

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Terry Finds a Big "If" In Her Possibility For Happiness

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.
Miles Sheridan has just learned that the girl with whom he has been taking a yacht trip, under the impression that she was

Juliet Divine, the Million Dollar Doll, a beautiful show-girl, is, in reality,

Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's innocent half-sister, who the Doll sent to masquerade as herself.

Miles is madly in love with Terry and is eager to divorce his wife, Betty Sheridan, who is infatuated with

Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian. Salvano has now deserted Betty for

Rose Callahan, a somewhat ordinary young heiress, traveling in Europe with her father, Betty learning of Paul's desertion is not anxious to lose her husband also, and goes to

Algiers, where Miles yacht is lying. Eustace Nardo, a wealthy Greek, long in love with Terry, has almost succeeded in persuading the girl that her only course is to marry him.

Mrs. Harkness, now aware of Terry's real identity, is anxious to learn that Juliet Divine is her half-sister.

CHAPTER LXXXI. A Big "If."

Yes. My half-sister. I look like her, they say," continued Terry.

"Then she can't be as black as she's painted! No one that's like you, my dear, or belongin' to ye, can be all bad. I used to lie awake nights in

me cabin, puzzlin' me brains how such a little angel could—but there! Me instinct about ye was right, all through!

"Ye are a little angel, and I take back every word I spoke about its bein' the best thing for you and for Mr. Miles if you should go out of his

life and marry another man, to build up a barrier between the two of ye. "You'd be makin' of him, me child. You'd show him that all beautiful young women ain't like his wife, who never loved him, or thought of anybody except herself. You'd give back his faith. You'd—"

"But I thought you said women were bad—especially bad—who would live with men and they love and not be married. I offered, and he wouldn't."

"I didn't say, men they loved. And offerin' not doin'. Ye're not that kind, me dear! You offered—I know—because ye're not selfish, never a bit because you are. There's all the difference betwixt good and bad in that!

"Mr. Miles would be a wicked man to take ye at your word, you bein' what ye are. That would be a sin indeed! But now I know that your heart doesn't give the lie to yer face, and the other way round, I pray to find that Mrs. Sheridan lets him go free. She'll do it only if she wants to be free herself, the way it was planned; still, it may be the gentle-

man—Mr. Nardo—has got things a bit wrong."

Terry was pale, but as she listened to the old woman her eyes were wide open and radiant. She looked transfixed.

"You make me so happy!" she said. "I trust you, Mrs. Harkness, because I think you love—him—better than anyone else in the world does or could, except me. One of the things that made me feel I should do him harm by letting him love me (except in that hidden way) was your disapproving of me from the first."

"You're so good, so faithful! and even though you'd learned to like me a little—for myself—you couldn't like me for him. Are you telling me—honor bright—that I'd do Miles good, not harm, if—if we should ever be married?"

"I do, on me soul—and on Mr. Miles' soul, too."

"Even though Juliet Divine is my sister, and what you are, no matter what she's like, or what she has done?"

"Yes," insisted Harky. "What real difference would her bein' your sister make, so long as—as ye weren't that kind yourself?"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Harkness, I'm so glad! Even though men like Mr. Nardo and one of the French officers here—say things that make me feel—as if they'd thrown mud at my face!"

"Me poor baby!" crooned the old woman. "The more beasts they! They didn't understand ye. But Mr. Nardo does now. He's asked ye to marry him. He couldn't do more. And when—if ye're Mrs. Miles Sheridan there'll never be any mud thrown! I can promise ye that!"

"And people wouldn't say Miles had ruined himself, truly they wouldn't?"

"They would not, indeed! You bein' what you are, there'd be no reason, anyhow, why they should."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure. And though I'm only an old sea-dog, woman, I've kept my eyes and ears open these many years. I know the world as well as if I'd been born a fine dame."

"My dear, don't you fret. I eat all my words about marriage with that Nardo, every one of 'em! I see happiness ahead of Mr. Miles and you in the future, as I never thought to see it even before the news came today, and while the road looked fairly straight ahead. If Mrs. Sheridan—"

Terry held out the cut piece of paper which Nardo had inclosed. "It's a dreadfully big 'if,'" she said. "As big as the world. Look, I meant to show you this. But I wanted to hear what you thought—about me, you've made me feel as if all the mud had been washed off. Even if I can't be happy, I feel clean! In tomorrow's installment Betty takes charge of 'Silverdust'." (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Mr. and Mrs. Bob White: Worry Over the Little Wounded Bob White.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The hunter, who had wounded one of Bob White's children and had given all the family such a terrible fright, did not return to Farmer Brown's land. Farmer Brown's boy was keeping too sharp a watch. You see that hunter knew that were he caught actually hunting on that land he would be arrested, for that land was protected by signs forbidding all hunting.

