

The Million Dollar Doll

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

While Visiting Algiers Miles Sees Paul di Salvano

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 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 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.

CHAPTER LIX.
An Unpleasant Encounter.
That night Nazlo saw again the two from the yacht, dining at the Hotel de Paris, the supposed Juliet Divine very beautiful, very young, very much stared at. Nazlo began to want Terry more than he had known he could want anything, and he wondered if he could further his own interests by appealing to the police. If he could swear that, to his own knowledge, the girl on board "Silverwood" was not Juliet Divine and that she was under age, he might somehow tear her from Sheridan.

But he could not prove his statements without a long delay, and even if he could, this wasn't America; the police might laugh at him for his pains. At last, the only thing he could think of which might help, was to write to Mrs. Miles Sheridan, a very carefully thought out letter.

Nazlo had met Betty once, just after the end of the war, before the return of her husband from France. It was in California, where he had gone on business. She had run out of

Los Angeles with a woman friend, older than herself, to rest from Red Cross work and to "see what the Movie people were like."

He remembered hearing it said that Mrs. Sheridan had really come because Prince di Salvano was at Hollywood acting in a special film for which, though his was a small part, a special price had been offered him.

Betty and the Shoe King had been introduced to each other at the home of a rich, rather fast man, half Greek, who had built a marvelous house (a copy of Pliny's at Laurentum) outside Los Angeles. Nazlo had sat next to her at the table, but Salvano had taken her into dinner, and she—absorbed in the Italian—had thrown her other neighbor only a few words.

Probably she had forgotten him, but she must know the name of Eustace Nazlo, the Shoe King. He could remind her of the dinner party at Los Angeles.

Late that night he wrote the letter, after tearing up several sheets, and went out with it himself to the post-office, so that it could not fall to go by the first train to Paris.

After that there was a slump in excitement, for he was compelled to "wait and see." All he could do was to watch from a distance; to transfer himself from the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, to the Hotel Royal, Nice, when "Silverwood" weighed anchor in Monaco harbor, and dropped anchor at the port of Nice.

The yacht had spent five days at Monaco. She gave the same length of time to Nice, and one day less to Cannes, where Nazlo followed along without getting within speaking distance of Terry.

He might have forced an interview, but he knew that he would lose, not gain, by active interference, and he felt that in one way or another, his moment would come.

After a fortnight of dawdling along the azure coast, Sheridan thought that he had given the French Riviera enough free food for gossip. "Silverwood" steamed for the Italian Riviera, and Miss Juliet Divine was displayed (as if she had been a "show girl" again) at San Remo, at Genoa, and Santa Margherita. The next stage was Naples, and there in the bay the yacht lay for a week.

Sheridan had planned, in New York, to visit the only places in which friends from home and abroad were likely to be sunning themselves, for no others were worth his while. But things had changed since then. He wanted to take his companion to Pompeii, Amalfi, and Ravello, because he thought that she would wish to see them with him, and that Terry forgot all that she had suffered of shame and humiliation when, with few staring eyes to watch, she went with her "Prince" into this wonderland beyond her dreams.

The two were on happier terms by this time. Though they never said anything personal or intimate, Sheridan treated the girl as a Prince should treat a Cinderella during the early stages of their acquaintance; perhaps about the middle of the third day at the ball!

In other words, there was an informal, temporary pact of good comradeship between them, and Terry was often radiantly joyous for a few moments—when she could push

all thought of the future from her mind.

It was a month after the day "Silverwood" left Monte Carlo, and nearly two months after she steamed away from Brooklyn, that the yacht slipped into harbor at Algiers; and Terry was looking forward to Algiers.

There would be more people there—people who interested themselves in her, in that dreadful, nerve-tearing way people had—than there had been at Naples; but Sheridan had told her wonderful stories of Algiers and its chief city, the ancient haunt of pirates; its secretive Kasbah with the blank-faced, whitewashed houses, and streets so narrow that the sunshine trickled through shadow like a thread of gold laid on black velvet; the veiled women with eyes like stars; the oriental shops and bazaars, and the marvelous Arab villas whose gardens were like Omar Khayyam paradise.

As they came into harbor at sunset, the distant buildings of the town, dazzling white, were scattered on a green cushion. The yells of the Arab boatmen, and their costumes, astonished Terry. She was afraid of boring Sheridan, or she would have cried out again and again in her excitement.

