

# With All My Love

by Mary Raymond Copyright NEA 1935

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
After the death of her parents, little DANA WESTBROOK comes from abroad to live with her grandparents, MRS. WILLIAMS and CAMERON. DANA, a beautiful, NAUGHTY WALLACE, resents Dana's coming.

Dana's grandmother is elated when rich RONALD MOORE falls in love with her granddaughter, Dana. Meanwhile, she has become attracted to DR. SCOTT STANLEY, a struggling young physician.

Nancy, who makes her love for Ronald behind an antagonistic attitude, subsequently watches his love for Dana deepen. Just as an anxious PAULA LONG watches Scott and Dana's interest in Dana increase.

Dana and Scott, swept away by their love for each other, recklessly decide to marry. Mrs. Cameron gleefully predicts that the marriage will not last. Paula is torn by an emotional storm over the news that Scott and Dana have married.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
**CHAPTER XX**  
PAULA said to the housekeeper, "Fix me up something to drink. Something stiff. And bring another package of cigarettes. After that I don't want to be disturbed—not by anyone."

Her directions were followed discreetly, and in silence.

"Why don't you say something?" Paula shrieked wildly, her taut nerves snapping. "Didn't you hear the news? Scott's married!"

"Yes, I know," Charlotte told her. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry? What are you sorry about?"

"I'm afraid he's made a mistake," Charlotte said quietly. "He had no business getting married when he's just beginning his practice."

"Of course he hadn't," Paula gulped down the strong drink and made a wry face.

"He'll probably regret it," Charlotte said. "No one knows Paula so well as her housekeeper, who had devoted herself to spoiling Paula, catering to her every whim, for years."

"All right, now. Go out and let me sleep."

When the door closed, Paula flung herself down. Deep, terrible sobs were smothered against a pillow.

She told herself that she hated Scott. She never wanted to see him again! The paroxysm over, she lay staring with glazed, pain-filled eyes at the beautiful, ornate room.

It might have been different, she thought, if she had allowed Scott to see what was in her heart instead of hiding her love. She had been so afraid of losing his companionship that she had accepted crumbs—the confidence and affection he gave her. But she had never let him look into that secret place of her heart, filled so long with nothing but him.

"I know every mood of his," Paula thought desolately. "It will take her years to know him as I do. And yet she walks off with him after a few months and marries him!"

Perhaps if he had not gone to the club that afternoon, he would not have met Dana. Or if Dana had not had some misunderstanding with Ronnie Moore this wouldn't have happened.

Maybe . . . maybe . . . there were those terrible pains in her head again. They always came when Paula was emotionally upset. More terrible than ever . . . blinding her with pain. Setting her crazy.

nerving herself to tell Scott about that accidental meeting with Ronnie. And he hadn't even been interested. It was hard to decide which was worse—a jealous husband or a husband who wasn't even mildly jealous.

Packages began to arrive next day. Soon the small apartment was overflowing with boxes, as Scott's friends and friends of the Cameron family sent good wishes in the time-honored way—in the form of packages from jewelry stores and gift shops.

Dana found it an exciting pastime, opening the packages with Scott. Despite his teasing, she staunchly refused to untie a single ribbon alone.

"It wouldn't be any fun without you," she said.

They already had faced the perplexing problem of where to put these gifts in their limited quarters. "Goeh!" Scott exclaimed, "If this keeps up, we'll need a house. Maybe I made a mistake giving up the old place."

"We'll find places," said resourceful Dana. "And you didn't make a mistake. Think how nice it will be this winter without a furnace to bother with."

NEVER, never would she let Scott know of that first, deep disappointment she had felt when he had brought her to this home.

"This," said Dana, her arms lifted high to Scott who was perched on a chair, packing wedding gifts on a high shelf, "is the penalty for marrying such a good-looking and popular doctor."

Paula's present, which Dana called "Light from the East," was one of those that was not packed out of sight. It looked very grand, and oddly out of place, in the modest apartment.

Paula had dropped in the day before and then dashed home for a beautiful Oriental tapestry and two gorgeous vases. "I have no earthly use for them since they don't match the scheme of my place," she said. "So please use them, Dana."

