

With All My Love

by Mary Raymond Copyright NEA 1936

DANA HANLEY, divorced from her husband, DR. STANLEY, is making plans to marry RONNIE, a young man who has been in love with her since before her marriage. After Dana leaves her husband, she goes to live with her mother, who is a very kind and understanding woman. Dana's mother is a very kind and understanding woman. Dana's mother is a very kind and understanding woman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XLIV

It was 2:30 p. m. when the telephone rang and the operator's voice announced: "Ready with Dr. Stanley at Easton."

A pause, then Scott's deep voice, "Hello."

"Scott—"

"Hello, there, Dr. Osborne."

Then, quickly, "Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Plenty, I'm afraid, Scott."

"Let's have it, sir."

"Why say your wife's getting married to Ronnie Moore—to-night?"

Silence. Then Scott's voice, hoarse with emotion. "Thanks, sir. I'm coming as fast as I can."

The telephone clicked. Dr. Osborne hung up, smiling a little. A load was off his mind. He had almost made one of the big mistakes of his life. He would have made it if it hadn't been for that timid old lady. But now Scott was coming as fast as he could. That meant he'd be coming more than fast. The new car of Scott's was a traveler! And with good roads all the way, Scott should have time to get home before nightfall, with a good margin to spare.

When Scott spoke in the tone he had just used over the phone, something was bound to happen. It had taken a jolt like this to bring that hard-headed, hard-bitten young realist to his senses, bringing him tearing across the country to put a stop to this fool business.

MEANWHILE Dana continued her preparations in a half daze. There was a sense of unreality about everything. The rain had stopped, but the sky was still dark, and the gloom had penetrated the house, wrapping it in gray shadows.

The silent, flower-filled rooms surely had nothing to do with a happy occasion. Dana could not bear to look into the big front drawing room. Once she had, but had glanced away quickly. The big mantel facing her was like a solemn rebuke.

She and Scott stood in front of it two years ago when they gave their pledges to each other, with a soft glow from tall candles about them. Forever and ever. What a mockery! No body ever married for forever and ever any more.

Nancy was shut up in her room. Aunt Ellen's blue eyes looked as though they were being perpetually washed with tears. It was easy enough to understand why Aunt Ellen looked unhappy. She believed romance had reality, when reality it was only a trap. But why should Nancy who had so much to profit from this marriage withdraw from the plans with such cold hostility?

Her traveling cases were packed. Her traveling outfit was on a hanger. Flat, gloves, the new pocketbook, daintily outfitted, were on the bed.

An orchid shoulder bouquet was in the icebox. A big, beautiful one. But not bigger or more beautiful than the one Scott had sent on that other wedding day. She wished Ronnie had sent something else—anything but orchids. But then she couldn't have known that orchids were going to make her miserable. Aunt Ellen had almost caught her splashing tears all over Ronnie's orchids.

Nancy would probably smile cynically when she pined them on her shoulder.

It was 5 o'clock now. Just 5. The hours seemed leaden. Not even lighted fires, rocklessly blazing all over the house and the prodigal waste of electricity were bringing a cheerful aspect. She would feel differently, if people were chattering all over the place, and if Ronnie were here.

He was so dear and considerate. When she was with him, some of her doubts fell away.

"Dana, dear, Miss Burton has come. Are you ready for the marriage?"

Aunt Ellen opened the door gently and put her gray head in. Then she closed the door behind her quickly. "Dana, you're crying!"

"It's a cold, Aunt Ellen."

"I guess I know tears when I see them." Aunt Ellen answered with surprising spirit. Her own tears fell on Dana's bright hair, as she took her niece in her arms.

"Dana, there's something I want to tell you. I—"

But her words were interrupted. Mrs. Cameron had opened the door. "Dana, here is Miss Burton."

Aunt Ellen had whisked a handkerchief from somewhere and dabbed Dana's cheeks quickly, and then her own.

"So this is the little lady who's getting married?" Miss Burton's eyes were fixed, admirably, on Dana. "Ready, dearie?"

"Yes, I'm ready," Dana answered dutifully.

Miss Burton was fussing busily with her paraphernalia, keeping up a constant stream of conversation that scarcely pricked Dana's abstraction.

"Sorry to be late," Miss Burton said, "but I had a hard customer. She wanted a deep red, and then when it was on, decided she wanted pale pink."

