

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Betty Sheridan Worries Because She Has Not Heard From Paolo

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY: Miles Sheridan is facilitating his wife's obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. He is taking a yacht trip, supposedly with

Juliet Divine, a beautiful show-girl, known as the Million Dollar Doll. In reality, however, he is not with the Doll, but

Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's unbelievably innocent half-sister, whom the Doll sent to masquerade as herself. Ever since a kindness Miles did her in childhood, Terry has made him her dream Prince.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife is in love with

Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian. Eustace Nazio, a wealthy Greek, meets Miles and Terry at Monte Carlo, and recognizes in the supposed Million Dollar Doll, Terry Desmond, whom he had met back in New York. In love with the girl himself, he is relieved to learn that Miles' conduct toward Terry has been most chivalrous.

Mrs. Harkness, Miles' old servant, takes care of Terry on board the yacht.

Miss Caroline Sheridan, meeting the couple at Monte Carlo, endeavors to dissuade Miles from his disgraceful project. She writes to Betty of Terry's beauty and charm.

Miles, dining in Algiers with Terry, whom he does not recognize as the little girl he befriended so long ago, sees Paul di Salvano with a group of strangers.

On the way to Bousnada, Miles realizes that he loves "Juliet Divine."

Miles asks the girl if she is capable of love.

In Bousnada Miles tells Terry of his love for her.

Sheridan receives an amazing telegram from the captain of the yacht.

CHAPTER LXV.

Word From Aunt Caroline. If Betty Sheridan had been addicted to prayer (which she was not) she would have thanked heaven the day that "Silverwood" steamed out to sea with Miles and Juliet Divine on board.

Instead of praying, she was in a mood to dance, for she had had worries, and now she hoped that they might pass.

Paulo had been so hypercritical, so anxious to "put people off the track," that he had got himself talked about with a girl of color. It was a flirtation—mere "camouflage"—but Betty hadn't liked hearing her friends (cats) say it was a "case" with Salvano and Rose Callahan, and how wonderful it was for both of them: Rose to marry a prince, Paulo to marry an heiress.

Rose was horribly rich—at least her father was, Samuel Callahan of California, who had made millions in the war. Rose was looking, though Betty thought her a hump. The two had come to New York to wriggle into the right set on the strength of their money.

But now Miles had gone with Juliet Divine, and the news of his escapade would burst like a bomb in New York. Betty would "consult her lawyer" and the divorce, with alimony which would make her rich (though not as rich as Rose, even with her own small fortune left by Mrs. Parmelee) was practically in her pocket. Without that alimony Paulo couldn't marry her. He must have a rich wife.

Thank goodness the track was clear! Betty could go full speed ahead.

She telephoned to the furnished apartment, where she had spent some happy hours with Paulo, before he had begun to be so prudent. Salvano's Chinese servant answered—an invaluable man, for more reasons than one. His master was ill—suffering, and could not answer. Madame, No, Madame must not come. The

Prince had gripped—not dangerous, but contagious. Madame must have patience for a few days. When the Prince was better, he would call her up.

Betty rang off. She was disappointed, and she wondered. Was gripped—or certain memories crept back. Sometimes Paolo took cocaine—oh, he wasn't a slave to it, but he knew the raptures it could give, and he had taught them to her, in happier days. What an adventure it had been to learn with him!

She had sworn off now. People had told her she looked ill, and the thing she feared most was the loss of her beauty. To save that she'd slam the door of paradise. But Paolo?

She wrote a long letter, containing the news: Miles going, and all it would mean for both. At the bottom of the last page were a dozen crosses.

Three days passed, and then came a written answer. Paolo's love and thanks and congratulations. He was better, but the doctor had ordered him away at once. In fact, the doctor was going with him, into the country. There was no chance of a meeting till he should return. He might be gone for ten days or two weeks. But later they would make up for lost time. He would telephone the moment he got back to New York.

