The Million Dollar Doll

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

Miles and Nazlo Race Back To Bousaada To Plead With Terry

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY. | Divine, except in public." wife's obtaining a divorce is tak-ing a yacht trip, supposedly with Juliet Divine, a beautiful show girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll.

In reality, however, he is not with, edly." Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's unbelievably innocent half-sister, whom the Doll sent to masquerade as herself. Ever since a kindness Miles did her in childhood, Terry has made him her Dream Prince, and they are now madly in love and they are now madly in love with each other although he believes her to be the notorious Juliet

Paul Oi Salvano, a handsome Italian, formerly the lover of Miles' wife, has deserted her for Rose Callahan, a somewhat ordinary

young heiress, now traveling in Europe with her father. Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, frantic at Paul's desertion finds herself in danger of losing her husband also and goes to Algiers, where Miles'

vacht is lying. Eustace Nazio, a wealthy Greek, meeting Miles and the 'Doll' rec-ognizes Terry Desmond whom he knew and loved in New York. He it is who warns Betty that her husband's companion is not a show girl, but a convent maid.

Miles, enjoying a brief sojourn at Bousaada with Terry, and his faithful old servant, Mrs. Hark-

CHAPTER LXXIII.

into Miles thoughts. Miles stared at him with such. anguish in his eyes that the truth flashed upon Nazlo as the truth had girl's identity.

To him the other seemed a fool, can help it." and to the Shoe King a fool was some As he spoke he turned on his heel. degrees below a knave. Yet Nazlo and walked with long strides to his automobile. The chauffeur had finish-

pity surprised him—contemptuous pity.

"I admit now," Miles said. "I must have been a fool not to know. I believe what you tell me. But I wish to God I hadn't heard it from you, of all people. For you to accuse me is—like the pot calling the kettle black—isn't it? She—Miss Desmond, you call her—shrank from you at Monte Carlo. You must have noticed that. I asked her a question. She wouldn't say much—but she answered. I—though I didn't know what she was, as you did, I showed her anore respect than she had from you. Fart of our business arrangement was—that I should keep away from Miss

strofled over to the small red car with his mate from the Algiers gar-age.

Nazlo wheeled round at the same instant. "Race me for Bousaada, then!" he yelled.

Again his was the advantage. He was within a dozen yards of his own car. Sheridan had three times the distance to cover. Nazlo's car was headed for Bousaada. Sheridan's for Algiers, and the road wasn't made for the quick turn of an automobile especially a large one. Nazlo's chauffeur was close to his motor, and had not stopped his engine. Sheridan's car had to be started as well as turned, and by a man who would take more than sixty seconds to reach it.



Miles Sheridan, to facilitate his "Yet you came near enough, to ask her to marry you!-unless you did that in public?"

"Circumstances arose-unexpect-"Circumstances always arise! They did with me. Miss Desmond gave me no time to say I'd marry her if she'd have me. She misunderstood the situation."

"I've heard you had a wife."
"I had. She's dead."

Nazlo did not add the date of his bereavement "I'm free," he went on. "You're not. and can't be while your wife's on earth-where she's likely to stay as long as you do. Now you know why I'm following Miss Desmond, and why I'm going to her today "You shall not go!" Miles ev.

claimed. Nazlo laughed. "Why not?"

"She doesn't want to see you."
"She can say so, after I've arrived, and written her a note. When she understands, I think she'll look on me as the big chance to-as the French say—'ranger' herself. Anyhow you've no right to decide for the girl, and deny her what you can't give." Strange how many thoughts can rush through a man's brain while another might count one-two-

Miles would not admit that he was caught in a net which couldn't broken, or torn, or cut. Yet he knew that his wife is in Algiers, demanding to see him. On his way there he is overtaken by Nazlo, who informs him that the "Doll" is really broken, or torn, or cut. Yet he knew the world to free Betty the law would forbid him to free himself from her. unless she sued for divorce.

Miles Acts On Impulse.

"You have to admit that you do know." Nazlo's hard voice crashed know." Nazlo's hard voice crashed his wife and he loved could never the his wife and he loved by the result. he his wife, and he loved her too well for any other arrangement, though she might love him enough to consent.

