

# The Million Dollar Doll

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

## Terry Confuses Miles Sheridan By Her Unexpected Attitude

### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Teresa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unobtainable, 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 is making him wretched with her infidelity, and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him, stipulating that he will not "trouble" the girl. This, he knows, will give his wife sufficient grounds for divorce. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry to go in her place. Terry is an exquisite counterpart of her sister.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is deeply in love with Paul di Salvo, 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.

Poor little Terry, unaware of her sister's reputation and of the fact that she must appear in the eyes of the world, starts the voyage with Miles, who does not recognize in her the little girl he befriended so long ago. Mrs. Harkness, his old servant, is sternly disapproving of the Million Dollar Doll.

Terry refuses the \$20,000 which Miles sends her by Mrs. Harkness. Miles is surprised at the "Million Dollar Doll's" refusal of his money. Miles meets Terry on deck and is struck by her youthful charm. She reminds him of someone he knew years ago.

## Change of Water Change of Diet Change of Climate Cause DIARRHOEA

Mr. Fred Palmer, 217 Dalhousie street, Brantford, Ont., writes: "When I first went out to the North-west, the water played havoc with my bowels, and being in a remote spot, I could not get anything to give me relief for any length of time."

"I wrote and told my wife about the time I was having, and she sent me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I cannot speak too highly of it for what it did for me."

"Whenever the children have any bowel trouble from eating fruit or drinking strange water, which they have done for the past five years, living in the country, the only remedy we use is Dr. Fowler's, and no body should be without it, as it cannot be beat for instant relief."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 78 years, and you don't experiment with new and untried remedies when you buy it; but be sure and get Dr. Fowler's when you ask for it, as a substitute may be dangerous to your health.

Price, 50c a bottle. Put up only by the T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont. — Adv.

self. "I only wanted them out of my room."

"You told Mrs. Harkness they were 'disgusting,' I believe."

"So they were! I'm sorry if it offends you, but I can't help it. I didn't want to keep them in my room."

"It doesn't offend me in the least," Sheridan assured her, with complete indifference. "I'm sorry that my friend Hartley Phillips miscalculated your taste. He seemed to know that you had some acquaintance with the French language. I haven't read the books myself."

"Oh, I felt sure you hadn't, for you would never," Terry broke out, then stopped with a slight gasp.

Sheridan looked at her in surprise. It was on his lips to ask her to finish her sentence and then explain it. But he remembered in time what Phillips had said of the game she was playing, posing as an ingenue. Evidently she was at that game still. He felt himself in no danger, however, of being taken in.

"There are plenty of novels and books of all sorts in the salon, he mentioned, and then explain it. He chose what you like. The room is at your service."

"Of course, I shall never trouble you there. I'm not much of a mood for sociability myself, and if I shut myself up like Diogenes, that mustn't make you feel that you're a prisoner."

"Phillips warned you, no doubt, that you wouldn't get any society except your own on this voyage—except when we're in port, and we have to be seen together."

"I didn't know that—that I would even have to eat separately—like a servant," Terry suddenly flared up. Her nerves had undergone a severe strain. She had been crying a good deal that afternoon, foolishly perhaps, but he had been her idol for so many years and she meant so nobly by him that her heart was very sore.

Now his cold, restrained tone, that could have been rude, if he could have been rude to a woman, hurt her again, and the words burst forth.

"You're too sensitive," Sheridan said with something like a sneer. "Consider yourself rather a—er—queen than a servant. You have your realm on board, and I have mine, that's all. One needn't interfere with the other."

"But there's a question I really want to ask you, while we're talking, Miles Divine, for we may not happen to come across each other for some time."

"Why did you send me back the money it was agreed you should receive in bank notes, instead of a check, when you came aboard my yacht? Did you, perhaps, expect the whole twenty thousand at once, or—"

"No, no!" Terry dared to break in. "I said so from the first. I—"

"Really?" Sheridan exclaimed. "I don't understand that. Phillips told me you asked twenty thousand dollars for the expedition; that you named the sum yourself, and that he consented after a discussion; that between you the way of payment was arranged, and—"

"It's a mistake!" cried Terry. "I couldn't, couldn't take money from you!" But even as she spoke panic overwhelmed her.

