Kitty the Cathird, who happened to overhear,

The visitor said nothing, but he looked his unbelief. Brownie saw this and chuckled. "Here he comes now!" said Brownie. "And I'll prove to you what I said is true." what I said is true."

The visitor flew up to the top of an apple tree at what he thought was a

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.
For several years the feathered folk

Safe distance and watched. Farmer
Brown's Boy set his trap and then
went off a short distance. He had bitter black coffee or smoking cheap of the Old Orchard had looked on hardly left that trap when Brownie cigarettes, a telegram was handed to Farmer Brown's Boy as a friend. He the Thrasher calmly walked into it and began to fill his stomach. Welcome Robin joined him, and so did Sammy Jay. Then Farmer Brown's Boy sprung the trap and the three birds were caught. The visitor saw that they didn't appear to be in the least troubled. He saw Farmer Brown's Boy go over to the trap, take out each one, gently stroke him, and then set him free. Brownie at once flew up to join the visitor. "What did I tell you?" cried Brownie happily. "Now do you be-

The visitor had to admit that he did believe. Two days later he followed Brownie into that trap, was caught and banded himself. And from that

Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

What are you girls going to do for lunch now Miss Hopper when it is too cold to drink four ice cream sodas and take a letter to Missus Olaf Bustoff, Coalshovel, Pennsylvania.

Dear Missus Bustoff colon paragraph. This is in answer to your letter telling us that we must be a very thick company when you order by us something to eat and we send you something to look at and what do we mean by sending that picture of the woman without almost not anything on but around her neck some heads when what you wanted was a beads when what you wanted was a sausage and Olaf your husband says you would have a hot time trying to eat a slice off the woman with not anything on but beads for breakfast and why don't we send you the sausage like you ordered two weeks

sausage like you ordered two weeks ago paragraph.

We recognized the seriousness of this comma Missus Bustoff comma and turned the matter over to our expert complaint compensator Mister Cogslipper for a thorough investigation and he tells us that the reason you received this excellent reproduction of the lady with as your close observation so unerringly showed you almost not anything on but some beads in eight major colors suitable for framing instead of the sausage you evidently expected to get was that in your letter you stated that you wanted for the purpose of hanging up in your kitchen one fine big expert complaint compensator Mister salome and we are rectifying the mistake today by sending you a ten pound salmi sausage which we hops will hang side by side with the masterpiece of art you have already received for only a dollar fifty-nine extra period. Yours for soulful sustenance, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM,

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