The Million Dollar Doll

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Betty Bargains With Salvano For His Love On the Terrace

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Law of Love and Decency.

Betty saw the three from a long way off, but she looked only at Paolo. His dark face was haggard. His eyes glanced about anxiously. He had read the letter.

Callahan, a big-headed, short-necked man, with grizzled, curly hair, made straight for a table whose three tilted chairs indicated that it was reserved. He had a sullen, bull-dog air, Betty thought, as if life had gone awry with him, and he was trying, without quite knowing how, to make the best of it. He had been very different when he first arrived from the west with Rose, to conquer New York. His blunt-featured face had been fresh-colored. He had worn an almost perpetual grin of self-satisfaction, and pleasure in his possessions—including Rose. He had walked with a swagger, almost a strut, his chin up, glancing about to see if he and his daughter were observed. Now he marched doggedly, his head down.

Even a casual observer might have guessed that the man was morose from some secret disappointment, and Betty more than guessed. She was sure; and she knew what the disappointment was. All that had glittered about Paul di Salvano wasn't gold! Once Callahan had wanted the prince for a son-in-law. Now he didn't want him. But was Paul his son-in-law? That was the only part about which Betty felt undertain.

Rose's looks told nothing. The girl was pretty, with the beauty of youth, but her features were blunt like her father's, and already she began to be too full-blown. As the old man strode ahead, the girl had time to throw Salvano a smile, with raised eyebrows. Whether it were a married smile or an engaged smile Betty could not tell.

The three sat down, Rose between the two men, and directly facing

uld not tell.

The three sat down, Rose between the two men, and directly facing Betty. Miss Callahan had never been introduced to Mrs. Miles Sheridan, but they had often seen each other in
New York; and father and daughter
We York; and father and wouldn't go in for a divorce,
after all. What hope was there? I
We despread was despreade, and—and these things
the your partied woman or Better. of the intration between Salvano and the young married woman; or Betty's firm intention to snub had made an impression. At all events, the girl's wistful, admiring glances at theatre or restaurant had changed to a stony stare; and it was now with graven-image gaze that she regarded the lady from New York.

ady from New York.

Betty saw this without looking up: st the ordinary trick that women e born with, and men can never rrn. She saw also that Rose turned Paolo and spoke. He kept his file in Mrs. Sheridan's direction, Mr. Callahan's head moved and Mr. Callanan's head moved and ty felt his gaze upon her. his little drama just begun meant of misery for her future; but it n't developed to tragedy yet, and ty found herself slightly amused, f she were a spectator of the play stead of a leading character. Could be that Salvano would try to razen it out, or was he working up

the scene to make things easy for himself? She would know soon, because in the note she had warned him that Eustace Nazlo was in the offing and that they had better have a talk before the latter came to her table.

The tea she had ordered was brought, and as she glanced up, after nouring herself a sup she met

brought, and as she glanced up, after pouring herself a cup, she met Paolo's eyes. He was deliberately looking at her, as if seeing her for the first moment. She bowed, and he bowed, slightly rising from his chair. Then, with a word of excuse or explanation to Rose and Callahan, he waked to her table. "How do you do, Mrs. Sheridan?" he asked, in a tone audible to everyone near. "This is a surprise. I thought you were in New York."

Betty held out her hand, and Salvano took it in his, pressing it sharply, so that the rings hurt her fingers. In spite of the pain, however, an electric thrill shot through her arm to her heart, for there was hope in that pressure—hope in the one flashing look telegraphed from the Italian's eyes to hers.

"He cares!" she told herself.

"He cares!" she told herself.

"May I sit down and talk for just a moment?" Salvano asked, still in the same "everybody-can-hear-" tone. "Tve promised Miss Callahan and her father to see a moving picture with them after tea but—" ture with them after tea, but—"
"Is she 'Miss Callahan?" Betty
broke in. Her tone was not meant
for everyone. It was for Paolo for everyone. It was for alone.

