

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Miles Receives a Telegram That Betty Has Come To Algiers

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Julia Sheridan is facilitating his wife's obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. He is taking a yacht trip, supposedly with Miles Divine, a beautiful show girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll. In reality, however, he is not with the Doll, but with Betty, who is the wife of Paul, a young heir, now traveling in Europe with her father. Betty has just learned of Paul's desertion, and she is opening a letter from Paul. Betty goes to Europe, to find Paul and possibly retrieve her husband. CHAPTER LXVIII. THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS. Capt. Miles's telegram from Algiers to Miles at Bousaada said: "Mrs. Sheridan just arrived unexpectedly from New York. Has come on board, and occupies her old cabin. Asked for your address, but having instructions from you not to give it to anyone, did not make exception even in her case."

The incredible thing had happened. Aunt Caroline had been a true prophet. Betty had come!—if the message told the truth. Miles couldn't understand. He had laughed at his aunt, saying he'd be in Betty's coming when he saw her on the yacht. But now he was forced to believe—unless the telegram was a forgery. Even that seemed more likely than that Betty should be on board "Silverwood" at Algiers, for if she were there, it could mean only one thing: that she had changed her mind, and did not want the divorce.

As he gave himself this ultimatum, 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 some one richer and younger, and did Betty mean to snatch her husband back?

It would be like the old days. The thought of his wife's hidebound selfishness shook Miles with a spasm of repulsion. She had always sacrificed everyone who came near her. Even to satisfy some whim of an hour she would steal the life's happiness of a friend. But she shouldn't steal his, he resolved fiercely.

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

During the night he had dragged himself back a hundred times from the guilt of his promise to Mrs. Parham, 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 wife 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 worried.

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 hers 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 hesitation, Miles said: 'That's the way I feel. But—there's always a but'—worse luck. And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly," Miles answered.

"But I still hope I won't have to go," Betty said, and she looked at him past twelve, and to reply had come to Sheridan's telegram. As they went to the hotel, she saw that the hotel was not a private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking French commercial traveler, who eyed the desert town, and four back-of-the-house officers in the small, garrison, whom the hotel was a kind of club.

Life at Bousaada was not very lively, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled Naïls; and from the table where the quietest sat they stared curiously at "la belle Americaine," as they had called her at dinner last night. In fact, they stared even more, for one of their number, Capt. Guilbert, had been in New York on a military mission in 1917, and he was sure he had seen the girl there, on the stage. It was in a revue.

Her part had not been important, but she was prettier than the others, and of a better figure. Guilbert had asked questions of the man who took him, and had learned that the girl "La Pomme des Millions Dollars," or something like that. This monsieur must be a millionaire to have enticed this jolly, plump, out-of-the-shop window, to take this voyage, some men, n'est pas, have all the luck!

Terry was interested in French officers, and gazed over now and then with a little-girl look in her eyes at the smartly-uniformed young men, comrades, who envied him his travels and knowledge of English. "That is what in les Etats Unis they call the stare of the 'baby vamp'." If that

she said, she said. "And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly," Miles answered. "But I still hope I won't have to go," Betty said, and she looked at him past twelve, and to reply had come to Sheridan's telegram. As they went to the hotel, she saw that the hotel was not a private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking French commercial traveler, who eyed the desert town, and four back-of-the-house officers in the small, garrison, whom the hotel was a kind of club.

Life at Bousaada was not very lively, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled Naïls; and from the table where the quietest sat they stared curiously at "la belle Americaine," as they had called her at dinner last night. In fact, they stared even more, for one of their number, Capt. Guilbert, had been in New York on a military mission in 1917, and he was sure he had seen the girl there, on the stage. It was in a revue.

Her part had not been important, but she was prettier than the others, and of a better figure. Guilbert had asked questions of the man who took him, and had learned that the girl "La Pomme des Millions Dollars," or something like that. This monsieur must be a millionaire to have enticed this jolly, plump, out-of-the-shop window, to take this voyage, some men, n'est pas, have all the luck!

