

# The Million Dollar Doll

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

## Aunt Caroline Writes a Letter of Warning To Betty

### 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 **LEET 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, and she is in love with him. **PAUL DI SALVANO**, a handsome Italian, **JUSTACE 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, is horrified at Miles' action, and comes on board the yacht to talk to Terry.

### CHAPTER IV. A Horrible World.

"My poor, unfortunate woman," Aunt Caroline burst forth. "I know Heaven has sent me to you. You have sinned. You have led an evil life, but God forbid I should judge you. I do not. My heart is filled with pity. You may have been led astray when you were not far beyond childhood. Even now, you are in your early youth. Reform! Reform! This is the moment. I am here to help you."

Terry stiffened. "I have not led an evil life," she almost whispered. "It's not true. Nobody could have told you so. I'm sure Mrs. Harkness wouldn't."

"Your name has told me," stated Miss Sheridan. "That is I did not hear it till today. In my world I do not hear of yours. But, sitting on the terrace after you had gone,

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## Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

KUNL BOB LOW DE TROUBLE  
BOUT DIS HEAR RENT-A-  
FLIVVER BIZNESS, YO'  
GAL CAN'T TELL WHICH  
IS YO' HAWN WEN YOU BLOWS.



shore now. In half an hour, Miss Divine, I'll come back for you."

"Very well," Terry said, in a low voice that sounded sullen.

When aunt and nephew were gone, Terry rushed below to her own cabin, and cried as she had never cried before. It was useless this time to remind herself how silly it was—according to Father—to "squeeze juice out of her face." It would come! There seemed to be no end to it. How horrible the world was! (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate.)

Monday's installment tells Nazlo's story.

## "You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY.  
ON DEEP WATER

RESTLESS women  
Attract men—  
QUIET ones—get them.  
A man looks for a SECOND  
At a CASCADE,  
And marvels for a MINUTE  
At a WATERFALL;  
But will sit for HOURS  
Gazing upon a LAKE—  
Many girls are like cascades,  
Bright but shallow;  
A FLIRT is like the Falls,  
Sparkling but treacherous—  
These may both make a SPLASH;  
But the CLEVER woman

Is like a LAKE,  
DEEP enough to be silent,  
And let the man  
Make the "BIG NOISE."  
Sparkle and splash  
May DAZZLE a man,  
But he can see through them,  
And ALSO, you can't drown  
A man in SPRAY.  
But if he looks in a lake  
He cannot see the bottom,  
He only sees his own  
REFLECTION;  
He FORGETS it is deep  
And FALLS IN.

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## Peter Rabbit Has a Little Chat With Spotty the Turtle

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Peter Rabbit had gone over to the Smiling Pool hoping to find some one to talk with. Grandfather Frog was nowhere to be seen. Jerry Muskrat was too busy to gossip. You know Jerry is a worker. For a while it looked to Peter as if he would have to go somewhere else to find some one to talk with. He was just about to turn away when he spied an old friend. It was Spotty the Turtle. Spotty was taking a sun bath on the end of an old log out in the water. At first Peter hadn't seen him because he was partly hidden in the burruses.

"Hello, Spotty!" cried Peter. "This is a fine morning. I hope you are feeling fine."

Spotty lazily blinked at Peter. "I feel fine most of the time," said he. "I always feel fine when I am taking a sun bath."

Now Peter had known Spotty the Turtle ever since he could remember. The first time he had ever spied out Smiling Pool, Spotty had been there taking a sun bath just as he now was. But now it occurred to Peter that

and honestly. "It is wholly your own business when you eat, where you eat, and what you eat. But it seems to me queer that as long as I have known you I have never seen you eat. Now don't you think it queer yourself?"

"Not at all," replied Spotty, his little eyes twinkling again. "There are reasons, Peter, very good reasons, why I don't eat. I have given me an appetite, I do believe. If you'll excuse me I'll go get a lunch right now."

"Can't I go along with you?" Peter asked eagerly.

"I'll be delighted to have you," replied Spotty, and those little eyes of his twinkled more than ever.

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The next story: "Peter Rabbit Grows More and More Inquisitive."



though he had known Spotty so long he really didn't know him at all. That is to say, he didn't know anything about him. All he knew about Spotty was that he was a very good swimmer and dearly loved to take sun baths. It popped into his head now that he didn't know what Spotty ate or when he ate. He never had seen him eat.

