

## The Million Dollar Doll

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

### Desmond Tells Nazlo Terry Is Visiting Friends of Teresa's

#### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MILES SHERIDAN, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's infidelity, is attempting to facilitate her obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. To this end he offers \$20,000 to JULIET DIVINE, a beautiful show girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll, if she will take a yacht trip with him. Juliet is unable to go herself, but, greedy for the money, she persuades

TERESA DESMOND (Terry), her lovely and unbelievably innocent half-sister, an exquisite counterpart of herself, to go in her stead, masquerading as the Million Dollar Doll. Ever since a kindness Miles did her in childhood, Terry has made him her dream prince. BETTY SHERIDAN, Miles' wife, is in love with

PAUL DI SALVANO, a handsome Italian. EUSTACE NAZLO, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl, and is surprised to meet her at Monte Carlo with Miles.

MRS. HARKNESS, Miles' old servant, prepared to hate the "Million Dollar Doll," is won over by Terry's sweetness and charm. Miles has stipulated that he will have nothing to do with the girl on the voyage, but his resolve is wavering, although he does not recognize the little girl whom he befriended so long ago.

MISS CAROLINE SHERIDAN, his aunt, journeying at Monte Carlo, is horrified at Miles' action, and comes on board the yacht to talk to Terry.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

#### A REVIEW OF THE PAST.

If Eustace Nazlo had had his way with Terry Desmond in New York, and all had gone "according to plan," she might have been for him only a pretty little thing in a long line of pretty little things.

But she had run away from his love. She'd played him a trick, and he had lost her. He could not bear to be thwarted. It made him feel physically depleted.

Few women had stumbled on this peculiarity of Nazlo's, because few had ever tried to thwart him. He had attracted the Shoe King were ready to dance with joy at their luck, and were in consequence too "nice" to him for their ultimate good.

He tried soon of what he got easily; and because a third-rate French dancer from Marseilles was clever enough to guess this, she had contrived to become Mrs. Nazlo at a time when the Shoe King was scarcely established in his kingdom.

The affair had happened in Paris just before the war. It had been a case of "marry me, or goodbye, and I'll marry someone else."

Natalie Corvex had eyes like wells of ink, and red lips that asked for kisses and then refused them. But she was "curiously above the peasant class," as when they had been married for a month Nazlo was sick to death of her.

If she had not been going to have a child he would have bribed her heavily to divorce him, but one of the man's rare weaknesses was his intense love of children. He waited.

Natalie's baby was a boy, and the miniature image of his father. Nazlo offered the woman 500,000 francs (as big a sum as he could then afford) to give up the child, and return Mademoiselle Natalie Corvex to her native Marseilles. But what was Nazlo's weakness was Natalie's strength. She, too, loved children. She adored the boy. There wasn't money enough on earth to buy him.

By this time she was developing a downy black moustache, the shadow of a coming—and becoming—event. Nazlo knew that he could not stand her as a wife. She would ruin what

he thought of as his "career" if he took her to live with him in New York. Yet he wanted the boy; and a compromise was arranged. He hired an apartment in Marseilles for the young woman and engaged a trained English nurse to care for the child. Natalie was promised four thousand francs a month, to combine motherhood with silence and discretion. Once a year, on the excuse of a future at "Monte," Nazlo went for a month—slightly out of season—to the south of France.

Only once or twice had he failed to make this visit; during two years of the war when traveling had been difficult. During that period Eustace, the second, had grown to be a fine boy, but such fineness as the mother had possessed was blurred. She missed stage life. Home existence bored her.

She dared not take a lover, for she suspected that Nazlo was having her watched. Instead, she took to abstinence—the beautiful green, forbidden drink which the mother worshipped, it still knew how to find.

When Nazlo had seen Terry Desmond at the Blue Moon Inn he had been married for seven years, and had been in love at least seven times since then. In a way, his marriage protected him. He could feel free to marry you, I'm already married; though, except in such cases, he never spoke of his wife.

It was in this thought that if a chance ever came to marry some princess of society he might induce Natalie to change her mind, and free him. He had ten times the money now that had been his when first he tried bribery.

As for Terry, Julia had been right when she warned Desmond that Nazlo would harm the girl if he found her. But his knowledge that the "kid" had disliked him enough to run away was more maddening than Natalie's dislike. He didn't hate the child; he was afraid something might happen to her in New York, and that if she returned she would be worse than lost to him.

Deep under his anxiety was this dread of loss for himself; but he believed that his fear was for the girl. He wished with all his heart that he had kept more self-control, and had not frightened the "convent kid." If he had been more careful, she would now be safe.

