

# With All My Love

by Mary Raymond

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BEGIN HERE, TODAY!  
Forces are at work that threaten the happiness of lovely DANA STANLEY and her attractive husband, DR. SCOTT STANLEY, a successful young physician.

Dana's grandmother, who had hoped she would marry rich RUDY ALD MOORE is eager for the marriage to go on the rocks. PAULA LONG, Dana's cousin, who has been in love with Scott for years, also hopes the marriage will fail.

Dana's half-sister, NANCY, is deeply in love with Ronald. Knowing that Dana and Scott are making her feeling behind an antagonistic attitude.

Paula goes to Scott's office and asks him to prescribe for a severe headache. Scott is puzzled by Paula's unusual description of her suffering.

Dana tells Dana about having lunch with Scott. Dana and Scott almost quarrel when the question arises.

MRS. CAMPBELL tells Scott Dana is making a martyr of herself by her sister's economic. Scott is called away from a dance for a professional conference, and Dana takes Dana home. Dana wonders, troubled if Ronald is giving her

VOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXVIII

THE rest of the winter Scott and Dana were left to spend much of their time alone. Memories in the young married set, are not long for those who are not seen at parties, wherever the crowd gathers. It became generally accepted that Dana and Scott had stopped playing and invitations dwindled.

Paula Long was the one who was most loath to persuade that the young Stanleys were happy without so many invitations. Paula argued that social life was essential "to get ahead." Dana and Scott compromised by playing bridge once or twice a week. On rare occasions they accepted an invitation to a larger party because they were not sure Paula was entirely wrong when she insisted it was important for Scott to be seen at smart functions.

Secretly—and the thought brought a bitter thrill—Paula believed Dana was a little jealous of her. Paula came to the conclusion that Dana preferred staying at home with Scott to exposing him to the attractions of other women—particularly herself. She assured herself that her only motive was a desire to help Scott build himself up in the community and she refused to face the truth—that she was influenced by desperate loneliness and the urge to find some means of seeing the man she loved.

Dana, on the other hand, was glad when, as the days passed, she and Scott saw Paula less often. She didn't actively dislike Paula, who always seemed friendly, yet she couldn't bring herself to really like her. There was between them the intangible feeling of distaste of a person whose motives are frank and open for one who is subtle and secretive.

Scott was busier than ever, though being busy wasn't especially remunerative. "It's being busy with the right people that counts," Dana decided sagely. She would never have dared to voice such a cynical thought to Scott. She had had one lesson. It was after the charity ball, when Scott had explained that he had deserted her that evening to attend a "conference."

"You left me just to go off and talk to a lot of doctors about something?" Dana had asked in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"It wasn't an ordinary conference," Scott explained. He had been called in by a group of physicians on a case of blood poisoning, or "strep" infection.

"But I still can't see why you had to be called from the dance," Dana had persisted. "Wouldn't the next day have done as well?"

"The patient was Dr. Osborne's wife," Scott answered slowly.

"Oh!" Dana said, "that's different."

She had felt mean and small when Scott replied sternly. "If it had been the scrubwoman in our building I'd have gone just the same, Dana."

Mrs. Osborne was improving, taking sun baths now, and everybody said that Dr. Osborne credited Scott with turning the tide of her illness.

Scott had joined the local medical association and, tonight, was attending a meeting of the county group 50 miles distant.

Dana had felt mildly excited that afternoon when Grace Richardson called and invited them to a dinner party. When Grace learned Scott was away, she insisted that Dana must come anyway.

"Just because your husband is out of town is no reason why you should play lone some lady at home Dana."

"No," Dana said finally, "I suppose not. It isn't much fun."

"That means I can count on you to complete the party," Grace said. "I'll send somebody to pick you up."

"I'm celebrating an anniversary without Scott!"

"Goodness, have you been married a whole year?"

Dana laughed. "Only seven months, but we usually celebrate by partying on the 22nd. Scott has been dead about observing the day."

It happened that the evening session of the one-day medical meeting had scarcely opened when Scott's memory stirred. He glanced at his watch. Seven, and today was the 22nd! Dana was at home. Poor kid, she had sat at home a lot of evenings lately.

