

LOVE LAUGHS THE DOCTOR

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CHAPTER XXII

George Thorvald was a faintly embarrassed man. He was not used to being the center of attention. He was not used to being the center of attention. He was not used to being the center of attention.

Why you couldn't make it stick after my head stopped feeling like a cheese!"

"I do, indeed," Constance told him. "The rest of my public seemed to think I was doing a grand good job."

"Well," George Thorvald told her. "It was your sense of humor that wrecked you. You saw that Camilla Wynne is really—well, just funny—and the harder she tries, the funnier she gets. And having a sense of humor, you couldn't help making her just as funny as she really is. . . . If you want to know, finding out how funny Camilla is was the best thing that ever happened to me. . . . Do her for me again now, that's a good girl, and make her funnier than you ever did before. Make her as funny as hell. I need a good laugh."

So Constance did Camilla Wynne as she had seen her in some of her most heart-breaking—and funniest—roles, while George Thorvald cackled with weak mirth.

When Dr. Rogers came quietly into the room, George was begging with tears running down his cheeks. "Now do her in 'She Gave All'—you know—the way she said, 'But, darling, there are so many, many things you don't understand about me. . . . That's because you don't care enough. . . . That's why I am going to leave you.'"

Mark Rogers watched and listened for a few minutes, laughing very much as if he wouldn't if he could help it. When Constance went out he followed her into the corridor.

"Well," he said, "I must say you've hit on the most unconventional cure for nervous shock that I've ever seen. I don't understand."

"But, darling," Constance cut in on an impish impulse, "there are so many, many things you don't understand about me."

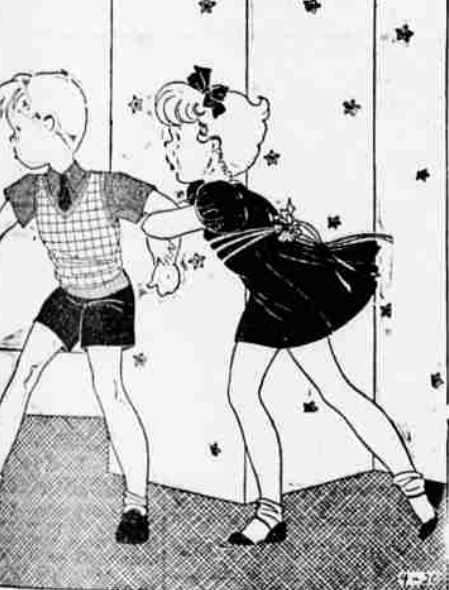
He broke his step and stopped to look down at her in startled inquiry. Then as she went on in Camilla Wynne's most languishing tones, "That's because you don't care enough. . . . That's why I'm leaving you—," he flushed, laughed shortly, and fell into step with her again.

"Dr. Rogers," she said suddenly, "I'm not really needed here any longer. I think I ought to go."

He was leaning over, busy with the fastenings of his bag, and he

HAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



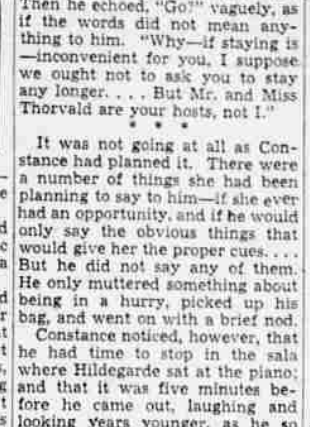
You must stay for lunch! Fan's made tapioca pudding. Remember, I helped you out when you had creamed carrots at your house, pal."

SIDE GLANCES



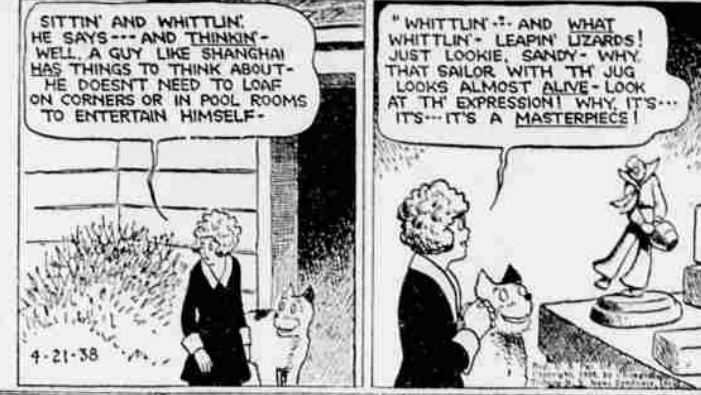
You're raising five kinds of vegetables that the children won't eat."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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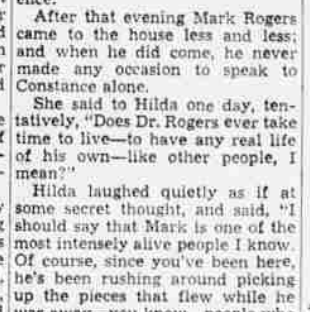
The Old Chiseler



