

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Terry and Miles Sheridan Once More Come To An Understanding

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Teresa Desmond (Terry)—Lovely and unbelieveably 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's infidelity is making him wretched, and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry, who is an ex-quisite counterpart of herself, to take her place. Miles does not recognize the little girl he befriended so long ago.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is in love with Paul di Salvo, a handsome Italian.

Eustace Nazlo, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relation to ship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl.

Mrs. Harkness, Miles' old servant, is Terry's maid on board the yacht.

Terry's early disapproval of "The Million Dollar Doll" is swiftly disappearing under the influence of Terry's child-like charm. Miles has stipulated that he will have nothing to do with the girl on the voyage, but under the impression that Terry is flirting with him, he breaks his bargain and kisses her.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE SPHINX OF THE WHITE LIGHTS.

"Don't—don't!" she begged. "I can't understand. You're married—you have no right—"

Sheridan laughed. It was too absurd! "Oh, come, haven't you played that game long enough? I think something else would be better fun at present—and as for the future—my dear, pretty girl, there's nothing doing. Nothing serious. The influence of the reformed male died down."

"You dared me to break the bargain. I took you at your word. If you think I've no right to steal a kiss, give me one—or sell me one. What's the price?"

He had not let her wrists. Now he pulled her close. Her eyes blazed into his. "If you kiss me, I'll hate you," she gasped.

He flung her hands away in a sudden rage against himself and her. "Go then—damn you!" he said.

Terry staggered back and caught at a chair. "I wish I could go—overboard!" she cried. "I never dreamed you'd be like this. You—you're wicked."

"Your eyes look the way all those horrid men's eyes looked. Oh, it makes me sick—like those hateful French books I read. I wish I were dead so I could forget."

Sheridan was dumfounded. The brute that is in every man had sprung out of its cage. Now it backed in again, not cowed, but chilled.

"Don't be a fool, Miss Divine," he said sharply. "This isn't a stage, I'm

not an audience. You've no need to go overboard or fall dead if you want to get rid of me. This scene is your own fault. You flirted with me—deliberately. You led me on to flirt with you. Well, you've had the consequences. You should have let me alone, as I was letting you alone, if I was physically repulsive to you.

Terry still grasping the chair, her knuckles white, had caught at a vestige of self-control. Fresh from school, where she had been gently drilled and lectured, only to feel her father's harsher rule, she fell under Sheridan's reproaches as if under a spell. She was being scolded by the Prince of her Adoration!

Her quick anger against him was gone. She felt that, in her youth and ignorance of life, she must have misunderstood. It couldn't, just couldn't be, that he had suddenly turned into a wild beast as Nazlo had turned, and as other men at the Blue Moon had seemed to turn, always with the same hateful, frightening look in their eyes.

The prince said that she had "dared" him to "break the bargain," and that she had flirted with him, and that now she "had had the consequences." Apparently he thought that he had done nothing at all out of the way, that she ought to have expected the kiss, and that she alone was to blame for it.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "It isn't that at all! You're not repulsive to me, Mr. Sheridan. Don't you see, I couldn't bear to think you were not good, and that made it so much worse than if you'd been anyone else."

"Oh, you are good, of course! Truly, I didn't mean to flirt, or make you flirt. I don't think I know how to flirt, really. I was only glad that you were a little kind. But if I've behaved badly, and this is all my fault, I'm sorry."

A subtle creature indeed! Sheridan gave her up, as the Sphinx of the White Lights. Yet her voice was so soft, her eyes were so bright, with what looked like tears at the end of the rebuffed male died down.

Useless, he thought, to fling in the girl's face his knowledge of her hypocrisy. Let her have the last word, and be the misunderstood innocent to the end! It wouldn't hurt him—more than he was hurt already; and that was but in his vanity, when he looked facts in the face.

"I'm afraid I was a bounder to throw the blame on you, Miss Divine," he said. "Your beauty is to blame where you're concerned. As for me, I lost my head at first, and then my temper. I've been under a strain for some weeks past. Not that that's an excuse. There isn't any. I ask your forgiveness for breaking the bargain, the way I did break it. We'll mend it, as best we can."

"Oh, thank you!" responded Terry with gratitude, as if he has made her some beautiful gift.

"I'm sure I was hateful! I lose my temper too, sometimes, though I try

WHEN YOUR FRIENDS PILE IN
ON YOU TO HEAR THE FIGHT
RETURNS OVER YOUR RADIO
AND AT 8:30 YOU GET STATIC



-AND AT 9:45 YOU GET
DISGUSTED



-AND AT NINE O'CLOCK
YOU GET WHISTLES AND
SQUAWKS



-AT 9:48 YOU GET
FRANTIC



AND AT 9:50 YOU GET
YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS



-AND THEN AT 9:50 THE
BIG FIGHT RETURNS BEGIN
TO COME IN ON H-H-H
BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND
AND GLOR-R-IOUS
FEELIN'?



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

I HAD A FIGHT LAS' NIGHT
WID A NIGGUH SO TALL
I COULDN' DO NOTHIN'
CEPN' GRAB 'IM ROUN' DE
LAIGS EN KICK 'IM ON
DE SHINS!!!!



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not—and the nuns used to say I must pray against it. My father has a high temper. I suppose I get mine from him. I hope you'll forgive me."

Sheridan laughed in spite of himself. "This has been a tempest in a teapot," he said. "A storm within a storm! Listen to the wind and waves. They laugh us down."

"Of course I've nothing to forgive you. It's all the other way round. I ought to have remembered one reason why you accepted this—shall we call it 'job'?—on board my yacht; that my promise of hands off enabled you to accept, although I think—you're engaged to be married. That's the case, isn't it?"

"No," the girl answered eagerly. "I'm not engaged. I never thought of being engaged. And no one ever proposed to me."

No sooner were the words out than Julia's warning sounded in her ears. She blushed painfully, and gave Sheridan a quick, anxious glance.

"You look as if you'd remembered something you had forgotten," he suggested, with a smile.

"I did," she confessed.

"Remember, perhaps, the trifling fact that you are engaged?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't ask," Terry said.

"Another secret?" Sheridan shrugged. "Like your motive for refusing money, or not telling where your convent is, and so on?"

"Yes—yes," she admitted.

He raised his eyebrows. "Not being a psychoanalyst I can't pretend to make you out," he said.

"The man's blood was cool again now as it had ever been, and he saw himself a blundering fool, who ought to be thankful for a narrow escape. He ought, also, to wish sincerely to avoid the girl's society; but, somehow, it seemed that he didn't quite wish that."

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In tomorrow's installment the "Doll" keeps up her "Pose."

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY.
ON WOMAN'S REASONING.

A SPORTS COAT is like a woman—
It must NEVER be taken seriously.
For instance, it has BUTTONS;
And a mere MAN
Assumes at once
They are there to be DONE UP.
That's the WORST of men,
They have NO imagination.
Now a WOMAN knows by instinct
If there are five buttons,
That, more than likely,
They are there for EFFECT.

The Young Chuck Leaves the Old Wall For the Green Forest

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

A rumor is a story that no one knows positively is so, and the start of which no one seems to know. There are good rumors and bad rumors, and somehow they travel astonishingly fast. It was a rumor that caused the young Chuck, who for some time had been living in the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard, to make up his mind that it was time for him to move on. The rumor was that Shadow the Weasel had been seen running along on the old stone wall.

Now, Shadow the Weasel was one whom the young Chuck never had seen, and never wanted to see. He had been told about him by his mother almost as soon as he could understand. He knew that Shadow was one enemy from whom he could not escape by means of a hole in the ground or any other kind of a hole. It was true that by now he was so big that Shadow might hesitate to attack him. But he had feared Shadow for so long that he had no desire to meet him. He had got the rumor from Striped Chipmunk.

Striped Chipmunk had come rushing along the old stone wall as if his worst enemy were at his heels. "They say that Shadow the Weasel has been seen on the old stone wall," cried Striped Chipmunk.

ly chattered with fright.

"Who says so?" asked the young Chuck.

"Oh, everybody! It is all through the Old Orchard," Striped Chipmunk said. "I got it from my cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel. He says that Sammy Jay said that Welcome Robin said that Skimmer the Swallow said that Jenny Wren said that Winnow Bluebird said that someone told him that he was seen this very morning. I've been frightened half to death ever since I heard it. Oh, dear, I can't stop here talking! You'd better keep your eyes open." With this off-scramped Striped Chipmunk as fast as he had come.

The young Chuck looked anxiously both ways along the old stone wall. Everything was as quiet and peaceful as usual. He thought over what Striped Chipmunk had told him, and the more he thought about it the more uneasy he grew. To be sure, no one seemed to know who it was who had seen Shadow the Weasel. No one seemed to know who had started the story. It might not be true at all. But supposing it was true. Just supposing it was true. The young Chuck shivered at the mere thought. Right then and there he made up his mind that that was no place for him. For



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some time he had been intending to move on, and he might as well do it now as later.

"He isn't going to catch me here," muttered the young Chuck. "No, sir, he isn't going to catch me here. Why, he might surprise me when I was asleep, and then I wouldn't have even a chance to fight. This isn't a regular home for me here, anyway."

So the young Chuck started on toward the Green Forest. He felt a little homesick as he left the old stone wall, but he soon forgot this in the excitement of his journey. Once more he was out in the Great World, and all because of a rumor.

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The next story: "The Young Chuck Gets His Desire."

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper do you ever feel an intensely impersonal interest in whether a young man knows what is what in modern jewelry and take a letter to Miss Romance Fuss, Engagement Falls, New Hampshire. Dear Miss Fuss colon paragraph.

Yes Miss Fuss we have your letter about how your study of psychology has helped you so much to get an impersonal interest in view on people and how Wilbur Stewart who has been coming to see you ever since he finished high school and has just been made manager of his office started to tell you last night about the bungalow he would like to build and then turned red and stopped talking coming going on to tell us that your study of psychology has aroused your impersonal interest to know what he was going to say if he had not become embarrassed and what books on psychology have we got that would suggest a way to find out period paragraph.

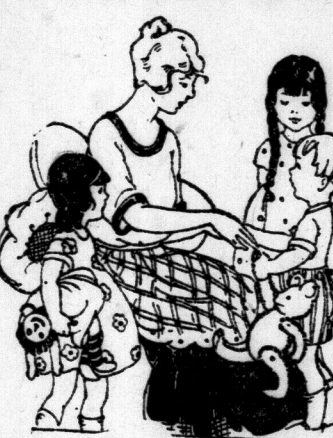
Well Miss Fuss comma I can certainly sympathize with your impersonal point of view my wife was just as impersonally interested in me up to the time of our engagement although she didn't study psychology much they called it tact inherited from her mother's side then and while we have no books that will help you to make the test you have in mind you might take our jewelry catalogue comma ring edition comma which I am mailing you and hand it to Wilbur the next time he comes in asking whether he dropped it on the divan or was it one of the other boys and for your own information our special discount on diamonds will apply all his month period.

Yours for impersonal impressions, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM. Per DD.



Don't say "ink"
Call for
CARTER'S
Fountain Pen Ink
Made in Canada

Mothers and Their Children



The Right Kind of Directions.
Mother Says:
"Children, clean up the nursery," or "Children, clean up the porch."
I give directions to each child and assign to each a special duty. General responsibilities do not interest a young child—give him a particular task and he will do it.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A CIPHER AND A TRAINED MIND.

By H. IRVING KING.

Arthur Campbell was a star reporter on a big New York daily, and he was in love with Ethel Crosby—who was in love with him. But Ethel's father was a rich financier who had no use for newspaper men. Although he had been a friend of Arthur's father in the days when the two had "broken into" Wall Street together, he had no idea of letting his daughter marry his old friend's son—the friend being dead and having been so badly "pinched" in the market before his decease as to leave Arthur with a very moderate fortune indeed.

"Oh, Arthur," Ethel was saying as the two sat alone in the back parlor of the old-fashioned Crosby mansion. "I am really afraid we shall have to slope—for I won't give you up, let father say what he will." She had a mind of her own, had Ethel, and Arthur thought she never looked so beautiful as when animated by an expression of that mind. It must be admitted, though, that at such times she bore a rather striking resemblance to a man, from whom her strong will was inherited.

