

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Aunt Caroline Decides To Take a Hand and Rescue Terry

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Monte Carlo itself, you know—which I never do, on principle, for mere pleasure.

Miles' face hardened. "I should be glad to entertain you on board the 'Silverwood,' dear Aunt Caroline," he said, "but for reasons I can't explain now—you're sure to hear very soon—I can't possibly do it. You would be annoyed with me later if I did."

Miss Sheridan's nose suddenly looked more pointed than before. "Why, that sounds very odd—and so disappointing," she murmured. "Are there people on board whom I know and don't like?"

"It isn't that," Miles said. "Suppose you just take me on faith, and drop the subject, shall we? I'll try to run over to Mentone and see you before we go."

"We?" Miss Sheridan snapped him up. "Who are we? Who are your guests on board the yacht? Surely you can tell me that? I'm certain to find out, anyhow."

"Yes, just told you that you're certain to find out. This isn't the time to enter into explanations—"

"Ah!" Miss Sheridan sharply cut him short. "See—I fear that I begin to see. I have heard rumors, and hope they're not true—that you and Betty have quarreled? You would have introduced persons on board whom she could not know? But I won't force you to discuss these private affairs before a young girl like Miss Divine. We must have a talk later," she turned to Terry. "Forgive me, my dear," she said. "I fear I forgot your presence for a moment. Are your parents with you at Monte Carlo?"

"No," said Terry.

"We must go, Aunt Caroline," Miles broke in.

"In a minute—if you must. Do let me have a few words with Miss Divine. I should like you to tell me what your staying with your people, my dear. It would be pleasant to meet you again."

"I—none of my people are with me," Terry stammered.

Miles Sheridan opened her near-sighted blue eyes. "Your people—not with you? But you're so young! You aren't traveling alone?"

"No," said Terry. "I have a chaperone, my dear child. I may know—"

Terry glanced up at Miles. Desperation was in her eyes, and a lot of trouble which, if he'd been a woman, she would have thought hysterical. It was the look which a woman has when she knows not whether to laugh or cry. He shrugged his shoulders in response to the question in her glance, and Terry guessed what that shrug meant. "Mr. Sheridan is my chaperone," she answered.

The effect was electrical. "What?" shrieked the lady, starting back. "You don't mean—no, no, you can't mean—you're not on his yacht with him—alone?"

"Yes," the girl said. "Except for Mrs. Harkness. And the captain. And the crew."

Miss Sheridan's face became very red, then pale, but the fatal point of the nose. "This is terrible—terrible news for me," she gasped. "I don't know what to do about it."

"There's nothing to do about it," said Miles. "You would have it, you know."

"My poor dear brother, and sweet dead sister-in-law!" Miss Sheridan moaned. "And your unhappy wife! Something must be done. Oh! the girl looked at Terry—"my poor, missing girl! You must be rescued. My nephew must be rescued. You must be saved from each other."

"I don't think we can be," said Miles. "It's too late. You must let us go our way, and forget us."

"That I will not do," answered Miss Sheridan, and without another word she walked back to her table and her half-drunk mineral water, a look of exalted resolution on her face.

"That was rather a sickener," the girl heard her companion murmur. "—perhaps I ought to tell you, Mrs. Harkness means to go to Mentone to call on Miss Sheridan this afternoon." Terry ventured, timidly. "A pity she couldn't have seen my aunt before my aunt saw us," Miles said.

A STARTLING OCCURRENCE.

He introduced the two by name. That of Miss Divine conveyed nothing to Miles. "Divine—Divine?" she murmured, benevolently. "What a beautiful name! So suggestive of worth living up to! And no doubt, you do! But I'm sure I've never had the pleasure of meeting any member of your family, or I shouldn't have forgotten. May I ask, are your people from Boston—or New York—or perhaps from Washington?"

"My father is Irish," the girl answered.

"Ah! is Divine an Irish name, then?" persisted the lady. "It interests me. I make quite a study of names."

