

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Nazlo Gathers Interesting Information From Mrs. Harkness

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MILES SHERIDAN, aware of his wife'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 do 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, sojourning at Monte Carlo, is horrified at Miles' action, and comes on board the yacht to talk to Terry.

Nazlo reviews what has gone before between him and Terry. The girl had run away from him one night back in New York, and her unscrupulous father, Desmond, had told Eustace she had gone to stay with friends.

Putting two and two together Nazlo realizes that the supposed Million Dollar Doll is Terry Desmond. He determines to question Mrs. Harkness whom he sees coming ashore from the yacht.

CHAPTER XVIII.
Still the Convent Child.
When Mrs. Harkness landed she looked about for the taxi which, she only an important car stood in the place where the taxi ought to have been, and "Hark," hesitated. "I suppose you're not a taxi, are you?" she inquired of the chauffeur.

He, not understanding English, shrugged, and answered volubly in French. It was then that Nazlo turned from his inspection of boats and hurried to the rescue. He took off his hat to the old servant as politely as if she had been a duchess. "I saw you trying to ask the chauffeur some question, Madam," he said. "But he doesn't know any language except his own, so I came to see if I could help you."

Mrs. Harkness was impressed. She considered the gentleman most distinguished.

"Thank you very much, sir," she replied, with her Ulster brogue. "I thought the car couldn't be a taxi. But never mind! I'm not too old to walk up the hall and get a taxi there. Please don't do that," Nazlo urged. "I shall be glad to take you up. I'm just ready to start. And we may be going the same way further on, if so."

"You're more than kind, I'm sure, sir," she thanked him. "But I'm for Mentone, and that's not likely to be your way."

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There's At Least One In Every Office.



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

IF DE DAYS LOOKS GLOOMY
EN DE ROAD LOOK ROUGH,
DON' NEUV GUT MIS-COURAGED
AT DE LAK O' DAT:
MEMBER LI'L JOSEPH IN
DE EGYPT LAN'—
WHILS HE HAD SOME LEAN
YEARS, HE LAK-WISE HAD DE
FAT!



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"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY

ON PLAYING WITH FIRE

Love is a FIRE
That can WARM
Or BURN.
If a MAN gets
Badly BURNED
He becomes CAREFUL;
If a WOMAN gets
Burnt BADLY
She becomes CURIOUS
And tries AGAIN.
Just to see
If the SECOND fire burns
As MUCH as the first.
A woman who is a FLIRT
Plays with fire continually.

Spotty Finds a Tempting Worm

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Spotty the Turtle was prowling around at the bottom of the Smiling Pool. That is where he gets most of his food. He was hungry this morning, and somehow he had had no luck at all. Every pollywog he had tried to catch had been too nimble for him. He had succeeded in nipping off the tail of one and that was all. This had just made him hungrier than ever.

To be sure there were water plants which he could eat, but he wasn't feeling like water plants. Usually the insects have gone to. Usually there are plenty of little fish, but for some reason or other, they are all hiding. He'd so the head of the Spotty had discovered a big, ugly looking head thrust up from the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool. He knew it was the head of the big cousin, Snapper the Snapping Turtle, and he knew now why those little fishes were hiding, and why the tadpoles were keeping buried in the mud.



He was just in time to see Farmer Brown's Boy come to the bank of the Smiling Pool.

mud, and why he had had no luck in finding insects such as live in the water. It was all because of that ugly looking, big cousin of his. Spotty swam away to another part of the Smiling Pool. He popped his head out of water for fresh air and for a look around. He was just in time to see Farmer Brown's Boy come to the bank of the Smiling Pool. Unlike Peter Rabbit and so the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, Spotty was not acquainted with Farmer Brown's Boy. Of course Spotty had seen him many times at the Smiling Pool, but he never had really made his acquaintance. So Spotty was distrustful. He dived at once, and went clear to the bottom. Down there he couldn't see Farmer Brown's Boy, and knew that Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't see him. So he no longer gave Farmer Brown's Boy so much as a thought. He continued to hunt for something to eat.

It was not long after this that Spotty heard a little splash in the water up above him. At once he turned to see what it meant. Sometimes a splash like that meant that food had fallen in the water. Almost at once he saw something coming down through the water that made his eyes grow bright with eagerness. It was an earth worm, and it was wriggling in the most enticing

Mothers and Their Children

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THE DAILY SHORT STORY

OVER THE WIRE.

Tommy Pearson was in a quandary as to how he was to wake himself every morning sharp at 7 o'clock. He had lost two positions already by not being in his office on time, and he liked the one he now had and wanted to keep it.

Tommy was rich enough to indulge in all the stupid hobbies of the idle wealthy if he chose, but he preferred to work. His family had all gone to their summer home at Southampton with the entire staff of servants, and Tommy remained alone in the big town house content save for that one annoying lack—his inability to wake at a regular early hour. Tommy quite realized that his subconscious or his will power or his power of suggestion should come to his rescue, but they didn't, and he realized that an alarm clock would only continue to ring itself.