"You have the right to go to Bouflashed upon Nazio as the truth had flashed upon Sheridan. He saw through a dazzle of blinding light that Miles Sheridan had not known the Miles Sheridan had not kno Miss-the woman I love-alone if I

was human, and a faint twinge of ed work some minutes ago and pity surprised him—contemptuous with his mate from the Algiers gar-

A shout of "Partons-vite!" from his employer sent the driver of the red auto with a bound to his place. azio sprang up beside him, and the little car darted away over sandy-ruts, stones, and hummocks of the grass, with spasmodic leaps. There was no speed limit here in the desert except that set by the roughness of the wild way, or the sudden mixing up with a string of loaded camels!

By the time Sheridan's motor had started, refused, started again, n't her for it with words

Betty. If things concerning her were as bad as they could be, at least they couldn't be worse. And he must get He must tell his side of the story brings news.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling



Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

I STEERED UP A YALLER JACKETS NES' YISTIDDY. EN DE WAY DEM THINGS ET DEY WAY THU MAH BRITCHES WUZ A CALAMITY!



started, refused, started again, backed, manoeuvred, backed once more, and successfully turned, the small red car had half a mile's start. There was no room in Miles thoughts for fear of what might happen because of his delay in seeings But for rery personned and for others. because of his delay in seeing But fate rules these decisions, not

(Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndi-In tomorrow's installment Nazlo

"You Said It, Marceline!"

Everybody sits UP.

MANY things,

Interesting Exhibition

Then the women think

But the men all seem

To think-THE SAME

Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

Say Miss Hopper I see where all

Since the day when man first laid the foundations of business through barter he has waged a strenuous struggle for realism in the display of his goods so that the objects inani-

mate as they are may strike that spark of imagination in the mind of

the possible customer that makes him

see the merchandise in use and on Sunday afternoon in this city realism was realized in the front show win-

was realized in the front show win-dow of the Supremacy Emporium period paragraph.

The display in question arranged under the personal direction of the

manager shows a bedroom furnished

completely in Masterly Mahogany on which the store is having a sale for two weeks attracting wide interest with the bed made up and the blanket folded neatly on the foot and on Sun-

LIFE paragraph.

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

Some little bathing SUITS Are designed for USE, And some for SHOW; But they are ALL

Designing little things Whichever way You look at them.

And it seems The SHORTER they are The LONGER men look. Some girls get

So TIRED of men They get MARRIED. Beautiful gels get So tired of being

Peter watched that dog. Very pret

LOOKED AT. They go in the SEA-At least, they Get ALL READY And THEN stay On the beach. When a lovely girl With a perfect form Comes along in a Little "ONE-PIECE"

> FOR THE CHILD WITH PETS. One Mother Says:

Mothers and

Their Children

Every child should be taught how to handle pets correctly, and should not be permitted to have them unless he picks them up as they should Bob White Gives Peter Rabbit An less he picks them up as they should be picked up—a dog and cat by the scruff of the neck, and a rabbit by the (Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Bob White had just explained to as if he couldn't move. He looked as if he had been frozen stiff just as when Mr. Myers of Winston-Bob White had just explained to Peter Rabbit that dogs were just as much his enemies as they were much his enemies as they were a different kind of dog. And then had exclaimed "There comes one now."

At once Peter sat up that he minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three minutes passed. Peter began to wonder if something really had wholly different from Boyser the hound and from the strange dog who had chased Peter that morning. This one had much longer legs. The hair of his coat was long. Long lair hair of his coat was long. Long lair swiftly back and forth in such a way as to cover every part of that field, and, instead of having his nose to the ground, as Bowser the Hound would have had his, it was held up. There was no hunter in sight. As soon as he had made sure of this, Bob White turned to Peter. "Til give you a chance, Peter, to see how one of these dogs hunts for me." said he

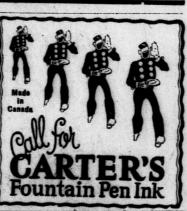


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THE DAILY SHORT STORY

SALLY'S PROMISE.

he had overtaken on the country road and sat her down. upright, but helpless with laughing for a full half minute. When she could speak, she said: "You read my mind right—all morning I've been yearning for a good noisy romp—as we used to have before school and college finished us. What makes folks let 'em do it, D.D.?"

"Want of understanding—and the initative faculty." D. D. answered promptly. "But all that's going to be changed with our children—they shall do whatever they like—provided they are wise enough to ask us first if we like it."

"Our children.' H-m-m!" Here a relapse into loftiness. "I see! You need what Black Mammy calls 'chectisement,' and get it in' the form of working out my new rose bed. Ground is just right—and, oh, it's also beautifully greessy."

"And his seemed to have earthquake, found he had left the earthquake, found he had left only beanside, and what seemed to him a beggarly pittance of three thousand a year. Plus honor, he had made good where a man less scrupulous would have stood from under. His daughters, in spite of rich husbands, grumbled under breath over losing greater prospective riches, but his wife said gallantly:

"Never mind, dear." And his son all but shouted: "Dad, you're the very account this will hit you hardest. It means, in the concrete, you can't marry Sally."

"Gammon!" said D. D. disrespectfully, but his father understood. He went on, still huskily: "You two

is just right-and, oh, it's also beau-

tifully grassy!"
"Be switched if I do," from D. D. "Beaten with a golf club if you don't," from Sally. "Of course I could do it without waiting for Unc' Tiger to sweat de misery outen his back—"Not on your life!" D. D. interruptto sweat de misery outen his back—but grass. like trouble and women, but grass. like trouble and women, won't wait for anything. Off with your coat! Lucky you're in golf rig. Consider the honor of abasing yourself before me and the roses. Yes, "That won't be fair to her—two sun makes you feel faint. I may even to be shortly. When Nat's wife cor

sons to help me."

"You're positively indecent." Sally laughed, "talking of your sons."

"Any worse than talking of father or mother? I can' see it." D. D. re-

torted. "That reminds me-mammy says I'm to fetch you back with me "It shames me to say it-but I kno and to stay, a week -she's had a that she and her money are to be h girl wished on her-sort of cousin, for taking. I won't take them-lone orphan-richer'n an Oklahoma can't. Not any more than you cou Injun—you've got to help us with have kept your millions by just her."

"The plot thickens," Sally cried, jumping up and down. "Now I know why I've set you to work—grass when the sally work—grass asked, still huskily." would have taken those poor roses efore I get back home."

The young folk were, of course,

hope was lost in addition to rich and doting parents. Sally, an only daughter, had a scant three brothers, but they had made up in indulgence the allowance of a full dozen. No heiress—child of a second wife—she had second wife never thought of money save as over what's happening to-our

or no she needed them. D. D., three years older, had been her playmate and comrade since she could toddle.

Deanside and Wadeways marched together along their greatest breadths

SALLY'S PROMISE.

By MARTHA McCULLOGH-WILLIAMS
Dancy Dean—familiarly D. D.—

thus the pair had been as much at home in one house as the other. Thus else they had been "fed" on the roses and laid in the lilies of life" well night flung out of his car ten steps in front to surfeit. Both felt it—as yet inarof Miss Sarah Martha Wade, whom
ticulately. A little later the feeling sprang sternly to life and action.

This because of two things -earchin front of her home. With a wild dash he seized her hands, swung her around himself, pivoting on his feet, and sat her down, upright, but helpless the earthquake, found he had left the earthquake, found he had left the earthquake, found he had left the control of the control

fully, but his father understood. He went on, still huskily: "You two have been trained to spend money

self before me and the roses. Yes, I shall stand by and fan you if the brothers are married—the other going sun makes you feel faint. I may even bring you a drop of water to cool your parched tongue."

"Play understuydy to Lazarus," D. broke in, grinning. "If you keep that bargain to the letter me for the trowel and the hoe."

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that bargain to the letter me for the trowel and the hoe."

"Oh. what a joy it is to have a thankful child!" Sally paraphrased, waving the scarlet parasol that had so far served only as a background to her wheat-yellow head.

D. D. muttered gruffly: "I'm putting obedience out at interest. Remember that, young woman. Even you won't dare defy me when I have sons to help me."

ence, unless I greatly mistake the ence, unless I greatly mistake the new head of the house. Now, fresh as a budding rose, she can marry me, began.

"And she only likes to marry me, D. D. burst in hotly. His father held up a protesting hand, saying, "That't the pitty of it—but I must think o you—my only son. You must not risly years of grinding poverty—or every going down to the very dregs, fail

"Don't name her!" D. D. broke it

"What will you do?" the fatl

"Wait and see!" said D. D., rushing away, to come back in thre The young folk were, of course, sadly spoiled—D. D. by seven married sisters whom he had succeeded when hope was lost in addition to rich and deting parents. Sally, an only daugh-

something nice to spend.

The boys, dividing equally their mother's dowry of millions took great joy in "glving Babe things," whether she needed them. D. D., three She went to him after a fortnig to help him take a ground st

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