

Mohammedan Festival In London

GREAT Britain has so many Mohammedans in its empire that annually a Moslem festival is held around the mosque at Woking, near London.

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Nazlo Shows His Hand and Terry At Last Begins To Realize What She Is Up Against

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Teresa Desmond (Terry), a beautiful, imaginative child who worships Juliet Divine, the stage name of her half-sister. She rides in a gorgeous car and talks of a million-aires.

Terrence Desmond, their father, quick-tempered and unreliable, was formerly a caretaker of a Long Island estate. Forced to leave the estate through an escapade, Terry's, he opened a roadhouse called The Blue Moon, with money advanced to him by

Tom Perrin, a prosperous friend of Julia's.

Mary Desmond, Terry's mother and Julia's stepmother, fears "disgrace" in the latter's career.

Mrs. Parr is the house, Silverwood, of which Desmond was formerly caretaker.

Betty Sheen, her spoiled, young granddaughter, whose rudeness to Terry, at Silverwood, the latter will never forget, is engaged to

Miles Sheridan, a handsome, likable, young chap. His car breaks down at the door of The Blue Moon, and he meets Terry. Delighted with the child's charm and anxious to atone for his fiancée's past rudeness, supplies the wherewithal to send Terry to a convent for the next seven years.

While at the convent, Terry receives word that her mother has died.

Eustace Nazlo, a wealthy patron of the Blue Moon, is impressed by Terry's resemblance to Juliet Divine, whom he refers to as the Million Dollar Doll.

Terry is horrified to learn that her father counts on her marrying Nazlo, and for her pleasure of the ride is already spoiled.

CHAPTER XII. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Even as she stood there, Nazlo waved a hand and sprang out of the limousine, coming toward her.

It was too late for Terry to run. There would be too awful a row with Father afterwards. Besides, what Father had said wasn't Mr. Nazlo's fault.

"You shall have your daughter back by 10 or 11 o'clock—good little girls' bedtime," the Shoe King condescended to the roadside inn-keeper as he motioned the chauffeur away, and tenderly tucked a light dust-rug around Terry's knees.

"Just an early dinner somewhere—then home. That's the program for a convent-maid, what?"

"Yes, that's the program," Desmond echoed.

The car began to glide smoothly away. He watched it, scratching his chin, then slowly turned and went into the house, whistling under his breath.

"Where would you like to have dinner?" Nazlo asked.

Terry tried not to be self-conscious; tried to forget her father's hints. But she could not meet the deepest, yellow-grey eyes, which had a devouring light in them, like flame. If she did meet them, they would hold hers, she feared.

Nervously she looked out of the window, and said that she knew nothing about places where people dined.

Nazlo described two or three on Long Island, resorts which, in her suitable. "If it were late Septem-

ber instead of late August, I'd suggest somewhere in New York," he said, "but it's hot in the city."

Instantly the girl forgot her troubles. "Oh," she exclaimed, gazing up like a child, "would you take me to New York? I've never been there."

In his amazement Nazlo ceased the hypnotic eye-work which was his specialty. "Never been to New York?" he echoed. "That's a joke, isn't it?"

"Indeed it isn't," Terry confessed. "Truly, I've never been. I've lived always on Long Island, at home and at the convent."

"Of course you shall see New York," he echoed in a petting tone, as if she were a little girl. "That's a generous offer! Might be dangerous with some men"—he saw her face change—"but not with me."

"You'd give anything," would you?" he echoed in a petting tone, as if she were a little girl. "That's a generous offer! Might be dangerous with some men"—he saw her face change—"but not with me."

"What I want is to please you, fair Daphne."

"Why do you call me 'Daphne'?" she ventured.

"I thought you were so well up in Greek mythology!"

"Oh," Daphne was a nymph. She turned into a tree."

"Go up head again! A god tried to make love to her, so she turned into a tree to protect herself. I believe that's what you'd try to do in her place. You've got to turn into a tree."

But a wise god would hypnotize you to fall in love with him. It would be of shame for a girl like you to turn into a tree."

Again the magnetic look! Terry avoided it. Something within her advised that she'd better think of an excuse and ask to go home; a headache—anything. But the temptation to see New York and Julia's home was too strong.

Besides, Mr. Nazlo was only talking about mythology! He was interested in it because he was Greek.

"I don't want to turn into a tree," she said, blushing. "Would we have time to go up Riverside Drive before dinner?"

"We've got all the time there is," Nazlo replied. "Why do you want to see Riverside Drive? Have you got friends there?"

"I—I've heard about the Grant monument," Terry saved herself.

Nazlo laughed. "What a little school-child it is! Interested in history? Well, I'll be good. Instead of playing Apollo to your Daphne and beating him at his game—which I bet I could do—I'll personally conduct a private tour of 'Seeing New York.'"

"That is, I will if you'll let me arrange every detail on the program for the rest of the evening. Will you?"

"I—think so," agreed Terry.

Nazlo seemed satisfied, and made himself charming, or so it seemed to the girl. He told her things about the road, and pointed out objects of interest in the landscape.