Then he decided to drop by the office telephone and round up a bunch. They'd all drop in together and make the surprise bigger and more complete.

The 50 intervening miles were covered without mishap, and Scott let himself into his office and got busy on the phone. Several of those he called were out. After the fourth call Scott was disgusted, almost ready to call it a night and start for home. As a final effort he called the Richardsons and asked for Bill.

After a moment Bill answered, "Why, hello, Scott. Thought you were out of town at a medical meeting. Don't tell me you were out of town at all."

"Nothing of the sort," Scott replied. "I was at the meeting, bored and drove in. It happens to be our anniversary old man—well, a kind of anniversary. I thought I would surprise Dana by getting up a party and dropping in on her. May I count on you and Grace?"

Bill was chuckling. He was judging from the sounds at the other end of the telephone, more than ordinarily amused. "You say you wanted to surprise Dana?"

"What's so funny about that?"

"Keep your shirt on. It happens that Dana's right here at a dinner party. We were sorry you were out of town. Can't you come on over? We can always put in an extra plate."

"No thanks, Bill."

So Dana was at the Richardsons at a dinner party. Having a great time. Not lonely at all.

"Who brought her?" Scott asked unexpectedly. He didn't like the sound of it himself. It had almost the sound of checking up on Dana.

"Grace asked Ronnie to drop by for her."

"Well, thanks," Scott said. "I'll see you later."

He hung up. But the sound of Bill's amused laugh still rang in his ears.

## DORRIS

DORRIS, Calif.—On Christmas night, in a gayly decorated hall, the Townsend club gave an old-time dance. A few old time costumes, an old time orchestra and some old time dances furnished the entertainment for the evening. A large crowd attended.

A series of four card parties was given by the Townsend club. The person having the highest score at the end of the four card parties received a turkey. Mrs. Fremont Wood, Jr., was the winner.

The American Legion of Dorris held a Christmas turkey shoot Sunday. It proved to be a highly successful event. Nine marksmanship got themselves holiday turkeys and chickens.

Miss Mildred Brown of Yreka and Leon High of Dorris were married in Medford last week. Mr. High is a Butte Valley boy, a son of Frank High, and was born on the Frank High ranch northwest of town where he has spent most of his life. The couple will make their home near Yreka and the good wishes of the groom's many friends in his home town go with them.

The Dorris Grange held a public annual Christmas dinner Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dunes. After the dinner a public card party was held.

Mrs. O. M. Blanton left Saturday night for Sacramento where she will visit for a month.

John Jones left Saturday evening for Los Angeles to spend a few days with his parents.

## Flapper Fanny Says

Most girls seem to think that the old adage says the lass shall be



## OUT OUR WAY



THE BEGINNING OF THE END

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



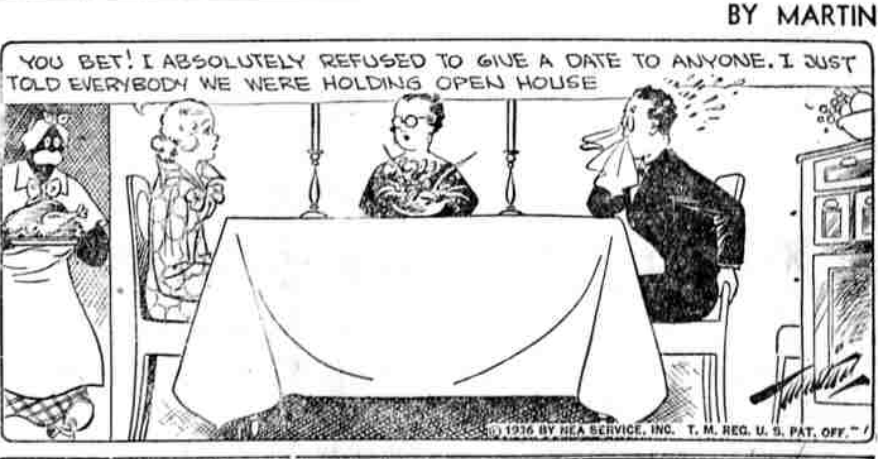
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASH TUBBS



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP

