The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.

Nazlo Determines To Question Mrs. Harkness About Terry Desmond

JULIET DIVINE, a beautiful show

lovely and unbelievably innocent half-sister, an exquisite counterpart of herself, to go in her stead,

MRS. HARKNESS, Miles' old serv-IRS. 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 the little girl whom he befriended

MISS CAROLINE SHERIDAN, his aunt, sojourning at Monte Carlo, is horrified at Miles' action, and nes on board the yacht to talk

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.

Mazlo reviews what has gone before married to Spaniard. Certainly has left home. Rumor younger girl with her. Apartment let strangers. Will send further news promptly."

If Juliet were married, she would not quite so soon be at Monte Carlo with Miles Sheridan! Besides, she would not have started at sight of a

CHAPTER LVII The Shoe King, a Detective.

After questioning Terry's father returned to New York, but from his apartment he called up a detective agency. It was not difficult to discover that no telegram such as Desmond described had been delivered. delivered. In fact, he had received none at all on the morning in ques-The next step was not so easy; and more than a week passed before the detective engaged to run the girl to earth could learn from an old gardener at the convent that Teresa Desmond had not returned

Desmond had lied. Nazlo wondered why. The girl's father had trusted her to him in the first place, know-ing that he had not the reputation of a saint. The proprietor of the Elue Moon couldn't be shocked at what happened in New York, even There was a different reason for his grinding ache.

evasions. Nazlo racked his brains

He determine for it, and news of Natalie's illness in Marseillas found no room in his thoughts. She'd been ill before, and without approaching them again, unspecified in the should be the standard of the standard in the should be standard to look after the should be should

of Juliet Divine sprang into his head. He had no intention

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 ULIET DIVINE, a beautiful show girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll, if she will take a yacht trip with him Juliet is a yacht trip sent out on the trail once more. It with him. Juliet is unable to go sounded like a soft job, if the two herself, but, greedy for the money, were living in Juliet's apartment, but TERESA DESMOND (Terry), her girl was there, she was being hidit proved baffling. If the younger

The one servant in Miss Divine's masquerading as the Million Dolle lar 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 son. Natalie had had an apopletic PAUL DI SALVANO, a handsome fit the nurse wired, and had passed EUSTACE NAZLC, 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.

The nurse wired, and had passed away without regaining consciousness. Nazlo was free, without scanness. Nazlo was free, without scanness to have a love the scanness of the sc

France, to settle affairs, and to take charge of the child, whom he deter-mined to educate in America. The boy was not well, however, and what had seemed a feverish cold developed into scarlatina. Waiting at seilles bored Nazlo; and as none knew that he ought to be a mo widower, there was no harm in kill-

ing time at Monte Carlo.

Natalie Coreze had been dead a fortnight, when he met Miles Sheridan and Terry on the Casino Ter-race; and only the day before he had received a telegram from his em-ployee in New York: "J. D. supposed

would not have started at sight of a face from New York. Where she went, she flaunted herself. No. girl with Sheridan was Terry Des-

As Nazlo accepted this supposition. real sadness was in his heart. The thought that she had been taken from him by another man—a man above his social "climb"—made him sure that he really loved the child. could not remember caring for any girl, as he cared for her. She was different from the rest. Though he had made up his mind to marry a "swell" if he could get one, he felt that if Terry had been kind he might have been tempted to offer her Natalie's place. She was so beautiful, so attractive, that with his money she might make a brilliant success. Now it was too late—because of Miles Sheridan. As things were, Nazlo would not want Terry for his wife; yet he could not bear to give her up, having found her. Something that he thought was his heart ached with a

he nurse was on hand to look after til he should know his own mind. It occurred to Nazlo that Desmond nothing. Every one he knew, who wished to turn his attention from New York, therefore, he deduced that Terry was there. But New York was a big haystack in which to find one needle.

Because the task looked hopeless, the same was able to tell that Sheridan. Because the task looked hopeless, Sazlo never ceased thinking of it and the girl. Mentally he lived through had brought his yacht "Silverwood" into Monaco harbor early that day. Nazlo had seen Miles and the girl had been Miles and the girl had been man was able to tell that Sheridan should be brought his yacht "Silverwood" into Monaco harbor early that day. Nazlo had seen Miles and the girl playing roulette in the Club, though had kept in the background, out of sight. They looked absorbed and he counted that the "tables" would he counted that the "tables" would held them for some time to come man was able to tell that Sheridan strain in the Greek Shoe King, and

Now he asked himself: among the thousands of dwellers on Riverside He was stopping at the Hotel de Drive, in which she had been so in-Drive, in which she had been so in-terested was there one likely to be a garage close by. Five minutes af-terwards had hurried out of the club, the reviewed names, and finally that

That likeness! What a tenth-rate aboard the yacht. There would fool he's been not to put two and two together, before this!

