

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Miles Sheridan Goes One Way and Terry Goes Another

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.
Desa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unbelievably innocent, is impersonating her beautiful half-sister, Juliet Divine, known as the Million Dollar Doll, whose sketchy career is unknown to Terry.

Miles Sheridan, Terry's "Dream Prince," furnished the money for her convent education when she was a child. His wife is making him wretched with her infidelity, and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him, stipulating that he will not "trouble" the girl. This, he knows, will give his wife sufficient grounds for divorce. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry to go in her place. Terry is an exquisite counterpart of her sister.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is deeply in love with

Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian. Eustace Nazio, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl.

Poor little Terry, unaware of her sister's reputation and of how she must appear in the eyes of the world, starts the voyage with Miles, who does not recognize in her the little girl he befriended so long ago. Mrs. Harkness, his old servant, is sternly disapproving of the Million Dollar Doll.

Miles meets Terry on deck and is struck by her youthful charm. She reminds him of someone he knew years ago. Terry tells her Prince she wants no money from him.

CHAPTER XXXV. A SIREN'S CHARM.

"Well, you force me to ask one more question. What do you want from me if not money?"

Terry drew a deep breath. "That—that's almost the same question, in a different shape, isn't it?"

"Perhaps. But I wish it answered, now. I don't want some fantastic idea sprung upon me later on."

"Everything's got to be settled without delay. I thought it had been already. Please let me have the truth."

"The truth is, I don't want anything from you at all," Terry said, ashamed again trembling in her voice. "You—you seem to talk as if I were some greedy—animal!"

"You are, just that," were the words on Miles Sheridan's tongue, but he kept them there, after the late experience with his wife, which had deeply wounded his pride and honor, if not his heart, he'd come to believe that he had lost trust in women.

He had told himself lately, that if he never met a so-called "attractive woman" again he would be glad. Yet here he was, set up with one in a floating house and unable to get rid of her for weeks.

She was the last creature of her sex he would be inclined to trust, but, unfortunately, he couldn't shake her off permanently by being a brute. All he could do was to say, coldly, that he had not intended to be rude. Perhaps Miss Divine would change her mind later on before the cruise ended, and suggest some arrangement agreeable to herself.

"Meanwhile," he added, "please go and come as you like, without any fear of disturbing me. You've been abroad, I understand, so you probably know something about life on

shipboard, if not on yachts. On board this yacht we'll manage things much as if 'Silverwood' were a liner ten times her size. We'll take our exercise round the deck, when we feel like it, without noticing each other. We don't need to speak, or even bow and smile as we pass. That's the program."

"But if there's anything you want that you haven't got, let me know—by Mrs. Harkness or a steward. You see the program?"

"I see," Terry echoed.

She got up and walked away quickly, lest the moon should glint on the tears in her eyes.

Miles Sheridan loved the sea. He had a bent for mechanics and liked to spend an hour or two a day in the engine room. There were men on board, including Yale, the yacht's captain, with whom he enjoyed a chat; and there were plenty of books to read.

Though he had organized the cruise for a grim purpose, he was not bored as days drifted into nights and nights into days. He was in a mood that sickened him of the world, and was glad to be away from it, for, though he had never loved Betty as a man loved the One Woman, her betrayal of him had been a blow.

He could sit for hours on deck in a long chair, smoking a pipe and gazing in a half dream at the architecture of the waves; distant towers, marble-white on gray-green hills, built against the horizon only to crumble, and he rebuilt again.

It was like life, he thought; the stupendous successes and failures, and new successes reared out of ruined hopes as age came and went.

Sometimes the Doll would go by, and if he saw her through the corner of an eye, he would absorb himself in a book. Seldom, however, did she pass his way twice.

She seemed to go by on instinct when he was on deck, and to choose another time for her walks.

If the girl had accepted her wages, and the French novels, Sheridan would have thought of her scarcely at all, except to turn distastefully from the prospect of flaunting himself with her by and by on land. But she had thrown eight French novels and ten thousand dollars on the floor of her cabin; and he could not help speculating upon her mentality.

It intrigued him, too, that a type of these self-indulgent dolls should contrive to keep the figure, face and hand of a 17-year-old girl, while a well-bred woman of 27 or 28—like Betty, couldn't escape the burden of fat, and a double chin, without stern medication, prescribed by secret specialists.

This doll, however, touched no wine. So said Mrs. Harkness, having got the information from Robert's, who waited on Miss Divine at the table.

Sheridan, being told, had remarked, "I'm not interested in Miss Divine's habits, my dear Harky." All the same he was interested; a mere matter of curiosity.

And from one or two things the old woman had let drop before this gently administered snub, Miles had gathered that his ex-nurse was weakly, and in her disapproval of the girl. Not being a brute, Sheridan was mildly glad.

Robert, deadily for the wretched girl to be haunted by the wretched image Harky could be, when her conscience was on the warpath! "Silverwood" had been a week at sea, Mrs. Hark-

Wonder What a Judge Thinks About?

ANOTHER DAY OF DULLNESS... I'LL BE GLAD WHEN MY TERM EXPIRES... THOSE YOUNG ATTORNEYS WRANGLE ALL DAY LONG OVER NOTHING



I HAVEN'T THE FINEST IDEA WHAT IT'S ABOUT EITHER. I ASK 'EM A QUESTION ONCE IN A WHILE... LIKE 'WHAT DATE WAS THAT' OR 'WHERE ARE YOUR WITNESSES'



SO THEY'LL THINK I'M LISTENING TO EVERY WORD. I WISH OFFICER JONES WOULD QUIT BRINGING IN SO MANY SPEEDERS



I GET SICK AND TIRED OF HIS ZEAL. GOSH THAT WAS A GOOD GAME WE HAD LAST NIGHT—I BROKE ABOUT EVEN I THINK



AS SOON AS I GET A CHANCE I'LL COUNT MY CHANGE JUST TO SEE HOW I CAME OUT... I WAS FIFTY TO THE GOOD AT ONE TIME



I'M GOING TO GET TO BED EARLY TO-NIGHT BELIEVE ME. THERE COMES JONES WITH ANOTHER VICTIM I HOPE HE CHOKES.



I MUST PRETEND BEING BORED TO DEATH... AS A MATTER OF FACT I AM



NEXT CASE HOGAN AGAINST KLOPOTSKY... SAME OLD STUFF



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

I MEAN TELL MISTAH GEORGE BINGHAM'S YAH-BOY BIN BRAGGIN' ON ME, BUT DAT HURTS ME. MO'N IT HEP ME—EYV-BODY KNOW DAT NIGGUH AIN' GOT GOOD SENSE!!



ness had succumbed to the charm of the siren. (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate.) Tomorrow's installment deals with a twisted ankle and a plucky spirit.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE D'ALROY

ON REFLECTIONS.

It's GOOD to be a woman;

A PRETTY woman;

Or even a

PRETTY GOOD woman;

For women get so much pleasure

Out of their own REFLECTIONS.

For when a woman

LOOKS into her mirror

She generally sees

A work of ART.

But when MEN

Look at themselves,

They only see

What funny things

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NATURE does—

I think, myself,

Nature was so SURPRISED

At the average man's face

That she deliberately

Covered her MISTAKE

With a prickly growth,

Which, man, ARTLESS as always,

Daily SHAVES OFF.

But woman,

For all her ARTIFICIALITY,

Is too artful

To take anything

At FACE value.

So, men should worry!

The Young Chuck Scrapes Acquaintance With Robber the Rat

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Robber the Rat is a coward. Like most cowards he is a boaster. You will almost always find that cowards are boasters. You know Robber is an outcast. None of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows will have anything to do with him. He pretends not to care, but he does care. So, when he discovered that the young Chuck under Farmer Brown's barn was inclined to be friendly, Robber began to boast. He wanted to make himself as wonderful as possible in the eyes of that young Chuck.

"I take it," said he, "that you have not been out long in the Great World. It is a very wonderful place. But one must be able to take care of one's self. It is no place for one who is afraid."

"Then," said the young Chuck, "I suppose you are not afraid."

"Not in the least," replied Robber. "This was an untruth, for as I told you before, Robber is a coward. I've been all over the Great World," he continued, "in a great room over our heads are piles of corn and grain that would feed all the Chucks in the world, and all this is mine. Those big birds that frightened you so are kept to lay eggs for me. Whenever I feel like having a fresh egg, I go help myself. In the season I have a young chicken whenever I feel like it."

"What is a chicken?" interrupted the young Chuck.

Robber explained that a chicken is a baby hen, and that those big birds he had seen were hens. Then he continued with his boasting of the wonderful life he led until the foolish



"This place," said he, "is merely where I sleep."

dirty place. I suppose you go outside to take a sun bath."

Now, Robber the Rat does not take sun baths. He hates the sunlight. His deeds are deeds of darkness, and he comes out in the light of day only when he must, or when there is something to be gained by it.

But Robber knew that the young Chuck didn't know these things. He didn't know that Robber had lost his self-respect. So Robber kept on with his boasting. It was a great pleasure to himself to have someone who would listen to him.

"This place," said he, "is merely where I sleep. From it I go forth whenever I please to get the things I want. It is an easy matter to get a living here. Up above there are great bins of grain stored especially for me by Farmer Brown and his boy."

