With All My Love

by Mary Raymond Copyright NEA 1935

BEGIN HERE TODAY

After the death of her parents, lovely DANA WESTBROOK comes from abroad to make her home with a grandmother she has never seen.

Dana's half-sister, NANCY WALLACE, is resentful over Dana's coming.

Dana's grandmother hopes her young granddaughter will make a brilliant marriage. She is elated when rich RONALD MOORE becomes interested in Dana.

Lonely Nancy masks her love for Ronald behind an antagonistic attitude.

Meanwhile, Dana and DR. SCOTT STANLEY become attracted to each other. PAULA LONG, desperately in love with Scott, watches anxiously as his interest in Dana deepens.

Dana is caught in a storm and takes refuge in Scott's cottage. When the hurricane is over, Scott takes her home. They are seen by Ronald Moore, who misunderstands. He decides to stop seeing Dana. Dana is perplexed by Ronald's silence.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIII

RONNIE was offended; there was no doubt about it. But why? Dana searched her brain, could not find an explanation. She told herself it was nothing to worry over. Ronnie would come back.

He did.

Saturday afternoon the big roadster halted before the Cameron house and Ronnie got out. He went up the steps, rang the bell.

Dana, meeting him in the hallway, saw a Ronnie with haunted eyes, mouth and jaw set firmly. "Let's drive," he said slowly.

"All right." Dana had missed Ronnie. She had missed driving in his car, the gay crowd she usually found herself with when they set out together. It had been dreadfully dull all week at home, depressingly dull with her grandmother's speculative eyes upon her, no place to go to escape.

"But I'll have to change into something else," she told him. The frock she was wearing was a simple house dress.

Ronnie put a hand on her arm. "Please come as you are," he said earnestly.

She hesitated. Then something in his face decided her. They stepped into the roadster and Dana sat quietly as the car gathered speed. Presently the city was behind.

It was lovely in the country. In her enjoyment of the picturesque landscape Dana almost forgot that Ronnie was being horribly rude; sitting stiff and silent at the wheel.

Small homes flashed by in irregular sequences, some with an acre of green about them, others with only a patch of garden that seemed untouched by the fallish tinge to the air. The air was fresh, invigorating. Dana caught the scent of new-cut grass, drank it in deeply.

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ABRUPTLY Ronnie said, "I've got to tell you something. I know I'm an imaginative fool. But it's on my chest and it has to come off. I can't go on thinking about it. If I do I'll go crazy."

"Thinking what?" Dana's lovely eyes turned seriously toward Ronnie. He looked almost ill. She added, "What is worrying you, Ronnie? Please tell me. Perhaps I can help."

"You're the only one who can," Ronnie said miserably. "Well, then—?" Dana waited.

"The other night—the night of the storm," he began, "I was with a bunch dancing at the Breckinridges. Afterward we had a midnight supper. It was almost 3 o'clock when I went home. You remember what a wild night it was?"

"Yes," said Dana. "I remember." Would she ever forget that night!

"I was driving home, and because I'm a sentimental idiot, I went past your house. I've done it before. You can see just how far gone I am."

Dana smiled at the thought. Ronnie driving past her house in the wee hours! And then she sobered. Ronnie was leading up to something. He'd been driving past the house the night of the storm—about 3 o'clock. She remembered that Scott had said, as that big roadster turned the corner, "It's around 2:30 or maybe nearer 3." Then the roadster had been Ronnie's!

"I was driving slowly because there was so much debris in the street," Ronnie continued. "And then, as I turned a corner, I saw Scott Stanley waiting to cross. There was a girl with him. It all happened quickly. I saw Scott's face but I didn't see the girl's plainly. It was just an impression, but I kept thinking she looked like you. I knew it couldn't be you, Dana, and I fought telling you because it might make you despise me. But I couldn't get it out of my mind that she looked like you. Tell me I've been a fool. Please say it, Dana!"

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SHE said quickly, "But I can't say that, Ronnie. I was with Scott that night. He was bringing me home."