"I don't know," Terry had to reply. "Well, do you mind and I'll tell you. We'll talk about it, and about names, titles of things," continued Miss Sheridan, in a sprightly way. She was expensively yet dowdily dressed, and Terry could see from her figure that she was fitted into stiff corsets of the old-fashioned kind. Her hat, however, was too young in shape for her 50 odd years, and her hair was either dyed, or a wig. She seemed a curious mixture of intense respectability, and a vain clinging to youth. Once, long ago, a woman had come to the Blue Moon bringing tracts; and though Miss Sheridan was of a different class, she was vaguely of the same type, with her prominent teeth, her thin nose pink-tipped with excitement, and her pale, fanatical blue eyes.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Caroline," Miles objected, when she would have slipped a hand under his arm. "We can't stop now, as I have to show Miss Divine something of Monte Carlo this morning, and take her into the casino. It's late already."

"But you haven't told me anything about yourself," squeaked Miss Sheridan. "Where you came from—I've got my yacht in the harbor," he said.

"Ah, that's delightful!" exclaimed his aunt. "Are you coming over to see me at Mentone this afternoon, or shall I bring a couple of friends and pay you a visit on Monday? I should like to do that, and if you'll ask us to dine, dear boy, we can see the fireworks in honor of the Prince's birthday. That won't be like visiting

Paul di Salvane, a handsome Italian. Eustace Naslo, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl.

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 already his resolve is wavering. He does not recognize the little girl whom he befriended so long ago, but he is surprised to find the notorious Juliet Divine so girlishly charming. In order to make the scandal known, he appears at Monte Carlo with the girl.

Miss Caroline Sheridan, Miles' aunt, is surprised to meet her nephew in Monte Carlo.

CHAPTER L.

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Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

EVERYBODY MAKES MONEY PAN US HAND- WORKIN' FOLKS DESE DAYS!!



growled. "It would have spared you, as well as me, a disagreeable quarter hour. We'd better slip into the Casino, I think. We can't go on walking up and down the terrace, passing people who are looking at us. I'd rather pass an uncaged lion!"

Terry did not reply. She shrank back then, half stopped, and instinctively laid her hand on Sheridan's arm.

Miles was astonished. A glance at the girl showed him that her sudden motion was not from illness, or a stumble that had hurt; she had seen a face that startled her.

A tall, dark man was strolling toward them. Sheridan recognized the face. It was that of Eustace Naslo, known as the "Shoe King."

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In Tomorrow's installment Naslo receives a Snub.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY.

ON STICKING TOGETHER.

When men and women
Love each other
They stick together
And are satisfied.
But the trouble is
That MOST men
Love WOMEN,
And most WOMEN
Love LOVE—
And that is why
There are so many
Dissatisfied men
And unsatisfied women;
BECAUSE
What a WOMAN desires

Is a GREAT man;
But what most MEN desire
Is a great many women,
And when they don't get
What they want
They are disappointed;
But when they DO get
What they want
They are DISILLUSIONED!
For men find all women
Are much the SAME,
And a WOMAN finds
NO man is
ALWAYS great.

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Happy Jack the Squirrel Plays a Trick On Redtail the Hawk

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel and Mrs. Happy Jack lived too long to be easily fooled. When they had built their new summer home in a certain big beech tree in the Green Forest they had known that it soon would be discovered by enemies as well as friends. Such a home as that couldn't be hidden. So from the time they had moved over there to live they had been on the watch for enemies, and especially for Redtail the Hawk.

On the morning that Redtail, high up in the blue, blue sky, had first seen that new home, Happy Jack had been peeping out. Now always the first thing he did before coming out was to carefully look all about and especially up in the blue, blue sky. So it was that he had seen Redtail just at the moment when Redtail had discovered that new home.

"He's found it!" said Happy Jack to Mrs. Happy Jack, who was inside. "Who has found what?" asked Mrs. Happy Jack rather crossly. "Oh, Redtail has found our new home!" said Happy Jack. "I've been looking for him every day. He is way up there in the blue, blue sky this very minute, and I know well enough he is looking down and chuckling to himself over the discovery of our new home. He thinks it is going to be easier to catch us here than at our old home. We'll fool him."

