

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Miles Ventures On An Experiment

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

JULIET DIVINE, a beautiful show girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll, if she will take a yacht trip with him. Juliet is unable to do 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.

BETTY SHERIDAN, Miles' wife, is in love with

PAUL DI SALVANO, a handsome Italian.

EUSTACE 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, 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 so long ago.

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

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.

Putting two and two together Nazlo realizes that the supposed Million Dollar Doll is Terry Desmond. He determines to question Mrs. Harkness whom he sees coming ashore from the yacht.

From what Mrs. Harkness tells him, Nazlo gathers that Terry is still an innocent convent maid. At Algiers, Miles sees Paul di Salvano, with a group of strangers.

CHAPTER LX. An Experiment.

The group consisted of a grizzled, square-chinned, elderly man, who would have looked American at the North Pole; a plump pretty girl with a peach-like skin, floating violet eyes and bobbed brown hair; while the third member of the trio was a young man, very dark, very handsome; very slim and very smart; the perfect type of what New York has named "lounge lizard."

This was Paul di Salvano, whom Miles had supposed to be on the other side of the world, waiting for Betty to begin divorce proceedings.

Miles hated Salvano. The Italian had not broken the heart of Betty Sheridan's husband, because his heart was not in Betty's keeping. But the man had broken Miles Sheridan's life, such ideas of respect and affection as Betty left him after seven years of marriage.

When Miles had come upon the pair together, there had been a moment when he saw red, and would have killed Salvano, or fought to kill. But it had seemed to him as if the figure of Mrs. Parmalee rose between them and her voice said, "Remember your promise!"

He could not touch Salvano then. To kill him would mean a scandal which couldn't be hushed up. He, Miles, would not be convicted of murder. He would be acquitted by the unwritten law. But Betty would be ruined, and her ruin would be the breaking of his promise.

He had taken the way which

seemed best to save her and give her what she wanted. Just lately the sea winds had cooled the passing thought of Paul di Salvano "Paolo," as he heard Betty call her lover.

But now, in an instant, all the hatred poured back in a flood, as if a sluice had opened.

"Damn the hound!" he said to himself. "Betty must have sent him to spy on me."

His impulse was to turn and walk off the terrace with Juliet Divine, but quickly he changed his mind. He wouldn't be driven away by that cur!

Choosing a table, he made Terry sit facing the bay of Mustapha, and he took a chair opposite. This gave their profiles to the group of three, distant from them one-third the length of the terrace. They need not look towards the party, yet would not seem to avoid it by deliberately turning their backs.

"I've been here," Miles began, when coffee had arrived, "if you wouldn't mind a change of plan, I'd like to take you for a short desert tour before we do much sight seeing in Algiers; just a short spin; only a night or two away—or more if you like; then back."

"There's a beautiful little oasis called Bousaada, only seven or eight hours from Algiers with a decent motor, but wilder and far less spoiled by tourists than Biskra. Lots of people don't know that it exists. But I've been there with—I've been there to see the dancing of the Ouled Naïls. You've heard of them, of course—you, who dance so charmingly on the stage."

Terry shook her head. "No, I never heard of the Ouled Naïls," she replied.

Sheridan had ceased discrediting every statement of hers, which struck him as strange. He even believed most things she said, without remembering to laugh at his own credulity.

"Well, Bousaada is the original home of the Ouled Naïls tribe, that brings up its girls to be dancers," he explained. "They're interesting, and often they're beautiful. More than half the journey to Bousaada by car is rather splendid. There's no railway, as there is to Biskra. Would you like to go?" Or would it vex you to leave your sight-seeing and shopping in Algiers till later?"

"I've no shopping," the girl answered. (Again Miles remembered Harkness's words: "I don't believe she's got a cent!") "I shall like the sight-seeing here, just as well after Bousaada. And I love to go away to peaceful places where—where—" She bit her lip.

"Where—what?" he insisted. "Oh, nothing much. It's silly, I suppose. But I get nervous having so many grand sort of people who know you, stare at me. That's all."

"You know as many 'grand sort' of people as I do," Sheridan smiled, almost apologetically. He might have substituted "men" for "people." Many women stared at Juliet Divine, but only men bowed.

Terry didn't dispute his amendment. "I should like to go to Bousaada," she said.