She was betraying Julia. She was forgetting that she was supposed to be Julia.

"Why couldn't you take money from me?" Sheridan asked, unrelenting.

"Because—just because I couldn't," the girl said dully.

Her face showed distress, but, of course, he didn't believe it as genuine emotion. Phillips knew Juliet Divine, slightly at least, and had warned him. There were many moves in the game which these dolls tried to play with men.

He didn't pretend to understand the moves, didn't want to understand, but it looked to him as if this doll were bidding for sympathy now. He had none to give such a pampered young person. But he did wonder how she'd kept herself so virginally young.

"If you don't want money, why did you come on board my yacht for this trip, which you must know wouldn't be amusing?" Sheridan persisted.

Terry did not answer. She bowed her head and looked at her hands, slim, girlish hands, with ringless fingers.

Julia had left the little sister some rings and told her to wear them, but they seemed unlike her, somehow. She didn't feel at home with them on. "Won't you tell me the reason?" he cathected her. "I think you'd better."

A moment for reflection; and then she answered, "No."

"You won't. That's rather peculiar. You make me a little uncomfortable, Miss Divine."

"I'm sorry, but I can't help it," the girl said. "Is there anything else you want to ask me, Mr. Sheridan, or shall I go now?"

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## There's At Least One In Every Office.



## Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

HIT AIN' MAKE NO DIFFERENCE  
WID ME EF DEY AIN' NO  
SECH A THING EZ HANTS,  
JES' LONG EZ I KIN SEE  
'EM!!



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go away," said the young Chuck to himself. "I guess it was a mistake coming up here. I guess that funny old Mr. Toad was right. This seems like a good hiding-place, so I'll just stay here until there is a chance to get back to the Green Meadows."

For a while the young Chuck squatted right close to the hole through which he had entered. But

"Never mind who I am; who are you?" growled the young Chuck.

He grew tired of sitting still. He decided to look around under Farmer Brown's barn. For some time he crept about, examining everything he found. He was beginning to feel quite at home. He had seen and heard nothing to be afraid of.

Suddenly, in the darkest corner, he came face to face with a stranger. It was so sudden and unexpected that the young Chuck was badly frightened. Not knowing what else to do, he drew back his lips so as to show his teeth, and growled down in his throat. It was the wisest thing he could have done. The stranger backed up a little.

"Who are you?" he demanded in a fierce, squeaky voice.

"Never mind who I am. Who are you?" growled the young Chuck.

"I'm Robber the Rat. And I don't allow anybody in here," replied the stranger, trying to appear very bold and fierce.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" growled the young Chuck. It was so sudden and unexpected that the young Chuck was badly frightened. Not knowing what else to do, he drew back his lips so as to show his teeth, and growled down in his throat. It was the wisest thing he could have done. The stranger backed up a little.

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## "You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE D'ALROY.

### ON FUNNY FALLS.

#### LIFE—

#### The funniest GAME

We are asked to play:

It is the SPORT SUPREME;

And the fun of it is

That a girl may have her eye

On one particular BIRD,

And be, at the same time,

Some OTHER man's MARK.

Men are, at once,

The HUNTER and

The HUNTED.

Women are, at once,

The PURSUERS and

The PURSUED.

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## The Naughty Young Chuck Is Introduced To Robber the Rat

### By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Now, the big rooster who had chased the venturesome young Chuck under Farmer Brown's barn couldn't get through the hole the young Chuck had gone through. He wouldn't have gone under there anyway. He had no liking for dark places. As soon as the young Chuck had disappeared the big rooster stretched up to his full height, opened his mouth and crowed: "Cockle-doodle-doo! Cockle-doodle-doo!" crowed the rooster, and then very proudly walked back to where the hens were for them to admire his bravery.

Never had the young Chuck heard a rooster roar before, excepting in the distance, and it made him shiver. The big rooster seemed a very terrible fellow to the young Chuck, and he had no desire to see more of him.

