

THE GUMPS—HAPPY DAYS

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Betty Arranges the Stage For a Meeting With Salvano

ON THE TERRACE.
"As Madame desires," Estelle, the maid, meekly agreed, delighted with the fit of temper into which she had thrown her mistress. "I merely wished to show Madame that much trouble was not needed for my sake." It was noon when Betty, her maid and her luggage arrived on board "Silverwood." She was not consciously hungry, but she had a throbbing headache, and felt rather inclined to faint; therefore luncheon was hastily ordered. She ate little when it was served, crumpling a roll, tasting some delicately flavoured riz de veau, and drinking three glasses of champagne. The cold, sparkling wine soothed her; and as she had hoped (there was only one thing better, but she had none of that—or almost none—for months) and, sleepy after a restless night, she wrote a short note before going to lie down for an hour.

Estelle had been told to call her mistress at 3, and was prompt. "Madame looks much better!" the Frenchwoman remarked, when she had drawn back the curtains. "Did I look badly before?" The question had a note of sharpness, for Betty wished to be her best today. "But, no, Madame; only a little pale and tired. The rest has done Madame good."

At 4 o'clock Betty was dressed in a bewitching frock of knitted silk of the same pale, primrose yellow as the tint at which she had kept her hair. She wore a Parisian evolution of a toque that matched in color, with a soft touch of turquoise, like her eyes. Shude shoes and filmy silk stockings were primrose tinted, too; and when half an hour later a taxi deposited her at the door of the St. George, the dainty figure in yellow seemed to be illumined by the afternoon sun.

There had been no scandal about Betty Sheridan's flirtation with Paul di Salvano or any of the men she had favored, and she was sure that Miss' conduct must have made of her a sympathetic figure. She was horribly unhappy about Paolo, yet she had a thrill of something like pleasure as she sauntered out upon the terrace. She thought of herself as very beautiful, more beautiful than any of the girls who sat at little tables looking up at her as she slowly passed. If Rose Callahan were there with Paolo, he could not help being struck by the contrast between them; the exquisite, perfectly-dressed woman he had loved, and the common creature he sought for money.

Betty shrank not at all from the eyes that stared. There was no reason why she should object to being seen. She bowed to four or five people from New York whom she knew, smiling a sad, sweet smile, and hoping half-consciously that her blue eyes looked tragic. Her friends pushed their chairs back and got up to greet her. Several pressed her to join them for tea, but Betty gently refused. She was rather hoping that her husband might come, she said.

She'd arrived that morning to surprise him, but he was away for part of the day, not having expected her so soon. He might return at any moment and find her there, as she'd left word on the yacht where she meant to spend the afternoon. "Poor girl, can it be she really doesn't know?" the women whispered to each other. "How awful for her when she finds out!"

And one or two murmured what an odd coincidence it was, Prince Paul di Salvano being in Algiers at such a time, because he'd been talked about a good deal with poor little Betty before the Callahan affair developed. Everyone felt faintly excited, wondering what would happen. They thought that they hoped nothing would happen; but in their secret hearts they yearned for a thrill, as if they waited for the curtain to rise at the Grand Guignol.

Betty indicated to an admiring waiter a small table laid for two, and sat down to gaze sorrowfully with raised eyebrows, out over the violet expanse of bay. She looked as if she were thinking, "Why is the world so fair and happy when I am so sad?" But under that attractive expression she was wondering whether Salvano and the Callahans—or Paul and Rose alone—would presently appear. On entering the hotel she had stopped for an instant to question the concierge. She had written a note which she wished to leave for Prince Paul di Salvano. Was he still stopping at the St. George? Yes? And Monsieur Callahan and mademoiselle, his daughter? Ah, that was good! She would give the letter to the concierge, but, perhaps, the prince and his friends might be having tea on the terrace? In that case she would meet them.

Betty knew that if she did, there would be little, if any, chance for a private word with Paolo. Still she was nervously keen to see him. Her letter left with the hall-porter had been a threatening one. Salvano could sue her for blackmail on the strength of it if he cared to do so. But that would be the last course of action he would take. Even if he was married to Rose, she could ruin him with old Callahan, she thought. And if he were not yet married, he would have to come back to her. If he looked agitated at sight of her, all the better! The Callahans would notice, and she wanted them to notice.

She wondered if Paolo would take the letter from the concierge and glance it over before coming out on the terrace—if he dared to come out after that! He'd recognize the writing on the envelope, and hearing from the porter that it had been left by a lady, he would be frightened—traitor that he was! Betty imagined that, in self-defence, he would open it at once. Then, he would want to turn back, and avoid seeing the woman whose love he had betrayed—or tried to betray—even if he loved her still in his heart. He wouldn't, however, dare take the risk of letting her meet Rose Callahan and the girl's father with him away. Altogether, Betty convinced herself that fate would soon deliver Paolo into her hands. And she hoped that Eustace Vandy would keep out of the way till the meeting was over, for good or ill. After that, the Shoe King might join her, and welcome!