Now Peter never hesitates to ask questions. "No one who is afraid to much" is a favorite saying of Peter's. He didn't hesitate now.

"Spotty," said he, "don't you ever eat?"

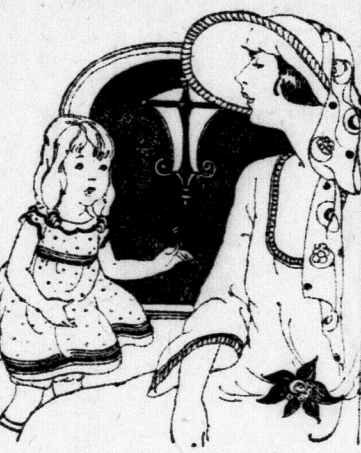
"Peter," replied Spotty, "if you must ask questions do ask sensible ones. No one likes to be bothered with silly questions. Of course I eat. Everybody eats. If I didn't eat how do you suppose I would live and grow?"

"I hadn't thought anything about it before," replied Peter, "but now I remember that as long as I have known you, never have I seen you eat. That seems queer to me. When do you do it? Where do you do it? What do you eat?"

"My, my, my, such inquisitiveness!" replied Spotty with a twinkle in his bright, little eyes. "Let me ask you a question, Peter Rabbit. What business is it of yours when I eat, where I eat, or what I eat?"

"None," replied Peter very frankly

## Mothers and Their Children



The Assistant Hostess.

One Mother says:

When friends call, my little girl is expected to greet them and come in and make them feel her cordially. They are "our friends." She is, therefore, not shy and enjoys people as much as a grown-up and has a certain sense of responsibility for visitors.

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## THE BUZZY WAGON.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"This flivvering across country is not as joyful as it sounds," growled Mr. Bellamy, as he munched a dried beef sandwich.

"Don't call my Rolway a 'flivver'!" objected Jack Bellamy, casting an adoring eye upon the glittering silver and green of the great car's hood. "Where's the thermos bottle, Dad?"

Mr. Bellamy choked on the dry and salty sandwich he had consumed. "Where?" he echoed in a parched tone. "Your impeccable Wilkins has failed to put one in the hamper. The good soul has probably discovered his lapse by this time, and is running breathlessly in our rear, a thermos bottle in each hand."

Jack groaned as he looked around the rather forsaken country through which the well-oiled motor road wound like a black snake. "Look back, Dad, and see if you can see him," he joked dryly.

Mr. Bellamy removed his Panama hat, protruded his shining pate and announced dismally. "Not a sign of anything so respectable as the man!" Something black showed on the reflector beside the driver. "What is that behind us?" Jack asked.

"A very disreputable car—probably bandits."

Now interested, Jack craned his head around to scan the shabby car in the rear; it was an ambitious little closed car, much the worse for wear, but it rattled bravely along, keeping closely in the wake of the monster. Suddenly there was a loud report and the Rolway listed a little. Jack stopped the car at the side of the road with a warning backward flap of his hand.

"Tire, front—flat," explained Jack as he got out and removed his coat. Mr. Bellamy growled imprecisely, scrambled out. But he paused, petrified as the shabby little flivver came up and stopped in front of them. A girl's charming face looked out at them. One swift glance from father and son revealed that she sat at the wheel, that she was wearing knickers and soft white blouse, with a round felt hat on her misty dark hair. Beside her sat another girl, fair and blue-eyed, in the same attire. The healthy tan and rosy color testified to their gipsying across country, too. Apparently they were enjoying their holiday.

They saw only Mr. Bellamy, for suddenly Jack was on his knees examining the gear of the Rolway—and Mr. Bellamy, at heart a kindly man, beamed upon them and asked huskily:

"Haven't any water on board, have you?"

"I am sorry—we have drinking water—not enough for the car—dying of thirst," explained Mr. Bellamy. "Been eating smoked beef sandwiches, haven't you?"

"The poor thing!" exclaimed the other girl. "I will get it, Dorothy."

At the sound of Dorothy's name, the head of Jack Bellamy emerged turtle-wise from beneath the car, besmeared with grease and sand, his expectant eyes seeking the dark-haired girl, she came into the same moment and paled. His head vanished instantly, to reappear at its proper height beside his father.

"Oh, see the pretty man!" breathed Helen, as she passed Dorothy with a thermos bottle in her hand.

