

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Terry Shows Her Temper and Flings Sheridan's Money On the Floor

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Teresa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unbelieveably innocent, 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 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.

For little Terry, unaware of her sister's reputation and of how 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 \$10,000 which Miles sends her by Mrs. Harkness.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOO LATE FOR TANTRUMS.

Mrs. Harkness hated Betty Sheridan. She would have liked to wring her neck, and would stoically have gone to the chair for it.

When Mr. Miles had told her that, if she was too virtuous to take care of Miss Divine, he'd have to let her bring a strange maid on board, Harkness agreed to do everything necessary with outward politeness and respect. It was only when she broke down and wept a little because of the trouble come upon her own dear boy, and the bitter way in which he had treated her, that she comforted her in one respect.

He hadn't, he assured her, the slightest personal interest in Miss Divine, and didn't intend to bother himself with the girl except in port, when a certain part had to be played in public, to make the whole thing worth while.

HARD PIMPLES DISFIGURED FACE

Very Sore, Itched and Burned. Could Not Sleep, Cuticura Heals.

"My face became affected with large, hard, red pimples that were very sore. They scaled over and itched and burned so that I could not sleep. My face was awfully disfigured for the time being. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. My face began to feel better so I purchased more, and when I had used four cakes of Soap and one and one-half boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Lillian R. Ladue, Jericho, Vt.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.

Sample sent free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Ltd., 146 St. Paul St., W. Montreal." Sold every-where. See Dr. Ointment and Soap. Talcum.

Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

"Not another word did she speak at

The next thing that had happened was a call made on board "Silverwood" by Mr. Phillips, of whom Mrs. Harkness secretly disapproved, regarding him as a worldly, cynical man, who had no good influence over Mr. Miles.

He had come nosing around, had suggested the right cabin for Miss Divine, and had brought a parcel of novels which Harkney had overheard him say that "her sort was sure to like."

Then, if not before, Harkney had realized to the full, and bitterly, the sort of woman she had to "maid." A "show girl," who'd name herself "Divine" and wear tight-fitting gowns and in theatres must be pretty bad, but who could only be kept out of mischief by having a lot of low French novels to read was a wicked woman.

Not that Mrs. Harkness could read a word of French herself, but she hadn't lived to be sixty years old for nothing. She knew that all French people (before the war, thought, of course, not since) and all French novels before and after and forever, were peculiarly debased.

Now, here was the girl throwing these books on the floor, disclaiming them, and refusing to accept what could only be called her wages! Mrs. Harkness would have liked to say something, but she didn't know what to say. She had, under her sternly conscientious skin and rather outer coverings the heart of a universal mother. She loved and yearned over lonely young creatures, and could hardly resist them when they were in sorrow.

This was a bad, very bad, evil: shameful! Yes, that was the word to use for her, but to see those slim little shoulders—shoulders of a child—almost—shake with sobs, and to think of the wretched loneliness, with no one to like her on board, made the old woman's heart "turn in her breast."

She went out quickly, lest she should be weak enough to waste some words of sympathy on the worthless one; and, bursting with her news, she made straight for her master's quarters—the suite on the deck above, which lately he had taken for his own.

"You told me there'd be no answer at present to the message you sent," said Miles, the old woman reminded him when she had knocked, "but the young madam, who prefers me to call her 'Miss,' wished me to wait; and there is an answer after all."

"Oh, very well," returned Sheridan, indifferently. "Put it on the desk, Harkney." He scarcely looked up, for he was engaged in reading a formidable heap of letters and telegrams, which had arrived for him just before "Silverwood" sailed.

When Mrs. Harkness began piling a number of French novels on his desk, however, his attention was attracted. "What's that?" he asked, what are all those?" he wanted to know. "The madam said they were 'disgusting' and threw them on the floor," Harkney informed her master with relish.

He looked surprised, then burst out laughing. "I dare say she's right," he said. "But I shan't be able to judge for myself, for I've no intention of reading them. Is that all the answer she sent?"

"Indeed, and it is not all, Mr. Miles," replied the old woman. "Here is the rest." And she laid on the desk the ten or twelve letters, which the old woman had inclosed in the envelope addressed to Miss Divine.

"Madam sent these back. At least, she threw them on the floor with the French books. And the message was, she won't take your money."

"The devil she won't!" ejaculated Sheridan. He stared at the notes, bewildered. "Did she say she'd expected more—or anything of that kind?"

"Not another word did she speak at



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

SOME FOLKS GOES THU LIFE IN SECH A HURRY YOU CAINT NEVUH TELL EF DE REASON FUM IT IS IN FRONT UV 'EM ER BEHINE 'EM."



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"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY
ON MEN WITH "CENTS"

What would life be WITHOUT THE MEN? What would Christmas be Without SANTA CLAUS? That's the ANSWER! Of course, men are not everything, BUT NOTHING seems much Without them. They really ARE THE LIFE OF the party. But they must be "NICE MEN," And CLEVER men,

With enough "CENTS" To make dollars; And enough SENSE to know That though their dollars HELP the machinery of life To run more SMOOTHLY, Money is NOT EVERYTHING; Neither will it buy everything. And men must remember Nice women CANNOT BE BOUGHT. Yet, just the same, They have to be PAID FOR.

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The Young Chuck Refuses To Take Advice From Old Mr. Toad

When Old Mr. Toad left him, the young Chuck, who had run away from home, sat in the bushes at the head of the Long Lane and did the first real thinking he had ever done in all his life. Down in his heart he knew that the advice of Old Mr. Toad to go back home was good, sound advice. But he wouldn't admit it. No, sir, he wouldn't admit it. "Pooh," Toad said, "That funny, little, homely fellow probably has reason to be afraid. I'd be afraid no reason than he. I would be afraid. Of course, there must be some dangers, but I guess I am big enough and smart enough to avoid them. Redtail the Hawk will not get another chance at me, for I shall keep my eyes open for him. As for other enemies, I guess I am smart enough to keep out of their way."

He peeped out of the bushes toward Farmer Brown's barnyard. It looked most interesting up there. Old Mr. Toad had advised him not to go any farther in that direction. He had told him that it was no place for him up there. But the more he watched, the more curious he became. He saw some big birds walking about, and there didn't seem to be at all afraid. Of course, they were the hens of Farmer Brown's Boy, and so, of course, were at home. But the young Chuck didn't know this. They were the first hens he ever had seen.

"If it is safe for them, it is safe for me," said he to himself. "I can

He was going to see things he never had seen before. He was really out in the Great World. He felt very big and very bold. But as he ran, he had enough sense to try to keep out of sight as much as possible. He kept in the tallest grass. And so at last he came to the edge of Farmer Brown's barnyard. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Young Chuck Scares and Is Scared."

Save the Children

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum, and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer.

In most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets relieve these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by government analysts to be absolutely harmless, even to the new-born babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

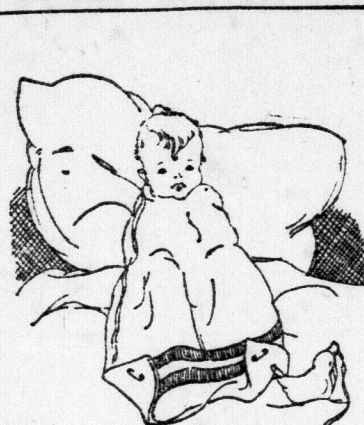
TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

A Letter from Mrs. Smith Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Trenton, Ont.—"I am writing to you in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not be without it. I have taken it before each of my children were born and afterwards, and find it a great help. Before my first baby was born I had shortness of breath and ringing in my ears. I felt as if I would never pull through. One day a friend of my husband told him what the Vegetable Compound had done for his wife and advised him to take a bottle home for me. After the fourth bottle I was a different woman. I have four children now, and I always find the Vegetable Compound a great help as it seems to make confinement easier. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. FRED H. SMITH, John St., Trenton, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system, so that it may work in every respect effectually as nature intended. Thousands of women testify to this fact.