In the African sunshine (faintly hazed today, as if the light shone through a pale sapphire), the girl looked, Sheridan thought, young as the morning and sweeter than he had seen her yet.

A sense of his own selfishness towards her oppressed him. Each day he exploited her, giving her little or no return—since—thus far—she had refused to take the pay agreed upon. The girl's "blood was on her own head," of course, but there was one small thing he might do—an experiment he might try, to gauge her feelings.

As the thought came into his head he spoke. "You don't dislike Mrs. Harkness, do you?"

"No, indeed!" Terry answered. "I've

THE LURE OF A ROOF



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

DAT LI'L WHITE BOY UP
DE BIG ROAD SAY HE WAKS
T' EAT TOUGH MEAT -- HIT
LAS' SO MUCH MO' LONGER
IN YO' MOUF!!



grown fond of her. I was afraid of her at first—but not now. And I think she—almost—likes me, too."

"She sings your praises whenever she gets the chance," said Miles. "She's a sort of unofficial chaperon for you on board Silverwood, and if you happen to remember, you've never been away from the yacht with me alone, except for a day's excursion. I've always brought you back to Harkness every night."

"I do remember very well," Terry said, wondering what was to come. (Copyright, 1923, by The Bell Syndicate.)

Monday's Installment Brings a Shock of Realization for Miles.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY

ON WHAT WOMEN THINK—OF EACH OTHER

A pretty GIRL of SEVENTEEN
Looks at a WOMAN of THIRTY-FIVE
And thinks: "Poor OLD THING, She is DONE FOR!"
A SMART WOMAN of THIRTY-FIVE
Looks at a GIRL of SEVENTEEN
And thinks: "Poor LITTLE THING, SHE doesn't know What IT'S ALL ABOUT!"
A BLONDE looks sideways At a BRUNETTE
And thinks: "How TERRIBLE To have such a dark skin."

Looks at a BLONDE and says: "Thank goodness, I'M not insipid!"
A TALL girl looks down At a SHORT one and says: "SHE can never look anything In her clothes!"
The SMALL girl looks up At the TALL one and thinks: "How sad—Men do SO love Small girls."
That's RIGHT—but don't forget, Men love them short AND tall, Blondes and brunettes— Yes, THEY LOVE THEM ALL; That is why ALL WOMEN Are satisfied—with THEMSELVES!

Spotty Finds Himself In the Midst of a Great Adventure

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Up, up, up Spotty the Turtle was drawn toward the surface of the Smiling Pool. By this time he was so tired that he could hardly struggle at all. And he blamed it all to the worm he held in his mouth and couldn't let go of. What would happen when he reached the surface? Where would that worm drag him to? How he did wish he knew!

Suddenly his head popped out of the water, and he was dragged along on top, perfectly helpless. That worm was dragging him straight toward the bank of the Smiling Pool. He was half way there before he saw, standing on the bank, Farmer Brown's Boy.

If Spotty hadn't been so frightened and could have understood the expression on Farmer Brown's Boy's face he'd sure he would have laughed. "Well, what do you know about this?" he claimed Farmer Brown's Boy. "I've caught Spotty the Turtle, and all the time I thought it was a fish that was on my hook."

Of course, Spotty didn't understand this. He didn't know anything that had happened. He knew nothing about fish hooks. He still thought it was the worm that kept such a tight hold on him, instead of which, of course, it was the hook on the end of the line with which Farmer Brown's Boy had been fishing.

Farmer Brown's Boy drew Spotty in to the bank, and then stooped over and picked him up. Then that dreadful pull

thought that that worm had let go, for of course when Farmer Brown's Boy had taken the hook out he had taken the worm with it. His mouth was a little sore, but otherwise he was all right, though still very much frightened.

Farmer Brown's Boy stooped and placed him on the end of an old log which lay in the water. Then Farmer Brown's Boy stepped back. For a few minutes Spotty didn't move. Then very slowly and cautiously he poked his head out. He couldn't see Farmer Brown's Boy, for the latter was behind him. But he could see the water right in front of him. Out came his legs, and the way he scrambled off that log into the Smiling Pool was funny to see. He was free and safe again, and as surprised a Turtle as ever lived. And without really thinking about it, he knew that he had nothing to fear from Farmer Brown's Boy.

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

The next story: "Spotty and Mrs. Spotty See Their Children."