Her surprise at the great bridge, and at the towering skyscrapers of New York which turned streets into mountain canyons, enchanted him. He had met a number of young women who behaved like children, but never a girl of seventeen who was at heart a child. After beauty, her refinement, manner, and her ignorance of life made a rare combination.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

And So Ended a Friends hip of 20 Years' Standing.



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

MEEBE DAT WANT NO HANT, BUT MAH LAIGS DON' LOW ME T' TAKE NO CHANCES!!!!



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

On She Who Looks Simple

A young girl should LOOK simple

And be SMART.

Not LOOK smart

And be SIMPLE.

Many YOUNG women

Are infinitely WISER

Than OLD men.

And a SIMPLE girl

Is more deep

Than a CLEVER man, because,

Although he knows MANY THINGS,

SHE knows ONE THING well,

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Mothers and Their Children



One Mother says:
In making trips with my baby I keep him in an ordinary market basket, carefully padded and lined, with a pillow for a mattress. On a recent automobile trip I found this worked very well.
(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Danny Meadow Mouse Finds a Wonderful Tin Can Which Will Just Do For Their Home

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

As soon as they were sure that Peter Rabbit was no longer about to interfere, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse resumed their journey to look for a place for a new home.

"I don't know where we're going, but we're on our way," said Danny, trying to be cheerful.

"It's a good thing we haven't a family," replied Nanny. "We have only two selves to worry about, and that is something to be thankful for. Oh dear, I know we'll never again find such a good home as the one we have just left."

They didn't find a place to suit them that day, so the next day they continued their journey. Nanny was very hard to please. Danny found several places that he thought would be very nice. But each time Nanny

But Nanny refused to be excited. She had had too many disappointments to get excited over a thing like this. So she kept her time about following Danny. But when she reached that old rusty can her face brightened. It really was all that Danny had said of it. She went in and out of it a dozen times. Danny watched her anxiously. "What do you think of it, my dear?" he ventured at last.

"I think it will do if we can't find anything better," replied Nanny. "We'll stay here a while, anyway, and look around."

And with this Danny had to be satisfied.
(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Nanny Makes a Find of Her Own."

"Hurry up, Nanny! Hurry up!" he cried. "I've made a wonderful find."

found fault. If it wasn't one thing it was another that was wrong. Each time Danny cheerfully said, "All right, my dear, we will look somewhere else."

So at last they came to the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield. For a while they followed along the fence. Nanny became tired and stopped to rest and eat a big grasshopper which she had caught. Danny kept on. He had gone only a short distance when just at the foot of a post he found something that was new and strange to him. It was an empty square can lying on one side. In one end was a smooth, round hole. That hole was just about big enough for Danny to slip through easily. The can was old and rusty. Of course, Danny didn't know it was a can. He didn't know anything about cans. He tried his teeth on it and found he couldn't gnaw it at all. At first he was afraid to go inside, but after a while he gained courage. The can was empty.

Danny came out again and went all around that old can. It was quite

almost too good to be true.

Yet it was true. And Nazlo found it intoxicating. He'd meant to keep his head through this evening, but as he watched his companion, so shy, yet so trusting, he wasn't quite sure whether he could do it.

At Terry's request, the car slowed down along Riverside Drive. She gazed out of the window, looking forward. Every one of the big, handsome houses fascinated her. Now and then she asked questions.

The back of the girl's head was exquisite; the bright copper-red hair pressed down by the simple toque; the three or four shining, childish ringlets that twisted themselves out of the mass just at the nape of the white neck. Nazlo resisted temptation until after the Grant Monument had been inspected and the car had nearly traversed the length of Riverside Drive, on the return journey.

Then, when the girl bade him look at some house which struck her fancy, and he leaned towards her, the impulse mingled to an electric shock. He belted the girl's waist with an arm, drew her back and kissed her on what—as a student of French—he called the "nuque"—a lingering kiss. Next instant brings a disconcerting moment for Nazlo.

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Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper take an inter office memo to mister Hardley Hasten period paragraph. Subject colon window trimming period.

When you came back from that trip to the city you told me the Supremacy Emporium was fifteen years behind the times the way we do things and you had a good mind to go back to the city and get yourself a job with a modern house so you I got something to tell you I am giving you an office memo dictated and everything not only to be modern but to have something to show you to prove I told you when you come back next week and say you never heard anything about it period.

I am as anxious as you are to keep this organization on its toes and if you want to snap things up around here you better start on yourself because yesterday I told you to take our gardening display in front window and put in a display of our electric clothes washer and when I went out to look at it when you had finished there was a clothes washer in the middle with the lady dummy putting clothes in it all right but you had left in the sign from the gardening window that was on the insecticide sprayer reading in great big letters square over the clothes MAKES ALL THE BUGS TURN UP THEIR TOES. paragraph

Sign that SUPREMACY EMPORIUM

Per.....D. D.

The Rings Around the Moon

THE presence of the "halo," as the ring around the moon is called, always means that great clouds are floating in the air at least 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and rain will come shortly.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

GREAT-UNCLE TO MARY LOUISE

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

"And so, after all these years, I am trying to make up for my indifference by this method of reparation. The money is yours to do with as you desire. When you receive it I shall be dead and beyond the reach of thanks."