Mothers and Their Children



A SLEEPING BAG FOR BABY.

For summertime, after a baby is five or six months old, a sleeping bag keeps him well wrapped up at night. This should be made of muslin or outing flannel. Use a single piece of material, blanket size, folding it in the middle crosswise, folding it together on one end and the other side and fasten the top in two places, a few inches apart, with hooks and eyes. Put the baby inside and fasten the bag over each shoulder. In the hottest weather a thin sheet will do for covering and little or no clothing need be worn under such a bag. This is especially handy for vacation time. (Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Dictation Dave

By C. I. Funnell.

You are right Miss Hopper we must get a letter off to our salesman with the nice hair take a letter to Clarence Clossom, Missile Manor, Michigan. Dear Clarence colon paragraph. Talk about a poison pen Clarence you have a puzzle pen and when your letter of Friday came in referring to what looked like the CAMISOLE type of electric sewing machine, I sure had me stopped until I showed it to Miss Hopper who has strange skill in reading what you call your SOLE type which when not an electric sewing machine folds up into the disguise of a console table and as to your main question it is like this paragraph.

You state that your Aunt Elvira who has always said you would not amount to a darn and I assume to be a woman of keen intelligence has just been told that you are an electric appliance salesman and won't believe until you get her one of those console electric sewing machines at a bargain price to prove it to her and what can you do because I have given orders not to sell a thing below list price which is \$48 but I tell you what you do Clarence you let me send her the machine and then you write her and tell her you were able to get her an inside price of \$49.98 period. Yours for delectable discounts, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM, Per D. D.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE MONEY BAG.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

Dan Thumma dropped the heavy bag of currency on the floor at his feet as he sank into a chair at the rude table. He drew his automatic from his hip pocket and put it on the table in front of him. Then he relaxed for the first time in twenty-four hours. He was tired, dead tired, and he was glad of the respite, glad of the chance for resting before again trying to make his getaway.

Of course there was no telling how long the respite would last. Dan had only by a stroke of luck managed to elude his pursuers and reach this lonely cabin on the mountainside where as a boy he had been accustomed to spend the nights when on hunting expeditions. And, too, there was as yet no certainty that he could accomplish his getaway in safety. He knew that his great height, his striking features, his breadth of chest made him a marked man and increased his difficulties.

It was good to relax, to yawn and stretch himself. Perhaps he might even snatch a few moments of sleep. Dan slumped more comfortably into the chair. Forty winks would do wonders for him. Just forty—

Almost on the instant he was drifting into slumberland, Dan's wandering senses came instantly to their usual alertness.

Behind him, in the small kitchen adjoining the room where he was seated, he heard a noise. And with a sort of sixth sense he became aware that someone was watching him through a crack in the kitchen door. Dan wondered whether this watcher was an old or new enemy—he had no idea that it might be a friend. But it wouldn't do to frighten the watcher away.

So Dan, with unburied movements took from his vest pocket the tiny mirror by which he made a semblance of a toilet when he was roughing it and cupped it in his hand so that by glancing in it he could see the door behind him.

Dan felt a distinct thrill at what he saw. For it was a young girl, a pretty girl. And, as the girl's face flashed into view on Dan's pocket mirror, he knew with that instinctive knowledge which is more divine than human, that here was the one girl for whom he had been holding his heart fresh all his 28 years of life.

But the appearance of the girl presented a problem. Of course, there was nothing so far from her, but still she might be one of the crowd who were trying to prevent his get-away with the bag of booty at his back.