He had described the Hotel St. George, with its beautiful terrace, and proposed taking her there for a 10 o'clock breakfast. They drove through the town in a taxi, up to Mustapha Supérieure, and arrived at the hotel. Sheridan was almost gay.

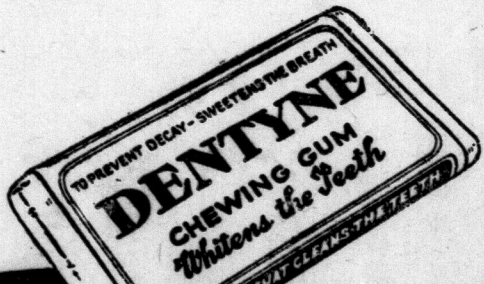
"We'll have our coffee and rolls and honey on the terrace," he said. To his own surprise, he felt happy and care-free. But he did not stop to analyze his sensations.

"Oh, isn't it all wonderful?" the girl murmured, as they stood together on the terrace, looking over the blue Bay of Mustapha. Marble pillars twined with flowers gleamed against the sky. Oranges glowed like lighted lamps, and roses hung in festoons.

Miles did not answer. His wandering eyes had reached a group of three persons seated at a small, round table.

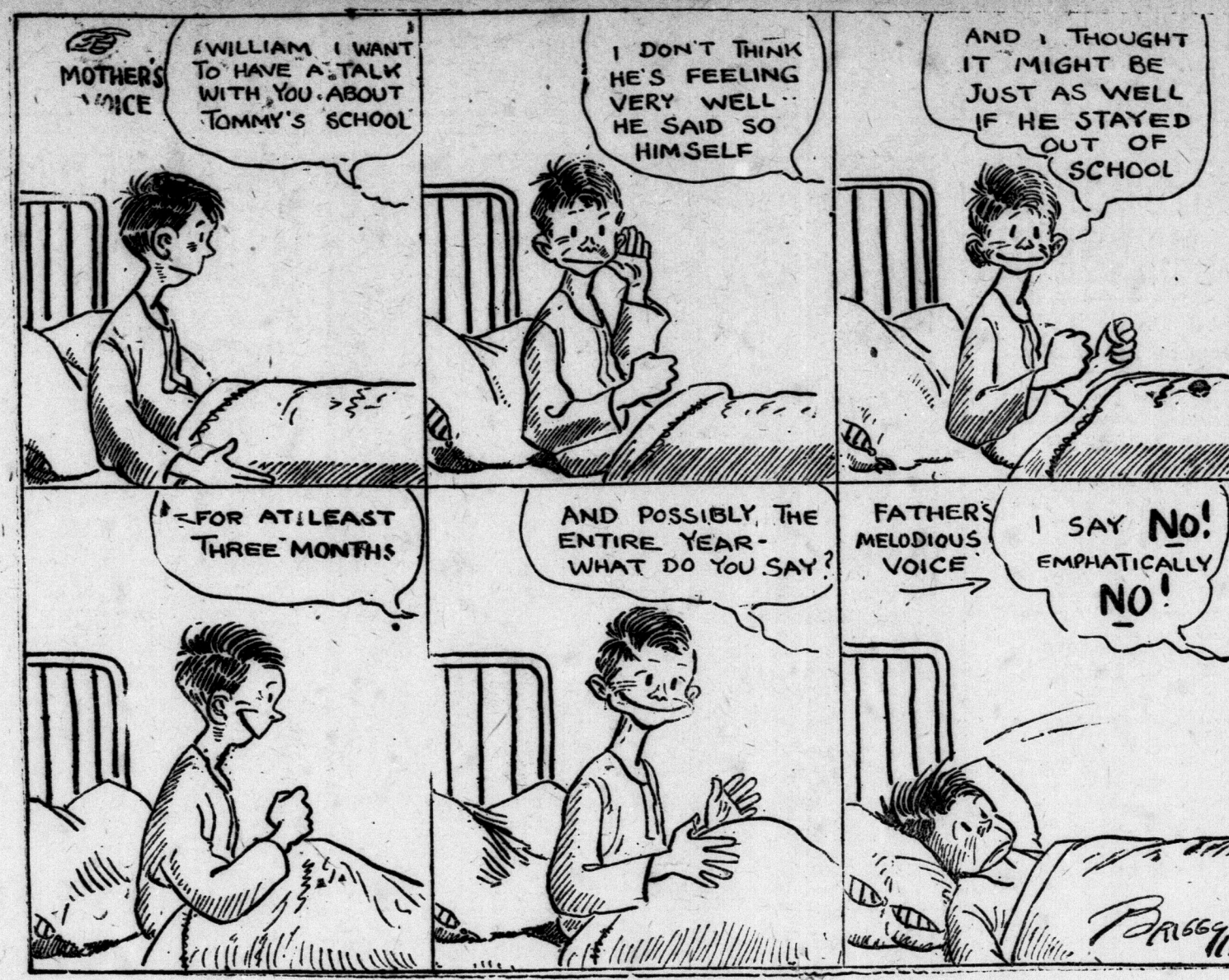
Sheridan recognized only one; but that one would make the town of Algiers intolerable: Prince di Salvano! (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate.)

In tomorrow's installment, Miles determines to try an experiment.



DENTYNE GUM
Whitens the Teeth
5¢

The gum in the red wrapper



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

I CLARE T' GOODNESS!
TWELL DE DAY O' JEDGMENT
I GWINE HATE DAT MAN
I WORK A DAY FUH EN
HE GIMME A COUNTERFOOT
DOLLAR!



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"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY.

ON WHAT WE DON'T KNOW!

A BOY OF TWENTY
"Knows it all!"
A MAN OF THIRTY
THINKS HE DOES;
When he gets to FORTY
A man begins to SUSPECT
How LITTLE he knows;
And at FIFTY he KNOWS
He KNOWS but LITTLE.
An OLD BOY OF SIXTY
Knows how much he DOESN'T
know;
An OLD MAN OF SEVENTY
Suspects how LITTLE he knows;
Whilst a CHILD OF EIGHTY
Tells you how it was

Sixty years ago,
For HE knows it all.
But probably by NINETY
His TIME HAS COME,
And he knows
That all he ever knew
Amounts to NOTHING;
For, after living
Nearly a CENTURY,
He has NO IDEA
Where he CAME FROM
Or where he is
GOING—
But he is ON HIS WAY.
So—WHY WORRY?

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Spotty Finds the Worm a Most Peculiar One

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Down through the water of the Smiling Pool came a fat, wriggling earth worm. The bright little eyes of Spotty the Turtle sparkled. He was hungry, and here was a treat. He began swimming toward it as fast as he could make his legs go. Down went the worm until it was almost to the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pond. Just before it reached the bottom Spotty caught one of those wriggling ends.

My, how good it tasted! It was so good that he couldn't stop to look at it closely. He just drew it into his mouth as fast as he could, and had begun to swallow that first end of it before the rest of it was wholly in his mouth. And then suddenly something happened that frightened Spotty more than anything had ever frightened him before in all his life. There was a sharp pain in his mouth as if that worm had bitten him. And then he was dragged upward!

Spotty tried to let go, but he couldn't. It was just as if that worm had caught him and was hanging on. He plunged for the bottom and swam with all his might, but in spite of it he felt himself being drawn up. He plunged this way and that way, but he couldn't get away. He laid it all to that worm. He couldn't let it all to that worm. He couldn't

understand it at all. All worms he had ever seen before had been perfectly harmless. And now this one was dragging him up! He was frightened. He was frightened. He was frightened.

To Spotty this was a worm that could bite and fight and was stronger than he. Oh, how he did wish he could let go! But he couldn't. He struggled and struggled and struggled. Of course, the more he struggled the more tired he grew. And the more tired he grew the faster he was drawn up toward the surface. The nearer he drew to the surface the more frightened he became.

His mouth smarted a little where he thought that worm had bitten him, but not very much. Other worms he wasn't hurt at all. But his fright was greater than any hurt could have been. Had it not been so mysterious he wouldn't have been so badly frightened. That worm had looked exactly like dozens of other worms which he had eaten. None of those other worms had done anything but wriggle helplessly, so he couldn't understand this one at all.

For a moment the pull stopped.

and Spotty once more plunged for the bottom. He still had that worm in his mouth, but it was no longer dragging him upward. But just before he reached the bottom, that drag began again. And although he worked all four of his legs with all his might trying to reach the bottom, he was drawn up instead.

Poor Spotty! It really was terrible. It was a hundred times worse because he didn't understand it and didn't the least idea what it meant. For the first time in all his life he was helpless in the water. That worm was stronger than he. "Oh, oh, oh!" he cried. "Spotty, as he was dragged up toward the surface of the Smiling Pool."

The next story: "Two Folks Are Much Surprised."

Miss Hopper you said the other day that men would be utterly helpless without women to lean on and here's where we tell a client how to lean and take a letter to Mister Henry J. Swopp. Bent Brook, Iowa. Dear Mister Swopp: colon dash and paragraph.

After reading your letter that just came in I am sure I can help you out in selling your six cylinder Elderly Elegance sedan and note with great sympathy what you say about how when you showed it to Dorcasus Crafts and opened the cut out he said the engine sounded like throwing potatoes into an empty barrel and refused to have anything more to do with it and what equipment can we suggest that will assist you in getting rid of the bus paragraph.

Some ways comma Mister Swopp comma literature holds much of use to we merchandisers like where Shakespeare says search thee the woman and in selling a sedan like yours there may be a thought right there suppose for example I were to tell you that right in your own town in the last month we have sold several new gowns of the fashionable Burntsbicki Brindle and that I can give you our famous Sparkling Splendor auto enamel in the same shade adding that our silver flower vase for sedans is available at astonishing prices you could repaint your car to match a woman's gown and add a flower vase to the inside of it with the same color flowers in it and what woman would ever hear the engine for a total cost of eight or nine dollars question mark.

Yours for the feminine appeal, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM, Per D. D.

OH YOU HUNTERS!
Clean up your guns, trim up the dogs, get out your togs and we will furnish you with complete information "where to go" to obtain the finest hunting in the land. The great north country of Ontario, so near at hand, is a veritable game preserve, the home of the moose and red deer, as well as other game animals.

Get in touch with your nearest agent of the Canadian National Railways for full particulars.

Mothers and Their Children



Playing Square With Sonny.

One Mother says:
My small son does not like bees nor pinches—neither does his daddy. We have found that the boy will eat them and think it great fun if daddy eats some, too, for then he and daddy are being partners in doing something they don't like that's good for them. (Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors)

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

By H. IRVING KING.

Romance and prosperity are always just around the corner. However, if you turn the corner abruptly you may sometimes catch them unawares. Such was the case with Giles Benson, who was out of a job, owed his landlady and was down to his last dollar. The financial situation in which Benson found himself was not so embarrassing to a man of thirty as it would have been to a man of sixty, but even to a man of thirty it had its disadvantages.

Benson had been brought up as heir to his Uncle Peter, who had sent him through college, given him a liberal allowance and tried to instill into him enough of business acumen to warrant his being able to take care of the fortune which he was to inherit. But Giles had a rather overweening confidence in his own ability, old Peter was crochety and dictatorial. The consequence was frequent quarrels, and in one of these, about six months before, the old man had said: "If I were to turn you adrift tomorrow you could not earn your salt."

And now, Giles Benson, who had a superior smile, and the next morning he was missing. One of the many pleasant things about new work is that if you want to be dismissed, you have got to do it as you move into the next block, and it is as if you had fallen off the earth. Giles moved a little farther than the next block and was lost.

"Humph," said Peter, as he read his bet on Giles had let him. "Going to prove me a liar by earning his own living, is he? The experience won't hurt him. Bet he'll be back inside of six months."

It was not entirely Giles' fault that he had justified his uncle's opinion rather than his own; the last firm by which he had been employed, for instance, failed unaccountably and cast him adrift unexpectedly. And now the six months specified in Peter's prophecy had passed, and Giles had not come back to a close and Giles turned a corner. As he did so he almost collided with a hurrying young lady, carrying a small handbag, and evidently bound for the ferry at the foot of the street. At a glance, Miles saw that she was well dressed, pretty and much agitated. As Benson stepped aside, lifted his hat and offered an apology, their eyes met and they felt acquainted with each other at once.

"Oh, it was my fault," said the fair unknown. "I—that is, that man there has been following me for three blocks and I—"

"Calm yourself," replied Giles. "Just wait here a minute and I will interview the rascal." And he strode deliberately toward the suspected stranger.

