The Million Dollar Doll

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 him-self. To this end he offers \$20,000

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 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. BETTY SHERIDAN, Miles' wife, is

PAUL DI SALVANO, a handson

EUSTACE NAZLO, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl, and is sur-prised to meet her at Monte Carlo

ant, prepared to hate the "Million Dollar Dollar 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 MRS. HARKNESS, Miles' old serving, although he does not recognize the little girl whom he befriended

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

Nazlo reviews what has gone be-fore between him and Terry. The girl had run away from him one night back in New York, and her un-scrupulous father, Desmond, had told stace she had gone to stay with

Putting two and two together Nazlo realizes that the supposed Million Dollar Doll is Terry Desmond. He

determines to question Mrs. Hark-ness 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 plumply pretty girl with a peach-like skin, floating violet eyes and bobbed brown hair; while the third member of the trio was a bit her lip. 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 only men bowed. had not broken the heart of Betty

Terry didn't dispute his amendment. "I should like to go to Bousaid." she said. was not in Betty's keeping. But the man nad broken Miles Sheridan's life, such ideals of respect and affection as Betty left him after seven years of marriage.

When Miles had come upon the pair together, there had 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.

Miles, would not be convicted of murbreaking of his promise.

He had taken the way which "No, indeed!" Terry answered,

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 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!

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 thinking," Miles began, when coffee had arrived, "if you wouldn't mind a change of plan, I'd

hours from Algiers with a decent motor, but wilder and far less spoiled by tourists than Biskra. Lots of neonle don't know that it exists But I've been there with-I've been there to see the dancing of the Ouled Nails 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 Nails," 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 Nails tribe, that brings up its girls to be dancers." he 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

ping in Algiers till later?' "I've no shopping," the girl answered. (Again Miles remembered Harky's words: "I don't believe she's got a cent!") "I shall like the sightseeing here, just as well after Bou-saada. And I love to go away to peaceful places where-where-"

"Where-what?" he insisted "Oh, nothing much. At's silly, 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

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 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 for you on board Silverwood, and if refused to take the pay agreed upon. you happen to remember, you've The girl's "blood was on her own never been away from the yacht with The girl's "blood was on her own of course, but there was one To kill him would mean a scandal small thing he might do—an experi-which couldn't be hushed up. He, ment he might try, to gauge her feelment he might try, to gauge her feel-

ings.
As the thought came into his head der. He would be acquitted by the unwritten law. But Betty would be ruined, and her ruin would be the "You don't dislike Mrs. Harkness,"

The Days of Real Sport



Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

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



her at first-but not now. And think she-almost-likes me too." she gets the "She's a sort of unofficial chaperon

sion. I've always brought you back to Harky every night." "I do remember very well," Terry

said, wondering what was to come.
(Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)
Monday's Installment Brings a Shock of Realization for Miles.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE CALROY ON WHAT WOMEN THINK---OF EACH OTHER

A pretty GIRL of SEVENTEEN Looks at a WOMAN of THIRTY-

And thinks: "Poor OLD THING, She is DONE FOR!"

A SMART WOMAN of THIRTY-

Looks at a GIRL of SEVENTEEN And thinks: "Poor LITTLE TIIING,

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." A dashing BRUNETTE

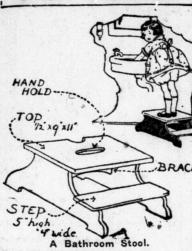
Looks at a BLONDE and says: "Thank goodness, I'M not insipid!" A TALL girl looks down At a SHORT one and says: "SHE can never look anything

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.

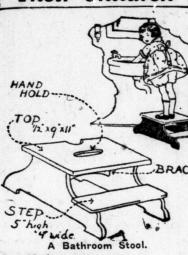
Biondes and brunettes-Yes, THEY LOVE THEM ALL; That is why ALL WOMEN Are satisfied — with THEM-SELVES!

Mothers and Their Children



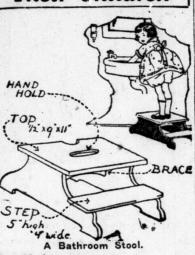
one Mother says: (Se illustration for details.)

