

LOVE LAUGHS AT THE DOCTOR

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
CONSTANCE MAIDWELL—brother-in-law.
DEREK MANTHON—an artist who loved money first.
HILDEGARDE THORVALD—Derek's sister.
DR. ROGERS—he met his most difficult case.

Yesterday Hilda comes to thank Constance and Constance, watching Hilda's steady eyes, wonders if she is trying to make up her mind about something.

CHAPTER XIX

"THE whole thing is rather like something out of a novel, isn't it?" Miss Thorvald went on. "All of us—you, Mr. Manton, Father and I, being here under such unusual circumstances after meeting so casually for those few minutes in the studio. . . . And Mark's having been on vacation in the one place where he could possibly have found you."

"Yes, isn't it?" Constance agreed vaguely.

Ernest Thorvald was waiting to speak to Constance when she went downstairs a little later.

"Miss Maidwell," he said, "nothing we can say or do for you could discharge our obligation to you. But I want you to understand that you will not lose anything through your kindness."

"Thank you," Constance said. "We needn't talk about that."

She thought drearily, Suppose I have already lost the only thing in the world I really wanted?

"Dr. Rogers thinks that my son has a genuine chance of recovery," Ernest Thorvald went on. "Two days ago it did not seem that he had one chance in ten thousand. And his welfare seems likely to be in your hands for some time to come."

When Constance seemed surprised, he continued, "It may seem strange, after the boy's—amazing change of heart, that he should still ask to see Miss Wynne. But the doctor says that isn't surprising. He thinks the effect of the shock he has had may last some time. I need not tell you that we shall be very glad to dispense with Miss Wynne's presence in the house."

Constance thought with the flippancy into which she often made her escape these days, Well, well! This stand-in business seems to be developing into a growing concern.

"Of course we want to do all we can to make your stay as little of a burden as possible. Do you ride?"

"A little. I grew up on a Maryland farm."

"Fine. I'll have a pony sent up for you to look over. Dr. Rogers thinks we ought to keep our daily routine as sane and wholesome as possible."

He would, Constance thought with an irrepresible smile.

AND indeed, life in the pleasant, rambling house, with its leisurely old-world charm did seem to move on as smoothly and graciously as if there had been no grim struggle with death going on within its walls.

Throughout the first few days George Thorvald had continued to waken, crying out terrified for Camilla Wynne—moaning that he had killed her. But each time, a few words from Constance—sometimes her bare presence—served to quiet him. After that first day the identification of her with the actress seemed so firmly fixed in the boy's fevered mind that there was no longer any necessity for artificial disguise.

Constance slipped in and out of the sick room at the call of both the nurses; but it was Miss Wilcox with whom she chatted occasionally.

"I understand the Wynne woman has been definitely scared off," she said to Constance one day. "I shouldn't have been surprised if she'd made trouble when she found out George had given her the gate. But since Mr. Thorvald had a talk with her she seems to have decided that the kind of advertising she might stir up wouldn't be so good for little Camilla."

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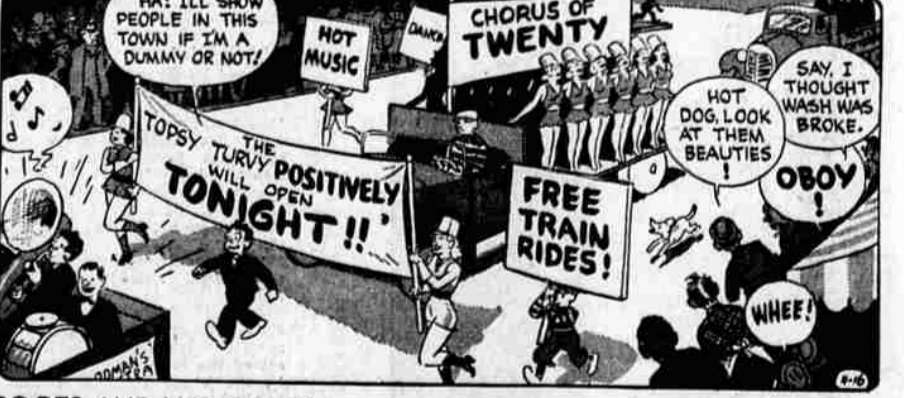
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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FLAPPER FANNY

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"I'll bet you'd like to meet her, wouldn't you, Chuck?" "Naah—she'd just think I was after her money."