"I'll stay here until the birds go away," said the young Chuck to himself. "I guess it was a mistake coming up here. I guess that funny old Mr. Toad was right. This seems like a good hiding-place, so I'll just stay here until there is a chance to get back to the Green Meadows."

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## Mothers and Their Children

### A BABY YARD.

One Mother Says:

For the mother who lives in the country, or where she has a large yard, the baby yard is the best solution of the problem of keeping an eye on the youngsters without interfering too much with housework.

A little square of yard outside the kitchen door, near a shade tree, can be inclosed by a fence which any handy man can build. A sandpile, some potted plants, and a few toys will keep the children happy as well as safe.

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## Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper pardon me if this letter is rough. It calls for some help from me. I am dictating to Mr. Woodrow Clemenceau Smith, Grand Old Man of Indiana. Dear Mister Smith, please tell me how you like this letter. Yes, indeed, we have been telling you that when a fellow like this Scapiron Scully that got flip with you when you objected to his dancing every dance with a girl who took to the midsummer hop said right in front of everybody: "I would knock you for a collection of Canadian catamounts, the only way to handle him right is to give him the same soup he serves and as he has it on you for weight and experience because a guy with a disposition like him has to fight about three or four times a week right along please send you a copy of the book on fighting which I have read the night before he spanked Willard to sleep on the jaw and what else would we advise you to do before you mix it up with him if possible period paragraph."

Well Mister Smith while we can't swear to it comma we think that if Scapiron read any book on how to spanked Willard to sleep on the jaw it was just as likely to be a copy of women in love or a young girl apocryphic diary as anything else but we can't conscientiously recommend either of these to you to help you hang a bunch on Scapiron Scully who we agree you ought to be served with the same soup he gives out but if I had your problem I think I would take one of our weighted wallop punching bags at three ninety eight use it regularly and then wait until Scapiron Scully got me mad the next time when nature would take its course period.

Yours for the joys of justice,  
The Supremacy Emporium

## THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful It Is In Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when properly prepared and taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, simply absorbs the noxious gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating and after eating enemas and other odorous vegetable compounds.

Charcoal effectively cleans and improves the complexion, whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it cleanses the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest quality Willow charcoal powdered to extreme fineness, then compressed in tablet form, and are in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being sweetened to be smooth and palatable.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon lead to a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

Many physicians advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat. They are also believed to greatly benefit the liver.

These lozenges cost but thirty cents a box at drug stores, and you get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets.—Adv.

Keep Your Shoes Neat

Use Cuticura Talcum Daily For The Skin

After a bath with Cuticura Soap, and warm water Cuticura Talcum is soothing, cooling and refreshing. If the skin is red, rough or irritated anoint with Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for all toilet uses.

Shoe Polishes

Shoe Polishes

Shoe Polishes

Shoe Polishes

Shoe Polishes

Shoe Polishes

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### IT HAPPENED IN THE TROPICS.

By H. IRVING KING.

"No Arthur," said Helen Allen, "I am sorry, but I cannot marry you. I feel that I have a mission to perform. The time has gone by when women looked to marriage as the end and object of their lives. Marriage would simply be a hindrance to me in the work for mankind to which I am called—the Uplift of Humanity. And I have such a wonderful opportunity offered to me now—nothing less than the uplift of a whole nation."

Arthur Phillips stared at Helen, half vexed and half amused and wholly in love. "A whole nation," said he at length; "isn't that a rather large order to begin with? May I ask what nation it is to which you propose to dedicate yourself?"

"The Republic of Yucatan," replied Helen calmly; "in Central America."

Arthur gave a low whistle of astonishment and said, "Yucatan? Well, I don't know of another nation on the face of the earth that is in more need of an uplift. As a mining engineer, you know I am rather familiar with these Latin-American countries. But how did you happen to pick out Yucatan?"

Arthur nearly exploded into the single expressive ejaculation, "Rats!" But, seeing Helen so deadly in earnest, he controlled himself and made a mere technical objection.