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

POLLY OF PAPEETE.

If George and Mary Malcolm could have foreseen the sad culmination of their world tour (their deaths in a little one-story hotel in Papeete, Tahiti; the consequent stranding of their 11-year-old daughter), why, of course, they would have abandoned their journey.

But their vision could not pierce the veil of the future, and events occurred exactly as enumerated above. So suddenly were they smitten that there was no time to make arrangements for little Polly. She simply became a legacy to kind-hearted Mother Kenyon, who ran the Beach Harbor House, along with the few effects left by her parents and what money was about their persons.

So Polly stayed on, growing into a slim, reserved young person, and a great help to Mother Kenyon, who did well by the girl as far as lay in her power.

When she was 16, two things occurred. Letters began to arrive regarding one George Malcolm and his wife—cousins of Dean Everett. He was very good-looking and 32. He was unmarried and heart-free when he came. He met Polly almost immediately and fell head over heels in love. Because he did not tell her so—partly because of her youth—partly because he wished to prove his feelings a little further before committing himself—but mostly, perhaps, because of a certain dragon-like aspect of Mother Kenyon, who seemed always hovering over the girl.

Months went by while Mother Kenyon received and answered letters without making much of them to Polly, and Dean watched Polly daily growing into that winsome womanhood when he would feel at liberty to ask her to marry him. All Papeete—even Mother Kenyon herself now—were aware of his devotion. Polly alone, although she openly sought his companionship, seemed oblivious to the adoration in his glance when it turned upon her.

Then came the culminating letter. It seemed that the person behind all the inquiries was a distant cousin of George Malcolm, an elderly aunt, evidently a well-to-do woman who had never seen Polly or Polly's mother, but who had heard of their journey and its sad ending months afterward. It seems remittances had piled up at another point of call and authorities there had communicated with the bank on which the checks were drawn.

The bank in turn had sought for relatives or information of the unfortunate couple. A steamer carrying mail which might have straightened out matters had been lost in a South-

ern Pacific hurricane. The whole affair had been involved and tedious. But at last to Polly, nearing her 18 birthday, came the information that considerable money—or so it seemed to her—was due her and a summons to come home and live with the aforesaid aunt and receive the care and education which must have been sadly lacking at the ends of the earth.

Polly took the letter to Dean in trebled bewilderment. What should she do? Mother Kenyon thought she should go. What did he think? "You must go, dear, by all means," he advised in what he conceived to be an elder brotherly fashion. "Undoubtedly there are advantages you can have that are impossible here. And—greater opportunities for your future happiness."

And so it was arranged. Polly was to go back on the very steamer which had brought the letter. And the steamer would leave the following evening when the tide served, allowing Polly just time to pack her few belongings and bid farewell to all her friends, from the natives to those of Papeete's fluctuating population who had remained long enough to know and love Mother Kenyon's foster child.

An hour before the boat was due to go Polly slipped away for a few minutes by herself down on the silver beach. Where a radiant moon rode the heavens and the deep boom of the surf smote on one's ears from beyond the reef. Would her new home be as wonderful as the one she was leaving?

She sat for some moments drinking in the beauty of the scene. Then as she turned to go she saw a lonely figure pacing the shore, head bent, some distance down the beach. She recognized Dean immediately, started toward him, then thought better of it and ran back toward the hotel.

The Maronia's whistles blew shrilly in the beauty of the scene. Either Polly had not come or else she had gone aboard and forgotten him. Yet there stood Mother Kenyon, the nucleus of a little group. True, everyone came down to see the boat leave, but she would hardly stand there so complacently had not Polly been duly put aboard.

Now they were pulling in the gang-plank. Now there was a steady widening gap between the boat and the rock. Good-bye, little Polly. Good-bye!

But what was this sudden whirlwind at his side, which thrust a warm hand confidently into his? He turned and looked into Polly's shining eyes.

"Dean, you old silly! Why didn't you tell me you cared? Instead of that it had to be Mother Kenyon. I asked her if she thought you did, and she said 'Yes,' and then—why, of course, I couldn't go!"

"And you'll stay at the end of the earth with me, dear?" asked Dean, not yet sure of his wonderful fortune.

"End of the earth, Dean?" cried Polly. "Why, it's home!"

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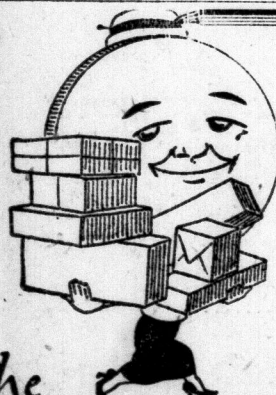
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