

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Miles Asks Terry If She Is Capable of Love

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Sheridan is facilitating his wife's obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. He is taking a yacht trip, supposedly with a friend.

Miles is a beautiful show-girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll in reality, however, he is not with the Doll, but with her.

Desmond (Terry), Juliet's unbelievably innocent half-sister, known as the Million Dollar Doll in reality, however, he is not with the Doll, but with her.

Miles did her in childhood. Terry has made him her Dream Prince.

Paul de Salvo, a handsome Italian, who 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.

Harkness, Miles' old servant, who takes care of Terry on board the yacht.

Caroline Sheridan, meeting the couple at Monte Carlo, endeavors to dissuade Miles from his dissipated project. She writes to Terry of Terry's beauty and charm, and Miles, dining in Algeria with Terry, whom he does not recognize as the little girl he befriended so long ago, sees Paul de Salvo with a group of strangers.

The way to Bousada, Miles realizes that he loves "Juliet Divine."

CHAPTER LXII.

It seemed to Terry that something great and wonderful had happened. If she could have put it into words she would have sounded like nothing at all. But the thing itself—the reality which she felt—was as much greater than words as the perfume of the rose is greater than the rose. Neither spoke. They sat in silence, and then Terry, with a gasp, turned to Miles and said: "You're not the same!"

Miles, who could not tell what was in Sheridan's heart, feared that he might hear her beating, it was so

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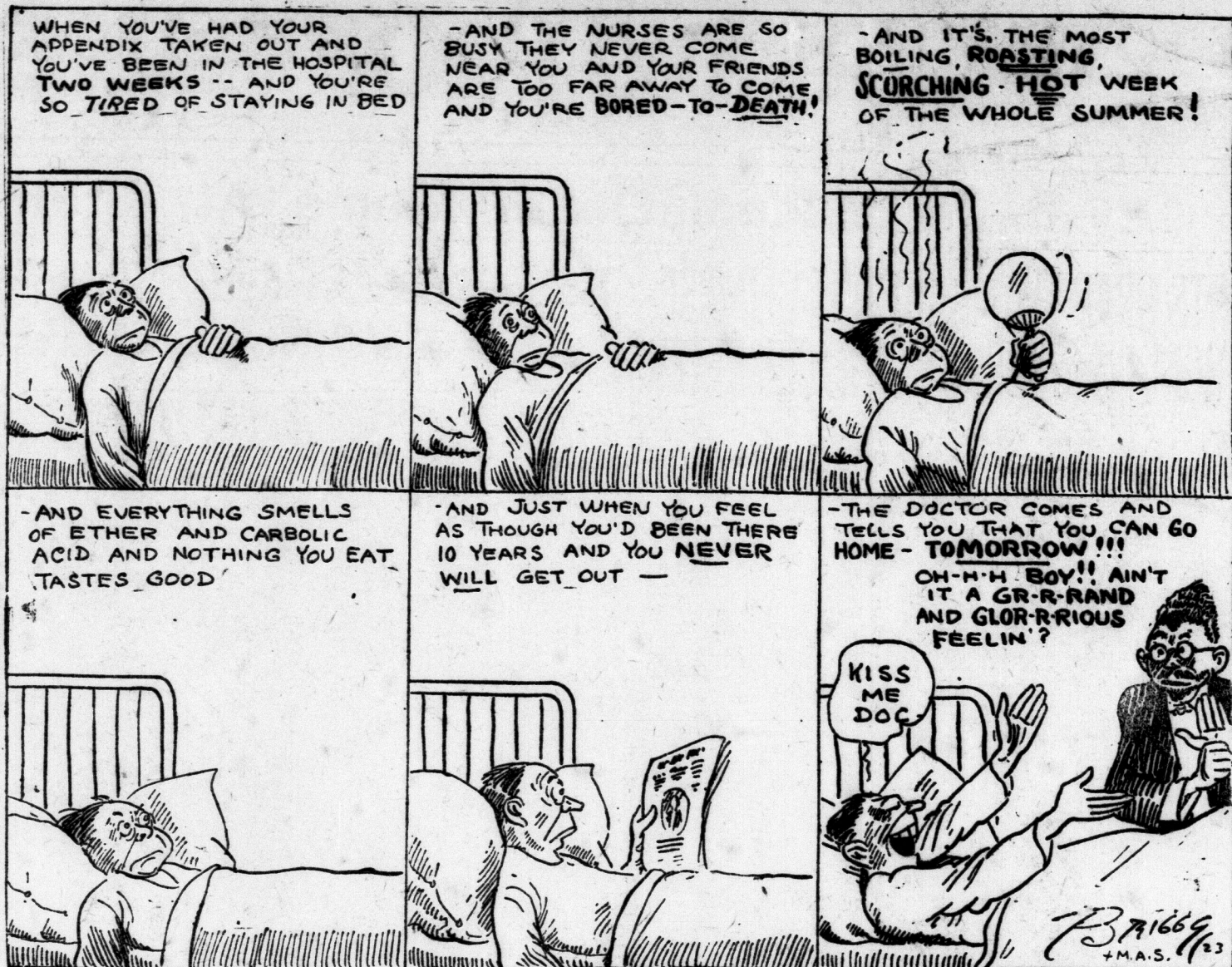
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Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

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



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"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE D'ALROY

ON HOW WOMEN SMOKE

When a MAN smokes he thinks OF MANY THINGS. When a WOMAN smokes She generally thinks 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 for—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.