Ronnie said, through white lips: "Bringing you home? At three in the morning! Where from?"

"From his house," Dana said simply. "I was marooned there during the storm."

"At Scott's house," Ronnie repeated.

Dana flushed, and then she began her story. It did not come as readily as it should have. Because Ronnie's eyes, filled with doubt and suspicion and jealous rage, were on her. She told the essential parts, though, in a broken pattern. She told him how Scott had rushed out into the rain after her. About his car being in the shop and the impossibility of getting a taxi. She told about the telephone connection severing.

"When he couldn't get a taxi, why in heaven's name didn't you phone Nancy?" Ronnie asked in a hoarse voice.

"It was such an awful storm," Dana explained, "and of course I thought I could get a taxi later."

"I suppose you didn't think of calling me!"

"No, Ronnie, I didn't."

Dana was becoming angry, and was suddenly ashamed. She was being put on the defensive, as though she had something to hide, something ugly.

"Please," she said with spirit, "let's not talk about it any more."

"Very well," Ronnie agreed. He put the gears in reverse. The return drive was a breathtaking experience. The speedometer touched 50, 60, 70.

Only when Ronnie brought the car to a stop by the worn curbstone in front of her grandmother's home did Dana speak. Then she said, "Goodby, Ronnie."

"Goodby, Dana," Ronnie answered. There was a note of finality in his tone.

Dana went soberly to her room. She felt very lonely. Ronnie's devotion had become an accepted fact; now she had lost it.

Why couldn't Ronnie see that the same storm that had kept his crowd dancing all night at the Breckinridges had kept her away from home, too?

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IF she had been caught somewhere with an unattractive man, it probably wouldn't have made any difference to him. Ronnie was just being hateful and unreasonable because Scott was so attractive.

And then, there was Scott's voice over the telephone, scattering the gloom and bringing the sunshine back to life.

Dana answered soberly, and Scott said quickly, "Your voice sounds like the little girl who stole the jam and ate the cookies and got both a spanking and a tummyache."

Dana laughed. "The ache's in a different region."

"Don't tell me your heart's affected!"

"Not romantically."

Scott said quickly, "Anything I can do?"

How rapidly Scott's mind worked. In another moment Dana felt he would guess that she and Ronnie had quarreled. He might also suspect the reason.

"It's a growing pain," Dana said lightly. "The kind you have when you put away your dolls and tackle algebra. Or when you put away a silly notion you've had that things would work out the way you wanted them to because you've found there's a bigger scheme that hasn't any place for such ideas at all."

"From all this philosophizing," Scott said wisely, "I gather you are in the well-known dumps. Would a nice juicy steak and a ride in a car that's come forth from the shop help rout the blue devils?"

"I think they would work miracles," said Dana. She felt again that rush of exhilaration that Scott's voice always brought to her.

"I'll race you," Scott said.

Dana dressed quickly, was adding the final dab of powder to her nose when the bell rang. She rushed down the stairs to answer it.

She encountered Grandmother Cameron mounting the stairs wearily. Dana had a sudden feeling of pity for her. How dreadful to be old, to be coming up the stairs slowly, instead of rushing down to some new adventure!

Dana felt her pulse quicken. She had the feeling that she was on the threshold of something new and thrilling.

(To Be Continued)

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A suit to enjoin Secretary of State Cordell Hull and other government officials from enforcing an embargo on oil, copper, cotton, and scrapiron to Italy has been filed by Dr. Filippo Giordano, left, assistant to Genoroso Pope, right, millionaire publisher of Italian papers in this country. The suit claims that retaliation by Italy would deprive U. S. citizens of rights and property without due process of law.