By HAROLD GRAY



POPEYE



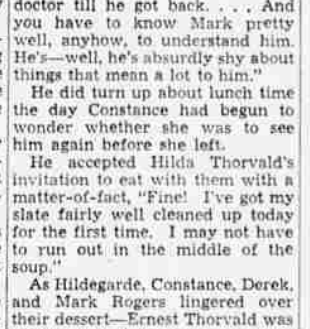
Now Showing—"A TICKLISH SITUATION"



Tomorrow—"HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE"



SECRET AGENT X-9



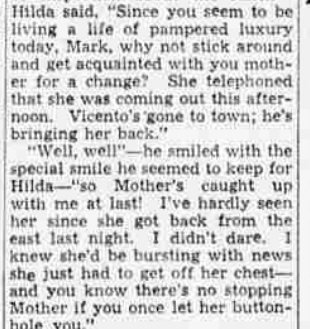
The G-Man Gives Teacher the Dope



By ALEX RAYMOND



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



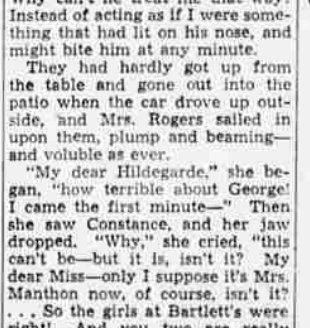
Here Comes the Bride



By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS



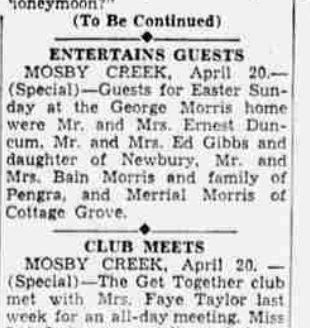
On Second Thought



By CRANE



ALLEY OOP



A Narrow Escape



By V. T. HAMLIN



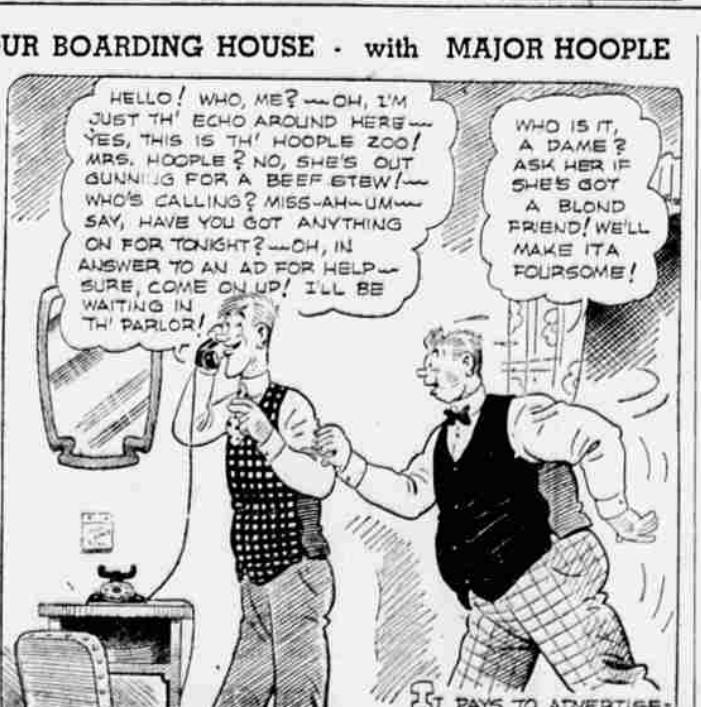
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with MAJOR HOOPLE

HELLO! WHO, ME?—OH, I'M JUST TH' ECHO AROUND HERE— YES, THIS IS TH' HOOPLE ZOO! MRS. HOOPLE? NO, SHE'S OUT GUNNING FOR A BEEF STEW! WHO'S CALLING? MISS—AH—UM— SAY, HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING ON FOR TONIGHT?—OH, IN ANSWER TO AN AD FOR HELP— SURE, COME ON UP! I'LL BE WAITING IN TH' PARLOR!

WHO IS IT, A DAME? ASK HER IF SHE'S GOT A BLOND FRIEND! WE'LL MAKE IT A FOURSOME!

OUT OUR WAY



By WILLIAMS



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