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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 two of their babies had come to enter the Smiling Pool. To these two babies Spotty and Mrs. Spotty 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, 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 Spotty watched for more. But no more appeared. The next day they watched, but they watched in vain. Finally they decided that those two made up their whole family.

"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 inquired.

"Certainly I do," replied Mrs. Spotty. "Then why don't you go over there and see if you can find out what happened to them?" asked Spotty.

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 a 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 that's fled dash the fisher oft will dream period paragraph

Yes Miss Hopper how many times have you been taught to swim this summer and take a letter to Miss Eugenia Ellington Gush, Progress Point, Ill. Dear Miss Gush-comma dash paragraph

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Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

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Mothers and Their Children



A New Use for a Tea Cart.

One Mother Says:
My old tea cart took on a new lease on life when I moved it into the bathroom to use as a table for the baby's bath accessories. The top makes a good stand for soap, boric acid 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.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

restless sea semi-colon rolled in my bank to sleep this is a great note here Miss Gush for the bass comma faithful to you as you're trust- ing in me while I sail the night deep which we have sent you under separate cover period.

Yours for the best in basses THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM Per DD

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

IN A CARAVAN.

"Mother—was there ever any gypsy blood in our family?" Jane Eddy asked the question quite out of a summer sky.

"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 live in a tent that would fold up wherever I felt weary of the place in which it was pitched. You must know that, mother, even with your 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 you could borrow from the barn. But why should you be restless now? You have everything—"

"Don't please to tell me what I have, mother—please," interrupted Jane, none too respectfully. "I know all that I have, but it isn't what I want."

Her mother shook her head and continued 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 out across the garden like a wild child.

Mrs. Eddy looked over her glasses at her daughter's receding figure, shook her head again and continued 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 Jane as she stood, breathless, just within the gateway.

"Why—certainly, of course you may," she said, her face lighting up at the prospect of such close proximity to real adventures.

"With the night 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, she learned much that gave her hope of her own nomadic dreams.

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 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 to help, but to have remained with them.

After the frugal family meal, she and her mother and father, she felt as if she could not and the girls had gone up to 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 and tonight she seems a trifle uncomfortable. 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 had persuaded her parents to let the young woman use the guest chamber, and then the next hour she was in the room, and the girls had begun to get ready the evening meal, Jane felt that she might be an intruder. She would have liked to help, but to have remained with them.

"but if this cold gets a hold on me we won't fill our engagements this week in the other towns where we are all booked up. I hate to be such a bad sport," she apologized as she took the big, spotted bed with delight in her weary eyes.

Morning found the cold well under way. The girl was not as accustomed to outdoor living 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."

"But—I'm needed to operate the puppets," she replied. "I'm not so important as Elizabeth and Ted—they wrote the play and made the whole thing. They're brother and sister and awfully clever."

An idea flashed through Jane's head. "Couldn't I perhaps—"

"Why, of course you could. I could teach you in an instant if your parents would let you come of with us for a day or two till Peggy backs up."

Ted Winters fairly beamed at the prospect of teaching this pretty little New England Jane to operate his cherished marionettes.

His sister, too, saw the possibilities, and her drooping spirits were revived at once. The four young people, with Mrs. Eddy as a silent and somewhat awed listener, sat in the big bedroom and planned the change of procedure due to the illness of Peggy Wanser.

Jane, poor girl, was beside herself with joy, and she was trying to keep placid enough to get an intelligent idea of what was expected of her.

The town in which the show was 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 able to explain the action of the strings that control the movements of the puppets, and Jane very quickly had 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 the back seat with Elizabeth Winters 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 marionette 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 assembled she trembled for fear she would pull the wrong string or otherwise spoil the performance. He assured her, as he busily operated curtain, lights, a half dozen dolls and shifted scenery, that she was a remarkable success as an understudy. Elizabeth was at the piano playing the music to which the dolls danced.

Whatever it was, Jane reached out that night and entangled 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 on our honeymoon, dear," he was saying. "It seems like a dream since that day we pulled up before your gate and you ran to greet me."

"It was my dream come true, Ted," 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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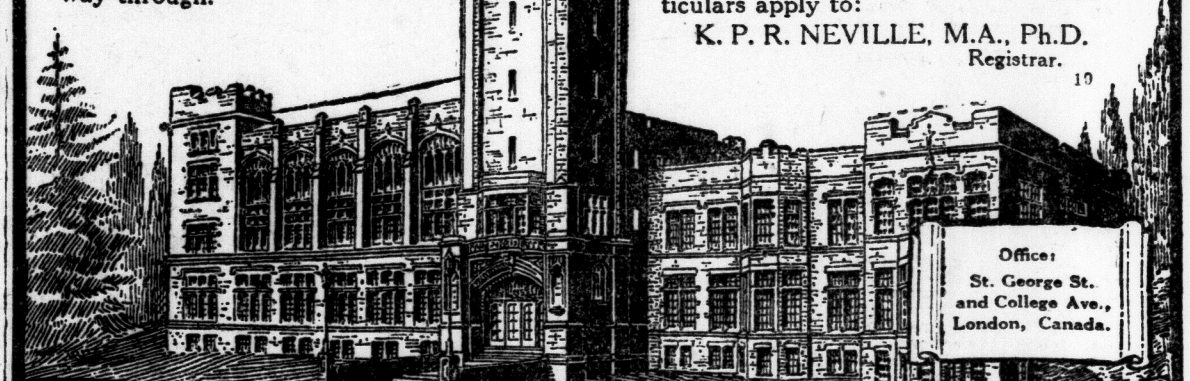
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