"I suppose you do have some trying people," Dana said.

"Yes, dearie. But Miss Lora was one of the worst I've ever had!"

"Miss—Miss Long? Miss Paul Long?"

"That's right. Do you know her?"

"My, she's nervous and irritable."

Dana's heart was beating wildly. Paula nervous and irritable? People weren't nervous and irritable when they were happy when they were getting along with the man they loved.

"Maybe she was in a terrible rush about something. Going out? Expecting someone?" Dana's probing, questioning words tumbled from her lips.

"Women like that always have some man coming or going."

Dana was silent now. Nothing to gain. No humiliating word. Only surmising from this garrulous person. Why was she questioning her? What difference could anything make now?

With Dana's nails rose-tipped and shining, the manicure-packed her equipment. She remarked as she glanced at her wrist watch that it was 6 o'clock. The time meant nothing to Dana except the mentally registered that Ronnie would arrive in an hour.

It was exactly 6, when an elderly man driving along the highway at a conservative speed witnessed one of the deadly dramas of the road. Two cars traveling at breakneck speed were meeting on a curve. He saw one car turned aside quickly, but not quickly enough. There was the sound of breaking glass and splintering wood.

The elderly man leaped from his car and ran swiftly to the scene.

A few seconds before, Scott had been driving along the smooth highway at 60 miles an hour. Some miles back he had picked up a nail. A man had come along and helped him jounce up the car and change the tire. Scott had fretted fearfully over the loss of those precious minutes.

It was five minutes to six when he got under the wheel, again and set out to recover the lost time.

Less than 20 miles away was his goal—Dana.

Many things had become clear to Scott on that long, desperate drive home. He had seen a stubborn fool, putting pride before his love for his wife.

He had allowed her to walk out of his life weakly, without demanding an explanation. If she married Ronnie, he would have to himself to blame. But she would not marry Ronnie!

He had glanced anxiously at the clock on the dashboard as he rounded a corner. Then the yellow globes of a car had come up in the darkness in front of him like the eyes of a huge wild animal.

In a split second, Scott had thought in a passion of revolt, "I'd have made it if that fool driver had stayed on his side of the road!"

(To Be Continued)

Some People Say

You cannot persuade men in these days to wear colors. In other days they gloried in color, in velvet and lace, and the effects were charming. Modern costumes are not charming—Prof. H. E. Armstrong, London scientist.

The novel and the poem may become extinct in 200 years, 100 years, or in much less time. There always will be books, but perhaps the only books in the future will be reference, scientific and research books.—Hooth Tarkington, novelist.

No one could hate war more than I do... but even with that hatred I was proud of my country when the president... asked congress to declare a state of war.—J. Pierpont Morgan.

Too soft a variety of religion that says everything is going to come out all right for every one is inconsistent. The strong, clever, and adaptable will always be the survivors.—Dr. Arthur H. Compton, physicist.

In these days we are seeing, not a rebirth of material prosperity alone, of greater significance to our national future is that spiritual reawakening, that deeper understanding that has come to our land.—President Roosevelt.

In the face of another general war, neutrality is not something that can be obtained just by wishful thinking.—Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Wisconsin.

Flapper Fanny Says

"When a girl is pruned to the heavens, she becomes mother's little angel."

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"I suppose you do have some trying people," Dana said.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE



LOOKS LIKE A FAMILY FEUD—

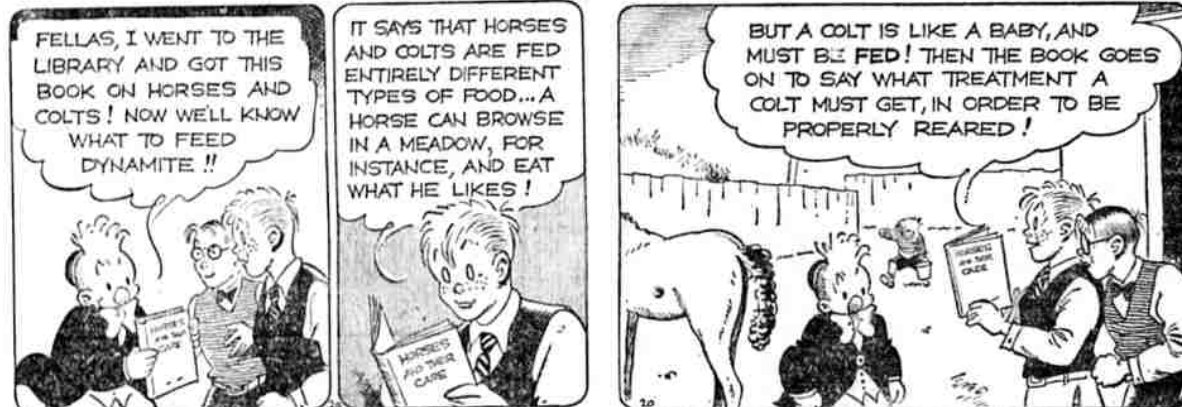
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