Terry was interested in French officers, and gazed over now and then with a little-girl look in her eyes at the smartly-uniformed young men, comrades, who envied him his travels and knowledge of English. "That is what in les Etats Unis they call the stare of the 'baby vamp'." If that

she said, she said. "And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly," Miles answered. "But I still hope I won't have to go," Betty said, and she looked at him past twelve, and to reply had come to Sheridan's telegram. As they went to the hotel, she saw that the hotel was not a private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking French commercial traveler, who eyed the desert town, and four back-of-the-house officers in the small, garrison, whom the hotel was a kind of club.

Life at Bousaada was not very lively, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled Naïls; and from the table where the quietest sat they stared curiously at "la belle Americaine," as they had called her at dinner last night. In fact, they stared even more, for one of their number, Capt. Guilbert, had been in New York on a military mission in 1917, and he was sure he had seen the girl there, on the stage. It was in a revue.

Her part had not been important, but she was prettier than the others, and of a better figure. Guilbert had asked questions of the man who took him, and had learned that the girl "La Pomme des Millions Dollars," or something like that. This monsieur must be a millionaire to have enticed this jolly, plump, out-of-the-shop window, to take this voyage, some men, n'est pas, have all the luck!

Terry was interested in French officers, and gazed over now and then with a little-girl look in her eyes at the smartly-uniformed young men, comrades, who envied him his travels and knowledge of English. "That is what in les Etats Unis they call the stare of the 'baby vamp'." If that

she said, she said. "And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly," Miles answered. "But I still hope I won't have to go," Betty said, and she looked at him past twelve, and to reply had come to Sheridan's telegram. As they went to the hotel, she saw that the hotel was not a private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking French commercial traveler, who eyed the desert town, and four back-of-the-house officers in the small, garrison, whom the hotel was a kind of club.

Life at Bousaada was not very lively, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled Naïls; and from the table where the quietest sat they stared curiously at "la belle Americaine," as they had called her at dinner last night. In fact, they stared even more, for one of their number, Capt. Guilbert, had been in New York on a military mission in 1917, and he was sure he had seen the girl there, on the stage. It was in a revue.

Her part had not been important, but she was prettier than the others, and of a better figure. Guilbert had asked questions of the man who took him, and had learned that the girl "La Pomme des Millions Dollars," or something like that. This monsieur must be a millionaire to have enticed this jolly, plump, out-of-the-shop window, to take this voyage, some men, n'est pas, have all the luck!

Terry was interested in French officers, and gazed over now and then with a little-girl look in her eyes at the smartly-uniformed young men, comrades, who envied him his travels and knowledge of English. "That is what in les Etats Unis they call the stare of the 'baby vamp'." If that

she said, she said. "And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly," Miles answered. "But I still hope I won't have to go," Betty said, and she looked at him past twelve, and to reply had come to Sheridan's telegram. As they went to the hotel, she saw that the hotel was not a private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking French commercial traveler, who eyed the desert town, and four back-of-the-house officers in the small, garrison, whom the hotel was a kind of club.

Life at Bousaada was not very lively, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled Naïls; and from the table where the quietest sat they stared curiously at "la belle Americaine," as they had called her at dinner last night. In fact, they stared even more, for one of their number, Capt. Guilbert, had been in New York on a military mission in 1917, and he was sure he had seen the girl there, on the stage. It was in a revue.

Her part had not been important, but she was prettier than the others, and of a better figure. Guilbert had asked questions of the man who took him, and had learned that the girl "La Pomme des Millions Dollars," or something like that. This monsieur must be a millionaire to have enticed this jolly, plump, out-of-the-shop window, to take this voyage, some men, n'est pas, have all the luck!

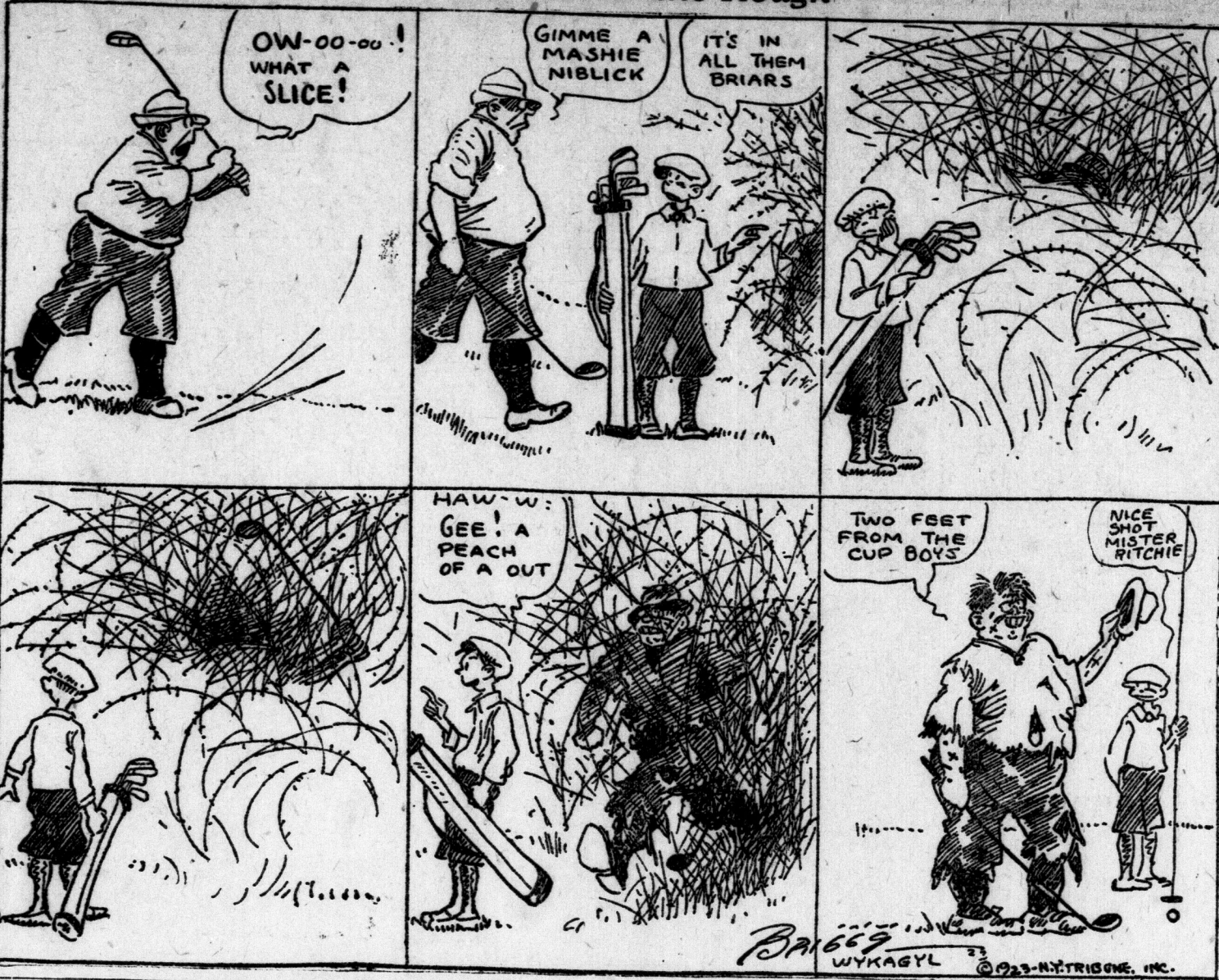
Terry was interested in French officers, and gazed over now and then with a little-girl look in her eyes at the smartly-uniformed young men, comrades, who envied him his travels and knowledge of English. "That is what in les Etats Unis they call the stare of the 'baby vamp'." If that

she said, she said. "And I'll drive all night to come home to you quickly," Miles answered. "But I still hope I won't have to go," Betty said, and she looked at him past twelve, and to reply had come to Sheridan's telegram. As they went to the hotel, she saw that the hotel was not a private sitting-rooms in the hotel, they ate in the salle a manger, alone save for one discouraged-looking French commercial traveler, who eyed the desert town, and four back-of-the-house officers in the small, garrison, whom the hotel was a kind of club.

Life at Bousaada was not very lively, for it was bad form to interest themselves in the girls of the Ouled Naïls; and from the table where the quietest sat they stared curiously at "la belle Americaine," as they had called her at dinner last night. In fact, they stared even more, for one of their number, Capt. Guilbert, had been in New York on a military mission in 1917, and he was sure he had seen the girl there, on the stage. It was in a revue.

Her part had not been important, but she was prettier than the others, and of a better figure. Guilbert had asked questions of the man who took him, and had learned that the girl "La Pomme des Millions Dollars," or something like that. This monsieur must be a millionaire to have enticed this jolly, plump, out-of-the-shop window, to take this voyage, some men, n'est pas, have all the luck!

In and Out of the Rough



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

RACCOON UP A SIMMONS TREE,
POSSUM ON DE GROUND—
RACCOON TUK A SNEEZIN' FIT,
EN SHUK DEN SIMMONS DOWN!



Copyright, 1923, by J. P. Alley.

fellow who gives himself such airs of her owner, should go sick or have an accident, we should see something."

While the four lingered over their dates and withered almonds, sipping bitter black coffee or smoking cheap cigarettes, a telegram was handed to the Americans on a tray. He tore the folded and gummed blue paper apart and read the message hastily. The Frenchman saw his darkly-tanned face grow red.

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

In Tomorrow's installment Miles Leaves.

"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

To DISPLAY it—

I mean ARRAY it—

In as LITTLE

As possible.

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.

Copyright, 1923, Premier Syndicate, Inc.

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

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

For several years the feathered folk of the Old Orchard had looked on Farmer Brown's Boy as a friend. He had put out houses for some of them. He had driven away their enemies. He had put out food for them. They understood all this, and so they thought of him always as a friend. But it was not until he began trapping them to put little shiny bands on their legs that they understood fully his friendship.

One day, once a bird had been caught in 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 trusted.

Some birds are more shy than others, but there was hardly one that did not return to that 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 out for them in the trap quite worth the experience of being caught and set free again.

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



"I've been in his hands a dozen times," said Brownie the Thrasher to one of these.

Boy was the best friend of the Old Orchard. They welcomed him whenever he came. They liked to have him about. They knew that they and their babies 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 ones and tell them that they were afraid of the very best friend.

"I've 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 here now."

"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 Catbird, who happened to overhear, said the same thing.

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

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

safe distance and watched. Farmer Brown's Boy set his trap and then went off a short distance. He had hardly left that trap when Brownie the Thrasher calmly walked into it and began to fill his stomach. Well, some 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 believe?"

The visitor had to admit that he did believe. Two days later he followed Brownie into that trap, was caught and banded himself. And what do you mean by sending that picture of the woman without almost anything on her back? Around her neck some 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 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 an extra close observation so unerringly showed you almost nothing 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 in your kitchen one fine big Salome and we are rectifying the mistake today by sending you a ten pound salami sausage which we hope will hang side by side with the masterpiece of art you have already received for only a dollar fifty-nine extra.

Yours for soulful sustenance, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM, Per DD.

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 anything on her back? Around her neck some 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 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 an extra close observation so unerringly showed you almost nothing 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 in your kitchen one fine big Salome and we are rectifying the mistake today by sending you a ten pound salami sausage which we hope will hang side by side with the masterpiece of art you have already received for only a dollar fifty-nine extra.

Yours for soulful sustenance, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM, Per DD.

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS Backed By The Maker

Mothers and Their Children



Encouraging Girl Friends.

One Mother Says: "My children are all boys and lack the wholesome balance of sisters. It is my problem to bring girl friends 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 older I found girls must be specially invited and a time arranged when I should be home to entertain them with a group of girls who seem almost like daughters to me, and my boys are never self-conscious around girls."

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

By MARTHA McCULLOUGH-WILLIAMS

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

Liston chanted, pausing at the gate outside a locust-set yard. Locusts mean old resentments, generally with fine gardens. Gardens he must discover if this fine adventure was not to draw blank. His estate was disinherited for rank disobedience, his main asset a lousy, hard-headed belief in himself. Additionally he had black hawk and the shabby training

asked him to come regularly. As for the peach, they had all but mobbed him, it was his hunger for green stuff.

"And I'll give to 'em—fresh and fine," he cried, half aloud. "Poor things. They deserve better than did not." Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it.

Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—name it. Then came the great idea—