With All My Love

by Mary Raymond

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

DANA STANLEY divorced from her husband, DR. SCOTT STANLEY, is making plans to marry rich RONALD MOORE who has been in love with her several years.

Dana and Jeff are husband, believing him in love with PAULA LONG. Scott believes Dana left him because he was poor.

After the separation he becomes a partner of the town's outstanding physician DR. OSBORNE.

NANCY Dana's half-sister loves Ronnie but has always concealed her feeling from him. To disguise she tells him Dana still loves Scott. Ronnie refuses to believe her.

With no fears as her plans, Dana goes ahead with her preparations to marry Ronnie. AUNT ELLEN Dana's romantic great aunt goes to DR. OSBORNE and tells him Dana and Ronnie plan to marry that night. Dr. Osborne telephones Scott who is out of the city.

Driving at breakneck speed, Scott's car crashes with another car.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XLV

THE middle-aged man dreaded reaching the wreckage a few yards away. There would probably be little he could do.

But he saw as he came closer that the driver had used his head at the fatal moment. He had turned his car so that the engine of the other automobile had struck the side and not the front. This chap he saw too had escaped in some almost miraculous fashion and was lifting the driver of the outbound car from the tangled mass.

The middle-aged man said, "That was a sorry smash. You're lucky is that poor chap dead?"

"No," Scott said, "he's badly hurt. But he isn't dead. Thank God."

"We'd better get him to a doctor at once," the stranger said.

"I'm a doctor," Scott replied. "A hospital is what we need. I'm going to take time to bandage a gash in his head. If a surgical case I have isn't smashed to bits."

The stranger stooped and held the unconscious man's head while Scott explored the back of his wrecked car. The case was located in the tangled mass, and Scott bandaged the ugly cut quickly.

"The best thing," Scott said straightening, "is to phone from the first house and have an ambulance come out and meet us."

They lifted the unconscious youth into the stranger's car and started on. Scott supporting the boy in his arms. If the kid died, he would never forgive himself. The boy had been on the wrong side of the road, driving with the recklessness, the cocksureness of careless youth. But it took two to make an accident. He, himself, had taken a dozen risks since he left Easton. He had let his car out to 70 a number of times, holding it around 65 generally.

THE thought of Dana was like a sharp, stabbing pain. Now he could not go to her as he had planned. He must take the boy straight to an emergency room, determine the extent of his injuries and get to work.

A thought came like a reprieve from sentence. Any of his friends would be glad to help him. Some of them would be making casual rounds, and any one of them would drive out and bring Dana to him.

He knew, with a sense of deep conviction, that if he asked her to come, nothing could keep her away.

They were driving steadily and fairly fast. But not fast enough for Scott. Minutes in a case like this counted. He wanted to change places with the conservative, middle-aged driver. This time, with all his faculties alert and sharpened by the experience just past, there would be no danger in traveling fast.

Blood had soaked through the bandage on the boy's head and was staining Scott's coat. There was so much blood on his own clothing it would be hard for an ordinary observer to tell which of the two was most hurt.

They had reached a lighted house. Scott was praying there would be a telephone. He could hear his companion pounding on the door. Then the door swung wide and a flood of light poured through.

"An ambulance is starting to meet us," the middle-aged man reported when he returned.

"What time have you?" Scott asked.

"Six-thirty. I figure you'll be at the hospital at least by seven."

The number had a dark sound to Scott.

Dr. Osborne had not specified any particular time. He had said Dana and Ronnie were to be married tonight. That could mean they had set 8 o'clock as the hour. It could mean seven.

* * *

IT was 10 minutes to seven when Dr. Harvey Robertson stopped in amazement, staring at a blood-stained, haggard, wild-eyed man who had come in through the emergency entrance.

"Scott!" he cried. "My God! you've been in an accident."

Scott nodded. "I'm all right. The boy who is really hurt is being brought in on a stretcher. He's had a nasty blow on the head. I've got to get up to the dressing room to get into some linen—"

"You can't mean you're going to handle this case. Man alive, you are in no shape—I'd be glad to take it over for you. Or maybe there's someone else—"

Scott broke in grimly. "Thanks but this is my job. I'm going to put something more into pulling this boy through than a man ordinarily gives to a case. And I'm risking something more precious to me than my life to do it. Harvey I need help—"

"You know I'll be glad to do what I can."

"Get into your car and drive like the devil to the Cameron home at 1800 Magnolia and bring my wife back with you!"

"Bring —" Dr. Robertson's mouth flew open.

"Bring her back with you. Tell her I was coming for her when this accident happened. You'll get off right away won't you? I can't explain but it's a case of every minute counting."

Dr. Robertson stammered, "Of course — right off."

He got his hat and went out to the court in the rear of the building to get his car. Two of his colleagues Dr. Charles Warwick and Dr. Phillip Stern were coming in together. They stopped and spoke to him.

"Your busy day over, Robertson?" Dr. Warwick asked.

"No."

He didn't relish his mission and some of his distaste was in his voice. "I made a promise to look after something for Stanley. He's all cut up over something. He's brought in an accident case. I figure he figured in it, some way."

"Probably been drinking," said Dr. Stern. "Suppose you've heard his divorced wife is getting married tonight."

"Good heavens no!"

"What was it Stanley wanted you to do?" Dr. Stern asked.

"Nothing of any importance." Dr. Robertson answered. "Just a small errand. Well, good night."

* * *

HE went toward his car, waited until the two men had entered the hospital and then slowly retraced his steps.

It was a good thing he had bumped into the two men. It was queer he hadn't suspected Scott was drinking. And here he had been planning to rumor a man who probably didn't realize what a crazy request he was making.

It would have been a pretty come-off if he had walked into the wedding and demanded the bride to accompany him to meet her former husband.

It would have been something he would never have lived down.

He got off on the fourth floor. Miss Hazelton Stanley's anesthetist was hurrying along the corridor. That meant he was going to operate. You had to admire him for character and cool nerve. Feeling responsible in some way for the smash up and determined to put the boy together again.

Miss Reid, floor supervisor looked up when he passed her desk and spoke.

"The automobile accident case—pretty serious?" He asked.

"Rather, doctor. Intracranial hemorrhage. But he'll have a fine chance. Dr. Stanley's operating."

Dr. Robertson walked on. The hospital staff certainly had confidence in Stanley. Well, he was a mighty keen young surgeon. And after awhile he was going to come out of that operating room and he'd have to tell him something.

He would say something important had come up preventing him from going on Scott's mission. A man had his own professional standing to consider. And it was easy enough to make mistakes. It would be a mistake to antagonize Ronnie Moore.

He was feeling uncomfortable for some reason. It was a feeling that surely had no logic connected with it. But he was worried, logic or not.

Scott's face kept coming before him. There had been something haunted, trapped about it.

(To Be Continued)

P.-T. A. Notes

December meeting of the Modoc P.-T. A. consisted of songs, readings and local speaking. Mrs. W. E. Lamm, president, was accompanyist. Refreshments were served by the committee in charge.

Modoc P.-T. A.: A business meeting was held January 9. A program was given by pupils of the school.

Plans for holding a social evening once a month were discussed and it was decided to hold a dance Friday evening, January 24.

Refreshments were served after the meeting by Mrs. Bert Bickers, chairman. Assisting were Mrs. Calvin Nelson, Mrs. William Helm, Mrs. Glenn Hetherington.

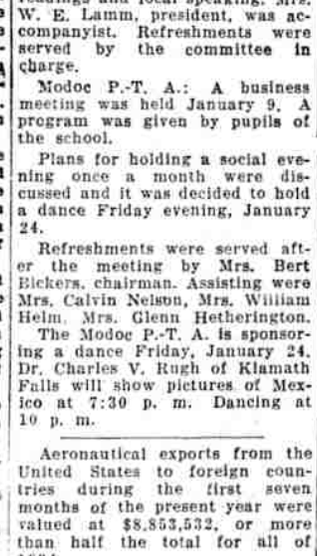
The Modoc P.-T. A. is sponsoring a dance Friday, January 24. Dr. Charles V. Rugh of Klamath Falls will show pictures of Mexico at 7:30 p. m. Dancing at 10 p. m.

Aeronautical exports from the United States to foreign countries during the first seven months of the present year were valued at $8,853,532, or more than half the total for all of 1934.

There are more than 4,400,000 prints in the fingerprint files of the Bureau of Investigation of the United States. This is said to be the most complete collection in the world.

Los Angeles county, Calif., holds first place as producer of airplanes, having 11 plants engaged in manufacture of aircraft and aircraft engines.

Flapper Fanny Says



The vain girl raises her glass to drink in her own beauty.

OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — BY AHERN

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