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper if this younger generation keeps on it will get so that girls like you will be proud to admit their age and take a letter to Mister Edgar F. Ardent, Trysting Tree, Tennessee. Dear Mister Ardent Col-

on paragraph. Your letter stating that the younger generation is certainly driving the world with the cut out open adding that you cordially regret your daughter comma Arabel comma is too old to lick having got a terrible muscular development through tennis comma swimming comma and baseball explaining that yesterday she swiped your only silk shirt comma cut the sleeves off comma and sewed a ruffle of lace in the neck so she could wear it canoeing with your best golf pants and what can we suggest to put the young woman in her place has been received period paragraph.

This is not a simple problem you have put up to us comma Mister Ardent comma and we have asked our best man on psychology to help us solve it and our expert psychologist comma Mister Cogslipper comma says to send you our Complete Leaflet showing our very latest Paris hats for young girls and to tell you to pick out at least six of these at our more than reasonable prices and then lock your daughter Arabel in a room with these six hats for three hours with no mirror which is the worst punishment we can think of just now.

Yours for supervised psychology. THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM For.....D.D.

Think of the hundred and one little comforts of life that surround you and that no force other than newspaper advertising could have brought to your doors. Then keep on reading the advertisements. To-morrow's offerings are knocking for admission.

Mothers and Their Children

One Mother says:
My husband made a stool for the bathroom which we find very convenient for the little folks to use when turning off and on the lights, and at the wash bowl when they are washing their hands and face or cleaning their teeth. The stool should be about 9 1/2 inches high, and the legs should project far enough and slant so the stool cannot be upset. A hand hold in the top makes it easy to move about. (See illustration for details.) (Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors)

Another Mother says:
I have a little shelf containing volumes that my man might pick up for a few moments while he ate or rested.

There was no jazz; there was none of the noisy, hotel-like atmosphere about the Salesman's Rest. It was homelike; the food was good and there was a quiet, almost intangible helpful air about the big living room. Business was slow at first and there were many nights when Theresa had to look through cloud banks to see her vision. But always, just when she most needed courage, a bit of blue would appear on the horizon.

This time the light that pushed the clouds away appeared in the big, raw-boned person of T. M. Fox, drummer. He stood, hat in hand, beside him, in the doorway when Theresa came into the big living-room to mend the log fire that was burning low. It was damp and drizzly and she had tried to make the room

seem warm and cheerful in spite of her own depressed, discouraged mood. "Could I get lunch?" asked the man, awkwardly.

Theresa smiled and the big drummer became instantly more ill at ease. He was accustomed to going to men's hotels where a clerk had peremptorily assigned him to a room or the dining-room, as his needs might have been. The sight of this lovely young woman, beside a blazing fire in a comfortable homelike room was too much for him. "You could—certainly," said Theresa. "Put down your bag and be at home. What would you like? I'll attend to it when you warm yourself at the fire."

"Oh—anything to eat," he stammered. Theresa saw at once that he was from south of the Mason and Dixon line, and she knew that he would like fried chicken, corn bread and butter-milk. "How would fried chicken be—with corn bread?" she asked.

"That would be the very best," he said. Theresa arranged a table near the fire, and soon had it ready for him. Meantime, a number of drummers had arrived, and, one by one, had refreshed themselves and were waiting for something to eat.

As she moved from table to table, cheerfully greeting the men she knew and courteously caring for the strangers at her table, Theresa was quite aware of the almost constant gaze of the big, raw-boned salesman.

"I don't have to be at my next town until 3 o'clock," he explained as Theresa gave him the check for what he had eaten. "Would it be all right if I stayed here? Driving in this drizzle's none too attractive," he said.

"But, of course," exclaimed Theresa, with another of her bewitching smiles, this time right into his funny, unsophisticated eyes; "that's why I call my place the Salesman's Rest, so that you may rest until you need to go on."

Tom Fox sought the big couch in the corner, and found a book, over the top of which he watched Theresa when she was not looking. Then and there he decided that he was sort of a person that every time that he could possibly find an excuse for being near Merrick on the Merrick road he would come to this place. It seemed to leave nothing to be desired in his day.

He set out with a determination to make good customers of all the shoptown in the towns within a radius of fifty miles of this place. For then, having constantly to attend to the needs in a business way, he would find ample reason for being so much in the vicinity.

One day, three times a week found him at Theresa's table. They began to get acquainted. He met her brother. He found out how and why this lovely girl was running this so-much-needed restaurant for him and his profession. Theresa's brother liked him. Theresa liked him.

The autumn found the little rest so busy that Theresa had all she could do to take friendly care of her traveling salesmen.

"There's one thing I don't like about your success, Theresa," said the big drummer one evening at twilight when he had remained for supper at the Rest.

"What's that, pray tell?" said Theresa lightly, though she was trembling. She could see what was on the tip of her now acknowledged lover's tongue.

"It takes you away from me. I never see you—alone," he said earnestly, and reaching for the hand that hung at her side.

"I'm alone—now," she said. "Yes, and while I have you I'm going to tell you how I love you. I cannot go on without finding out whether or not you could care for me, Theresa. Could you?"

Theresa tried to turn away, but he had taken her other hand and was almost forcing her to look at him. "Could you?" he persisted. She nodded. "I do—anyway," she said.

Fortunately no one came to the rest for a half hour, during which time the lovers found out the wonderful possibilities of their lives together if they might go on doing good and living for others.

"Well, have a salesman's rest always, won't we?" she asked. He agreed. "But you, dear are mine all mine," he said. (Copyright, 1923, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

HER "SALESMAN'S REST."

By RUBY DOUGLAS.

Theresa had a father who was a salesman for a drug firm. She had a brother who sold goods on the road for a silk company. It was a sort of a family failing—to be a traveling salesman. If Theresa had been a man she believed she, too, would have been carrying a bag from town to town displaying samples of perfumery or children's sweaters.

"There's no rest for a drummer," her brother used to say to her. "All commercial hotels are alike, and if you don't go to them you are off the beaten track. Even at noon, while I am jitting across country, it is to the regular traveling man's hotel that I must go to feed."

This remark, for some reason which Theresa did not understand, had made an impression on her. Why could there not be an attractive sort of place where salesmen, going from town to town as they do nowadays in little touring cars, might stop and spend a restful hour or two and then go on their way, refreshed and ready for the giving of all the energy to the men they were trying to interest?

The thought became almost an obsession until Theresa had actually visualized a place which she was calling in her mind "Salesman's Rest."

"But why not, Sis?" asked her brother when she told him of her idea rather timidly.

"Why not—what?" she asked. "Why not—because it's a business acumen?" Make your vision come true and join the two together—have a restaurant and rest-room on one of the thoroughfares of the island and run it for the benefit of traveling salesmen going from one town to the other by automobile. It is a good idea.

"Do you really think so?" asked Theresa, her eyes glowing with the joy of receiving encouragement from her brother.

"I sure do," said the man. "It will be a little slow at first and it will take going managers that might be close enough to the road to be conspicuous. She had never been in business, but her mother had promised to give her the help she could and her brother was almost as enthusiastic as she was as the plans grew under their development.

"I found it at last," she cried one night when she had gone all day in the little car her brother had let her have.

She told the family what it was where it was located, just what business and financial conditions she must meet and, at every turn, almost as if it were fate, dove-tailing her movements for her, she met success.

It was not many weeks until she was established in the old house on the Merrick road, behind an attractive sign which said "Salesman's Rest."

The big living room was dotted here and there with tables in an informal way, and at each table there was a little shelf containing volumes that any man might pick up for a few moments while he ate or rested.

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Farmer Brown's Boy stooped down and placed him on the end of an old log.

on Spotty's mouth ceased. That was a relief, a great relief. But Spotty was no less frightened than before. What was this great giant going to do with him? He drew his legs and his head into his shell. That was the only way he had of protecting himself. Then he waited for what would happen next.

What did happen was that old pull on his mouth again. In spite of all he could do, his head was pulled out of his shell. "You poor little chap!" said Farmer Brown's Boy softly. "Of course you haven't the least idea what has happened to you, and you are frightened—nearly to death. It is a good thing you haven't swallowed that hook. You don't know what we could have done if you had. It is only caught in the corner of your mouth. We'll have it out in a jiffy."

Farmer Brown's Boy was as good as his word. Taking care to hurt Spotty as little as possible, he got that hook out. Then Spotty could withdraw his head into his shell again, and you may be sure he did this promptly. He