

With All My Love

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Against the wishes of her grandmother, aristocratic Miss WILLARD, DANA WESTBROOK married DR. SCOTT STANLEY, struggling young physician.

Before her marriage she had broken with wealthy DONALD HUGHES, a playboy, and a NANCY, in love with Ronald, but since her marriage, knowing he loves Dana.

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

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

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

One stormy night Paula's housekeeper calls Scott, telling him Paula is ill. Scott goes to see her and stays away all night. Dana, not knowing Paula had attempted suicide, goes to her grandmother's. Mrs. Cameron determines to do all she can to make the marriage permanent.

Next day Scott is called upon to perform a dangerous operation. He returns home with a heavy heart, realizing Dana is not there to share his triumph.

YOU GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXIV

DANA was sure her heart had died that night Scott had gone to Paula's home and stayed there while she counted minutes by its heavy beating. Counted minutes that lengthened to hours.

At four she had got up and dressed. Then she called a taxi and gave the driver her grandmother's address.

Yes, her heart had died when Scott had faunted his infatuation for Paula, leaving her alone that stormy night. Her heart had not come alive since; a month had passed and Scott had neither called her or tried to see her.

Lawyers might term what she had done "desertion," but Dana never doubted that Scott knew she had left him because he had stayed at Paula's all night. Any woman who had any self-respect would have done the same thing. And if Scott had had any explanation to offer he would have pleaded with her to come back to him. He hadn't—which was proof that he didn't want her.

Aunt Ellen entered her niece's room. She said, "My dear, you aren't happy. Isn't there something that can be done about it?"

"No, Aunt Ellen. There was a sob in Dana's voice.

"Let me write to Scott," her aunt pleaded.

"No, no!" Dana's voice rose vehemently. Then she was sobbing in Aunt Ellen's arms. When she was quieter, she poured her troubles into the sympathetic ear. She told things she had vowed she would never tell anyone, but telling them to one who was so dear and understanding and dependable was like whispering them to herself. Dana knew without blinding her to secrecy that Aunt Ellen would never break the confidence.

"It wasn't anything I did," Dana insisted. "I loved Scott so much, and he knew that. I didn't mind doing without all the silly things a lot of girls want. I didn't mind cooking and doing dishes. It was fun. Because, no matter what went wrong, Scott never complained. He didn't expect things. He helped a lot—not putting around but really helping. And he worked so hard at the office—Dana's voice broke.

"Then why," Aunt Ellen asked bewildered, "why did you leave him?"

"It was something outside all that. Something I suppose he couldn't help." Dana's miserable eyes met her aunt's.

"You mean—a woman?" Aunt Ellen could scarcely say the word. It had a fearfully indelicate sound.

"Yes," Dana answered.

"You are sure?" Her aunt's voice was shocked.

"Yes. You see I was a sneak and checked up on him."

"But are you sure?" It was almost impossible for Aunt Ellen to accept this dreadful explanation, remembering the happy faces of her niece and Scott the day they married. Only a year ago—and here was Dana telling her about some other woman.

"And then she went away," Dana whispered. "About three days after—I found out about it she left town. It is all very mysterious. She didn't tell anyone where she was going. Just disappeared, and her apartment was closed. But of course I know who she left. Maybe she thought I'd take the role of an avenging wife. Or maybe she just wanted to get out of town until it all blew over."

Aunt Ellen had decided. "It was that long girl then." She was the one her sister had said Scott should have married in the first place. If he had, this child wouldn't be sitting here looking like a little ghost.

It might have been better for Dana to have pretended she didn't know what was going on. In the old days women pretended they didn't know about their husbands' philanderings. They just acted as though they didn't know and kept on living with their husbands.

But young girls today, with so much fire and spirit, demanded fair play. When they didn't get it they struck back. Dana had struck at Scott and the blow had rebounded, wounding her sorely.

"My dear," Aunt Ellen protested, "you can't go on this way. You've been here a month now and you haven't seen out of the house. Don't you think you could take a walk? Or go to a movie?"

"I couldn't go to a movie," Dana said. "I couldn't stand it." Then as she saw the troubled look on her aunt's face deepen she said gallantly, "But I will go for a walk. I hate to face people though I know it's silly. But it's horrible to feel people are speculating about you, looking at you and wondering and saying 'There's Dana Stanley. Well, she and Scott have hit the rocks already.'"

AUNT ELLEN nodded. "Then, probably will say those things. But you must be brave and face the music. You can't become a recluse because you and Scott couldn't live together. After while people will forget it's good things most of us have such short memories."

Dana said, "It's a nice day."

Flapper Fanny Says



A gift of flowers has caused many a budding romance to bloom.

OUT OUR WAY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



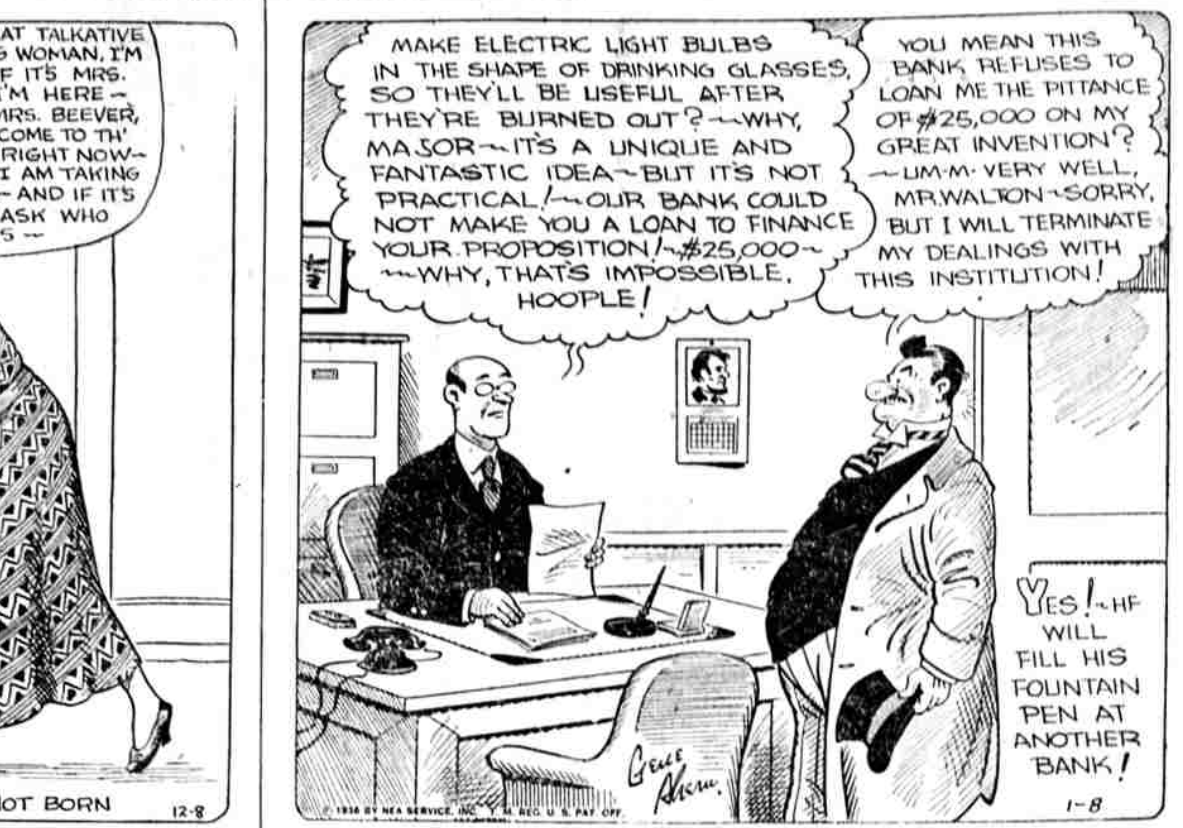
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY HAROLD GRAY



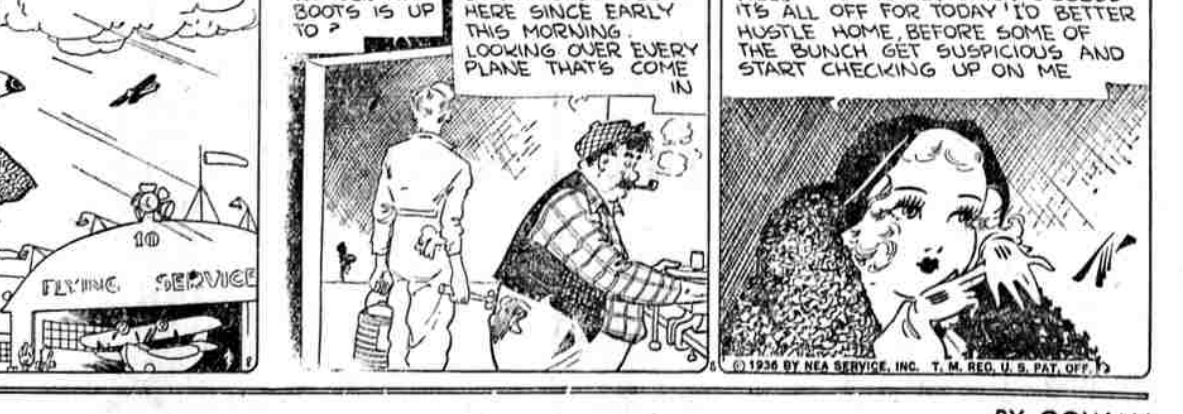
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