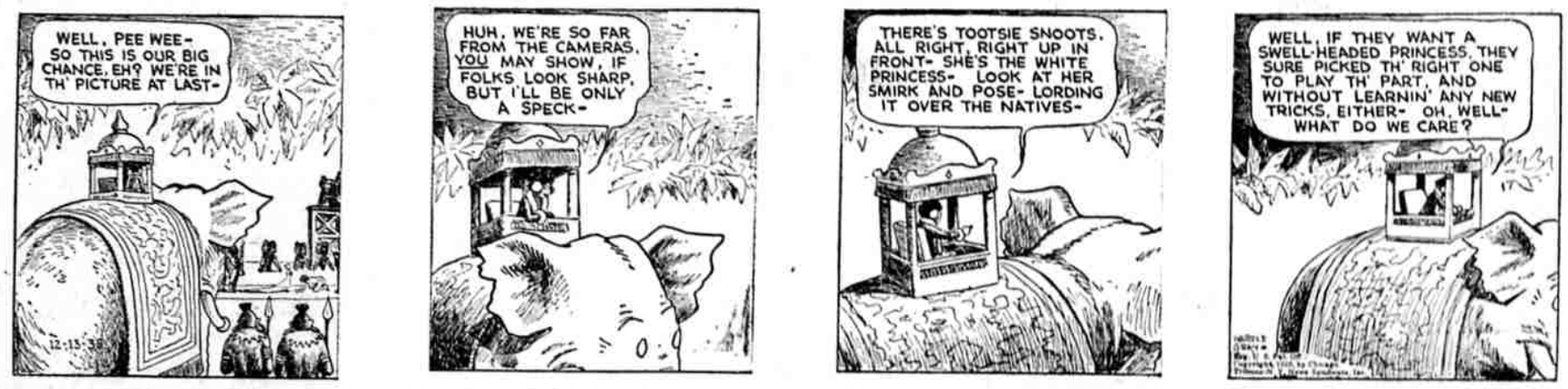
Flapper Fanny Says

There's nothing Scotch about a Scottie's affections.

OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

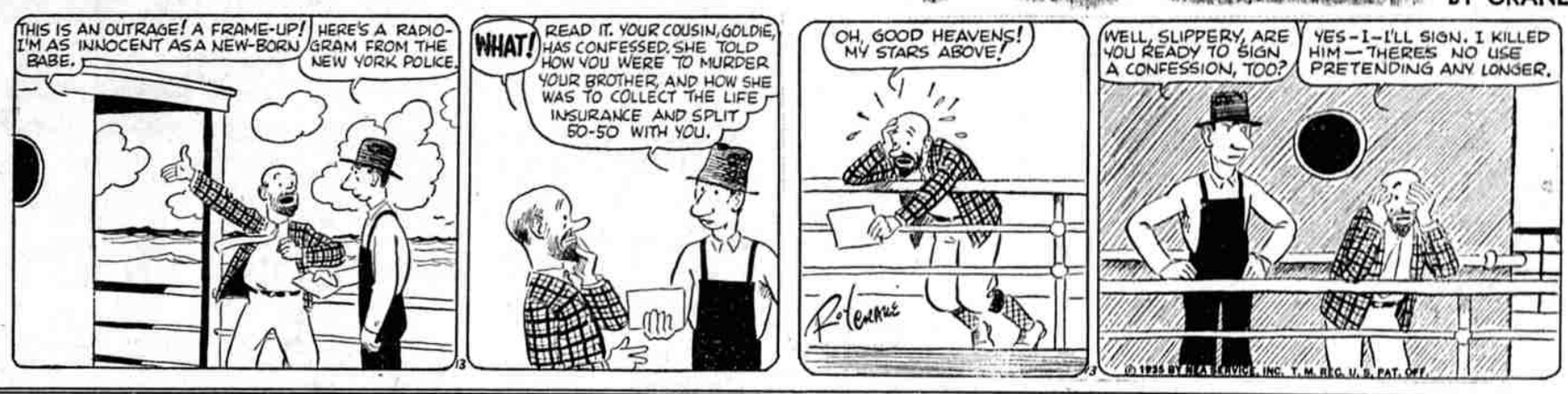
OUR BOARDING HOUSE — BY AHERN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — BY HAROLD GRAY