"He was talking to me today about you," went on Ethel, "and even went so far as to tell me to forbid you the house. But I told him frankly that I should do no such thing. If he wanted to, I said, he might, of course, but I would not. He called me an ungrateful and rebellious child and I cried, and he went off in a rage to the library. He's there now. He's got some business matter on his mind, I can see, and that makes him very unreasonable."

"I don't see why your father should be so mean to me," said Arthur. "I have a little money of my own and I came tonight expressly to tell you—I have just been appointed Washington correspondent of the paper—a mighty good job, I'll be managing editor before very long, you see if I don't. And some day I'll have a paper of my own. I've a good mind to go upstairs and have it now."

"Do!" cried Ethel. "Matters can't be any worse than they are now. Perhaps when he understands how good your prospects are he'll relent a little. Oh, if he only could understand how much we love each other I am sure he would."

"All right," replied Arthur, "there goes for the Rubicon!" Arthur went upstairs, knocked on the library door, which stood partly open, and entered. Mr. Crosby looked up surprised and angry from the paper on the table before him which he had been contemplating with a puzzled frown. "Excuse my intrusion, Mr. Crosby," said Arthur, "but I rather than Ethel that you might like to have a talk with me concerning my relations to your daughter. We are deeply in love. I have a small competent and have just been appointed Washington correspondent for my paper. My prospects are good, my character will bear investigation and, in short, I ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"You—you!" sputtered Crosby. "You penny-a-liner, you pauper! you had gone into Wall Street as your father did!"

"I might have been squeezed by old Collingwood as my father was," interrupted Arthur. At the name of Collingwood Crosby paused reflectively and glanced at the paper on the table. His own father was a cryptographer containing the same characters which appear in the cypher message. This gave me a clue. I found on your bookshelves a copy of Poe's works, turned to 'The Gold Bug,' applied the cryptogram contained and explained therein to Collingwood's message—and you see the result. Very careless of Collingwood to appropriate a cipher instead of inventing one; but unless one has a trained mind it is apt to be so."

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reached out for me."

"Cipher, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Crosby, "and I'd give something to read it."

On the piece of paper Arthur saw the following:

(S E S . 3 : 7 8) S S :

He gazed at it thoughtfully, then seemed to be struck with a sudden idea. "I think I can decode it for you, sir," said he.

"You can? Go ahead and try, then. If you succeed—well, then we will talk of other matters." Arthur looked along the book shelves, took down a volume, drew a chair up to the table, selected a pencil and a piece of blank paper, drew the code message over to him and set to work. Finally he handed the cipher message back to Crosby with letters written under the cryptic characters. The message now appeared as follows:

(S E S . 3 : 7 8) S S :

"Raid Peninsula and Galveston Tuesday, will he?" cried Crosby. "The old villain. Well, we'll see about that. I have you on the spot, William! Checkmate to Collingwood!"

It should be explained that John Quincy Crosby and William J. Collingwood were powers in Wall Street and fought each other tooth and nail when their interests clashed—as they happened to do now. Though in private life they were courteous and estimable gentlemen, in business they were gladiators who knew neither mercy nor sentiment, and to surprise each other's business secrets when at work they were guilty of acts which they would have scorned at other times.

Crosby had, somehow, got hold of a cipher message which Collingwood then at Bar Harbor, had sent to one of his brokers in Wall Street and had been unable to read it, though in it he felt was bound up his financial fate. It was in the contemplation of this message that Arthur had surprised him and changed his despair into exultation.

"How did you do it?" asked Crosby when he had calmed down a little.

"Why you see, sir," replied Arthur, "a newspaperman has a trained mind (Crosby sniffed), accustomed to deductive reasoning. Your connecting the cipher message with Collingwood caused me rapidly to turn over in my mind everything connected with the occasion upon which I was sent to interview that eminent financier, and I recalled that on that occasion he was reading a volume of Poe's stories. Then I recollected that in Poe's story 'The Gold Bug' there is a cryptogram containing the same characters which appear in the cypher message. This gave me a clue. I found on your bookshelves a copy of Poe's works, turned to 'The Gold Bug,' applied the cryptogram contained and explained therein to Collingwood's message—and you see the result. Very careless of Collingwood to appropriate a cipher instead of inventing one; but unless one has a trained mind it is apt to be so."

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