"You mean-"You know what I mean."
"I know there's been talk." "Of course, there's been talk!
Paolo, you've got to tell me. Are you
married to the girl?"

married to the girl?

"Are you engaged to her?".

"Betty—you shoot accusations at me! I've allowed them to think—"

"And everybody else to think!
Paolo, what did you take me for—a marble statue? It's to me you're engaged."

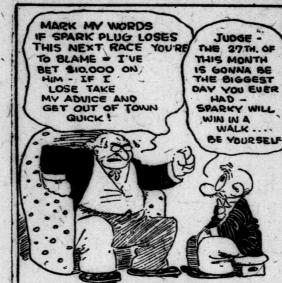
happen—"
"Listen, Paolo," she cut him short
"don't try any melodrama with me
You know all about Miles and his girl You can't help it. One's only got to look at old Callahan to see that he doesn't trust you, or like you."
"I realize that you need money, but I'm not poor," she added. "I'll have more even than we thought when we thrashed things out one day you won't have forgetten. I'm doing

you won't have forgotten. I'm doing you a good turn, taking you away from that girl and that old man who despises you. You wont have to be ashamed of me as your wife—and you would, of Rose. Besides, you love me. You can't have changed so soon. The come half across the world to I've come half across the world to claim you, because by the law of love and decency, you're mine." In Monday's Installment Nazio Sus-

pects Betty of a Trick. (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE GUMPS-SAY IT WITH INK











MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Flashes the Distress Signal of the Lion Tamers.

BY BUD FISHER



Reddy Fox Goes Out To Hunt a Bob White Dinner

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

shrewd enough and smart enough to try to know all that goes on in the hope that they may turn something to their advantage. He had been taking a sun bath on a flat rock in the Old Pasture when the hunter and his dog had found the flock of young Bob Whites, and the hunter had shot twice. Reddy's eyes flew open instantly. He knew the meaning of that sound. He sat up with ears cocked and eyes wide open. He could look across the Green Meadows. In the distance beyond Farmer Brown's land lay a wheat field and in the middle of that he saw the hunter with his terrible gun.

"The hunting season has begun!" exclaimed Reddy. "I thought it was away. Then, just as the hunter's dog about time. That hunter must have found Bob White and his family. I wonder if he killed any of them. I hope not. Every one killed by a hunter is one less for me to have a chance to catch. But if he wounded to a little clump of weeds and at conce his keen nose caught the Bob

Reddy saw the hunter climb over the fence onto Farmer Brown's land.
Then faintly he heard the shout of
Farmer Brown's boy and grinned as
he watched that hunter hurriedly climb back over the fence off of Far-

Meadows where the hunter had been when Farmer Brown's boy drove him for a Few Moments."



chance to catch. But if he wounded some of them it is another matter altogether. I hate hunters with their terrible guns! But just the same they make it possible for me to get many a good meal. It won't do for me to go down there now, but tonight I'll look over the ground down there."

To a little clump of weeds and at once his keen nose caught the Bob White scent. Slowly, carefully, a step at a time, Reddy crept forward ready to spring at the first sign of movement. As he got nearer his nose told him that the scent was not strong enough to come from a Bob White. It told him that a Bob White had been there very recently but was had been there very recently, but was there no longer.
He carefully looked into the clump

of weeds, and his eyes and his nose told him just what had happened. "One of those Bob Whites was climb back over the fence off of Farmer Brown's land and go on his way.

"Those Bob Whites flew over onto Farmer Brown's' land," chuckled Reddy. "That will be the place for me to look tonight." He watched the hunter until 'the latter disappeared. Then he once more curled up on that flat rock and finished his interrupted nap.

As soon as the Black Shadows had arept down over the Green Meadows that night Reddy trotted down from the Old Pasture and straight over toward that part of the Green Meadows where the hunter that had been to follow with that wonderful nose of his the scent left by the young Bob White and Mrs. Bob.