Betty waited. Happiness died down like a falling spring. She longed for a sniff of the "snow." But she would not yield. She was looking so much better since she'd "reformed." And she must be beautiful for Paolo.

The ten days, the two weeks, passed. There was no word from Paolo, no answer when she telephoned or wrote. A week's more grace she gave and then, wearing a thick veil, she went in a taxi to the house where his apartment was. "When are you expecting the prince?" she inquired of the hall porter.

"We are not expecting him, madam," said the man. "The prince has snubbed the apartment."

"Since when?" Betty stammered. "I couldn't tell you just when, madam," was the answer, "for the new people are friends of the prince's. But he's been gone three weeks. They moved in yesterday."

Hardly knowing what she meant to do, Betty taxied on to the hotel. There she asked for the Callahans. They had given up their suite, it was understood that they had gone abroad.

If only Betty had been going about she would have heard the news sooner! But on Paolo's suggestion she had kept very quiet; the meek, deserted wife.

Now she was afraid to ask people who might know what had become of the Callahans, or to drop some hint which might bring up the name of Paul di Salvano.

There seemed to be a conspiracy of silence. Nobody spoke the two names which were of importance to her. At last she could bear no strain no longer and asked questions of Rose Callahan's friends. But Rose and her father had gone without a word. If they had said for Europe, they had contrived to escape reporters. Yet the idea seemed to be that they had gone to Europe. Funny, that Salvano had disappeared from New York at the same time! Oh, in the country, getting over gripped, was he? Well, dear Betty ought to know. She'd been one of his best friends and had stood for him always. Italy? What if the party of three had gone to Italy—to Rome, where Callahan could have a look at the family palazzo and see if it was worth the money. One or two people had heard—and passed on the gossip that, although the old man had been keen on the prince at first, he had heard stories and had not been so cordial towards the last. This ought to have been cheering. But Betty was past the stage of being cheered. She went home, her heart led lead, for it knew what her head tried not to believe: Salvano had ceased to care, if he

EVERY YEAR THIS TIME I SHOW UP IN A NICE FUZZY FELT HAT. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE LAST WORD IN APPEARANCE



IT'S A NICE FEELING HAT THOUGH AND I FEEL PRETTY COMFORTABLE



THE ARTIST THAT DRAWS ME ALWAYS PUTS A PIPE IN MY MOUTH WHICH GIVES ME THAT ENGLISH LOOK



OF COURSE YOU MAY GO AND BUY THIS VERY HAT BUT YOU'LL NOT LOOK THE SAME AS I DO



IT ALSO SHOWS I'M A REGULAR GUY. A MAN'S MAN. AND MY SHIRT! OH-H BOY!



BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT QUITE SO GOOD TO LOOK AT AS ME, PLEASE DON'T LET ME INFLUENCE YOU INTO BUYING THE HAT



