

### Vacuum In the Barber Shops

BARBER shops in Chicago are using a small type of vacuum cleaner on the clothing of their patrons instead of the time-honored but germ scattering whiskroom.

## The Million Dollar Doll

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

### Terry Has Her First Ride In a Rolls-Royce and Other "Grown-Up" Experiences

#### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

**Teresa Desmond (Terry),** a beautiful, imaginative child who worships Juliet Diving, the stage name of her half-sister. She rides in a gorgeous car and talks of a million-dollar doll.

**Terence Desmond,** their father, quick-tempered and unrelenting, was formerly a caretaker of a Long Island estate. Forced to leave the estate through an escapee of Terry's, he opened a roadhouse called The Blue Moon, with money advanced to him by Tom Perrin, a prosperous friend of Julia's.

**Mary Desmond,** Terry's mother and Julia's stepmother, fears "disgrace" in the latter's career.

**Mrs. Peter Parmalee** owns the house, Silverwood, of which Desmond was formerly caretaker.

**Betty Sheen,** her spoiled, young granddaughter, whose rudeness to Terry, at Silverwood, the latter will never forget, is engaged to Miles Sheridan, a handsome, likable, young chap. His car breaks down at the door of The Blue Moon, and he meets Terry. Delighted with the child's charm and anxious to atone for his fiancée's past rudeness, supplies the wherewithal to send Terry to a convent for the next seven years.

While at the convent, Terry received word that her mother had died.

**Eustace Nazlo,** a wealthy patron of the Blue Moon, is immensely fond of Terry's resemblance to Juliet Diving, whom he refers to as the Million Dollar Doll.

**CINDERELLA AND A ROLLS-ROYCE.** Terry spoke for the first time. "What's a million-dollar doll?" she asked, turning to her father with a faint impulse of anger; because it was Juliet to whom the man gave what sounded like an impertinent nickname.

Nazlo laughed. "Let me answer, Mr. Desmond, with another question: Did they teach you mythology—ancient legends of my native land—Greece—at your convent?"

"No, they didn't," the girl said. "But there was a child's mythology book, with lots of pictures, in the school library. I read it."

"Ah! Do you remember Danae?" "Yes," Terry hesitated. "There was a picture of her in a shower of gold sent by Jupiter."

"Go up top of the class! Well, a million-dollar doll is Danae of today, who wouldn't be at home to Jupiter or any other god unless he brought a shower of gold—and some perfectly good pearls, diamonds and rubies thrown in. Now do you understand?"

"No, I don't," said Terry, shortly. She felt hurt and bewildered, but father made no open attempt to defend Julia.

His ears were red, as always when he was angry, but Mr. Nazlo couldn't know that. Besides, Nazlo was looking at her.

"Just as well you don't understand," he smiled. "It's refreshing to meet innocence, these days. Mr. Desmond, your daughter ought to see something of the world, don't you think? Seems to me you're wrong to keep her cooped up here, when she might be enjoying life. She'll be young only once."

Terry expected her father to hint that his daughter was his own business, but he accepted the advice in the jovial manner in which it was offered.

"I wanted the girl to learn business, and prove the stuff she was made of," he explained. "I don't mean to keep her nose to the grindstone very long."

As a matter of fact, Desmond was furious with Nazlo. If he could have obeyed his impulse, he would have thrown the man out of the restaurant for his sneering description of Julia.

But he—Desmond—was supposed to have no special interest in Miss Diving. He had even pretended not to know that she had come back from Europe, and it vexed him that Terry should hear the news.

Now that this startling likeness had developed, it was not wise for Julia to show herself at the Blue Moon.

She loved her father, but she had risen high in her own world, and cared less than ever to be identified as a roadside innkeeper's daughter. She had invented a legend of her own origin, and wished to stick to it.

As for Terence, he had thrown over his "old-fashioned prejudices" in the days of Tom Perrin, to whom he owed his change of luck. Perhaps most of those prejudices had dissolved, like Cleopatra's pearl, in wine. At all events they were gone, and whatever Julia did was right.

Terence had made further concessions to life, in the grand manner. For instance, in the case of millionaires like Nazlo, you kept your temper, up to the limit and down the other side. Such magnates could buy and sell you a hundred times over. If you were still-backed you showed yourself a fool. You never knew what these fellows might do for you, if you flattered them. Besides, there was this girl, Teresa, to get off your hands.

Terence hadn't made his daughter's cashier because he needed her help in the restaurant. He could easily have engaged a young woman already trained for the job. He had put her where she was, in order that she might be seen.

Almost reluctantly he admitted to himself (it seemed disloyalty) that the girl was as pretty as Juliet. Besides, she was ten years younger. He thought that some rich chap was sure to take a fancy to the little cashier, and might even marry her. But he'd never expected to land such a big fish as Eustace Nazlo, the Shoe King. Nazlo was a very different type from the other young men, middle-aged, or old, who had been "caught" since her home-coming by Terry's red hair, and the big eyes that looked black, but were hazel or violet.

Those chaps had been "Johnnies"—common or garden Johnnies; and he could hardly have forced a "convent kid" to "cotton" to any of them, even had their intentions been serious, which so far, apparently, was not the case. But Nazlo was a man of brains, a Napoleon of business, who had started with nothing, and before the war was on his way to becoming a millionaire.

During the war he had reached the million mark. Everybody knew his name. His Rolls-Royce was in the garage at this minute, making every other car "look like thirty cents." Even Terry might have heard of him. But it seemed, she hadn't.

Instead of annoying Nazlo, however, the girl's ignorance amused and pleased him. It proved as well as anything could that the "story of her life" wasn't a fairy tale. No girl of her class, except a convent girl, would treat him with such indifference.

My advice is, get another cashier immediately if not sooner," said Nazlo, "and release this young lady from prison. Do you like motoring, Miss Desmond? If you do, you might enjoy spin in my Rolls-Royce."

Terry blushed. She had not changed much at heart since the days at Silverwood, when she played the game of "let's pretend." "I've never been in an automobile," her thought spoke itself.

Tomorrow's instalment deals with some amazing instructions.

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## A Magazine Page For Everyone

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



THE HOSE

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### Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

BQSS SAY LIVE YALLER-JACKETS MAKES GOOD FISH-BAIT; MEBBE DEY DOES, BUT WHO GWINE DO DE BAITIN' O' DE HOOK?



Illustration by the Bell Syndicate.

### "You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY

"Keep to the Right!"

Poor WOMEN!  
All their lives they are being told  
"Keep to the RIGHT!"  
Which is quite enough  
To make them all want  
To go to the LEFT.  
But no!  
Their MOTHERS tell them.  
The PREACHER warns them.  
The STREET SIGNS print it.  
It is continually drummed into them:  
"Keep to the RIGHT."  
And they start to wonder  
Now what can there be  
On the LEFT—

### Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse At Last Tell Peter Rabbit Where Their Home Is

Hardly had Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse got well started on their search for a new home when they met Peter Rabbit. Peter saw right away that something was wrong, he said, "Where are you going?"  
"To look for a new home," replied Nanny.  
"To look for a new home!" exclaimed Peter in great astonishment. "I thought you had a new home."



"Hello, folks," said he, "where are you going?"  
Danny, and his little black eyes began to twinkle. "We don't care who knows about it now. You have sat under it two or three times!"  
"What—a-what's that?" exclaimed Peter. "What—a-what's that?"  
"I said you have sat under it several times," replied Danny, and his bright little eyes twinkled more than ever.  
"Danny Meadow Mouse, what under the sun are you talking about?" cried Peter.  
"About that fine home of ours which we have just left, and which you have hunted for so often," retorted Danny.  
Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot, and he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot, and he scratched his nose. "I think you are talking just plain foolishness, Danny Meadow Mouse," he declared at last. "I haven't been in a hole in the ground for so long that I can't remember when I was in one last."

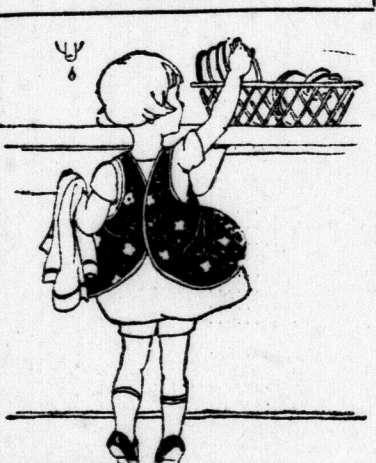
### Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper this letter goes to Missus Augustus Ampere, Brighton Beach, New Jersey. Dear Missus Ampere,  
Your letter telling about the new house you have just moved into and how the electric light company very kindly provided you with plenty of lamp bulbs which all turned out to be sixty watts and how your husband thoughtfully forgot to bring your little ten and fifteen watt lamps from the house you just moved out of because their soft dim light got him raring and asking for prices in the most fashionable lamps now has been received.

Now Missus Ampere in our own dining room our wife wants the light so dim we can't tell an escaped potato from a napkin ring so I can appreciate just what your husband is no change that Miss Hopper can appreciate just what you are up against but a good way to get around it as worked on me by my wife which it as works I didn't notice and I never would have it.

### Mothers and Their Children



Making the Best of It.  
One Mother Says:  
I never tell my child a task is pleasant when she has heard me complain about it and knows very well I don't like it. I tell her, if the task is dishwashing, for instance, that we'll hurry up and get it over with and not fuss about it, so we can do something we like better.

VALUABLE BATON FOUND IN RUSSIA.  
A field marshal's baton has been discovered buried in the masonry of one of the columns of the Petrograd Vvedensky Cathedral, near the steps leading to the altar. It is made of solid gold and adorned with 119 large diamonds and emeralds. Its value is said to be 4,000,000 gold rubles. A distinguished Russian historian considers that this is evidently the marshal's baton presented by the czar Alexander II. to his brother, the Grand Duke Nikola Nikolaievitch the Elder, in the year 1878.