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The Days of Real Sport



Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

OLE TOM'S SKEERED T' BET ON ENNY-THING; DAT NIGGUH WOULDN' BET A CHUNK O' ICE WUZ COL EF HE WUZ SETTIN' ON IT!



an instinct that told him he might "pick up something" down at the har

Having arrived, he got out of the car and walked about, pretending to interest himself in the small, brighty-painted boats lying ready for hire.

As he gazed, a woman's figure seated itself solidly in a waiting boat; the figure of an elderly woman, he thought. Two smart sailors began to row her swiftly towards shore, and they had not taken many strokes, was standing near his car. He went to it, and offered hundred francs to the chauffeur. "Go up to the Hotel du Louvre and ask if Mr. Eustace Nazlo is staying there," he ordered. "If not, you needn't come back to tell me. I shall expect you only if the

The man drove off grinning, though he had been engaged to take a wo-man to Mentone. He would not have received more than forty france service, counting return

Nazlo was sure that the taxi would (Copyright, 1923, by The Bell Syndi-

Tomorrow's Installment Harkness Is Taken In.

"You Said It, Marceline!" By MARCELINE d'ALROY:

ON HOW MEN TREAT WOMEN

Men treat WOMEN Like women treat ROSES-For a woman will select From a large bouquet The prettiest blossom,

And will adore and caress it-She will hold it To her LIPS, naybe; To her HEART, maybe. But after a while,

When it begins to FADE And decorates her no longer. She tosses it away And takes ANOTHER --

Why NOI? There are so many | A woman will LET him!

Roses and ALL are beautiful. A MAN selects a blossom From the garden of Life, Adores her, CARESSES HER, Presses her to his LIPS, To his HEART-maybe. But after a while, When she begins to DROOP And pleases him no longer. He chooses another-WHY NOT? There are SC MANY women And all are REAUTIFUL! YES! A mon CAN do this

IF-

Peter Learns Many Things About Spotty's Manner of Eating

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Peter Rabbit can see a joke even when it is on himself. What is better, he can laugh at himself. This He had eyes to spare, however, for other things, and he blinked in the sunshine as he stared at "Silverwood," white as a great swan in the that it was his own ignorance that slowly descended the gangway, and Spotty had said that he was going before Nazlo was inspired. A taxi peared. Of course, Peter couldn't

Spotty kept his face straight, but his eyes twinkled. "What are you laughing at?" he demanded. "At myself," replied Peter. "Of course you have been laughing down inside ever since I asked to go along to lunch with you. I don't blame you a bit. It was a good joke on you

bit. It was a good joke on a bit. It was a good joke on me.
Now, tell me, Spotty, do you get all
your food in the water?"
"Every bit of it," replied Spotty.
"Don't you ever get a bite when
you are out on the bank?" Peter
asked.



had heard the same thing about Snapper. He remembered that when he had first heard it he hadn't believed it. It was hard to believe now, but he felt right in his bones that Spotty was telling the truth.

"What do you eat, anyhow?" Peter asked.

"Whatever I can get," replied Spotthat it was his own ignorance that had given Spotty the Turtle a chance to play such a joke on him. When on the bottom of the Smiling Pool there are insects which are to get a lunch Peter had asked if he might go along, and Spotty had told these that I had for lunch just now. him that he might. Then Spotty lif you had come along, Peter, you might have tried them too." Spotty's

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Spotty the Turtle Finds a Tempting Bite."

Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper I bet your new hat tickles your gentleman friend pink the feather is long enough and take a letter to Mister Nathan Noes, Manager, Dingding Hardware Company, Bluebell, Pennsylvania.

Dear Snooty colon paragraph. Yes comma Snooty comma I did get your letter about the man selling the sulphate of quinine tonic delivered to the house by the case which was supposed to be very good stuff and you said the man was a scoundrel a deceiver and a criminal of the worst sort and should be apprehended by the most tortuous toils of the law if he carrier to the control of the law if he carrier to the control of the law if he carrier to the control of the law if he carrier to the control of the law if he carrier to the control of the law if he carrier to the control of the law if he carrier to the carrier t ed by the most tortuous toils of the law if he came to this city and would I have the cops watch out for him but I did not answer the letten or sick the cops on the fellow before because he didn't get here until yesterday and when he did he didn't do anything to get pinched for in fact he furnished some of the gang with a good guffaw paragraph.

"Don't you ever get a bite when you are out on the bank?"

Peter asked.

see it wouldn't do me any good if I did."

Peter pricked up his ears and looked surprised. "Why wouldn't it?" he demanded.

"Because I couldn't swallow it," replied Spotty.

"You couldn't swallow what?" cried Spotty.

"I couldn't swallow it," repeated Spotty.

"Do you mean that if you got a mouthful of food on the bank you couldn't swallow it?" persisted Peter.

"That is just what I mean," replied Spotty.

"But why not?" persisted Peter.

"That's something I cannot answer because I don't know," replied Spotty.

"But why not?" persisted Peter.

"That's something I cannot answer because I don't know," replied Spotty.

"You'll have to ask Old Mother Nature. All I know is that I cannot swallow unless I have my head under water. If I couldn't get into the water I would starve to death."

Peter suddenly remembered Snapper the Snapping Turtle, the big, fierce cousin of Spotty, and how he

Mothers and Their Children



Proper Ventilation.

When the price of good tea is high, economy in use.-Advt.

THE HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO IN side. CHINA AND JAPAN.

had dived into the water and disappeared. Of course, Peter couldn't follow him, and of course, Spotty had known that.

Suddenly Peter burst out laughing. "Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he he!" laughted Peter.

Snotty kent his face straight burs."

If you nad come along, Peter, you might have tried them too." Spotty seried them too." Spotty series the minds of the mahogany case and finish, was shipped this month to a for it that they were good," said he.

"Now I understand why it is I never have seen you eat. My, it does seem funny to think of having to keep one's head under water in order to satisfactorily meet the different climatic conditions of the Orient. These sales in the Orient the Orient. These sales in the Orient and she left the room wondering



One Mother says; My son and daughter have learned the principles of ventilation. They know that the window must be open both top and bottom, so that the used air may go out while fresh air comes in. The children take turns

"Rogers," whom Abigail took to be an old family butler. He spoke of "cook" and his mother's personal maid. Abigail was surprised to find that old Maria in the kitchen was the sole domestic in the Peters menage. Abigail found herself wondering almost forgetting her concern as foolishly. by the week in having charge of the ing, almost forgetting her concern a ventilation of our living room, and I have impressed them with the imhave impressed them with the importance of their responsibility for portance of their responsibility for seeing that the air we breathe is family's mode of living, but Abigail forgave him. Rather she blamed borealf. She had perhaps seemed

hence its real

the Orient. These sales in the Orient are the outcome of previous business done in China and Japan, the pure tonal qualities of the Heintzman & Co. piano having established a name that has no peer among the people of the east. London branch, 242 Dundas street—Advt and she left the room wondering how a mother like that could possibly oppose her marriage if it meant her son's happiness.

Dr. Hardwick came as soon as morning office hours were over and discovered his patient for the first time free from the confusion or de-



crepancies in the arrangement of you—that is, I'm so short of nurses, their home life and that existence as There's a fracture case—little girl of Samuel Peters had described it. He ten. I know you never had any inalways talked glibly about the tention of nursing, but perhaps it "Rogers," whom Abigail took to be would help you to adjust yourself. I'll

herself. She had perhaps seemed arrogant and snobbish, and he had thought that she would not have many poor, cheap teas are offered cared for him if she had known that to the public. Those that buy them his family lived in moderate circumlearn to their sorrow that price does not indicate their cost. To the pound, more satisfying and flavory cups can be brewed from a fine tea like "SALADA," hence its real Samuel Peters was sleeping and stances. The fact that she herself had always been used to wealth had Toward 7 o'clock the next morning Samuel Peters was sleeping and Nurse Walker left, with his kindly old mother taking her place by his

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

"Mr. Peters—Samuel Peters

"There was a nurse here last night," said Samuel Peters weakly to the doctor. "Yes, I thought so the doctor. "Herdwick's custom he was trying to diagnose her case before she had even mentioned her symptoms. But she looked amazingly well—far too well to pay him a visit. Still, she was agitated—so agitated, in fact, that her hand shook, and she had to moisten her lips before she could speak.