A bright idea then flitted through Tommy's fertile brain and upon that idea he worked swiftly. Consequently the following morning among the personal columns there was a short message.

"Will someone please ring my telephone until I answer it? Object, getting me up. Reward, a good dinner and theatre once every fortnight. Just before seven, please. Thank you. Tom, Riverside, K-78."

Next morning at three minutes to seven Mary Dalton went to her telephone, called up Riverside, K-78, waited a moment, and then said, "Hello," then hung up the receiver. After that she sat down to her daily breakfast, and again the personal column which had prompted her telephone call. She smiled as she reflected that each morning she would begin her day with a good deed, and the doing of one good deed a day at least was one of their praiseworthy teachings.

Tom was delighted at the swift result of his personal and spent a moment or two at the telephone trying to reach the unknown benefactor, but hearing the receiver hung up at the other end he hurried off to his cold plunge, wishing however that he might have been permitted to thank the fellow, whoever he was.

Each morning his telephone rang and as regularly Tom jumped up, answered and tried to get a word with his unknown waker, but so far no word had reached him. Tom almost came to the conclusion that it was someone of his friends trying to keep his curiosity quickened. He spent little time, however, in vain conjecture, once getting up and to the office was his main idea and to the personality of the one who was responsible for that timely arrival to duties.

But toward the end of the second week Tom realized it was high time to find out who it was he was to treat to a dinner and theatre as he offered in his personal. He therefore became a little insistent over the telephone when next it rang at two minutes to 7 and took the receiver off very quickly and shouted: "How about that dinner and theatre, before the fellow at the end of the wire could hang up. Mary, however, hung up. Her smile was a trifle amused and she decided to ask her brother to answer the following morning.

Her brother, Donald, visiting Mary over the wire, was agreeable to most things she suggested, since he knew her to be quite capable of taking care of herself under most conditions. Consequently it was his voice that answered the somewhat annoyed Tom when he again demanded his right

to treat to dinner and theatre. "I say, old chap," Donald said laughingly, "I am booked up this week, but next Friday with you and you are free. I'm not keen on the theatre in hot weather, but if you insist about wiling the bell marked Dalton at 130 West Fourteenth street at about 6:30 Friday I'll be down and we can have a dinner together."

Mary smiled as he hung up the receiver. It was going to be some what of a lark, and Donald had promised to be with her just to appreciate the stranger.

When the Friday evening arrived, a call from her brother informed Mary that he was detained and that she must just make the best of the situation.

Tom, arriving in 13R promptly at half past 6 rang the bell marked Dalton and waited in the small hall for the chap who had been so regular in getting him out of his bed for the past three weeks.

Tom suddenly realized that waiting for strange young men was a most pleasant pastime, for coming down the stairs and meeting a young girl with a flush of rosebuds in her cheeks and a pair of wonderfully expressive eyes. These same eyes glanced shyly at Tom as the girl herself drew nearer and, much to Tom's delighted surprise, she made straight for him.

"I am the waker up—over the telephone," she said with a ready smile. "My brother, Donald, was coming tonight, but has been detained. Perhaps I should not go to dinner with you."

"Oh, please," exclaimed Tom, in dismay. "Having seen you now and knowing what a lovely waker-up you are, I couldn't eat a bite!" he gazed pleasantly at her and Mary laughed softly.

"I could not allow you to starve," said Tom, and with a bound Tom was out hailing a taxi.

"Such good fortune is seldom given to mortal man," he thought as the taxi drove back and he knew he had helped his lovely waker-up in it. "Can we go way up Riverside and have dinner?" The questioned.

"Oh, that is so dreadfully far to go in a taxi," murmured Mary.

Tom promptly gave the driver his orders. Even then he was anticipating the drive back and he knew he would tell the driver to go as slowly as his engine permitted.

"I have more money than sense," laughed Tom, "and am only too glad to have some one nice to spend it on. You will come every Friday with me, won't you? You know it is a big task, calling me up every morning so regularly."

"I am up nothing at all," said Mary. "I am up anyway and am only too glad to do any little thing to help people in this world."

"I need help very much," Tom informed her. "All my friends have dropped me because I insist on working like other men and I'm lonesome for someone—just like you. I don't think you'd call me a silly fool just because I can't idle day in and day out."

Mary looked straight into Tom's eyes and saw therein that which made her glad. "No," she said, quite frankly if a trifle tremulously, "I am not the kind of person who makes fun of a real man when I meet him."

"I shall bless my inability to wake up early—until the end of my days," thought Tom, but he was far too busy to say so during that first glorious meeting.

However, when he did tell her all about it, Mary, too, felt that some frailties in the human make-up certainly lead to paths that are very wonderful.

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