

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Sheridan and Terry Parade Before the World at Monte Carlo

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Teresa Desmond (Terry)—Lovely and unbelievably 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's infidelity is making him wretched, and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry, who is an exquisite counterpart of herself, to take her place. Miles does not recognize the little girl he befriended so long ago.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife is in love with Paul di Salvo, a handsome Italian. Eustace Nazio, 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, is Terry's maid on board the yacht. Her early disapproval of "The Million Dollar Doll" is swiftly disappearing under the influence of Terry's child-like charm. Miles has stipulated that he will have nothing to do with the girl on the voyage, but under the impression that Terry is flirting with him, he breaks his bargain and kisses her. Terry's indignation is so real that Miles Sheridan apologizes for his action.

After his dinner with Terry, Miles sits and smokes, reviewing his past. Terry goes to her room wretchedly unhappy. Terry wonders whether Julia would have expected Miles to kiss her.

They arrive at Monte Carlo and Terry and Miles go ashore.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A Painful Ordeal.

On that mid-November day the Place du Casino at Monte Carlo was at its gayest, for it was the Prince of Monaco's birthday, and the morning sun shone on fluttering flags and all Venetian marts.

The palms in the gardens clapped their green "fat" hands, the air smelled of roses and orange blossoms, women in white dresses carried red parasols, nurses in quaint costumes knitted while children played "tag" round the paths, pigeons strutting in the Place, their breasts glittering like black opals; the Casino had not just been open for the day's play, and the early gamblers were hurrying in, eager with hope.

Everyone looked free from care, yet Terry's heart was leaden. She

had become a scandalous figure. She had been hired to be scandalous! She was on parade, to make people stare and whisper, if they knew Miles Sheridan, or had seen Juliet Divine. If Terry had realized as clearly as now just what it would be like, she wondered if she could have consented to this public parade, even to save her Prince!

Every nerve in her body was taut as she walked at Sheridan's side, tall and slender and almost startlingly beautiful in an "embroidered white frock of Julia's."

As heads turned to stare at the handsome couple, the girl impulsively pulled her white sunshade down so far that it covered her face. Then she remembered that cowardice was the same as breaking the bargain. She was here to be seen. Oh, how she hated it!

"Come along. This is the way to the terrace," said Miles rather crossly.

As the matter of fact, he was suffering almost as sharply as she was. His nerves, too, were taut; and he was surprised to realize that his sensibility was not for the girl as well as for himself, if not more.

He withheld—fool that he was!—at the need to expose this young creature who looked so fair so sweet, even so pure, to vile suspicion. But the whole cruise was planned for this one purpose, and the program had to be gone through.

He tried to keep before his mind the fact that Juliet Divine's purity and sweetness were only on the surface, part of her stock in trade, and that he must not judge her sensibility (which by this time in her life was surely non-existent) by his own.

She was probably enjoying the sensation she created, after being shut up so long on board a yacht with a man whom she must think a bear with a sore paw.

He pushed it out again, laughing at himself for an ass, and reflected as coolly as he could that this was the day of days for the "plan" to work at Monte Carlo.

