

With All My Love

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Faced as at work that threat-
ing the happiness of love, DAN
STANLEY and her attractive hus-
band, DR. SCOTT STANLEY, a
struggling young physician.
Dana's grandmother, who had
loved her would marry her to
the marriage to go on the rocks.
PAULA, Dana's mother, who has
been hopelessly in love with Scott for
years, also hopes the marriage
will fail.
Dana's half-sister, NANCY, is
deeply in love with Ronald.
Knowing her love Dana, she
makes her feeling behind an an-
tagonistic attitude.
Paula goes to Scott's office and
asks him to prescribe for a se-
vere headache. Scott is puzzled by
Paula's hysterical description of
her suffering.
Paula tells Dana about having
luncheon with Scott, and Dana
and Scott almost quarrel when
she questions his later.
Scott attends a convention. Re-
turning unexpectedly, he finds
that Dana has gone to a dinner
party. He accepts Paula's invita-
tion to bridge. The game is pro-
longed and he and Dana quarrel
when he comes in late. After he
is asleep, Dana drops a repentant
kiss on Scott's forehead.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXX

NEITHER Scott nor Dana re-
ferred to the quarrel—their
first serious one—next evening.
Both were so tired and ashamed of it.
A week later it was as though
the episode had never taken place.
But a slight film of doubt had
settled over the faith that had
been like shining armor, protect-
ing Dana. Scott, too, had received
a jolt in the realization that Dana
was not the one perfect person in
a world of imperfect beings.

For almost a month Paula left
them entirely alone. Paula was
spending most of her time with
the Richardsons these days. They
were soon constantly together.

Dana believed Paula had finally
given up her attempt to make
Scott and Dana more "social-
minded," had realized it was im-
possible for them to keep pace
with a crowd that spent money as
though it grew on bushes.

Most of the other couples in
their crowd generally played
bridge for not less than a twen-
tieth. When Dana and Scott were
present stakes were automatically
lowered. Paula played bridge a
great deal, lost consistently. Yet
she was one of those who were
bored when playing for low
stakes.

Scott agreed this must be the
reason that Paula had ignored
them lately. "You mustn't worry
if some of our friends desert,"
Scott said. "As a matter of fact,
I'm turning into such a family
man that I'm bored outside these
four walls. Look what you've
done to me in less than a year,
Dana."

"Perhaps I should call Paula
and ask her to drop in some night
this week," Dana said. "Maybe
she's offended over something."
"Suit yourself," Scott spoke
shortly, "but I should think you
would know no reason for her
to be so offended."
"Well, I won't then," Dana
said, and was relieved over the
decision, for some reason.

RONNIE's father died during
the month. Dana and Scott
sent flowers, and Dana wrote a
note of condolence, receiving one
from Ronnie in reply. Not long
afterward, newspapers carried a
story about the will.

Scott read the report. "It's
hard to realize there's that much
money in the world," he said.
"Here we are, stretching dollar
bills and wondering where the
rent is coming from, and Ronnie
inherits \$10,000,000."

He added thoughtfully, "Ronnie
was pretty gone on you for a
while, wasn't he?"
"For a while," Dana said
lightly. "Ronnie fancied he had
an awful crush, but you know how
rich boys are. Some other girl
comes along—"

"Or some man comes along,"
Scott said slowly, "and messes
things up—"
"Scott, will you stop being an
idiot!" Dana seated herself on
the arm of his chair and rumped
his hair.

"I'm thinking what a different
kind of life you would have had
if you had married Ronnie," Scott
answered thoughtfully. "No bud-
gets. No computing living costs
and wondering where you can cut
some more. Just one long, luxuri-
ous fling!"

"You think that would be liv-
ing?" There was scorn in Dana's
voice. She added lightly, "Don't
forget Ronnie didn't ask me. I'd
have been an old maid, probably,
if you hadn't come along."
"Yes you would!" Scott pulled
her down into his arms, kissing
her fiercely. Dana could feel his
heart pounding.

"Why, Scott!" she whispered,
with a shaky little laugh.
"I swear to you, honey, we'll
come through," he said. "I'll
prove to you I'm not just a big
bust. Though, God knows, I feel
that way at times."

"If you'll only just love me
always," Dana said. "I'm a silly,
sentimental girl. But I'm telling
you the truth. That's all I want,
darling."

IN the days that followed Dr.
Osborne dropped into Scott's
office frequently. It happened
often enough for the other doctors
in the building to "perk up," as
the shrewd young woman at the
desk remarked to another physi-
cian's assistant.

"And I'm here to tell you it
means something when that self-
sufficient medical king gets down
from his throne and goes visiting
another doctor."

"They do seem friendly," the
other girl admitted.
"Friendly isn't the word. Dr.
Osborne's positively chummy. If
I know my onion soup, he sus-
pects Dr. Stanley has something
some of these other doctors don't
have—and that's brains!"

Scott was pleased by the older
doctor's visits, but refused to be-
lieve it held any significance
beyond a spirit of friendliness.

Dr. Osborne had said, on his
last visit, "There's a small room
that's practically empty adjoining
my suite, Stanley. If the time
comes when you feel cramped for
space, I'd be glad to open it up
for you."

Scott realized the offer was
being made gratis. He expressed

his appreciation, but refused. The
time wouldn't come when he
wanted to be under obligations to
anyone. Scott wanted to be a free
man and you couldn't do that and
be accepting favors.

On another occasion they met
outside the building, and the older
physician stood for a moment
talking pleasantly before climbing
into his car. He was discussing
the case of a nationally known
physician who had died recently.
"That's the trouble with this
profession," Dr. Osborne said.
"Day in and out we drive our-
selves, as though we were made
of iron. Thinking there's no end
to our vitality and endurance.
Though, heaven knows, we say
plenty to the other fellow. And
then, finally, we come down with
one of the wear-and-tear diseases
and pass out of the picture."

He added thoughtfully, "Every
physician should have an able
man associated with him to share
the responsibilities and burdens.
But lots of us go it alone with
disastrous results."

SCOTT watched him walk away.
Dr. Osborne's shoulders sagged
slightly, as though he were weary.
The old chap must be all of 60.
And it must be true that his enor-
mous practice was proving a strain.

Of course Dr. Osborne was still
a good man, a brilliant man. But
the day must come when his sur-
gical skill would fail. That was
life. Lessened vitality takes a toll
from even the best of men.

It was a gloomy thought. Scott
didn't like to think the time would
ever come when he would be count-
ed out and have to take a back
seat in the profession. But then
when one person dropped out it
made room for some other fellow
who was entitled to have his in-
ning in the game.

Suddenly a feeling of pure elation
surged through Scott.
Perhaps it didn't mean anything.
He wouldn't allow himself to be-
lieve it did. But what a break for
some fellow if Dr. Osborne should
take him into partnership. What
a break for himself and Dana if
that fellow should be Scott Stan-
ley! It was, of course, a pipe
dream, but the thought kept com-
ing back. If only it should hap-
pen—

The summer days waned, and no
part of Scott's dream came true.
Dr. Osborne and his wife went
for an ocean cruise. Other doc-
tors and their wives took vacations
in the mountains or at the sea-
side. Paula and most of her crowd
departed during the worst part of
the heat and came back looking
tanned from weeks of outdoor life.

But, though Paula had a deep
coat of tan and chatted expansively
about thrilling times, there had
been no lifting of the shadows in
her eyes.

Then came the day Dana was to
remember as the blackest of her
life—the day Scott was to remem-
ber as his most dismal. It was a
day accompanied, appropriately,
with hard, driving rain and omi-
nous rumblings of thunder.
(To Be Continued)

BONANZA

BONANZA, Ore. — The dance
sponsored by the Townsend club
No. 1 of Bonanza at the high
school gym New Year's eve was
very well attended. Mostly old-
fashioned music was played and
the greatest entertainment of the
evening was afforded when "Dad-
dy" Hamaker called the dances
for a quadrille. Some who had
not danced this for many years
got slightly mixed up which pro-
voked much laughter. Better
than \$40 was made by the club.

Fourteen guests enjoyed a
bountiful New Year's dinner at
the William Sparks residence,
those present being: Chester
Evers and wife, Jean and Donnie
Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Schmoor and son Bobby, Amos
Slack and wife, Peggy Robertson,
Lloyd and Betty Sparks and the
host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs.
Sparks.

Mrs. Lydia Brown and infant
daughter, Shirley Louise, return-
ed from the Cottage hospital in
Klamath Falls last Saturday.

Nina Schmoor returned to col-
lege at Eugene last Wednesday
morning.

Gravel is being put on several
roads in and around Bonanza.

According to his granddad, the
kidnaped New York lad lived in
a dream world in which money
didn't seem to matter at all.
Sounds a bit like Washington.

A Colgate professor says a man
thinks better with his feet on a
desk, which speaks well for the
quality of thought accorded U. S.
problems in Washington.

Flapper Fanny Says

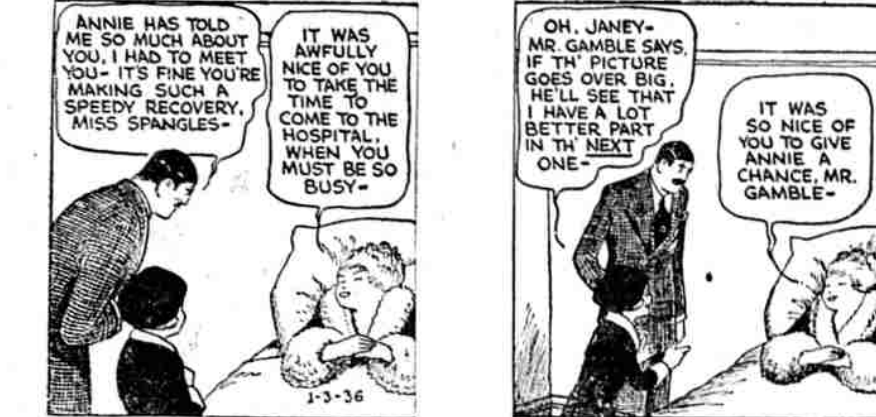


Skating on thin ice is all it's
cracked up to be.

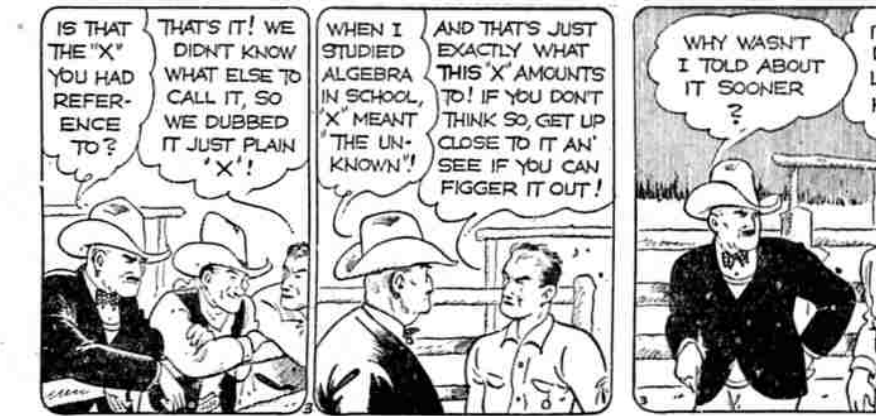
OUT OUR WAY



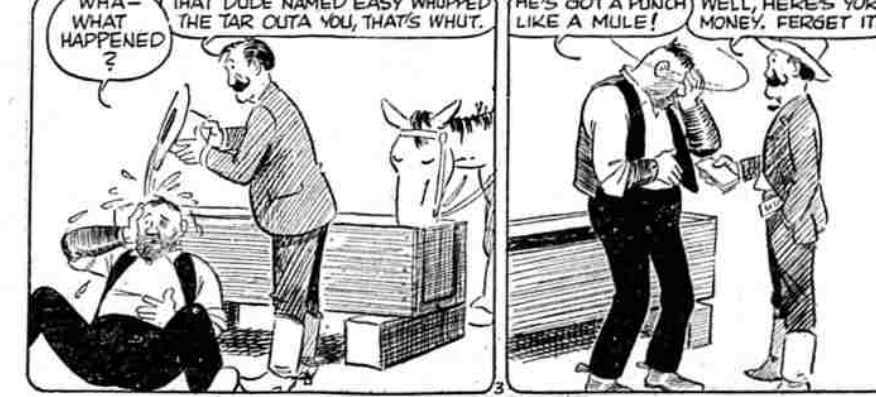
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY COWAN

