

# With All My Love

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Against the wishes of her grandmother, aristocratic Miss Williams, Cameron, DANA, a young physician, D.D.S., SCOTT STANLEY, D.D.S., broke her marriage she had broken with wealthy DONALD STANLEY. Dana's father, NANCY, is in love with Scott but hides it behind an antagonistic attitude.

Miss Mrs. Cameron and PAULA LONG, who has loved Scott for years, hope the marriage will not last.

Paula, patient of Scott's, is always calling him and managing to see him at parties. Dana has become aware of Paula's infatuation.

Scott, deeply in love with his wife, is uncomfortable over the situation.

One stormy night Paula's housekeeper came and told her that Paula was in the house and that Paula was in the house and that Paula was in the house.

**HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
CHAPTER XXXII

SCOTT lifted his glass from the tray. Paula was showing herself to be game, all right. She hadn't whimpered or made a plea for sympathy when he told her he knew the truth.

Then, like a flash, came the premonition. Was she, though? Could you trust an emotional woman in a state like this?

It may have been Paula's expression that warned him. There was a glow of triumph and tragedy in her eyes. Scott dashed his glass and the contents to the floor. As quickly, Paula put her lips to her own glass, but Scott's hand shot out, knocking it aside. Paula crumpled, sobbing. They were jerking sobs that sounded horrible and pitiful.

Scott lifted her and called to Charlotte loudly. Together they worked swiftly. He was fairly certain that Paula had not swallowed any of the poisoned drink, but he could not take chances. They worked over her exactly as though she had taken a fatal quantity.

An hour later Scott talked frankly with Charlotte. There had been no need for explanations. Charlotte's horrified glance at the broken glasses and trail of liquor on the floor had told her the story.

It was Charlotte who located the poison tablets and dropped them into the fire, while Scott watched gravely.

Quietly by a sleeping powder, Paula at last dropped into sleep. Her face was pale on the pillow. A thin hand gripped the dainty lace coverlet convulsively.

Scott stayed, quietly watching as she slept, waiting for any unusual reaction. Across from him sat Charlotte, her eyes scarcely moving from Paula's face.

SCOTT said in a low tone, "I can trust you, Charlotte. No one must know of this—or the other. Soon we'll get Miss Paula away where she can be treated and cured."

"You can trust me, Doctor Scott," the housekeeper said. "She's like my own. You know I've been with her since she was 18 years old."

Scott remembered. He was thinking that Paula had never known real home life. Charlotte had been the maid of Paula's frivolous young mother, and had assumed full charge when the young mother died. Paula's father was somewhere, but he had been divorced by Paula's mother and re-married before her death. Paula's money had been inherited from her mother.

Poor Paula, Scott thought, compassionately, stretching out for happiness with her eager, restless hands. When it eluded her, she had tried to smash things for both of them.

He was as certain as though he had analyzed the drink Paula had handed him that it also had contained poison. But he felt only pity for the distraught creature lying motionless on the bed, as though she were in that deep sleep of complete forgetfulness for which she had longed.

At dawn a nurse arrived to take charge. She, of course, must know of her patient's attempt at suicide to be on guard.

She would know the rest, without being told, as soon as she had been on the case a few hours. But Miss Maddox was trustworthy, one of that gallant army in whom so many tragic truths are safely buried.

SCOTT let himself into the apartment and looked around. He switched on a light in the bedroom and the tumbled, empty bed met his eyes. There was a note pinned to the pillow, with Dana's name asked in a shaky scrawl.

Scott read the note, smiling grimly over its childish sound: "I'm going to Grandmother's to stay, Scott. I'm going while I can leave with some dignity. Please don't ask me to come back. I don't want to—ever. Dana."

His first wild impulse was to get Dana on the telephone to tell her what a darn little fool she was. And then get a cab and fetch her home immediately.

But it was 10 o'clock now. There'd probably be a commotion. Dana's grandmother was a Tartar, if he had ever seen one. No, it would be best to wait until Dana had calmed down. After some sleep, she would be sorry and probably call to apologize. She owed him an apology for her lack of faith and her attitude, which was certainly poor sportsmanship. She couldn't have known where he had gone. Even if she had suspected, she might have given him the benefit of doubt and waited for his story.

She would be awfully sorry that she had failed him when she thought things over. Dashing back to her grandmother's the first time she got really angry with him.

In spite of these thoughts Scott was wretchedly unhappy. It was not until the light was streaming broadly into the room through the windows that he fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

Dana's grandmother had answered the doorbell, in the

early morning shadows a taxi bulked. A taxi driver stood holding a suitcase. Dana's struck on eyes were lifted to Mrs. Cameron's.

"Here, I'll take that suitcase," Mrs. Cameron said, assuming charge. "Have you taxi money, child?"

"Yes, of course," Dana said. She paid the driver and he was off in the gloom.

"I've come to stay, Grandmother," Dana said simply.

"Yes, I know that," she said, looking Dana keenly, noting her eyes, shadowed from fatigue and reddened from weeping.

"Don't ask me why," Dana said, "because I won't tell you. It was unbearable and so here I am!"

"Whatever the reason, you must never make the break. You must never go back to him."

"No," Dana said. Her heart was like lead. And yet it felt bursting with emotion. "I couldn't go back, Grandmother. I'd never have come if I hadn't realized I couldn't go on."

Their voices brought Miss Carew and Nancy. Aunt Ellen patted Dana awkwardly. Dana knew she was sorry for her, and she suspected that Aunt Ellen was sorry for Scott, too.

It was hard to know how Nancy felt. Her dark eyes looked wisely into Dana's. Her voice was cool and calm. "So you've left Scott! That's that. Now we've got to make the best of it. I don't believe Scott would want you back, anyway, after humiliating him."

No, Dana thought, miserably. "He wouldn't want me back." Because she had humiliated him by leaving him. And because, most of all, he was infatuated with Paula.

But this was a secret that would die with her. She'd never if she lived to be a hundred, admit that she hadn't been able to hold her husband.

Nancy had decided: "Dana's weak. She couldn't stand being poor, so she pulled out."

Mrs. Cameron was first to break the circle. She got up, pulling her robe about her. "Well, all take cold sitting here," she said firmly. "Dana looks dead on her feet. She must get some sleep."

Secretly she was girding her resources for battle. She said to herself, "The silly child is still in love with him. It's written all over her face. If he tries he might be able to persuade her to go back to him. But she'll stay here if I can keep her!"

After breakfast Dana sat in the vicinity of the telephone, fully expecting it to ring. But the morning hours wore away and there was no call from Scott.

He was showing more judgment, Mrs. Cameron thought than she had expected. Maybe he, too, had decided it was impossible for them to make a success of their marriage.

If that were so, the plan she had in mind, could be speedily carried out.

(To Be Continued)

## HILDEBRAND

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ritter entertained with a turkey dinner on Christmas. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Schanz and daughter Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hildebrander, Sr., of Klamath Falls, Ernest Ritter, Clara, Walter and Erwin Ritter, and the host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Schanz and daughter Charlotte transacted business in Klamath Falls Saturday.

The Hildebrand school gave a Christmas program and tree with old Santa who greeted the children with sacks of sweets, which was very much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mills had as their dinner guests on Christmas Mrs. Mills' brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Slack of Bonanza.

Owen King who was visiting with his brother in Bellingham, Washington, was called home due to the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. William King.

Dick Pool is confined to his home with the mumps.

E. D. Trulove and son Charles were business visitors at the T. P. Michael ranch, Saturday.

J. B. Nikolai, Klamath Falls livestock dealer, is transacting business in Hildebrand, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ritter and children, Walter, Clara and Erwin and Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Schanz and daughter, Charlotte visited on Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Welch of Sprague River.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Michael and son, Marvin, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ritter.

## Flapper Fanny Says

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## OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



## 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