The days slipped past one after another, and not once did Redtail the Hawk try to catch Happy Jack or Mrs. Happy Jack. That was, you know, because he was waiting for them to grow careless. So Happy Jack and Mrs. Happy Jack came and went as they pleased, and to have seen them you wouldn't have guessed that they ever gave Redtail the Hawk so much as a thought. But they did. Oh, my yes! They thought of him every day. And every day Happy Jack would watch up in the blue, blue sky until he saw Redtail circling about very high up. So he knew that Redtail was watching and waiting. But Redtail didn't know that Happy Jack knew.

"It is most time for Old Redtail to try for one of us," said Happy Jack to Mrs. Happy Jack early one morning. "He's known about this home of ours for a long time now,

yet he hasn't once been near it. I know him. Yes, I know him. He's been waiting in the hope that we will feel so safe that we will grow careless. By this time he must be about ready to try to get one of us. There he is way up in the blue, blue sky now. I'm going to fool him. I'm going to pretend to be careless."

"Be careful, Happy Jack," he careful," warned Mrs. Happy Jack. "Be sure that you aren't careless."

"Watch me, my dear," replied Happy Jack. "I'm going to disappear. Happy Jack of the Green Forest, I'm going to give him one of the greatest disappointments in all his life."

With this Happy Jack whisked out of the new summer home, and out on a branch above it where he knew he was in plain sight of Redtail the Hawk.

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

The next story: "Happy Jack Disappoints Redtail."

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper take a letter to a prominent salesman with such nice hair guess who that's right to Clarence Clossom. Missle Manor, Michigan. Dear Clarence colon dash paragraph.

Your letter telling us that you were tempted to strangle the innocent infant son of one of our good prospects during a demonstration you were making of an electric sewing machine in the home of his mother because he untied your shoe when you just got started comma broke your watch chain just as you had his mother interested comma and then when you gave him a pair of scissors to keep him quiet he gummed the whole deal by slicing your new Shiver Cloth coat right up the back taking part of your shirt with it has been received paragraph.

Sometimes comma Clarence comma I am almost disappointed in you the way you let discouragement blind you in the eye like a punch from a pugilist you cannot see the opportunity which knocks you in the other semicolon think how our great business leaders have got ahead because of your position would have gotten discouraged and let a sale slip through his fingers question mark never exclamation point he would have issued a statement that business was fundamentally sound and sewed up his coat on the electric sewing machine as a demonstration and I want you to go back there to that house where a playful and innocent child injected his fresh buoyancy into the drab rounds of your duty and a pair of scissors into your coat tails and close that sale being thankful he didn't cut up your trousers period.

Mothers and Their Children



The Friendly Policeman.
One Mother Says:
I never frighten my child by telling him a policeman will get him if he does this or that. I teach him that a policeman is to guard all good people and take care of children. If ever he wants information or is lost, the first person he will call on for help is the friendly blue-coated officer.
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A Good Medicine For the Baby

Nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets as a medicine for little ones. They are a laxative, mild but thorough in action, and never fail to relieve constipation, colic, colds and simple fevers. Once a mother has used them, she will use nothing else. They are the best medicine I know for little ones, and I would not be without them." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail, at 25c a box, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.,—Adv.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

ISABEL'S OWN IDEA.

By RUBY DOUGLAS.

"I'm twenty-five years old," began Isabel.
"Wait, wait, my dear; that's not being done, telling one's age," said her chum.
Isabel was impatient. "I know it isn't. Neither is what I'm about to do."
"Then it can't be getting married, can it?" laughed Bess. "For assuredly that is being done hereabouts." Isabel dismissed the thought as frivolous. "I was about to say that I am twenty-five years old and that for five years a persistent idea has been pestering me with its presence in my thoughts."
"Don't you perhaps flatter your self?" Her chum insisted on being facetious.
"No, I do have serious thoughts, Bess. I have been watching mothers and children. I have helped to take care of two sisters' youngsters, and scores of neighbor's babies. I find I have great success with them."
"Well, what of it? Did you think of starting an orphan asylum? They don't start those; they just grow out of a community of voters, and by law, and all that sort of thing, Isabel." Bess was still unable to be serious.
"No, I'm not going to have an orphan asylum, although you might be interested to know that in the recent reading of my vocational qualifications by an expert analyst I got nearly 100 per cent in my ability to take charge of groups of children, manage a home for sick babies or some kindred job. So now, Of course that isn't added to the scheme of my persistent idea that I could turn to practical account my knack of keeping children well."

"Some job," remarked Bess.
"So I'm going to do it. I've made my plans with father and mother, and though neither of them is thrilled with the prospect, they're going to let her have a go at it," said Isabel, earnestly.
Isabel made a charge that could be met by most families, and she took the children at first only for a day in order to study them. Sometimes she watched them with other children. Sometimes she played with them herself to find out how the child's mind reacted to certain subjects. At other times she left them alone to see what they would choose to do voluntarily. Thus she studied them. She was thoroughly practical, for she weighed and measured them, found out what they had been eating without offense to the mother, ascertained the number of hours they had slept and under what conditions.

Children responded to the atmosphere of her big playroom and garden with its arched sleeping porch and rest couches. They drank milk for her when they had refused to touch it at home; they ate carrots and onions, and they slept or played just as she wanted them to. She had a decided understanding of children and their needs.

It was not long before she found that she had more than she could do even with the paid assistance of her chum. She was neither a nurse nor a doctor, but by a study of child life, and her experience, which consisted of limited by old-fashioned folks, seemed almost unlimited.

Mother was delighted with the outlook the children gave her from Miss Isabel's teachings. They went to "visit" her every time they seemed a little out of sorts and came home bright and well and cheerful and to weight.

Isabel's idea was not to keep children long time, but to put them back right as they could stand short time, so as not to let the mother's sense of responsibility be lessened. She became great friends with the visiting nurses in the various schools in the villages. They were much interested in her unusual plan and its seeming success.

"I know of a very pitiful case of

a father in our town who is trying to bring up two little ones with the unsatisfactory help of a mere girl who does housework. I wish you could have them," said Miss Hecht, a nurse in an adjoining district.
"But—why not?" asked Isabel, interested at once.
"It's a delicate case. The father wants to do it. He doesn't see how inadequately he is succeeding. The little girl is pale, thin. The boy needs attention."
"Perhaps I might talk to him," said Isabel.

The nurse studied the young woman for a few moments. A light came into her eyes. "I believe you could," she said. "He means what he says in the world, but—he's not yet thirty and is, perhaps, devoted to the memory of the children's mother and hates to see them on other hands."
"I'm going to try," said Isabel.

By a strategic succession of arrangements, Isabel and the father of the children met. He did not know what she was. She did not know what he was. Whether it was fate, whether it was the guardian angel of the children or whether it was just plain old-fashioned Cupid's arrows, no one ever has been able to determine. But John Storm was attracted at once to the young woman who had not known him a half hour before she was asking him about his children of whom she admitted, she had heard.

He warmed to the subject as she had never dreamed he would, and as he unfolded the inner man in his earnestness and sincerity for the welfare of his babies, Isabel began to feel a kindred interest in him. She felt that it must be merely the interest kindled through her desire to see the children taken care of.

In less than a week it took to bring about the meeting of Isabel and John Storm, she had the two children at her home and was feeding them, and playing with them, making them rest and gain and grow red cheeks and fat little bodies.

John Storm, being a devoted father, came often to the restful home of his children. After they were tucked in bed with other Cuddle arrows, no one temporary mother of them all was tired and ready to sit down, he frequently sat beside her.
"John Storm," chattered her chum, Bess, after weeks of observing which way the wind was blowing.
Isabel blushed, but she was not 26 years. "I feel sorry for her now," she said, lamely.
"You know what play's skin to, don't you?"

Isabel nodded.
And that night she was forced to admit that it was more than pity that she felt for the father of John and Hazel Storm.
"If you think it would not interfere with my work I—I think I could manage you, too," she said to him before he left.

"On the contrary, I believe I could help you, dear," he told her. "I shall spend my days in trying to show how truly thankful I am for you—you, yourself and your wonderful care of my little ones."
"Then—it's a bargain," said Isabel. (Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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