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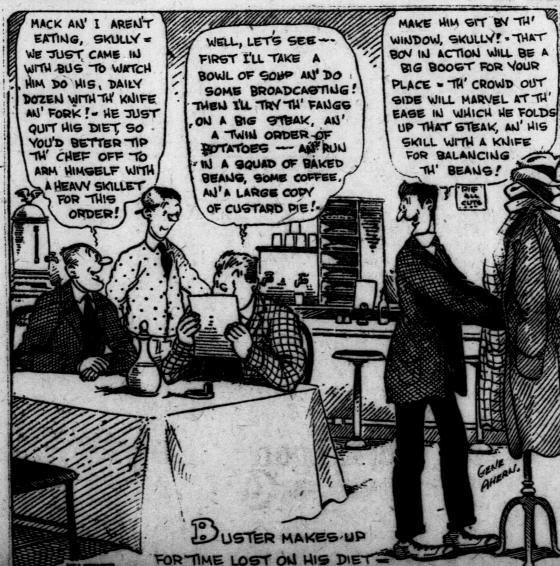






OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN. MAKE HIM GIT BY TH' MACK AN' I AREN'T WINDOW, SKULLY! - THAT BOY IN ACTION WILL BE A WELL, LET'S SEE -EATING, SKULLY = WE JUST CAME IN FIRST I'LL TAKE A BIG BOOST FOR YOUR BOWL OF SOMP AN' DO HIM DO HIS, DAILY PLACE - TH' CROWD OUT SOME BROADCASTING! SIDE WILL MARVEL AT TH' THEN I'LL TRY TH' FANGE AN' FORK !- HE JUST EASE IN WHICH HE FOLDS ON A BIG STEAK, AN' UP THAT STEAK, AN' HIS QUIT HIS DIET, SO . A TWIN ORDER OF POTATOES - AN RUN SKILL WITH A KNIFE YOU'D BETTER TIP FOR BALANCING TH' CHEF OFF TO IN A SQUAD OF BAKED ARM HIMGELF WITH TH' BEANS! BEANG, SOME COFFEE, A HEAVY SKILLET AN'A LARGE COPY FOR THIS OF CUSTARD PIE! ORDER!



"You Said It, Marceline!" By MARCELINE CALROY

On Waste.

MEN are so inconsistent; They spend TIME and Money on a girl (Whichever they have The MOST OF) In order to convince her That she is a Gorgeous creature. If the man is RICH This takes LESS time And MORE money, But once he has convinced her. She thinks that, in his eyes, She is ALWAYS gorgeous; But man has queer vision-On a man is-WORDS!

DE THOMAS' ECLECTRIC

He sees things quite differently Late at night and early In the morning: At twenty, and at forty; And he also thinks differently About her on Thursday. To Tuesday-that is, If he happened to meet An even more gorgeous Creature on Wednesday. Men waste TIME and Money on MANY women. But, generally speaking, All that most WOMEN waste

HUNTERS ASSURED SUCCESS.

WENTHE TACKLED MAH OLE MULES HEELS DIS WYMNIN, ;;;

Hambone's

Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

DATIAR BULL-DAWE BIN

MCKIN ON METBUT HELL

immediate and careful attention. Folder, "Open Seasons For Hunting in Canada, 1923," will also be for-

It means much to prospective hunters, whether traveling in a party or alone, to be put in direct touch with the best location for their particular choice of game and with outfitters and guides at the going-in point, with whom satisfactory arrangements can be made beforehand. A hunting trip cannot be other than successful under these conditions. The Canadian Pacific Railway offers this service to anyone who contemplates a hunting trip anywhere, either in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick or in the Rockies for mountain game. Any of its agents will gladly secure this information, or an inquiry addressed to W. Fulton, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, will be given The House of Orange, the govern-ing family of Holland, is one of the longest reigning dynasties in the world.

"My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells" Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont.,

At times my heart would flutter and palpitate weak spells in the my stomach that I someof Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

did not stop until I had nd I want to recommend

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD