# The Million Dollar Doll

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

#### Miles Asks Terry If She Is Capable of Love

resa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's moment an exquisite, a heavenly inhocent half-sister, change had come over their relations to one another.

Carlo, and recognizes in the sup- while.

over the desert near the river and palms of Bousaada; and the thought flittered across the surface of her mind that they were like huge, resting butterflies.

Betty of Terry's beauty and charm, lies, dining in Algiers with Terry, whom he does not recognize as the little girl he befriended so long ago, see Paul de Salvano with a group f strangers.

es that he loves "Juliet Divine." CHAPTER LXII

If she could have put it into words

ater than words as, the perfume the rose is greater than the rose Neither spoke. They sat in silence, together in the car, which nov then flung the girl against the in's shoulder, with some jolt; and peridan was making up his mind an act which, a few days ago, uld have been impossible. v, nothing was impossible where Now, nothing was impossible was liet Divine was concerned, except but er go from him forever.

Mrs. Harkness was chatting on the ont seat with the French-Algerian auffeur who had a little English, d knew all about Bousaada; but two behind did not even hear

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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

les Sheridan is facilitating his wife's obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. He is taking a yacht trip, supposedly with supposedly loud, in her own ears.

Even if he did not care in the wohderful way she cared, at least he must be trying to show that he no longer despised her, and that, after this day, they were to be true friends. liet Divine, a beautiful show-giri, known as the Million Dollar Doll. In reality, however, he is not with the Doll, but ever he believed her to be, from this

s herself. Ever since a kindness Terry realized that never until files did her in childhood, Terry now had she known the full meaning has made him her Dream Prince. of ecstasy. The hand of the man she tty Sheridan, Miles' wife is in love adored, clasping hers, had taught her with
ul di Salvano, a handsome Italian.
istace Nazlo, a wealthy Greek,
meets Miles and Terry at Monte
Carlo, and recognizes in the sup-

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

While.

As in a vision, she saw the rose of early sunset fade from the billowing sand, to leave it a pale, luminous gold, strewn with heart-shaped, violet hollows that were tracks of camels' feet. She saw low tents of normals black striped with red, or Harkness, Miles' old servant, mads, black striped with red, or akes care of Terry on board the orange striped with black, spread over the desert near the river and

e Paul de Salvano with a group palms that spouted, above the riverthe way to Bousaada, Miles real-bed, like fountains of dark water against the crimson sky; wove through the small, white town. stopped before a low-built hotel. Sheridan had wired for rooms (the It seemed to Terry that something the seemed to Terry that something ry great and wonderful had hap-along the Algerian desert), and the landlord came to greet his smiling dark maid showed "Mademoiwould have sounded like nothing all But the thing itself—the ality which she felt—was as much eater than words as the mind showed Mademoisselle et Madame" upstairs to their quarters; and a few minutes later Terry stepped from the long French window of her room onto a wide Terry stepped from the long French window of her room onto a wide, covered balcony. Two other rooms opened also upon this balcony, and Terry had not stood, looking down,

for more than a moment, when Sheri-dan joined her. He did not speak, but took his place besire the girl, and together they gazed at the river, the palm grove, and the distant hills. There was little water in the Oued, but what there was sparkled shattered glass, and the stones between the pools like were red as huge garnets, or purple as lumps of amethyst. All the hills, near and far, blazed with the last fires of sunset and poured flames high into a sky that was azure at the

Sheridan's heart, feared that he ght hear hers beating, it was so at last.

"I didn't know there could be any"I didn't know there could be anyanswered, and her voice shook a little, because these were the first words they had exchanged since he

had held her hand.
"It is beautiful," Miles granted. "But you'd soon tire of it! "No, I should never tire of it—I couldn't," the girl assured him. "I shall hate to go away when the time

He laughed. "I wonder? That would depend upon how long you had You wouldn't-exchange New York for Bousaada!"

"I would." Terry persisted. "I couldn't bear to live in New York. It's splendid there—but just to go, now and then, from the country. Not

to live. I think to live, people need sky and great wide spaces."

"You seem to be a very different sort of girl at heart from what one would judge you, if—you know yourself and speak out your real thoughts, not just some sudden impulse that

"Go on. 'If—what?'"
"Oh—only that I wouldn't like to

while forbidding sweets to

their patients, recommend

"because they're so pure"

Cowan's Maple Buds are not

merely a delicious confection.