"Mr. Peters—Samuel Peters—Samuel Peters."

is one of your patients?" she began, and as the doctor nodded an affirma-

with her a bit

gagement has not been announced. but I tell you in order to make you understand. There is opposition to down, doctor—the name and address, our engagement. His mother is a

understand. There is opposition to our engagement. His mother is a widow, you know, and would object to his marrying anyone. So he doesn't want it known. And now he

"Yes. Mr. Peters is very ill," the doctor helped. "But I believe he will live." And to himself he was wondering how Mrs. Peters

ing how Mrs. Peters, as he knew her. could possibly object to so charming great deal for you, she might want

a daughter-in-law. "I will be glad to to come. You could see her now." Samuel Peters smiled, a smile that

"No, it isn't that," Abigail went him, sick man though he was. "Per on. "You see, he might need me very much, and he would not be able to send for me. He might—might die without seeing me. I must see him.

without seeing me. I must see him.
I must be with him, in spite of his mother's objections. I am sure there is no other reason for his not wanting war marriage, but we're going to

is no other reason for his not wanting our engagement announced besides his mother. I thought that you could here with me once and as soon as she settles her affairs over there

his mother. I thought that you could suggest a nurse—an additional nurse, if he already has one—and I could be the nurse. I know something of nursing. At boarding school we had lectures and a little practice at the children's clinic. Wouldn't you please let me, doctor? You must see how important it is."

There was already that you could be settles her affairs over there she'll be back. She's worth ten of any of these gray-eyed American girls. In the meantime—gray eyes are diverting. I guess you understand, doctor."

"Possibly better than you imagine." said the doctor, and then, "but don't

tow important it is."

There was pleading in the girl's worry about it now. You're a lot better, but not well enough yet to

"It could possibly be arranged," he said, and then doubting whether assistance in the girl's plot would be quite compatible with professional dignity, he added: "You see I had was!" decided that a young woman was was!"

dignity, he added: "You see I had really decided that a nurse would be necessary. Yet all the nurses on my list are engaged. I would have no right to do anything but accept. I had better not tell Mr. Peters. You might go on duty this evening at about six. He will perhaps not recognize you—rather high temperature still. You can, I suppose, do the ordinary things?"

"Yes," said Abigail. "Oh, I am so "You'll think I'm heartless, but I've been thinking things over. I've

rateful."

It was further arranged that the doctor would call at the Peters house and tell them of his engaging the nurse whose name for the Peters family should be Miss Walker.

As the doctor inverted Samuel though of course there is no reason why I should nurse him. I'd stick it, though—only of course if I dented the stick it.

nurse in unearned uniform the girl to whom he had plighted his troth.

Abigail was full of concern for her patient, but somehow her anxiety he thought for a minute.

"It would be deen studying Abigail's young face intently, replied with a heartfelt "Yes." Then he thought for a minute.

in a measure relieved by the feeling remain there. Anyway, Mr. Peters is of surprise that her first meeting so much better that he won't need

with Mrs. Peters caused. She was you. That can be your excuse, and not at all as her son had described you can get away without letting him

her, and there were numerous dis- see you. In the mean time-I need

"Yes," said Abigail. "Oh, I am so I've been thinking things over. somehow had my successful."

"Mr. Peters—Samuel Peters —

keep you informed of Mr. Peters' con-

voice that left but one answer.

As the doctor imagined, Samuel Peters was not quite rational enough

that night to recognize in the little

over her patient's critical illness was

is my flancee. Our en-

lirium that had accompanied ever.
"There was a nurse

robust in health, was returning rapidly. He insisted on giving the mes-

"Miss Abigail Allen, of Allentown," epeated the doctor. "If she cares a

made the doctor feel like throttling

though—only, of course, if I don't love him, it would be wicked to marry

The doctor, who had been study-

"It would be better for you not to

'I'd got permission home

really need me.'

nursing for a week or so," she said.

I was nursing. If you think I could manage, I should be very glad-if you

Ten days later when Samuel Peters

was well enough to be out again he

received a brief note from Abigail

"I am sure you realized all the

time," she wrote, "that our engage-

ment was not serious, so I am not

afraid of giving you the slightest dis-

appointment when I tell you that I

am soon to become the wife of Dr

Henry Hardwick. With best wishes.

"That's romance for you," mused

"ABIGAIL ALLEN."

"Of course, I couldn't tell them whom

him, wouldn't it?

"You are a very good nurse" the mother, laying her gentle hand of a telephone message concerning my

For Weakness



Well Mother! The children are settled down in school again but the old problem still faces you. It is up to you to provide everything for autumn and winter from boots to a bottle of cough mixture.

It's a busy time for you. New clothes are needed for growing boys and girls; more substantial food for cool days must be thought about; books and games for the approaching long hours of darkness are needed to keep home happy.

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