

LOVE LAUGHS AT THE DOCTOR

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
CONSTANCE MAIDWELL—heroine; the stand-in.
DEREK MANTON—an artist who doesn't mind if Constance is interested in her. She has to learn just how much later!
YESTERDAY: Constance gets her first letter from Derek and elated she wonders if the people at Bartlett's are interested in her. She has to learn just how much later!

CHAPTER X
AT Bartlett's next day things got off to a bad start.
 "I'm sending you to Chester tomorrow," Elsa addressed Constance. "We're having a preview at the Metropole Hotel there. . . Just you and Gertrude. She will be in charge."
 Bartlett's, Constance knew, was making a campaign to advertise its designing department in small outlying cities. Assignments to such work paid a little extra.

Pauline, who had just come into the room, turned upon Elsa, her eyes flashing.
 "Listen," she cried. "It's been understood that I was to have this out-of-town work. You haven't any right—"
 "We will not discuss my rights, Pauline," Elsa O'Dare answered silkily. "The last time I let you go, you weren't fit for work for three days afterwards."
 "I don't know what Gertrude's been telling you," the girl blazed, "but—"
 "Gertrude," Elsa's green eyes were dangerously bright, "told me nothing. I am capable of drawing my own conclusions from obvious signs. . . And it's no use running to Mr. Anton this time. He and I have gone into this pretty thoroughly."

Pauline shrugged and turned away; but after Elsa had gone out, Constance heard her talking with Miss Letts, her favorite saleswoman, in angry whispers.
LATER in the day, Pauline approached Constance.
 "I hear the gray coat was part of the trousseau, kid," she began, and behind her sultry lashes something avid and cruel lurked. "I suppose you won't be with us long?"
 "I'm only standing in for Luelle, you know," Constance replied as evenly as she could.
 It was just at closing time that Constance was summoned again to display some garments for a late customer of Miss Letts. When she went into the show room, she found the plump elderly woman who had inquired about the gray coat that first day at Daimler's. With her was the man who had been with her. He was not, Constance thought, in the least like

the type of sleek, super-sophisticated men who most often came to the shop. Yet he showed none of the discomfort of the mere male who finds himself in an utterly feminine setting.
 Constance resented the quietly amused curiosity with which he was looking about him. As if this were a flea circus, she thought. He was older than she had supposed, with a deep line between his alert brown eyes, and a fine web of wrinkles at the corners.
 "The woman was voluble and friendly."
 "I'm afraid we're keeping you after hours," she smiled apologetically to Constance.
 Miss Letts—perhaps reflecting that she, too, was being kept after hours, and nothing said about it—shrugged faintly.
 "But I'm going away tomorrow," the lady went on, "and my son and I want to select some things for a young niece who's stranded in a small town."
 "We're always glad to accommodate you, Mrs. Rogers," Miss Letts put in effusively. "If Constance is too tired, we have other models who—"
 "Oh, but we want her," Mrs. Rogers objected, and went on to Constance. "My son suggested that you saw you at Daimler's that you are about my niece's size and coloring."
 Constance displayed several garments, and Mrs. Rogers selected a racy hand-knitted frock and a turred evening wrap.

WHEN they rose to go, she said to Constance, "You do look tired. I am hurrying off with a friend for dinner; but my son has his car outside, and—Mark, why don't you take this obliging young lady wherever she wants to go. . . Oh, don't look at your watch. My son," she explained proudly, "can't forget, even when he's on vacation, that he's a busy doctor. . . You're not rushing off to any deathbeds this evening, Mark."
 A doctor, Constance thought. Of course it can't be any novelty to him to see a little lingerie strewn about.
 When Constance hesitated, Dr. Rogers said, arching one eyebrow at her, "Doctors are notoriously bad insurance risks, but if you're willing to take a chance, I'll be very glad."
 "I don't think he'd burst into tears if I refused," Constance thought wryly. But she was tired, and she knew that by this time every car and bus would be jammed to the doors.
 "Thank you," she said. "I'll hurry."
 He was walking up and down before his car when she went out. Constance almost laughed when she noticed that he had just returned his watch to his pocket.
 "This is a record," he announced. "I've never known a woman to get dressed so quickly."
 Constance wanted to ask, "How many women have you timed?" But she said instead, "That's part of my job"; and then in response to his questioning eyebrows, "Twenty-two forty Blanchard street, please. . . You go out the Boulevard."
 They did not speak again until they were out of the worst of the traffic. Then he said, "Do you know, the other day at Daimler's I thought the joke was on Mother. I'd have sworn at first that you were there for a more frivolous purpose than modeling gowns."
 "I should have supposed," Constance suggested, "that to a busy doctor, modeling might seem the most useless and frivolous business possible."
 "Useless?" He seemed to consider the question. "Maybe. But highly decorative. And God knows, we need all the frivolity and beauty we can get in this sordid world. . . I'm not so sure that a lot of the women I have to deal with wouldn't be better off if they were doing anything half so useful."
SUPERIOR male, hm? Constance thought. Aloud she said, "I gather you don't think too highly of women?"
 "On the contrary," he said. "I've often thought women might be rather good company if you didn't always have to see them at their worst."
 "Well, I suppose being physician to the idle rich must be a disillusioning business," Constance said, wondering if there would be a letter from Derek waiting for her at home.
 "You are tired, aren't you?" he said in an entirely new tone, glancing sidewise at her. "If I were you I'd get to bed as early as possible. There's nothing like—"
 "I'm so tired," Constance cut in, "that if you turn on your best bedside manner, I'll probably spoil your vacation by yawning on your shoulder. . . That's my house—the third on the right. . . And thanks a lot."
 The first person Constance talked to when she went back to the store after the showing in Chester was Miss Letts.
 "Miss O'Dare asked to see you as soon as you came in," Miss Letts told her with a furtive satisfaction in her manner that made Constance vaguely uneasy.
 (To Be Continued)

A four-motored flying club plane is being built to order for a California sportsman. The plane has accommodations for 13 guests and a crew of three. The plane has a shower bath, dining room and galley with a refrigerator. It will cost a little less than \$300,000.

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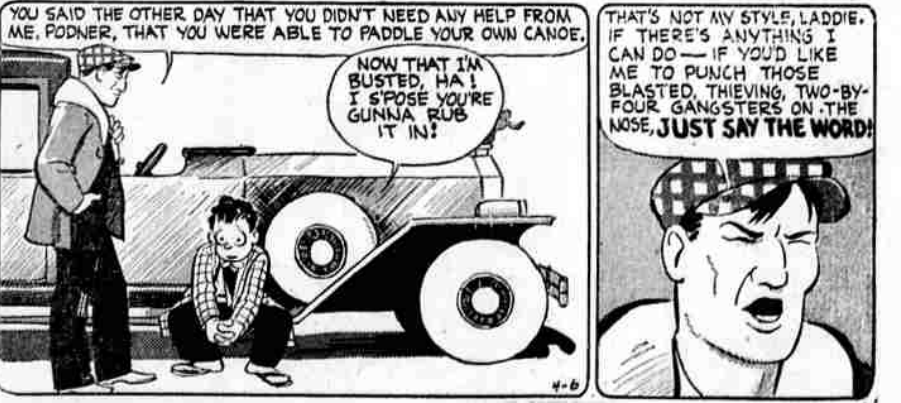
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBS



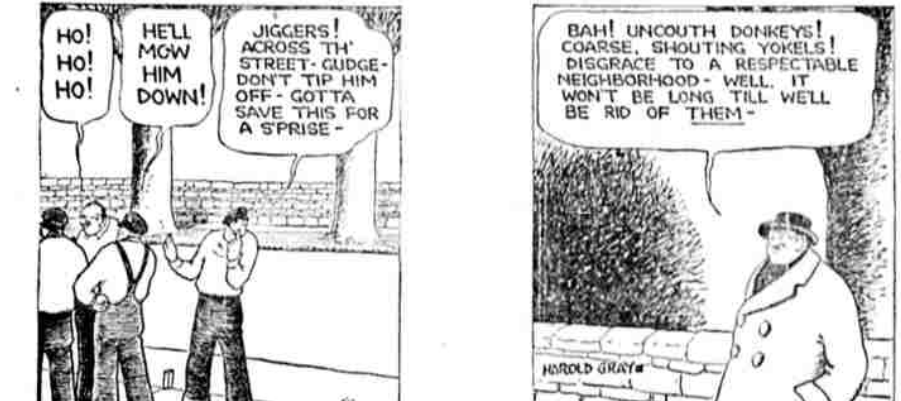
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



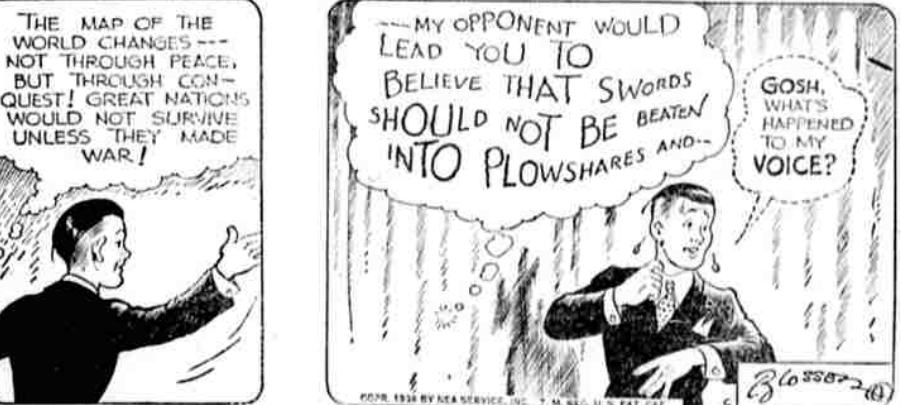
BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



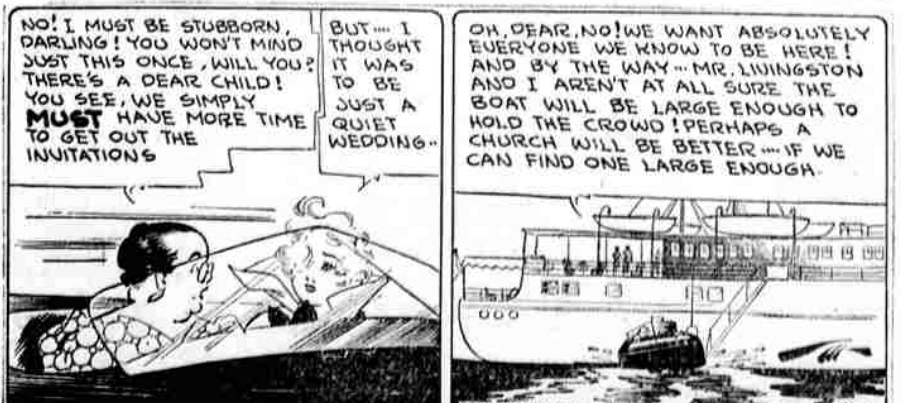
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