Heroic Rescue of the Watermelon.  
Awakened in the middle of the night with the warning that the ship Bella, on which he was a sailor, was sinking, Albert Carr, a colored man, when he remembered a watermelon in the galley, and risked his life to go back and get the fruit. This was brought out in a case at Baltimore to recover the value of the craft from the insurance company. Carr told his story to the amusement of the court and the witness was quite proud of the fact that he saved the watermelon.

### "Squatters" of India

THE Punjabi, a race of India, from long squatting on the ground, has certain muscle imprints on the bones of the leg and certain facets in the articulations of the hip, knee and foot.

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### THE REACTIONS OF MABEL.

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

Carter Keith, owner and editor of the Evansville Clarion, sat at his desk, and scanned the proof sheets of the weekly edition.  
Suddenly he paused, and cocked one eye reflectively ceilingward. So Mabel was coming home! Home to quiet Evansville, after four years at a women's college in the city.  
What, he speculated, would be the result? How would Mabel react to the drab environment of her birthplace, whose chief dissipation was a strawberry festival, whose chief source of uplift was an occasional Chautauqua? Well, there was a vast field for Mabel's influence, Carter decided. A vast and hitherto untapped field.  
And in the weeks that followed Carter kept an occasional editorial pen to the preparation of that field for the seeds of Mabel's sowing.  
"Miss Mabel Chester adorned her part as Iago in the Shakespearean play presented by her sorority on Friday last. Perhaps with her advent the old dramatic club of Evansville will awaken to the utilization of its own talent."  
"With pleasure Evansville welcomes the imminent return of Miss Mabel Chester, a native daughter, who will undoubtedly bring with her great inspiration from her contact with the neighboring metropolis which will redound to the advantage of our town."  
"Miss Mabel Chester on her arrival on Monday's noon train commented favorably on the improved appearance of Main street. 'An imposing structure,' she characterized Ed Clark's new hardware store. So say we all."

As a matter of fact, "some little gift shop" would have been a more accurate interpretation of Mabel's remark, but Carter, loyally building a reputation for her, had edited as he saw fit. Since school days Carter had had Mabel more or less on his mind and now, although she had grown up, he did not seem to find it easy to shift the responsibility.  
Not only, however, through the medium of his paper did Carter seek to aid and abet Mabel in an effort to uplift Evansville.

"You are a wonderful opportunity," Mabel, he told her solemnly on the occasion of his first call. "Here is an entire town sunk in intellectual apathy, as it were. Yours shall be the guiding hand that summons us upward."  
"You—you are very confident of my abilities," said Mabel, regarding him doubtfully.  
"But the advantages you have had! Why, you owe it to yourself to expand to develop, to unfold! It would be a crime burying your talents in the house of the girl coldly."

"Remember, my dear Carter, you are not writing an editorial. Tell me who's been married or flitted while I was gone."  
But Evansville backed up Carter. Mabel was exalted to a pedestal of his making and the town's approving. She was asked to speak at church societies on "Ways to Improve Evansville." Her advice was sought regarding the curricula of the local schools. She was made a member of the library board and expected to pass on all proposed additions to the tiny one-room library.

Carter himself hunted up the old members of the Dramatic Club, gathered them into a somewhat reluctant session, and spurred them into voting Mabel in as president. He was indefatigable in the plans he suggested for the gradual stimulation of what he termed a "long time dead and buried community."

The idea was that the entire population of Evansville's first—and only, let us add—literary picnic. The plan was that the entire population of Evansville was to turn out and betake themselves with basket lunches to a certain popular grove reserved for picnics of any kind. During the meal, Carter was to declaim and Mabel was to read from our best authors on Evansville's special needs. Then, replete with food information, the picnicers were to scatter beneath the trees for quiet discussions.

The program was followed as far as the first two items were concerned. From that point—but we are concerned alone with Carter and Mabel. Beneath a spreading maple by the river's brim, Carter lay stretched at Mabel's side, while she read from the younger poets for several minutes. Suddenly, however, she stopped and closed the book with vehemence. In fact, it lay for a second on the ground, as if she had cast the delicate little volume from her.

"Then, Carter, she began, and her eyes were blazing. 'I think you are to blame for all this tomfoolery!'" Carter looked at her quizzically. "What tomfoolery do you mean?" he asked.  
"Why—all this uplifting business! As if I had nothing to do but reform Evansville! I am sick to death in hearing of my wonderful advantages and unparalleled opportunities and—but what's the use?"  
"You're possessed with it all and so I could not make you understand. Before I came home, I did have a little bit of an idea that I could do something perhaps to stir up the town. I had even made a few plans for civic improvements and activities. Now I never want to hear of such a thing again!"

Mabel, gazing mournfully down the river as one who watches vanishing illusions, failed to see Carter's face. He satisfied nod and the smile in his eyes. But the sudden feel of his strong young arms about her startled her completely from her reverie.

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