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS



My husband made a stool for the athroom which we find very con- rested. venient for the little folks to use and at the wash bowl when they homelike; the food was good and the washing their hands and face or cleaning their teeth. The stool should be about 9½ inches high, and the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look through cloud banks to see the legs should project far to look at him. not be upset. A hand hold in the top makes it easy to move about. (Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors)

Advertising Lowers Prices



enough and slant so the stool can- her vision. But always, just when said. clouds away appeared in the big, raw-boned person of T. M. Fox, drummer. He stood, hat in hand, bag

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,

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 hotels where a clark had a saked the man, awkwardly.

Theresa smiled and the big drumber of the was accustomed to going to men's hotels where a clark had a saked the man, awkwardly. for a silk company. It was a sort of hotels where a clerk had perempt a family failing—to be a traveling assigned him to a room or the dis

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," home. What would you like? Ill at the conduction of the dining-assigned him to a room or the dining-assigned hi

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 jitneying across country, it is to the regular travelling 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 with corn bread?" she asked. an impression on her. Why could with corn bread?" she asked. there not be an attractive sort of place "That would be the very be there not be an attractive sort of place where salesmen, going from town to said.

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 direction way, refreshed and ready for the arrived, and, one by one, had respect to the control of the restriction way.

their way, refreshed and ready for the giving out of all their 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 ers at her table, Theresa was quite aware of the almost constant gaze of aware of the almost constant gaze of

Rest."

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

"Why not—what?" she asked.

"Why not develop your business acumen?" Make your vision come true and join the two together—have a restaurant and restroom 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."

aware of the almost constant gaze of the big varnish 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 that you may rest until you need to "Do you really think so?" asked go on.

"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 good management, but with your wonderful knack of making things comfortable and your gift of cooking you ought to have a future in this line."

Theresa set out almost at once to find an available place on the main

Theresa set out almost at once to find an available place on the main artery through Long Island. She went up and down this road looking at old houses and shops 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 all the help she could and her worther. There are the second short of the s

all the help she could and her brother
was almost as enthusiastic as she was
as the plans grew under their development.

"Tve found it at last," she cried
"Tve found it at last," she cried one night when she had gone al! day restaurant for him and his profession. in the little car her brother had let her have.

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 must meet and, at every turn, almost must meet and all she could be supported by the same must meet

as if it were fate dove-tailing her your success, Theresa," said the big movements for her, she met success. drummer one evening at twilight when It was not many weeks until she he had remained for supper at the was established in the old house on Rest.

the Merrick road, behind an attractive sign which said "Salesman's Theresa lightly, though she was trembling. She could see what was on the tip of her now acknowledged lover's tongue. here and there with tables in an

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

"Yes, and while I have you I gan-

There was no jazz: there was none ing to tell you how I love you. I canvenient for the little folks to use of the noisy, hotel-like atmosphere not go on without finding out whether when turning off and on the lights, about the Salesman's Rest. It was or not you could care for me, The-

her vision. But always, just when she most needed courage, a bit of blue would appear on the horizon.

This time the light that much defined the lovers found out the wonderful This time the light that pushed the possibilities of their lives together if they might go on doing good and living for others.
"We'll have a salesman's rest al-

Theresa came into the big livingroom to mend the log fire that was burning low. It was damp and drizzly ond she had tried to make the room.

We'll have a salesman's rest always, won't we?" she asked.

He agreed. "But you, dear are mine—all mine." (Copyright, 1923, McClure Newspager

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When you consider the great variety of "wants" that are daily advertised in The Advertiser Classified Section, and the tremendous market they reach, you will realize the wisdom in the advice—

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Spotty Finds Himself In the Midst of a Great Adventure

drawn toward the surface of the Smiling Pool. By this time he was so tired hat 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 iragging 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 expressure he would have laughed. "Well, what do you know about this!" ex-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 Farmer Brown's Boy drew Spotty in

to the bank, and then stooped over and picked him up. Then that dreadful pull

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

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 complete leaflet showing our haven't swallowed 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. I 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

s his word. Taking care to hurt spotty as little as possible, he got that

thought that that worm had let go, for Up, up Spotty the Turtle was rawn toward the surface of the Smil ray toward the surface of the Smil ray to the surface of the Smil ray to the time he was so tired that he could hardly struggle at all. 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 he could see the water right in front of

him. Out came his legs, and the way ne scrambled off that log into the Smiling Pool was funny to see. He was iree 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 (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 Trestle, Tennessee. Dear Mister Ardent Col-

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 and explaining that yesterday she swiped your only silk shirt comma swiped your only slik shift 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 sug-gest to put the young woman in her place has been received period para-

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