"Idiot," growled Dorothy, wondering what adverse fate had befallen her to the same trail with Jack Bell-

lamy, whose erratic father had refused to allow his son to marry a poor, unknown girl. Jack was ready to throw over everything for Dorothy, but the girl herself an ambitious art student, was too proud to enter a hostile family, so she had sent Jack away. It had all happened months ago. They had lost sight of each other, and now she and Nina Gray, jogging along in their beloved "buzzy wagon," journeyed from town to town and sketching by the way, had found themselves trailing a gorgeous car that blocked the narrow road. And it had proved to be the car of Jack's objectionable and objecting parent, and Jack was looking at her with surprised, devouring eyes. She shook her head slightly, disowning his acquaintance.

Mr. Bellamy drank deeply from the silver cup again and again. It was a shining cup—Dorothy's christening cup—and bore her name. The horn-rimmed spectacles of Mr. Bellamy peered closely at the inscription.

Dorothy Meares—Meares—that your name? he asked sharply.

"Yes," admitted Dorothy, regarding her lost color.

"I knew a Meares. Old friend of mine. We used to hunt in Canada together, long ago. What was your father's name?"

"Nathaniel," she said reluctantly.

Bellamy looked disturbed, and his face softened. "He was my friend, and he has passed away my dear."

"Two years ago, at Seattle," she answered sadly.

He nodded. "I heard that. A brave man and a thoroughly honest friend: one in a thousand. I am very glad to meet his daughter. My name is Bellamy. Angus Bellamy."

"Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. My father always kept your picture in his house, the one in which you were landing a monster trout."

"Right! Jack, come here and meet the daughter of an old friend of mine, Miss Meares, this is . . ."

Dorothy's slim form stiffened. "I have met your son, Mr. Bellamy."

"Jack, you never told me, sir." He frowned on Jack, who looked equally stiff and distant.

"Miss Meares is the young lady I wish to marry, Dad," he said at last.

"What?" he cried. Mr. Bellamy, trying to collect all the astounding facts before him and fit them into the puzzle of the undesirable girl Jack had wanted to marry. "What?"

"One of Dorothy's pies," irrelevantly broke in Helen Gray, as she came toward them with a huge flaky apple pie in her hands. "I am starved, and it is twenty miles to the next town—who will have a slice of pie?" She put her things on the running board of the Rolway. She flashed a silver knife and passed pieces of delicious pie around on paper plates.

Mr. Bellamy ate and munched passed his plate for more. "Anyone who can make a pie like this . . . the daughter of my best friend . . . Dorothy, my dear, go and make it up with Jack!"

Dorothy led Jack to the shabby, happy little car that she and Helen owned together. She bent and swept a kiss at the open door.

"The dear old buzzy wagon . . . it brought us right to you!"

"I want to kiss it myself," cried Jack. "Only it's a pity to waste 'em!"

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Hamilton, Ontario—"When my daughter was thirteen and until she was fifteen, she suffered every month so that she could hardly move around the house, and when she would have the pains in school she would have to be carried home. She also had headache, dizzy and faint spells, and soreness in her back. I saw your advertisement in the 'Hamilton Spectator' and got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for her. She does not have the least bit of trouble now, and we recommend your medicine. She works in a candy-shop now and seems well and strong."—Mrs. I. P. CLAUDE, 88 Oxford St., Hamilton, Ontario.

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## Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper, if your kid brother ever gets a hold of those choker beads of yours he is going to create a sensation in the marble shooting world and take a letter to Clarence Closom our electric appliance salesman at Missie Manor Michigan. Dear Clarence colon dash paragraph.

Your letter stating that you want to increase your ability as a salesman so you can support yourself in the manner to which you would like to become accustomed adding that while salesmen all have to be born first the big factors in the world of selling are the birds who have been trained and will I stand for you taking a fifty dollar course in salesmanship by correspondence on the company has been received paragraph.

Well comma Clarence comma this letter of yours is peculiar because I agree with you in most every point of you make especially about the fine opportunity there is to increase your ability as a salesman why Clarence that is practically a virgin field with no competition whatever and the sooner you start in the better and I check with you about this supporting yourself in the manner stuff in fact I read the same advertisement myself but why not begin supporting yourself in Missie Manor but all though business is good there are no times to treat fifty dollars with disrespect and so I am going to give you a course in salesmanship for nothing myself one letter to a lesson and then I will know what sort of hop you are reading beginning with the fundamental instinct of imitation and what it has got to do with selling a Seething Suction Vacuum Cleaner to prominent women in my next letter period. Yours for edited education.

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Per D. D.

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