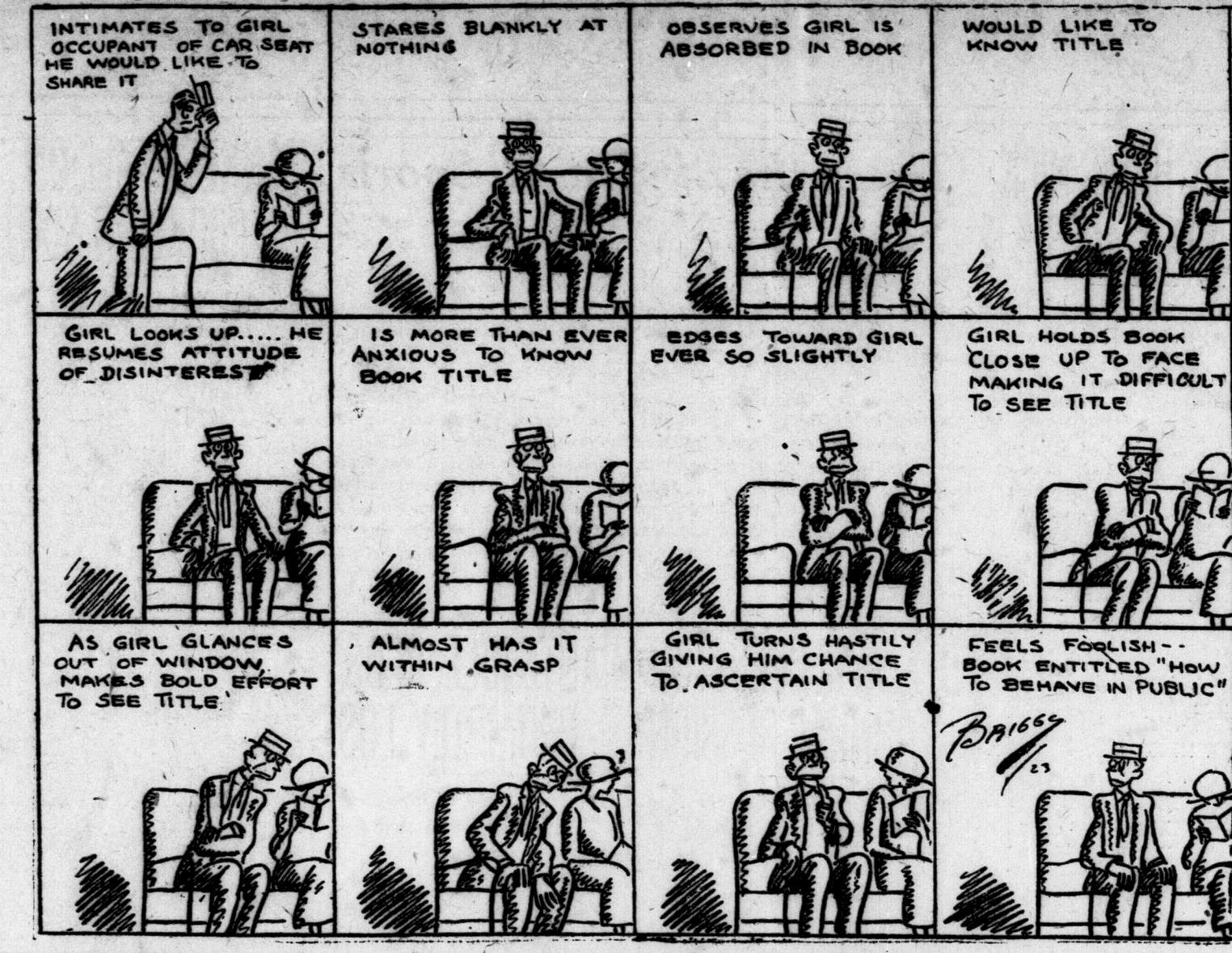
Hartley Phillips had originally counselled him to put off the Mediterranean trip till later in the year when the "high season" at Monte Carlo and Algiers, or any other fashionable resort where he chose to land, would be crowded with his and Betty's acquaintances.

But, having made up his mind to sacrifice his reputation for his wife's, Sheridan had not the sense to wait for a "convenient time." He had plunged into the hateful adventure at once, and got it over, quite as much for his own sake as Betty's.

His argument to Phillips had been that there were always people one knew at Monte, and that he could count upon several who would occupy the villas they had taken there, as early as November, in order to "get their money's worth." It was the same with Algiers.

But he had been cleverer than he knew; for he had forgotten about the Prince of Monaco's birthday and the double celebrations on the 15th and 16th at Monte Carlo, and on Monaco Rock.

It was luck to have landed on the 15th, without calculating the date and finding a crowd like this to spread the tale of Miles Sheridan's shameful conduct. He ought to be glad that



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

WEN DE COOK AIN' GOT NO SOCIABLE RANGEMENTS DE WHITE FOLKS, GITS A BILED SUPPER, BUT ON DAYS WEN DEYS A BIG FUNEAL DEY JES GITS A FRIED SUPPER!!!



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things were going so well, instead of feeling like a worm.

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In Monday's installment appears Miles Hunt.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY.

WHY WORRY, WOMEN?

As a BRIDE:

And they find marriage

Disappointing.

They were QUICK enough

To turn a LOVER

Into a HUSBAND,

But TOO SLOW

To keep the husband

Their LOVER.

But why worry?

If a woman REALLY wants

A thing—she'll GET IT;

If she doesn't—

WHY WORRY

HER?

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WOMEN enjoy

Being WOODED,

But many WIVES

Are extremely bored

After they have

Been WON some time.

And yet, although they wish

To be WON OVER again,

They are too LAZY

To be provocative

And use the ALLURE,

The feminine wiles,

The perfume and graces.

The chiffons and laces

That they used

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Mr. and Mrs. Happy Jack Squirrel

Begin To Build a Home

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Happy Jack Squirrel often has two

homes, one for winter and one for

summer. His winter home is in a

hollow in a tree. His summer home

is outside. This year it was in a big

beech tree. He and Mrs. Happy Jack

built it together. The tree was the

choice of Mrs. Happy Jack. Happy

Jack himself had chosen another tree,

but when he found that Mrs. Happy

Jack had set her mind on that particular

beech tree he wisely said

nothing more about his choice, and

went to work to help her build the

new home.

"We must have a good solid founda-

tion," said Mrs. Happy Jack as she

brought a stout stick and

carefully placed it in a crotch in the

upper part of the tree.

"Certainly," replied Happy Jack,

hurrying off to get another stick. But

by and by he grew tired. He wanted to

get to work on the walls of the new

house. "Don't you think, my dear,"

said he, "that this platform is quite

good enough?"

Mrs. Happy Jack went all over it

very carefully. Then she shook her

head. "No," said she, "it isn't good

enough. It won't be good enough

until it is as good as we can make

it. To my way of thinking nothing

can be too good, especially in a new

home. Now, don't be cross and don't

be lazy, but bring some more sticks."

Happy Jack sighed. "Good enough

is good enough," said he stubbornly,

but he obediently went for more

sticks.

Mrs. Happy Jack hardly took time

to eat. She was so interested in the

building of that new house that she

could think of nothing else. At last

the platform of sticks, which was

the foundation, satisfied her. She

tested it very carefully in every way

that she could think of.

"I think it will do," said he. "And

tomorrow we will begin on the

walls."

So the next day she and Happy

Jack began cutting and bringing

twigs on which grew little bunches of

leaves. These were for the walls.

My how they did work! Mrs. Happy

Jack was as busy about the placing

of these as she had been about the

foundation platform. Each one had

to be placed just so. When Happy

Jack's work didn't suit her she did

it over again.

So the new house grew until it

looked like a great mass of sticks

and leaves. The roof was carefully

rounded over and so made that dur-

ing storms the water would run off.

Inside it was lined with moss. And

when at last it was finished it was

as comfortable and fine a summer

home as ever a pair of Squirrels

built.

"Here," said Mrs. Happy Jack as

she brought the last bit of moss and

tucked it into place, "now we can

live in comfort the rest of the

summer."

The next story: "Retail the

Hawk Becomes Interested."

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper please take a little poem

for the Fall Styles number of our

store paper SUPREMACY SAYINGS

you didn't know I was a poet did you

the title is When Nature Changes.

All Her Styles Why Don't You

Change Yours Too question mark

paragraph.

When summer suns have ceased to

burn blithe blisters on their arms

then girls prepare their furs to spurn

and turn to other charms period.

When leaves long green are tinted

brown I'll rise to bet with you that

at the stores around the town long

green will then be blew semi-colon

for fashion says that autumn days re-

quire an overhaul of gowns to wear

to teas and plays and games of bas-

kethall period. And when the chestnut

leaves it burr and bumps the ground

below young ladies long for coats of

fur we sell them here you know

period paragraph.

When robins shake the chilly North

and fly to Grand Beach to buy new

hats girls sail forth and each be-

comes a peach in Tennis Tan or

Boating Blue and talks of hats well

say we get them here in every hue

why not come in today question

mark When burning leaves perfume

the air When rakers comb the grass

one needs a tonic for the hair just

try our Liquid Glass period And as

the evenings grow more cool the need

is plainly seen for jackets knitted as

period. Oh hail the coming snows the

year acclaim the coming snows the

bargains that await you here are

priceless goodness knows semi-colon

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