BETWEEN YOU AND ME I THINK THIS LID IS A LITTLE TOO LARGE



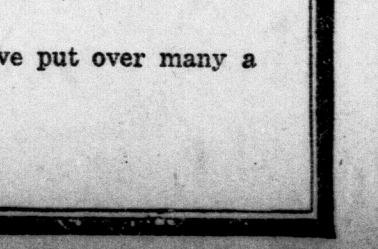
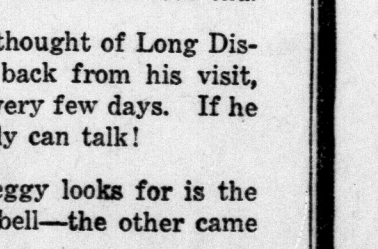
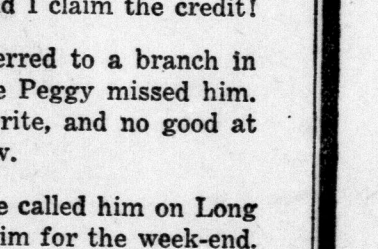
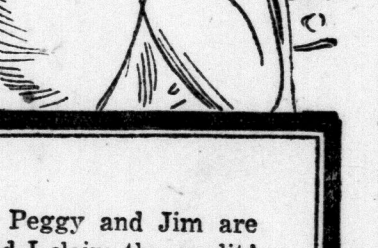
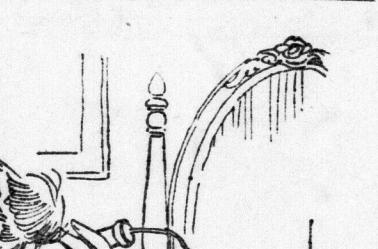
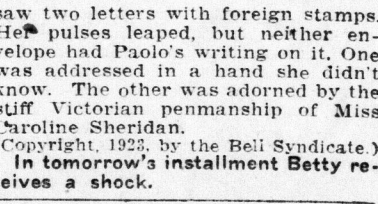
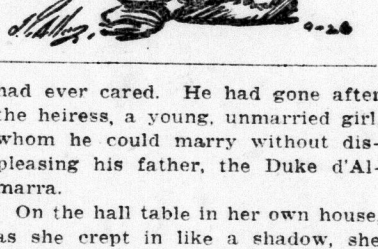
NEXT SPRING I'LL BE HERE AGAIN IN A STRAW HAT. LIFE IS A CONSTANT ROUND OF HATS FOR ME



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

FOLKS WHUT JEDGES YOU BY YO' CLOES SHO WOULD LOW-RATE ME!!



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY

ON WHAT WIDOWS EXPECT

WOMEN expect a lot

From the MAN

They LOVE.

If he LOVES them

They GET IT.

If he MARRIES them

They often get MORE

Than they expected,

Or much LESS.

Only if a woman is

Very sophisticated

Does she get

MORE OR LESS what she

Expected from marriage.

That is why WIDOWS

Make GOOD WIVES

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Welcome Robin and Brownie the Thrasher Compare Notes

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

When Brownie the Thrasher got back home he had a lot to tell Mrs. Brownie. He showed her the little metal band on one leg. She looked at it suspiciously. She looked at it very suspiciously.

"What is it for?" she demanded. "I haven't the least idea," replied Brownie.

"Does it hurt?" she asked. "Not a bit," replied Brownie. "Why don't you take it off?" inquired Mrs. Brownie.

"I can't," said Brownie. "I've tried, but I can't."

"Well, all I can say is that it is mighty queer," said Mrs. Brownie. "What will you do now? Think to see you wearing a thing like that?"

Brownie began to wonder himself. He felt a little shy about showing himself. No one else had a leg like that, and with that little shiny band on his leg Brownie did feel queer. So he kept out of sight as much as possible. Two days later as he was peering out from the bushes along the edge of the Old Orchard he saw Welcome Robin alight in the nearest apple tree. He had a little gasp. Yes, sir, he gave a little gasp. He blinked

Welcome Robin flew down on the ground very near the bushes in which Brownie was hiding. Suddenly Brownie gave a little gasp. Yes, sir, he gave a little gasp. He blinked

his eyes. He blinked them again, and a third time. On one of Welcome Robin's legs was a little shiny band just like the one on his own leg. Brownie couldn't believe it at first. But as Welcome Robin hopped nearer there was no doubt about it.

Instantly Brownie came out of hiding. He was so excited he could hardly talk. "Where did you get that thing?" he cried.

Welcome Robin's bright eyes had instantly seen the little shiny band on the leg of his new friend. "The same place you got the one on your leg," retorted Welcome.

"I didn't suppose anyone else had one," said Brownie. "It has made me feel so queer that I have kept out of sight."

"Well, you needn't have it," said Welcome. "It is getting to be quite the thing in the Old Orchard to wear one of these little bands. Mrs. Wel-

come Robin's legs were as long as his. He blinked them again, and a third time. On one of Welcome Robin's legs was a little shiny band just like the one on his own leg. Brownie couldn't believe it at first. But as Welcome Robin hopped nearer there was no doubt about it.

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