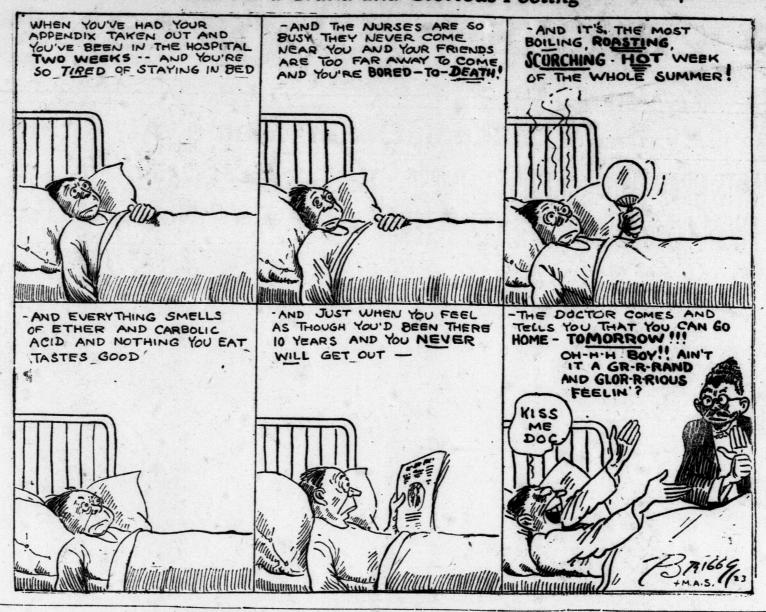
but are also a nutritious food.

They do not upset the digestion.

GET THE GENUINE

Many Trominent Physic

# Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling



#### Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

DEY'S SOME FOLKS, WEN DEY GITS DRESSED UP, DEY-LOOKS LAK DEY AIN' GOT GOOD SENSE!! ?



quite, quite alone. It is so beaube quite, quite aione. It is so beau-tiful in the desert—a desert like this— that it would be sad to be all alone, sadder than in a place not so beau-tiful. Because I should want somene to-to talk with about the beauty someone who'd understand." "Someone, you mean, whom you

"I-suppose so. "Can you love?" The words were spoken, not sharply or harshly, but with a certain hoarseness, as if they came with an effort. (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate.)

In Tomorrow's Installment Terry Gives Her Answer.

#### And her THROAT is LOVELY. She leans her head BACK She generally thinks

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

When a MAN smokes he thinks

Of MANY THINGS. When a WOMAN smokes

Of one thing-HERSELF. When young girls smoke Their pleasure lies

In what OTHER people Will think of them; Particularly, the young man They are smoking with-I mean, smoking for.

If a girl has a PRETTY FACE She POUTS as she PUFFS; If her HAND is BEAUTIFUL, The cigarette is WAVED

ON HOW WOMEN SMOKE In pleasing attitudes; If she is EXTRA daring And lets the smoke out Like a CHIMNEY.

> A dainty woman Smokes daintily: A pretty one - SOMETIMES -

prettily; A GOOD woman smokes Like a NOVICE;

And only sophisticated women Smoke LIKE MEN-With UNCONSCIOUS COMPLA-

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### Jimmy Skunk Finds Mrs. Spotty's Eggs and Eats Them

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Spotty the Turtle and Mrs. Spotty had watched the bank down which paid no attention at all. By their actions you would not have supposed that they had the least interest in those babies. As a matter of fact they didn't have much interest in them. As a father Spotty the Turtle is anything but a success. As a mother Mrs. Spotty is not much better. She considers her duty done when she has dug a hole in the sand.

His eyes sparkled more than ever. He stopped digging and ate that egg.

He stopped digging and ate that egg.

Then Jimmy went on with his search. Egg after egg he dug out and ate. At last his stomach was full, for he had already had a good meal before finding those eggs. Having had enough. Jimmy went on his

more appeared. The next day they watched, but they watched in vain. Finally they decided that those two

"Something happened to those other eggs," declared Mrs. Spotty.
"As sure as you live, something happened to those other eggs, I laid a lot of them, and I buried them as carefully as I know how." Spotty yawned. "Do you remember where you buried them?" he in-

"Certainly I do," replied Mrs. Spotty rather sharply. Then why don't you go over there mer and take a letter to Miss Eu-



g happened to those o declared Mrs. Spotty.

self comfortable for a sun bath, and appeared to forget that there ever were any baby Turtles in all the Great World.
Something had happened to those

two of their babies had come to enter the Smiling Pool. To these two babies Spotty and Mrs Spotty two babies Spotty and Mrs. Spotty amoment he pulled out a white egg paid no attention at all. By their His eyes sparkled more than ever.

when she has dug a hole in the sand, laid her eggs therein, and then carefully covered them up.

Mrs. Spotty's interest in her babies was chiefly in finding out how many there were. So having seen those two enter the Smiling Pool she and there were. So having seen those two enter the Smiling Pool, she and Spotty watched for more. But no more appeared. The next day they more members of their family. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: Brownie the Thrasher's Strange Adventure."

#### **Dictation Dave** By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper how many times have you been taught to swim this sumgenia Ellington Gush, Progress Point, Ill. Dear Miss Gush colon dash par-

agraph. This is in answer to your letter of the 7th stating that you feel that songs about the romance of the sea have so much depth to them and bring out the best in a young man apostrophe s voice especially when it is bass comma and can we given you the music for that song that goes out on the deep comma when the sun is low comma and the first bright star doth gleam semi-colon of a day that is dead dash and a love thats fled dash the fisher oft will dream

period paragraph.
Yes Miss Gush comma we agree with you about the depth of the sea songs most of them mentioning the deep every two or three bars and there isn't practically anything in a man apostrophe s voice that such a song will not bring out especially if it is bass and while we cannot supply "What good would it do?" retorted
Mrs. Spotty. "No thank you, I'll
stay right here. My, how good this
sun feels!" Mrs. Spotty made her-

## **Guard the Baby Against Colds**

Something had happened to those eggs that Mrs. Spotty had so earefully buried. Something had happened to them very shortly after she had buried them. A certain little gentleman in black and white had come along that way. He had had something on his mind. That something was eggs, Turtle eggs. Jimmy Skunk is very fond of Turtle eggs, and he knows when and where to look for them.

The moment Jimmy had seen the place where Mrs. Spotty had buried her eggs he had said to himself, "This looks like a likely place. It is just the kind of a place a Turtle would choose. It looks to me as if

# THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"Mother—was there ever any gypsy cloud in our family?"

Jane Eddy asked the question quite out of a summer sky.
"No, my dear, never. Your father

ing instinct. I've always wanted to live in a tent that would fold up whenever I felt weary of the place in which it was pitched. You must know that, mother, even with your awfully clever. lack of understanding of your only daughter's temperament." Mrs. Eddy looked patiently worried.

"You have been a restless child, Jane. And as I remember it, you did play tent with every bit of old potato sack

ontinued to knit and rock.

Jane, listening to the clicking of the needles and the rhythmic rocking on the boards, could stand it no longer. She ran down the steps and the needles and the rhythmic rocking on the boards, could stand it no longer. She ran down the steps and out across the garden like a wild child.

Mrs. Eddy looked over her glasses

The town in which the show was

Mrs. Eddy looked over her glasses at her daughter's receding figure, shook her head again and continued knitting.

knitting.

Jane has always declared that at that moment she literally ran headlong into her destiny. What she called her destiny happened to be a traveling marionette company that was stopping in front of the gate at the very moment that Jane reached it to go—she knew not where.

"Could we, perhaps, camp for the night on some of your land?" asked a very well spoken young woman of land the diminutive actors and actresses—moving as if they were really-truly folks.

When the caravan trailed on that afternoon Jane thought she had never been so happy in her life. She sat in

ity to real adventurers.

Within the next hour as she helped the party of three, two girls with the brother of one, to park their car, unfasten the trailer and set up their camp for the night. Jane learned

Mothers and

Their Children

A New Use for a Tea Cart.

ne Mother Says:

much that gave her hope of her own nomadic dreams. they had conceived this way of making a summer's income. They had met with success and were pleasing

the village people with their artistic performance. Jane was loath to leave the party, but when the man had set up the camp and the girls had begun to get ready the evening meal, Jane felt that she might be an intruder. She would have liked nothing better than to have remained with them. After the frugal family meal with

her mother and father, she felt as if she could not stand the confinement and duliness of the home a moment and duliness of the home a moment longer. She longed to be out with the campers in their caravan home.

She was sitting with her nose glued.