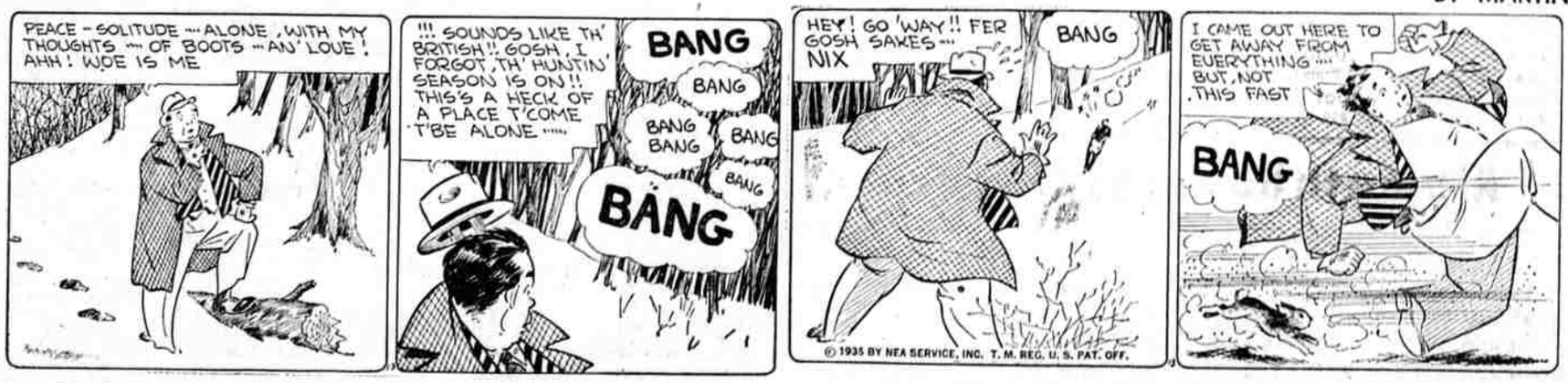
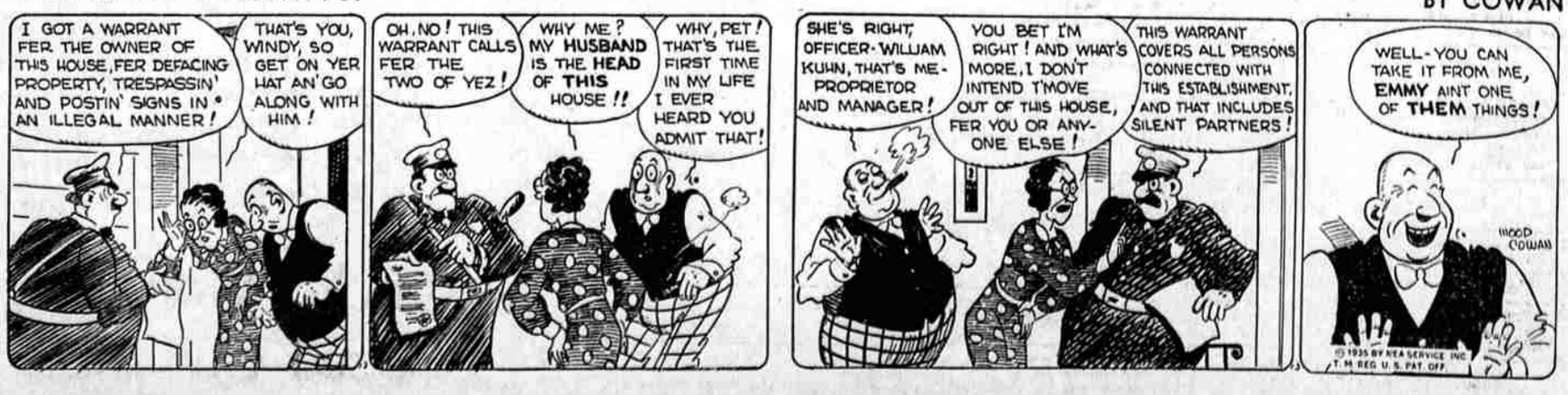


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN



THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP — BY COWAN