So the hunter went elsewhere and gave no thought to the Bob Whites on Farmer Brown's land, save to regret that there was no chance to kill some of them. "I hit one of them, anyway," said he to himself, as he and his dog hunted in other fields. And from the way in which he said it you would have known that he was glad he had not missed altogether. He actually was glad that he had wounded one of those harmless birds. Yes, sir, he was glad.

This sounds very dreadful. In a way it is very dreadful. But that hunter, who was hardly more than a boy, was not naturally cruel. You see it was all thoughtlessness. He loved the sport of hunting. He loved to make a good shot. It never entered his head to think of those he shot at as having feelings exactly like his own. He didn't think of that wounded Bob White as suffering pain and fright. Had he thought of it in this way he would have been greatly troubled because he had wounded one of them.

Meanwhile the poor little wounded Bob White was suffering. This had been badly torn by the cruel shot. He was a very sick-looking young bird.

"I shall have to stay right with him," said Mrs. Bob White in a low voice.

He felt too badly to even worry about himself. All he wanted was to keep perfectly quiet. He felt so badly that he didn't really care what did happen to him.

But if he didn't worry about himself his mother and father worried about him enough to make up for it. You see they understood that, though the danger from the hunter was over, other dangers were increased. The young Bob White couldn't fly. It might be some time before he would be able to fly. Until he could fly he would be in constant danger of being found by one of his enemies. Then he would be helpless.

"I shall have to stay right with him," said Mrs. Bob White to Bob White in a low voice. "You take the others away. Two of us will be less likely to be found by enemies than if we all stayed together. You will have to keep watch. If you see Reddy Fox or Old Grumpy Fox or Old Man Coyote or Jimmy Skunk or Redtail the Hawk you will have to do your best to keep them away from here. Just as soon as we can we'll try to get a safer place."

Bob White nodded. "Get to the dear Old Briar-patch if you can. That will be the safest place I can think of," said he. "Peter Rabbit is harmless and no one else is likely to try to crawl in among those brambles. I'll keep watch, my dear. Yes, indeed, I'll keep watch. Meanwhile don't worry any more than you have to."

Bob spoke to the rest of the flock and then led them over toward the Old Pasture. The wounded young Bob White felt so badly that he didn't even notice the whirr of wings as his brothers and sisters followed their father.

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The next story: "A Faithful Mother."

4 out of 5
wait too long

Bleeding gums herald
Pyorrhea's coming.
Unheeded, the price
paid is lost teeth and
broken health. Four
persons out of every
five past forty, and
thousands younger,
are Pyorrhea's prey.

Brush your teeth with
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste
—it checks Pyorrhea
35c and 60c in tubes

Muscular Pains and
Rheumatism are
Quickly Relieved by
DR. CHASE'S
LINIMENT

THE GUMPS—FLAMING YOUTH



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

The Judge Tempers Justice With Mercy, Oh, My, Yes!

BY BILLY DE BECK



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Is Very Efficient at Doing Some Things.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

Circumstantial Evidence.

BY GENE BYRNES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE FALROY
ON SUGAR-COATED LOVE

LOVE is all things
To ALL men—
It depends on the dep-
Of their imagination.
But to all WOMEN
Love is much the SAME—
Never so wonderful
As they EXPECTED.
But, then, women are
More practical than men,
For their business is—LIFE.
But to most men,
Life is—BUSINESS.
And I sometimes think
Love is a SUGAR-COATED pill

Provided by a
Far-sighted Dame
Called NATURE.
Youth, in its first kiss,
Tastes only the SUGAR,
And believes that Love
Is pure CANDY.
But EXPERIENCE,
Who SWALLOWED the pill,
Realizes that it is
A means to an END.
Love has sometimes proved
A bitter pill;
But the lack of it, also,
Is hard to swallow.

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Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

KUNL BOB LOW A FRIEND
OF HIS NEST IN THE DAT
BOTTLE LICKER BUT
IT JAS AT ME MO' BAK
DEIDONS UNBENEYMY!



RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

and the choicest of Red Rose Teas is the
ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY unmatched
for fragrance and exquisite flavor.

Abbey's
EFFERVESCENT SALT
for indigestion