

With All My Love

By Mary Raymond Copyright NEA 1938

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Against the wishes of her grandmother, aristocratic Mrs. WILLIAM CAMERON, DANA A WESTBROOK married DR. SCOTT STANLEY, struggling young physician.

Before her marriage, RONALD MOORE had been in love with her. NANCY, Dana's half-sister, loved Ronald, but since her feeling for him was a disloyal attitude, both Mrs. Cameron and PAULA LONG, who has loved Scott for years, hope the marriage will not last.

Dana becomes aware of Paula's infatuation for her husband. After a misunderstanding, she goes to her grandmother's home. Mrs. Cameron decides to do all she can to make the separation permanent.

Ronnie is a comforting friend, but Dana remains disconsolate, believing Scott loves Paula. Scott, meanwhile, is in the sea, but because she was tired of being loved, she left him.

After six months, Dana decides to divorce Scott, believing that is what he wants. She is left with nothing but a small inheritance from her grandmother.

The day of the divorce, the Osbornes plan a yachting party, including Scott. Dana hears of the trip and believes Scott is showing his indifference to their broken marriage.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVIII

LATE summer drifted into early fall. Leaves turned from green to gold, and a brisk wind, rustling with patches of color, fell on Dana's feet.

She heard steps behind her and a deep masculine voice called, "Are you practicing for a sprinting marathon?"

Dana whirled. "Ronnie. Ronnie!"

"The same, in person. What a chase you have led me! Your grandmother said you were on your way to the library, with about a five-minute start. Say—the way you travel! People fall out of their cars watching me being outdistanced by a woman."

Dana said, "Oh, Ronnie, I'm glad you're back!" The words came in a little rush.

"Honestly, Dana? You wouldn't fool me?" Ronnie's hands tightened on hers.

"I wouldn't fool you. Don't ever go chasing off around the world again."

"Never expect to—alone," Ronnie said.

There was something significant in his voice. Something significant, too, in the way he was looking at her, smiling.

She said quickly, "Grace and Bill are having a party out at their lodge on the lake. She heard you were coming today—I don't know how—and asked me if I could invite you to come along."

"I'm invited," Ronnie smiled.

"That is, if you're going. I suppose Grace heard from Paula that you were back. Paula was on the same steamer, and we came from New York on the same train."

"Paula!" Dana's face whitened. She walked on, saying nothing.

"Yes. It wouldn't surprise me if Paula and that Britisher who's been trailing after her wouldn't be at the party. You remember how thick Paula and Grace were before she went away?"

"Yes," Dana said.

"If you'd rather not go—"

Ronnie began.

DANA shook her head. "No, we'll go. How could it matter to me now?" She turned and looked at Ronnie with a queer, detached expression.

"Paula was looking fit," Ronnie said, trying to make his voice sound casual. "This man who is visiting her is a cruise trophy. Rather interesting fellow. He's an explorer who has seen and done about everything, chased bandits in Nicaragua, hunted in Africa, lived among remote Indian tribes. A hard-bitten, restless type."

"An adventurer," Dana said.

"In a way, though I understand there is a bona fide title that he has democratically discarded. Tell me about yourself."

"I've been going places again, lots of places," Dana said. "Doing things."

A car whirled by and Mrs. Weatherly leaned out to bow and smile. "There's Ronnie Moore!" she said to her companion. "Well, now it won't be long, I guess, before Dana Stanley will be Mrs. Millions. Maybe Ronnie would sidestep if he knew how scandalously she's been behaving."

"Scandalously?" the other woman said. "I never heard a word of scandal."

"If it isn't scandalous to turn night into day, to be here, there and everywhere with a flock of men jumping after her like a lot of trained clowns, I don't know what you would call it! But I guess Ronnie will jump higher than any of them."

PAULA and Dana met at the edge of the lake. Paula was in a motorboat that was about to leave the shore. The man with her had blond hair that had been tinged bronze by many suns, and an interesting, weatherbeaten face.

Dana stood for a moment without speaking, watching a lamplight glow leap to Paula's amber eyes. "Lo, Dana!" Paula cried then. "It's grand to see you. Excuse me for not getting out of the boat and properly greeting you, darling."

"Excused," Dana said in an even voice. "How are you, Paula?"

"Never better," Paula said. She turned to her companion. "I am about to introduce you to Dana Stanley with the warning that, to my knowledge, she always gets her man. The best thing Dana does is to straw the local green with discarded hearts. Dana, Cyril Lancaster."

"Do I look like that?" Dana asked Paula's companion.

"Yes," he said, "you do. But I never run from danger."

Paula's expression was none too pleased. Dana saw, as the boat moved away.

Why had Paula invited this Englishman here? Was he to be the lever to pry Scott into a proposal? No, that was absurd. If Scott loved Paula—and of course he did—such tactics would be unnecessary. Cyril Lancaster was probably merely a cruise acquaintance with a flexible itinerary and Paula was carrying on the much-heralded tradition of southern hospitality.

At dinner that night Dana found the Englishman at her side and, almost immediately, he was monopolizing her attention.

"I wouldn't dare suggest fishing at breakfast to Paula," he said. "There isn't a fish in the sea that she would allow to interfere with her beauty sleep. But I think you might enjoy it. Want to come along?"

Dana was about to refuse when she found Paula looking at her coldly, curiously.