"I never meant to hurt her," he repeated, though he knew in his heart that he would have hurt her, given the chance.

The morning after Terry's escape he telephoned for Desmond, her father, asking if the girl had come back, and was told that she had not. But he was far from satisfied with this news. Ill with a violent headache after a sleepless night, he went again to the Blue Moon and questioned Desmond, fortunately for Julia, some time before she arrived.

"This thing isn't my fault," he insisted, "but I feel responsible. We can't let matters drift. If you have no idea where your daughter is, I'll engage a private detective to find her, at my own expense."

Desmond took alarm at that. A smart detective would soon come up on Julia's trail. He saw that between two evils, he might avoid the greater by giving knowledge of Terry's whereabouts. He could let Nazlo suppose her to be in New York; however, lest even that hint should lead to Julia. The unlucky resemblance was the danger! He told Nazlo she was staying with old friends of Teresa's, who disapproved of him and the Blue Moon. They had wired, "Have no anxiety for your daughter. She is safe."

"I should like to see the telegram," Nazlo suggested.

Desmond hadn't thought of that; but he did not hesitate long. "I tore it up," he answered. "I don't worry now, so there was no good keeping a bit of paper. Terry's all right. But I'm afraid, Mr. Nazlo, neither you nor me will get sight of her for some little time. When she comes back," Desmond said, "if you want to explain things to her, I'll let you know she's here. But I expect you'll have clean forgotten a child like her, before then."

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In tomorrow's installment Nazlo begins to work.



### Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

—STO-KEEPUH ALL TIME TALKIN' BOUT "READY CASH" BUT WHUT I WANTS T' HEAR 'IM TALK BOUT IS READY CREDIT!



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## The Days of Real Sport

### "You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE D'ALROY

ON NICE WOMEN!

BEAUTIFUL girls are

Sometimes "DUMB,"

CLEVER women are often

DOWDY;

But a woman with CHARM

Is positively PRICELESS;

For she is TOO clever

To be dumb,

And too SMART to be dowdy.

There are many types

Of women;

GOOD, BAD,

NOT SO good,

And not so BAD;

But the most AMAZING.

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### Mothers and Their Children



"Be Careful."

"Be careful," I used to say to my little boy, "for if you climb up there you'll surely fall and be hurt." He so often proved my fallibility of judgment that I stopped saying that. I found that only once in many times did he really fall, and even then the experience did not deter him, but only made him more careful and agile. Now I try to keep him from hazardous risks by buying him with other sorts of play and sometimes when I see him trying a dangerous stunt I warn him with, "Be careful. You have fallen and you might again."

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the neck gives the most inactive young woman that air of the great out-of-doors without which no girl can hope to be a success at an afternoon tea semicolon for a sport coat then that gives the atmosphere of golf without the grief of hazards comma that conveys the zipp of hunting without the terrifying roar of the gun comma and that bespeaks the bounds without the task of sticking on a horse it is bettering to be fitted today period.

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## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"It does seem to me," Mrs. Rayley sighed weakly "something good might happen for us once in a while."

"Surely. It not only might—it does," Daughter Frances answered briskly. "Look at that basket—all the cabbage plants we need—and half a dozen tomatoes—"

"But—no ground ready for setting out," her mother interrupted. "I call that an aggravation of Providence. Either it ought to a-sent somebody to work out the garden for us—else let the plants and things wait until we were good and ready."

"Waitin' ain't the way ever to get things ready," Frances retorted, as she spoke grabbing her palmetto hat. "I've got a hoe—and there's no law against my usin' it!"

"But—the ground ain't checked off—you'll put them hills as crooked as a dog's hind leg," Mrs. Rayley insisted. "To thin air, Frances was skimming down the length of the big garden patch, to reach the rich, moist earth along its lower edge. The mill road ran just outside, but with everybody so busy planting and plowing, passers were likely to be few. Anyway, she was caring—it was fine to be 'gentle'—her mother's catchwork on scant fare, but not so fine to be hungry. Besides, she had inherited

his father's small tidy farm, in reaching out for wider room. He would have been all right, but for the accident—a falling tree had crushed him just as the first big crop needed him worst. After that—she shuddered—she had been left, a widow, a penniless girl, and a young orphan, and a bit of grass-land, barely enough to pasture the cow.

Neighbors had been sympathetic enough through the trouble. After things settled, though, there seemed little room for help. That is to say, unless the Rayleys helped themselves. The garden had been planted for them last spring, but it had gone to weeds and grass, lacking tillage. Mrs. Rayley said she hadn't been raised in a hoe, also she forbade Frances to risk sunburn and hardened hands by experimenting with the implement. That had not set very well with those round about, not even with Mrs. Parsons, who had brought the basket, and galloped away before Frances got to the door.

