

With All My Love

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Against the wishes of her grandmother aristocratic Mrs. WILLARD CAMERON, DANA WASHINGTON, married Dr. SCOTT STANLEY, struggling young physician.

Before her marriage she had broken with wealthy RONALD MOORE, Dana's half-sister. NANCY, in love with Ronald, hid her feelings behind an antagonistic attitude.

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

Fania, a patient of Scott's, is always calling him and managing to see him at parties. Dana has become aware of Fania's infatuation for her husband.

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

One stormy night Fania's housekeeper calls Scott and tells him Fania is ill. Scott goes to see her. He stays away all night, and Dana, not knowing Fania has attempted suicide, calls a cab and goes to her grandmother.

Mrs. Cameron determines to do all she can to make the separation permanent.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXIII

SCOTT awoke at noon to a full and complete realization of the catastrophe. Within the last 12 hours a girl had tried to kill herself and him. And his wife had left him. Seven hours had elapsed and Dana had not telephoned.

Scott picked up the crumpled note lying near his pillow. He must have gone to sleep with it in his hand. He read it again grimly and bitterly.

In the cold, reasoning light of day the words sounded worse than they had a few hours earlier. They had a calculating ring. "I'm going while I can leave with some dignity."

What did she mean by that? Was she ashamed of being poor and having to skip and retrench when all her friends lived so differently? That must be what she meant. What was really in her heart must have come out in that damned silly note.

She had not written that note in an emotional outbreak, but coldly, calculatingly. Well, he wouldn't ask her to come back. Not until she had suffered plenty for making him suffer as she had. Not until she had made some move toward reconciliation.

All of their friends probably knew by this time that Dana had left him. If they were pitying him they could keep their pity. He didn't want it.

The longing to see Dana, to shake some sense into her stupid head, and then to feel her soft lips against his, seeking forgiveness, was setting him crazy. He caught a glimpse of his face as he passed a mirror. It was easy to see why men cracked up when women played such tricks on them. Dana had pretended that all she wanted was his love. Like hell she did!

THE telephone rang and he raced for it, feeling a surge of pure relief. But it was not Dana's voice that came to him; it was Miss Paine at the office, asking if he could come down immediately. There was work to be done, work that could not wait.

Miss Paine told him, as soon as he reached the office that Dr. Osborne had called and wanted to see him.

Scott found the older man sitting at his desk, his arm in a sling. Dr. Osborne said abruptly, "Stanley, I'm out for a while, as you can see. Slipped on some damn steps. This sprained arm is going to put me out of commission as far as operating is concerned for some time."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir. When did it happen?"

"Early this morning. The worst of it is there's a ticklish operation somebody's got to perform."

Scott sat down. A ticklish operation somebody had to perform. Dana had left him. She'd gone back to her grandmother after writing something nonsensical about dignity.

He brought his wandering attention back to find the older man regarding him anxiously. "You're not looking so fit yourself, Stanley."

"I was out late last night. Had an emergency call."

"That's bad." Dr. Osborne was tapping the edge of his mahogany desk with a nervous hand. "You see, Stanley, I had made up my mind to ask you to perform this operation for me."

Scott's pulse leaped. It was the professional instinct, soaring opportunity and battle. "I'd be happy to do it."

"Are you sure you're up to it?" As a matter of fact, I have already recommended you to these people, who are perfectly willing to put the case in your hands. It's a ticklish job, though."

Scott asked quickly, "What's the operation?"

A boy, fine young son of a friend of mine, shot himself accidentally while hunting. The bullet lodged. It's within a fraction of the heart. A man who didn't know exactly what he was doing and didn't work with the utmost surgical precision—well, you know, the bullet might just as well have knocked off the youngster."

"Where is the boy?"

"They are bringing him by plane. If you feel you want to tackle it, go ahead. But if you have any doubt of your fitness to lay, be honest with me."

"I'll do it," Scott said. "I'm all right. Don't worry."

That reservoir of vitality which could always be tapped for emergencies already was giving him new strength.

Dr. Osborne, watching Scott as the somber, strained look dropped from his face and the calm professional mask took its place, he nodded with satisfaction. "Go

THERE was the smell of other in the spotless, white-walled room. Nurses moved swiftly, soundlessly. Grave eyes stared at Scott's hands as he worked.

There was that ugly bit of lead lodged in some far tissue. So close, so perilously close to that throbbing, pulsing oval. One slip of the knife, one fraction of an inch closer as his instrument moved toward the deadly leaden bit, and it would be all over for the slim, blond-haired youngster whose life had been entrusted to Scott's hands.

Strange, that one could go about such business with unemotional detachment. Scott felt the tension lift. It was that psychological moment when the worst of a critical operation is over.

The rest was simply a matter of tying up the job, retracting steps with sure, steady fingers. It had been a long time, but it seemed only a matter of seconds now. They were wheeling the little chap away. The boy was going to be all right.

Scott was, all at once, the center of a group, talking in the vibrant, but muted tones doctors use in an operating room. "It was a beautiful job, Stanley."

"One of the prettiest pieces of work I've ever seen."

Voices all around. Congratulating him. The admiring eyes of nurses, paying silent tribute to professional skill.

And then the deep voice of Dr. Osborne: "I had to slip in on this, Scott. You measured up. Somehow I knew you'd turn the trick."

And now the drama was over, and the deadly weariness was stealing over him again. Scott was tired. He must get back home and rest. To his empty lonely home. The boy in the white hospital bed was going to live. But Dana had gone.

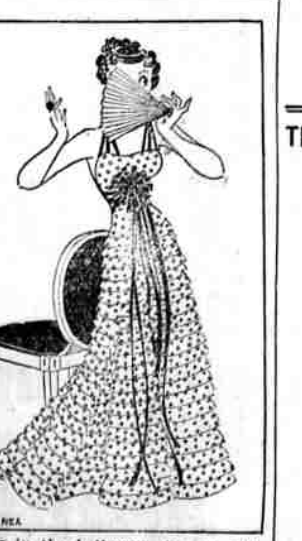
(To Be Continued)

'Terrible Touhy' Terror No More



A palsied wreck, cowering handcuffed to his chair after arrest in Chicago, "Terrible Tommy" Touhy little resembled the desperado who led a gang that terrorized the Midwest and boasted that he carried a vial of nitroglycerin to use if cornered by the law. Touhy, seized in his bed, faces federal charges of mail robbery.

Flapper Fanny Says



As in the ballroom the coy girl peers from behind a fan at the ball game.

OUT OUR WAY



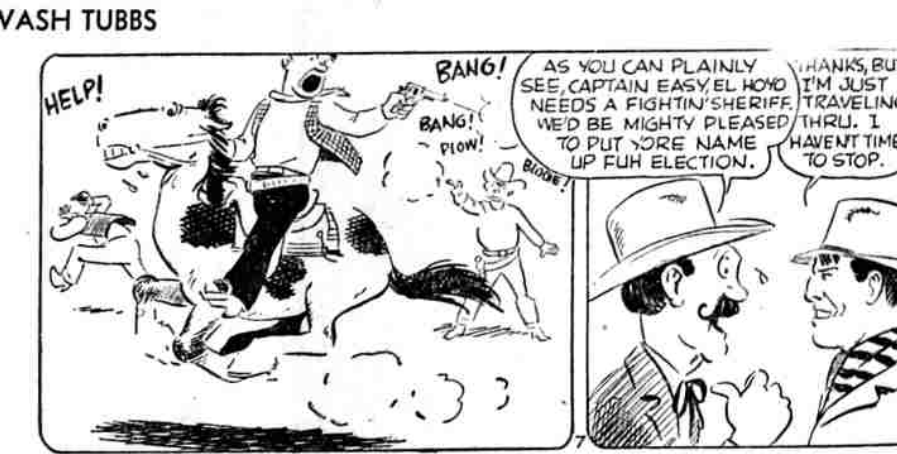
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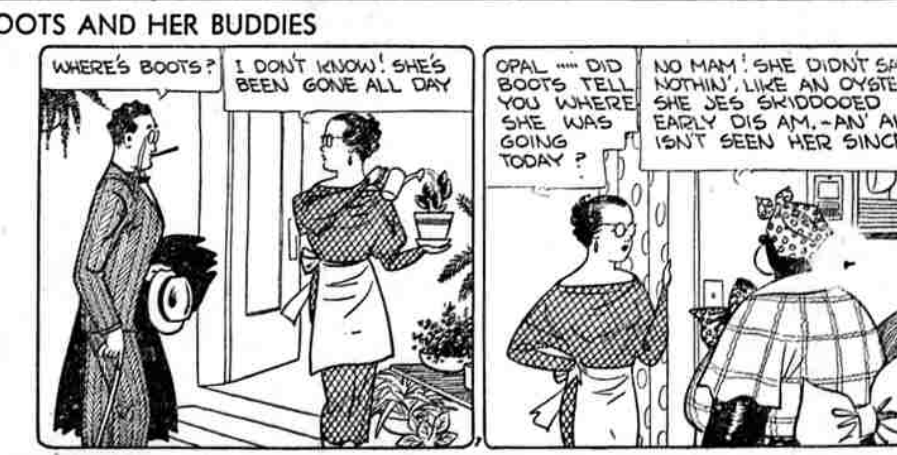
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY J. R. WILLIAMS

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