Neither did Dana think they matched the scheme of her apartment, but to refuse was out of the question. She watched, with misgivings, as Paula tacked the elaborate tapestry above the couch. Dana didn't like it. She didn't like the Oriental vases, or the Oriental lamp either.

But what could she do about it when Paula was obviously trying to be friendly?

Nancy breezed in presently. "Where's the incense?" she had asked. "And the teakwood and the carved ivory and all the rest? I must say, I wouldn't have suspected you of anything like this, Dana."

"Paula brought them. She seemed anxious for us to use them," Dana said doubtfully. "I'm afraid they make this living room look pretty awful."

"Smooth as silk," Nancy commented.

After a moment, Dana realized Nancy had not been talking about the living room.

(To Be Continued)

## Life Begins Anew for Norma Millen



She got up and staggered to the dressing table. From her purse she took a small key, which she fitted into a jewelry case. From the jewelry case she lifted a small bottle. For a moment, she stared at the little white pill. She was remembering that quack doctor's words. He had been called in one night at a hotel where she was staying. He had given her one of these pills, withholding the name from her. It had brought relief from pain almost miraculously. For a price, he had finally revealed the name of it. But he had said: "I warn you to leave this alone. It means hellish consequences."

ON the day Dana and Scott returned from their honeymoon, Paula had gone shopping, looking for a wedding present.

She considered silver and china. But she didn't know the patterns they preferred. She doubted that Dana and Scott had even selected patterns. Marrying so suddenly, they couldn't have planned anything.

She decided on a beautiful and expensive lamp, the shade designed in an elaborate Oriental pattern. She had completed this part of her shopping expedition and was preparing to park her car before undertaking some other errands when a roadster pulled out from the curb.

Paula recognized the occupants, Ronnie Moore—and Dana!

After the first shock, Paula greeted them gayly. She felt excited. Here was Scott's bride, back from a 10-day honeymoon, and already meeting Ronnie downtown.

Deep in her heart a voice whispered, "Patience, Paula—just have patience!" She could almost hear the words, singing themselves aloud.

"I'm worried," Scott admitted. "It's Mrs. Wilkins. One of the prettiest, cleanest operations I ever performed. And now something's happened and the incision must be re-opened. There's no accounting for things like that."

"Who is Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Mrs. Wilkins is a very important person to you and to me. My first surgical in this town. It would mean something to have trouble set in." He added, "Then, too, she's a nice old lady."

Dana felt an impulse to laugh. She had been so conscientious,

## Flapper Fanny Says



Little brother thinks finishing a meal with dispatch means reading news dispatches at the table.

## OUT OUR WAY

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

## BY AHERN

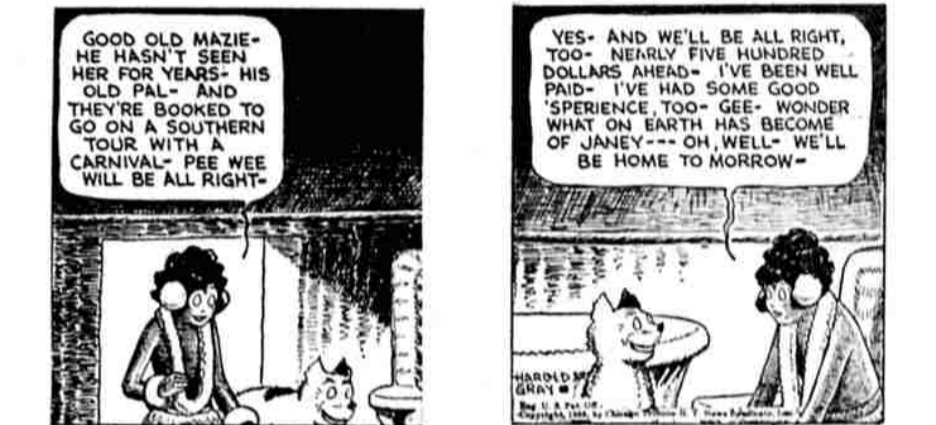


THE LOVER



## 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