For the women, said Mrs. Parsons, folks that wouldn't work couldn't expect to eat—Scripture said so. She wouldn't have troubled herself to give them this chance of working, only he had so many lousy stocks it hurt him to think of throwing them away.

Frances somehow sensed the fact—possibly the sensing, added to appetite, had sent her out to work. She went well with those round about, not fresh earth into tidy mounds, keeping them a-row by glances at the garden palings, and trying to make the next row even, and evenly spaced. With a hundred hills in hand, she began planting. Her mother had scurried out, exclaiming querulously that it was a crying shame her father's daughter coming to that, Frances had shrugged, saying over her shoulder: "Stead of scoldin' suppose you drop plants for me—then the shame may be won't burn you so bad."

Mrs. Rayley shook her head, and stalked off angrily—but paused at the gate, horror-stricken indeed.

For there was Frances, stooping to set out the plants she had herself dropped, bare of head and arms, with her faded calico frock killed so high it revealed at least ten inches of shapely legs—and just over the fence. Jim Parsons, turned suddenly to an equestrian statue calling gayly: "Say, Miss Frances! Want a boy to help?"

"Nope—can't afford such extravagance. I'm no plutocrat, in spite of the way I look," Frances flung back at him saucily over her shoulder, not even pausing to give him a look.

"Don't believe a word of it. Unless you were richer in cream-and-peaches, you'd dare do things like this," Jim said in her key. "Don't you dare run away—I'm coming to get the job."

Flinging his reins over a handy swinging limb, he vaulted the fence at its lowest gap. At his approach a scarlet Frances dropped flat, so as to hide her enchanting legs. "You go away," she ordered, "else I'll lose the rest of the plants—you know the season goes so fast from ground in, May—"

"No, you know," from Jim confidently. "Go 'long plantin'—I'll make up the rest of the hills—and then we'll finish together. Never mind how you look—I know what workin' in the dirt requires."

Frances rose to a stooping posture, seized her planting leg, and went down the row, no longer scarlet, but dumb and pale, hardly able to see for the tears in her eyes.

Jim helped her manfully—with all the things he had brought. Planting finished, he looked up and down the garden-breath a minute, then broke out: "Don't you be mad with me—but right here, you've got a chance you need ought to take. Let me help you to take it. I'll have all the ground harrowed fine and laid off right. And—you must let me get the seed and plants and things you need—this cabbage ground in strawberries for next year will fetch you money. Never mind about plants—I've got 'em in to throw away. You won't have to depend on local demand; there's co-operative shipment now, and more of it coming. This is the earliest garden-spot in the county, and one of the richest. But you shall have fertilizer too, all you need, if you need it. And, if work gets too heavy for you single-handed, I'll see to your having help. All of us will indeed, I can tell all hands you're willing to help yourself."

Then, for the first time since her father was taken, Mrs. Rayley broke down, sobbing like a baby.

That season she barely broke even. Not counting in her living, which was vastly bettered. She had tried to get out in debt, but the orchard hit, and the fruit, thanks to timely spraying, was very good. It would be better next season, said Jim, he had found a buyer for it on the trees at a fair figure. Mrs. Rayley fretted over that. She had no doubt in the world the buyer was "in cahoots" with Jim, and they would cheat a widow and orphan something shameful. Frances merely laughed. She had learned that laughing was the best antidote to maternal stings and arrows. Jim had tried to make her keep the apple money. She needed new clothes, and to take a little case, he said. She only shook her head. Independence, dearly earned, was too sweet to be periled, even for such a sweeter.

She was better every year, stronger, sweeter-tempered, kinder in judgment—always she had been generous and open in all her thoughts. But when with sunshine and content with massed line atmosphere, she knew herself another woman. Jim also knew it—heart-breaking. Life had transmuted her into the mate he craved, and she was not free to tell her so. A co-ed, back kin the agricultural college, had his hard and fast promise, which he had not the least excuse for breaking. She had not gone back to the land and her people, but became the head of a village improvement society some hundreds of miles away. Nobody in his orbit had ever heard of her, and he groined in spirit thinking of what must happen when she came to him. Her inane was barely a tithe of her former, not when breaking into his dreams of Frances.

Came to him a letter—airy, full of condescension. The co-ed lady had found out she didn't really care for land and things. She had found also a mate—foddering missionary—and they were going together to far countries, where she had always yearned to travel, but hopelessly.

A little later Jim took Frances in his arms, saying as he kissed her: "I've got to do something, honey—I've just had good news from a far country. Help me celebrate."

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