"China tea, please, with orange flower-water instead of milk; and nothing to eat," she instructed the hovering waiter. He hurried conscientiously away, and as her eyes idly followed the short black figure, she saw Rose Callahan come out on the terrace. Behind her strolled the old man; and behind him was Paul di Salvano. In tomorrow's instalment Betty and Paolo meet.

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Little Bob White Hides in a Hollow Log for the Night

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

As the afternoon grew later and later Mrs. Bob White worried more and more. By this time she knew that the wounded young Bob White hidden in a clump of weeds on the Green Meadows would not be able to get to the dear Old Briar-patch, which was the safest place she could think of. If he remained where he was through the night he might not be found. Or, the other hand, he might be found. His mother had a feeling that he would be found. Keen noses would be almost certain to come searching over that part of the Green Meadows. She didn't doubt in the least that Reddy Fox had heard the bang, bang of the terrible run, which had wounded that young Bob White. She knew that Reddy knew what often little wounded folk were to be found after the passing of a hunter.

The young Bob White was feeling better and was able to move about a little, but he wasn't able to fly, nor was he able to run far. He was still a little wobbly on his feet out upon the very, very miserable. It could hardly have been otherwise.

So Mrs. Bob White more and more anxious. She left him to look around for a better hiding place. "I must find one," she kept saying over and over to herself. "I must find one." So she looked this way, she looked that way, and she looked every way. Twice she passed an old fence post which lay half-hidden in the grass. It was one which had fallen and been replaced by a new one. Neither time did she give it particular attention. But the third time she came along that way she noticed that it was open at one end.

Mrs. Bob White's eyes brightened and she hurried over to that end. When she reached it her eye brightened still more. That old fence post was hollow. Yes, sir, it was hollow for more than half its length. It wasn't a very big hollow, but it was big enough for her to get into, and that meant that, of course, it was big enough for that young Bob White to get into. It would be just the place for him to spend the night. Yes, sir, it would be just the place for him to spend the night. Reddy Fox couldn't possibly get into it. It was too small for even Jimmy Skunk to get into.

Mrs. Bob hurried back to the wounded Bob White. "Do you think you can travel a little?" she asked anxiously. "I don't know, but I can try," replied the young Bob White. "But what's the use? I can't possibly get to the dear Old Briar-patch."

"I've found another hiding place, which for tonight will be just as good as the dear Old Briar-patch," said his mother. "We'll go very slowly."

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.

I WAS JUST TELLING MRS. GARNY ABOUT YOU REDUCING BUSTER, AND SHE THINKS IT WILL NOT BE VERY GOOD FOR YOU!

OH, SO YOU'RE BUSTER! I WAS JUST SAYING TO MISS CHURCH, I KNEW A MR. OSLOW WHO WAS QUITE STOUT AND REDUCED. HE TOOK OFF FORTY POUNDS JUST BEFORE WINTER SET IN, AND POOR MAN! HIS SON WHO IS VERY RECKLESS, SPENT ALL THE INSURANCE MONEY BEFORE THE FOLLOWING SPRING!

THAT MRS. GARNY WOULD WALK INTO A SICK ROOM AND START TELLING THE PATIENT THAT GRANITE WEARS BETTER THAN MARBLE!

WHY, IF SHE WAS BEING RESCUED FROM A FIRE, SHE'D KNOW THE FIREMAN'S FAMILY HISTORY BY THE TIME SHE WAS HALF WAY DOWN THE LADDER!

HA-HA! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!

MRS. GARNY, THE NEIGHBORHOOD BROADCASTING STATION.

HERE'S A NICE JACK IN THE BOX FOR FIVE CENTS!

I DON'T WANT THAT! I WOULD SEE SOMETHING ELSE!

HOW ABOUT THIS IRON LION OR THIS SOLID RUBBER BALL OR HUMPTY DUMPTY OR THE HORSE N' JOCKEY! THEY'RE ONLY FIVE CENTS A PIECE!

I DON'T LIKE THAT, NOR THAT, NOR THAT, NOR THAT!

THEY AIN'T WORTH A NICKEL! Y'GHTA SHOW ME SOMETHIN' SWELL FOR A NICKEL!

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR A NICKEL? THE WHOLE WORLD!

LET'S SEE IT!

REG'LAR FELLERS

He's Willing to Consider It.

BY GENE BYRNES

MUTT AND JEFF

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BY BILLY DE BECK

Barney Google and Sparky Plug

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