"Yours belatedly penitent great-uncle,"

"Jonathan Benjamin Cowles."

This was the conclusion of the letter which Jimmy Stiles several days ago had signed with a flourishing signature and then re-read with grinning satisfaction. Cleverly worded that's what it was. And a darn bright idea. How tickled Mary Louise would be! And how unlikely ever to discover the hoax, if so harsh a word could be applied to a scheme of such kindly intent.

Now he sat at his desk and wondered whether Mary Louise had yet cashed the inclosed certificate of deposit. Picking up a little snapshot taken during that unforgettable summer at Drift Harbor, he regarded it affectionately, while his thoughts traveled a long, long road back to his first meeting with Mary Louise.

She had come to visit her aunt, who was matron of the County Home, where Jimmy's long years ago had been, blue overalls and aproned orphans. Bashful, she had hung back until he, Jimmy, had offered her his end of the see-saw and had stood by to see that no one played the mean trick of jumping off and letting her to the ground with a thud.

Mary Louise's mother, because of whose illness she had been sent away, died during her absence and she stayed on with her aunt. And when matrimony with a widower of small means and considerable family claimed the estimable matron, Mary Louise still lingered, merging with the rest of the orphans until her origin became as blurred as theirs. Jimmy became her champion in the playground squabbles, nor did the marvelous piece of luck which befell him when he was fifteen make him forget her.

The rector of the church near the home found in Jimmy evidence of an unusual intellect and left no stone unturned until the boy was given an opportunity for unlimited schooling, with sufficient outside work to keep him independent.

Jimmy rose rapidly—graduated brilliantly from high school—went into a lawyer's office daytimes and continued study at evening school. Ultimately he entered the bar and became an attorney with a reputation before he was 30.

Meanwhile Mary Louise had been "bound out" to a lonely farmer's wife. Growing attached to her, the woman had done more than the stipulated clothing and feeding of the child—had taught her what she could of grammar, geography and similar rudiments of learning.

A summer boarder had taken an interest and lent her books, not only during her stay, but for many months afterward. In short, the two women had implanted in Mary Louise the yearning to acquire knowledge. There are few greater gifts.

These changes had meant separation for the boy and girl, during which the memory of each grew dim to the other, but did not utterly fade. And at Drift Harbor, that wonder spot of ocean beach and vivid sunset and riotous surf, their paths converged once more.

Signing his name in the Drift Harbor House register, Jimmy looked up from the final flourish of his signature—James W. Stiles, Boston—straight into a pair of well-remembered soft blue eyes.

"You! Mary Louise!"

Yes, it was Mary Louise, who sometimes filled in at the hotel, which stood a mile or two from her adopted home, in various capacities from that of clerk to waitress. And it was a Mary Louise who had grown so bewitchingly pretty with the years that Jimmy was hardly to be blamed for passing up the feminine guest at the hotel and spending whatever of his leisure moments coincided with hers in the company of Mary Louise.

"Are you happy, Mary Louise?" he asked one day.

Mary Louise threw him a questioning glance from beneath her curly lashes. "Just now," she said, "I am very happy. And—and I see no future. If only I could afford to go to the city and have a couple of years at a normal school. Then—just think, I might be able to teach!"

She sighed blissfully, as though teaching were an achievement too heavenly to contemplate. "I dream nights of what I would do with a thousand dollars. That's my favorite air castle in Spain."

That winter Jimmy unexpectedly won a case which netted him an even thousand dollars and the sight of the check brought back to him the words of Mary Louise.

An intense longing surged within him to help her out, even as years ago he had been helped by the kindly rector. But handing over a sum of that amount to an unrelated young lady presented a problem.

Suddenly the idea of creating a fictitious great-uncle occurred to him—a great-uncle who would exist but for a moment on a sheet of paper, but long enough to bequeath to Mary Louise a thousand-dollar legacy.

The letter had been written and sent, and now Jimmy sat and dreamed in his office of its reception by a blue-eyed girl in a lonely farmhouse near Drift Harbor.

And as he dreamed, the door of his office opened. At sight of a slim figure Jimmy sprang to his feet.

"You fraud!" cried a sweet voice. "My Great-Uncle Jimmy?"

Jimmy swallowed. "How—er. Why—er—"

"Well, partly because I read in the papers of your thousand-dollar fee in the Hitchcock case, but mostly because only one person in the world makes the funny 'J' that you do. I had only to compare the 'J' of Jonathan with the 'J' on the hotel register to have my suspicions confirmed. Of course I couldn't."

"Mary Louise," interrupted Jimmy firmly, "hand over that certificate!"

And when she did so he folded it carefully and slipped it into his pocketbook. "What an idiot I was to give you a chance to go out of my sight again!"

And his face wore the expression of one upon whom a great light has broken suddenly. "Come straight into my arms, my darling!"

And Mary Louise came.

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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Lb90

Per.....D. D.



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