For a moment or two Dan considered the matter. Then, with characteristic directness he dropped the mirror on the table and grabbed his automatic with his right hand, and leaping from his seat, raced to the kitchen door. Dan heard a little sound of the girl's gasp as he slipped in his face. But Dan thrust vigorously against the door with his shoulder.

The door gave way suddenly, and with difficulty he pushed himself from falling headlong into the kitchen. He found himself looking straight into the eyes of a woman who was looking at him calmly pointed at him by the girl who eyed him belittlingly. And even in this startling situation he noted with delight that the girl was just the right height, that she was well built, and that evidently she was a match for his own resourcefulness and courage. As he noted all this, his heart leaped to her. He knew that his life and his soul were irrevocably hers.

For a moment, Dan eyed the girl, smiling a little, while she returned his glance, unflinchingly and coldly. "Well," said Dan at last, "you're a girl, in a rather deep voice. The game's up. Go and get that bag and bring it here."

Dan felt a chill of dismay at this. "You're a girl, in a rather deep voice. The game's up. Go and get that bag and bring it here."

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The girl shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. "When thieves fall out—," she quoted. "That money was stolen from the First National Bank at Brampton last Tuesday. The thief got away. You're the thief, and I'm going to get the money."

Dan laughed a bit at this. And yet on second thought he felt the situation wasn't such a laughing matter after all. The girl had the drop on him, she was coolly determined and he felt she was capable of shooting him if she felt like it. What could he do?

"Get it!" the girl commanded. Dan turned slowly toward the room where the bag lay, revolving the situation in his mind. He didn't want to get into gun play with the girl—he didn't want to harm her and he didn't want her to harm him. Still, he simply couldn't let her get away with the money—he couldn't.

He walked slowly toward the bag. As he did so there was a sudden sound at the door through which Dan had entered the house. The door was violently thrown open and a burly, rough-faced man hurried himself from the door at the bag.

There was no doubt of the man's intention. He was bent on getting the money bag.

Dan raised his right hand to shoot at the intruder. But before he could pull the trigger there was a flash from the door and the automatic dropped from Dan's hand. Someone from the door had shot him in the wrist.

The intruder now had the bag in his arms, and was crawling toward the door. In a few moments more he'd be at the door and make his escape.

At this, Dan, with a hoarse growl, hurried himself at the intruder, un-armed at his back. He heard the girl scream in the kitchen and heard

her rush toward him, and he was partly conscious of another person entering the door. But for the moment all his attention was centered on getting the money bag away from the man who was trying to escape with it.

Dan's antagonist was a vicious fighter and would have been a pretty even match for Dan under ordinary circumstances. As it was, with his right hand helpless, Dan felt as though it was an almost impossible feat.

It was only for a moment, though, that Dan felt this way. Then, with a sudden surge of strength, he fought himself free from his antagonist and leaped to his feet. With his good left hand he caught up the money bag, which had dropped from his antagonist's grasp, and made for the door. He heard the girl scream again. At any moment he expected to hear a shot from her revolver. But he didn't dare wait; he must get away.

Dan plunged at the dark doorway and then stopped short. Standing in the doorway, grinning at him, was a huge bulk of a man—a man who was even larger than Dan himself. And in the man's right hand was an automatic with which he was covering Dan.

"We've got him!" cried the grinning man. "Good work, Miss Daugherty!"

Dan turned to see the girl covering his recent antagonist with her revolver while the latter moaned on the floor. But the girl's eyes were on Dan, big and sorrowful.

"We'll split the reward," went on the man who was covering Dan. "Dan whirled around at this. 'You're a detective?' queried Dan. 'Sure one of the Financial Institution Protective Agency's detectives.'"

"Where's your star?" demanded Dan.

"Here," was the reply, as a coat lapel was pushed back and a star flashed at Dan. "And Miss Daugherty's got one, too."

Dan whirled around at this. "You're a detective?" queried Dan. "Sure one of the Financial Institution Protective Agency's detectives."

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