Warm color splashed Dana's cheeks like banners of defiance. "I'd love to," she said.

WITH the house wrapped in darkness, Dana came out on the porch in the early hours. She wore white linen slacks, a brown shirt, and carried an enormous sun hat.

Cyril Lancaster gave her an approving nod. "Nice of you not to let me down," he rather counted on you. And so did our host. He ordered breakfast for us, I see."

Shortly afterward they were shoving away from shore.

"There's a theory that fishing is better on the other side of this lake," Dana said.

Lancaster smiled. "The other side of the pasture, you know," he said. "But maybe that's why that bunch of doctors are fishing over there."

"Doctors?" Dana exclaimed.

"Bill Richardson said a group of physicians were on a fishing party at a club directly across from us."

"Oh!" said Dana.

She was being silly. There were doctors—and doctors. "Let's start on this side," she suggested.

"Better have a look at the shore line over there first," the Englishman said. "There may be something back of that theory."

The fog was beginning to lift, and he let the motor out.

Without warning, almost in their path, a dark blur appeared. The motorboat lurched, missed the dark object by inches, spun dizzily for a moment. A hoarse shout followed her.

"All there?" Lancaster asked anxiously.

"I think so," Dana gasped. She was feeling rather shaken. The dark spot had been a boat in their path, a group of early fishermen, doubtless.

"I owe those fellows an apology," said Dana's companion. He turned the boat and started back. In another moment they were close to the other motorboat.

"Hi, there!" called the Englishman cheerfully. "That was a darned fool thing to do, chasing about at such speed on a foggy morning. I almost knocked you chaps for a loop."

"Well, damn you! Don't take any more fool chances with—with that girl aboard!"

Dana caught her breath sharply. Was she never to be able to sub due that unruly heart of hers? She searched the shadowy faces frantically.

Suddenly she and Scott were staring at each other.

(To Be Continued)

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OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

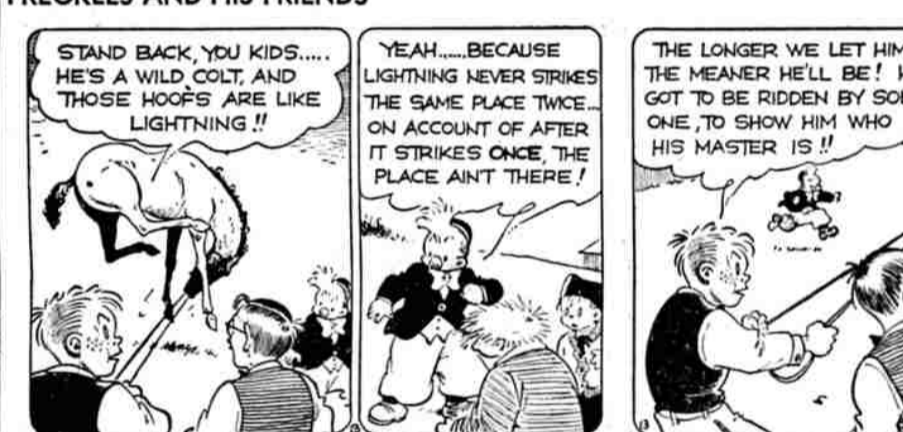


LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



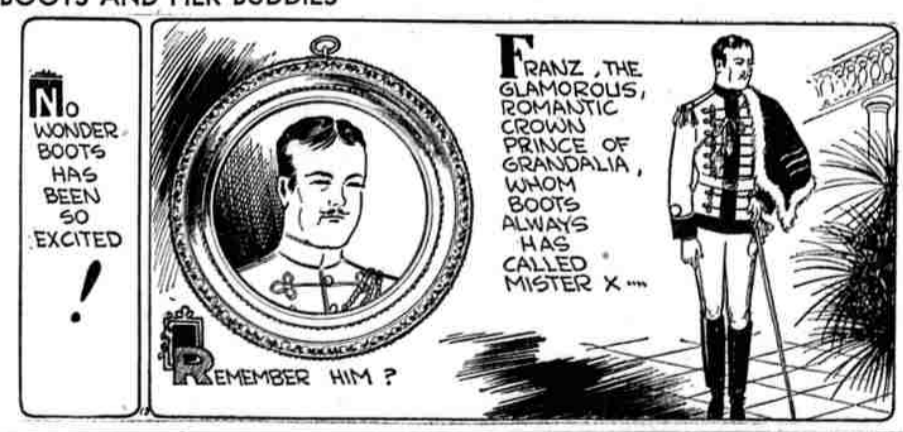
BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



BY COWAN

Christian Science Church

"Sacrament" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, January 12.

The Golden Text was, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16:33).

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon was the following from the Bible: "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body" (Matt. 26:26).

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following correlative passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures", by Mary Baker Eddy: "The true sense is spiritually lost, if the sacrament is confined to the use of bread and wine... Our Eucharist is spiritual communion with the one God, our bread, which cometh down from heaven, is Truth. Our cup is the cross. Our wine the inspiration of Love, the draught our Master drank and commended to his followers... Their bread indeed came down from heaven, it was the great truth of spiritual being, healing the sick and casting out error" (pp. 32, 35, 33).

The London zoo has a "Higon," an animal that had a lioness for a mother and a tiger for a father.

In the nectar which bees gather from flowers is sucrose, the same sugar contained in sugar beets and cane.

Flapper Fanny Says

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