PHOOIE! I'VE BEEN A S.A.P.—HERE I'VE BEEN WORKIN' AN' PRAYIN' TO BE A STAR, AND NOW, ALL OF A SUDDEN, I'M TH' BIGGEST STAR IN TH' COUNTRY—



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BUT A COLT IS LIKE A BABY, AND MUST BE FED! THEN THE BOOK GOES ON TO SAY WHAT TREATMENT A COLT MUST GET, IN ORDER TO BE PROPERLY REARED!



WASH TUBBS



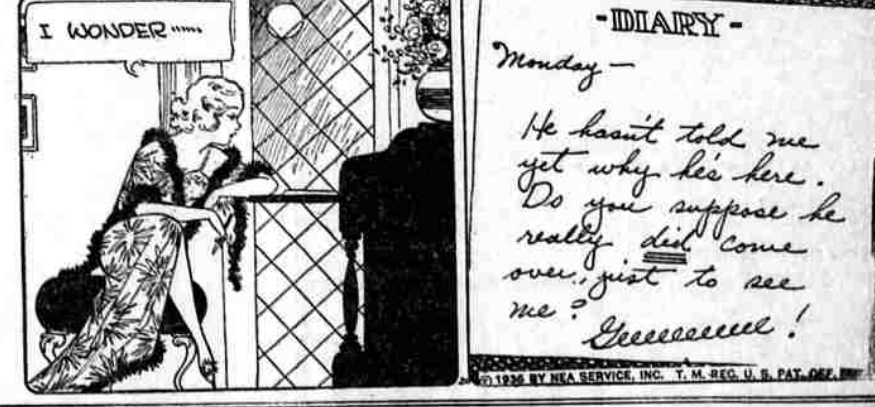
OH, WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER, START THE PARADE. WE'LL ELECT HER, ANYWAY.



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

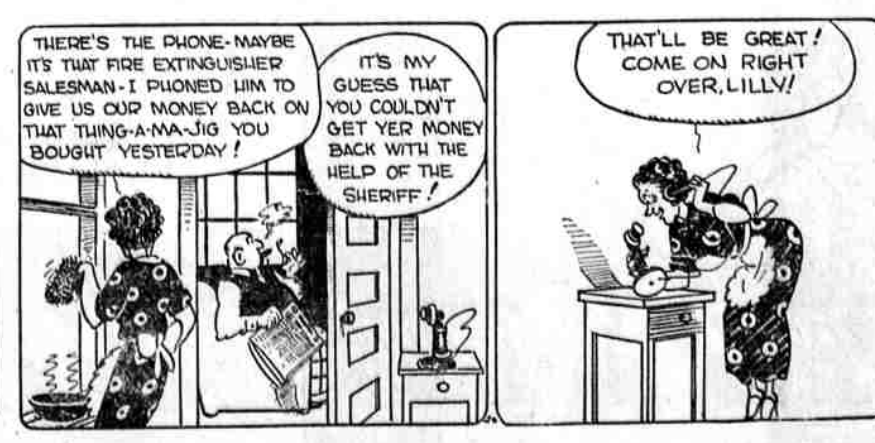


HE SEEMS TO FEAR SOMETHING, OR SOMEBODY! I WONDER WHO OR WHAT, IT COULD BE?



"DIARY—
Monday—
He hasn't told me yet why he's here. Do you suppose he really did come over, just to see me?
Geeeeeessss!

THE NEWFANGLES — MOM'N POP



IT'S MY GUESS THAT YOU COULDN'T GET YER MONEY BACK WITH THE HELP OF THE SHERIFF!

THAT'LL BE GREAT! COME ON RIGHT OVER, LILLY!



YEAH! BUT SUPPOSIN' THEY DONT TAKE US OUT!