"English governess," said he, "but you are not English, you know."

"Neither was the French maid mother used to have before met with his financial reverses French," replied Helen. "It is merely what you would call, I suppose a 'trade name.'"

Arthur mused a while in silence and then said meditatively, "Arosemena, Arosemena! And when do you sail for this land of the palm and the spigetty?"

"I shall sail for New Orleans on the Talamancas on the twenty-fifth," she replied. "And, oh, Arthur, I am so sorry—but you see, don't you, that it is my duty?" And there was a tear in her eye in spite of her firm and high resolve.

"No—can't say that I do," said the young man. "But never mind. Let's see, you'll have to start for New Orleans day after tomorrow, won't you? Hum, it so happens that I have rather important business myself in New Orleans which requires me to start for there early tomorrow morning. I'll be on hand to see you off."

Helen passed a restless and rather tearful night, but without weakening in her resolution to devote herself to spinsterhood and the uplift of mankind. Arthur, on the other hand, appeared to be in a very cheerful frame of mind and a telegram which he found waiting for him at his bachelor quarters seemed to add to his satisfaction. He slept like a babe and smiled in his sleep. The Talamancas was about ready to pull out from the levee, when Helen espied, strolling leisurely on the bank, a person for whom she had been anxiously searching amid the throng of pas-

sengers and their friends came to say good-bye.

"Oh, Arthur," she cried as she ran to him, "how good of you to come and see me off, dear. But you must hurry—the 'all ashore' signal has already gone."

"No hurry," replied Arthur. "In fact, Nellie, I have decided to have a look at Yucatan myself. Don't scowl so. Honest and truly it's a business trip. You don't mind my being on the same steamer with you, do you?"

"What business?" inquired Helen, suspiciously.

"Mines, my dear. Don't be alarmed. If you prefer to uplift the Arosemena family rather than yours truly, why go to it. Let's talk about the weather. I think we will get a norther out of the gulf."

They did get a norther in the gulf, and then they slipped around Cape San Antonio into the smiling waters of the Caribbean. It was Helen's first visit to the tropics, and a first visit to the tropics is an experience never to be forgotten. It leaves its influence on the soul of a man—or a woman—forever.

The most resolute uplifter that ever existed must feel some abatement of his resolution when he penetrates into the tropics. There is a subtle poison in the sun, and the sea, and the palm trees rustling in the trade winds—the speck of the land of the lotus-eaters! But Helen was from Maine, U.S.A., and defied the soul-enervating influence of the climate.

Having staided across the phosphenescent waters they now gathered in little groups discussing the news. Helen and Arthur were standing close together by the rail.

Helen had caught only a few words that she could understand, but they were enough to excite her anxiety. "Oh, Arthur, what is it?" she asked.

"Why," replied he, "it appears that there has been a revolution, and your prospective employer, Arosemena, has fled to the States. He is an excellent fellow, but the San Miguel mines, out of which the old rasal has been squeezing the life. I got a cablegram before I left home saying the affair was to be pulled off, and to come down. We stand in on the new administration with both feet. And now, since you can't uplift Yucatan as English governess for Arosemena, what say to try, chief engineer and part owner of the San Miguel mines, inclination and guts to see if you can't do it. And in the tropics, too—what could she say?"

They spent two years in the tropics. They were in New York now.

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## A 10-Day Tube FREE Send the Coupon

To Be Dainty

Combat that dingy film on teeth

Wherever you go now you see glistening teeth. They are teeth you envy, maybe. Then make this test we offer. Learn how people get them.

Millions are brushing teeth in a new way now. They are combating film. You will be amazed when you see what this new method means.

Why teeth grow dim  
You feel on teeth a viscous film. Much of it resists the tooth brush, clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors. Then it forms dingy coats, and white teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds millions of germs, and they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people who brush teeth in old ways escape those film-caused troubles.

Now a better way  
Dental science, after long research, has found effective ways to fight film. One acts to disintegrate the film at

all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply those methods daily. 1 name is Pepsodent. Now