"See here," said Giles, "what do you mean by following that lady?" The stranger was a middle-aged man, respectfully dressed and grave of countenance. "I followed that young lady," replied he, "because she happened to be walking in advance of me. I am sorry to have caused her alarm, but as this is my house and I propose to enter it, I trust her fears will be relieved. Good-day." And mounting the steps of the house before which they were standing, the stranger took out his latch-key and let himself in.

Giles, with an air of having scared off a horde of blood-thirsty savages from an intended victim, returned to the waiting young lady and asked the reason of being allowed to escort and protect her to her intended destination.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the fair one. "I fear I have acted rather impulsively. I feel rather faint—would

you mind taking me somewhere where I can get a cup of tea?" She had to walk quite a little distance before they found a quiet tea-room, into which they entered and called for refreshments. Over the tea and cakes they became quite talkative and even confidential.

"How foolish I was," she exclaimed. "But I thought that perhaps father had sent someone—you see, I was running away to get a quiet tea-room, into which they entered and called for refreshments. Over the tea and cakes they became quite talkative and even confidential."

"I had got to marry a man I had never seen, I fancy I lost my head. How ever, when I saw another cup of tea to a man of thirty it had its disadvantages. Rather curious my telling all this to a man to whom I have never been introduced, isn't it? But since you have constituted yourself my protector you must take the penalty of revealing my confidences."

"Oh, pardon me," said Giles. "I should have introduced myself. My name is Benson."

"Any relation to Mr. Peter Benson?" she asked.

"His nephew," replied Giles. "Oh!" said the young lady, glancing at him. "I believe I have heard of you. Have you been away to Europe—or somewhere?"

"I have not—er—been at home of late," replied Giles evasively. "Now, really," exclaimed the young lady, "you must get me a taxi. Benson, I want to get home before 'they discover my absence.'"

As she was getting into the taxi which Giles summoned, she reached out her hand and said: "My name is Martindale—Caroline Martindale. I should be pleased to have you call, Mr. Benson."

The public library, got a social register and looked up Caroline Martindale's address. The register also told him whose daughter she was, and he realized that the only chance he had of ever meeting her again on terms of social equality was to go back to Uncle Peter and eat humble pie. But still—All night long, between short intervals of slumber filled with visions of Caroline Martindale, he debated the question. When morning came he had decided in favor of Uncle Peter and humble pie.

"Hello!" said Uncle Peter cheerfully. "Back on time, I see. How'd you make out?"

"Rather poorly. I must confess, uncle," replied Giles. "Never mind. Now that you are back, the first thing I want you to do is to get married."

"Well, perhaps it would be a good idea," replied Giles, with a vision of Caroline rising before him. "I've made all the arrangements," went on the old man. "Expected you back about this time. Girl's all picked out. Arranged it with her father."

"But, uncle," protested Giles against. "I really could not—"

"What, you ungrateful puppy?" roared Peter. "Any man who would refuse Caroline Martindale—"

Giles sank into a chair as if shot. "All right, all right, uncle," he said. "Have your own way."

"Good boy. Thought your experience would put some common sense into you. Here's a check. If you want more, let me know. Thus Giles Benson went to live in that happy land "just around the corner." (Copyright, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

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Cuticura Soap is the finest for shaving.

Women of Middle Age

THE critical stage of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 55, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia, heat flashes which produce headache and dizziness, and a sense of suffocation. Guard your health carefully, for if this period be passed over safely, many years of perfect health may be enjoyed.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. Its value is proven by many such letters as these:

Vancouver, B. C.—"Before I took your wonderful medicine I was sick and ailing all the time. I happened to be speaking to a friend and she said, 'Why don't you try Pinkham's?' I am on my fourth bottle and can truthfully say I never felt better. I had tried all kinds of medicines but none seemed to do me much good. I urgently plead with those who are sick to try it. I was always cranky and had headaches but now life is altogether different. What the Vegetable Compound has done for me it will do for others."—Mrs. T. W. PLUTO, 557 Richard St., Vancouver, B. C.

Brockville, Ontario—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and female disorders. I was so weak at times that I could not stand up. I had been this way for nearly three years, and the different medicines I had taken had not done me any good. I found one of your little books at my door one day, and I thought I would give your medicine a trial. I am now on my fifth bottle, and it has helped me. I am feeling much better, have no weak spells and can do all my work now. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to all I know."—Mrs. CASEY LAWERT, 176 Abbott St., Brockville, Ontario.

Letters like the above do influence women to try

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