"It was my dream come true, Ted." She was sitting with her nose glued the window pane that let in the moonlight when she saw the man of

the party approaching the house.

Jane rushed to the porch.

"One of the girls has caught cold My old tea cart took on a new case on life when I moved it intained and tonight she seems a trifle unthe bathroom to use as a table for comfortable. I wonder if you could he bathroom to use as a table for the baby's bath accessories. The top makes a good stand for soap, boric toid solution, powder, pins and fresh clothing, while the lower shelf is used for discarded clothing. It is easy to wheel into the nursery if I need it there, and saves many steps each day.

Comfortable. I wonder if you could let us have some mustard so that we might give her an old-fashioned cold cure?" asked the young man, his cap in his hand, one foot on the steps. "Why, we could do more than that, I'm sure. Let her come in and spend the night. Mother will be glad to give her care," said Jane.

It was only a short time until Jane It was only a short time until Jane

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.) had persuaded her parents to let the young woman use the guest chamber, restless sea semi-colon rolled in my and they were soon bringing her in bunk to sleep this is a great note here Miss Gush for the bass voice comma faithful to you as you're trust- we won't fill our engagements this ing in me while I sail the mighty week in the other towns, and we are deep which we have sent you under all booked up. I hate to be such a separate cover period.
Yours for the best in basses,
THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM. bad sport," she apologized as she took the big, spotless bedroom and looked at the real bed with delight

Morning found the cold well under way. The girl was not as accustomed to outdoor living as her companions, and she had overdone the roughing. "Couldn't you stay here, perhaps for a few days?" asked Mrs. Eddy as she saw the girl's condition next morning. "You are more than welcome."

"No, my dear, never. Your father was pure New Englander and I am Scotch as far back as we can trace. Why do you ask?"

Jane stretched restlessly in her porch chair. "Oh, I sometimes feel as if I had an inheritance of wandering instinct. I've always wanted to important as Elizabeth and Ted—they wrote the play and made the whole wrote the play and made the whole thing. They're brother and sister and

> An idea flashed through Jane's head. "Couldn't I perhaps-" "Why, of course you could. I could "Why, of course you could. I could teach you in an instant if your parents would let you come on with us for a day or two till Peggy bucks up."
>
> Ted Winters fairly beamed at the prospect of teaching this pretty little New England Jane to operate his charished warionattes.

And as I remember it, you could bar be restless now? You have everything—"

"Don't please to tell me what I have, mother—please," interrupted Jane, none too respectfully. "I know Jane, none too respectfully. "I know revived at once. The four young people, with Mrs. Eddy as a silent and somewhat awed listener, sat in the somewhat awed listener, sat in the big bedroom and planned the change of procedure due to the illness of Peggy Wanser.

scheduled next was only twenty miles beyond and Ted Winters assured Jane that he could teach her in a few hours how to operate the few dolls that would fall to her lot.

True to his opinion of himself, he was she to available to the cattle of the cattle

spoken young woman of stood, breathless, just ateway.

It is not stood, breathless, just tainly. Of course you within the gateway.

"Why—certainly. Of course you may," she said, her face lighting up at the prospect of such close proximate the prospect of such close proximates and listened to the most wonderful tales of the trip, of the success of the little show, of the girl's hopes and dreams for the future with her mariance. onette plays. It was as if it were a make-believe day for Jane.

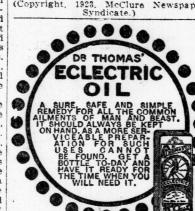
As she stood close beside Ted that night after the curtain had gone up and the village audience had assem-bled she trembled for fear she would pull the wrong string or otherwise The little company was traveling through New England for the summer months, giving marionette shows for children. They had written the play, made the puppets, the miniature stage, its settings—everything, and they had conseived this travel of make. spoil the performance. He assured

to which the dolls danced.
Whatever it was that reached out that night and enfolded Jane and Ted in its embrace must have been a film of romance sent out from the land of wonder. They both felt it—they both knew it. Nothing could have made either of them believe it was not an actually tangible net that caught them together that night.

It was weeks afterwards that Ted

sat with Jane on the big porch where her mother had been knitting on the fateful day. "We shall go carayan ing on our honeymoon, dear," he was saying. "It seems like a dream since

said Jane. "I almost think it was Cupid who gave Peggy the cold and made her stay here so that you and I might run away together to be shot by his arrows."
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