

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 her plans to marry rich, HOVARD MOORE, KANSAS. Dana's half-sister is to love with Ronnie.

Dana had left her husband, leaving her to be married to HOVARD MOORE. Dana's half-sister is to love with Ronnie.

Dr. Deborah says that Dana and Ronnie are to be married and telephone Scott who is out of the city.

Driving at breakneck speed, Scott's car crashed into another car. He is not injured but he takes the injured woman to the hospital. He is the only one to survive. He is the only one to survive.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLVI

"HANG IT ALL!" Dr. Deborah thought. "Why didn't I think of the telephone before?" He stepped inside a booth and dialed the Cameron number.

The telephone shattered the stillness at the Cameron home. Nancy heard it ringing. Why didn't she answer? It would be Ronnie calling to say he was coming for her. Nancy finally decided that since she did not intend to need the call, she stepped into the hall and lifted the receiver from the hook. Some man, not Ronnie, was asking for Dana.

"Just a moment please," Nancy said.

With her hand over the mouthpiece, Nancy called: "It's for you, Dana."

"Please take the message," Dana said from the door, where she was securing the fastenings of her dress.

Nancy said "Hello," again and then there was a long silence. Then Nancy faltered, "Of course."

A queer uneasiness came over Dana.

"Nancy," she said, "something has happened. Tell me please. Oh Nancy, please, is it Scott?"

"Yes," Nancy said, "there's been an accident. It was St. Armand's hospital calling."

Dana's face had been drained of color, her lips twitched. Her eyes held a pitiful horror. "The key to the car," she whispered.

"In the bowl on the hall table," Nancy said.

A moment later Dana brushed by her. She was bareheaded, with her coat on her arm.

Nancy stood still. She could hear the car being backed down the drive.

She thought of Dana's colorless face. Her own face was white with excitement. She had not told Dana everything, that Scott was all right. The doctor had explained that Scott was operating on somebody who had been hurt in the accident.

"Perhaps I should have told her. She would have gone through, anyway," Nancy thought.

And Ronnie was coming. He was due any minute now. There was his ring.

NANCY was trembling. What could she tell him? But somebody had to tell him something! Her grandmother called. "It must be Ronnie. It's time for him, Nancy, tell him to go to the door!"

That new cook is so crude. Will you entertain him a few minutes, until—

"Yes, Grandmother," Nancy answered mechanically.

She opened the front door, and Ronnie came in. Ronnie, Nancy saw, was looking sober, as though he had already learned that he had been deserted "at the altar" as old-fashioned love stories always put it.

"Hello, Nancy," Ronnie spoke awkwardly. He glanced about the flower-filled hall. "Looks as though somebody bought out a floral shop."

"They came from everywhere," Nancy said in a low, uncertain voice. "I'm afraid it's not a secret—about you and Dana."

"I'm afraid not," Ronnie conceded, quietly, his eyes on a basket filled with glowing roses.

Nancy said desperately, "Ronnie, I've something there's something I must tell you."

"Go ahead, Nancy," Ronnie said. "Out with it!"

"Oh, I can't, Ronnie. It's too terrible."

"Never mind, then," Ronnie's voice was calm. "I think I can guess. Dana doesn't want to go through with it."

"She was dressing," Nancy spoke in a low tone. And then someone called from the hospital. Scott had been in an accident."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Is he hurt much?"

"No. It was the other man."

"Oh," Ronnie said, repeating tonelessly, "the other man."

NOW was her opportunity. Nancy knew she should tell Ronnie that Dana didn't know it was the other man who had been hurt. But Dana had been frantic believing Scott had been injured. And that she had let Dana go with that agony of fear in her heart.

But if she were courageous enough to tell him, Ronnie would be sure to miss the important fact—that Dana had gone because it was Scott she loved. No words came from Nancy's still lips.

"That's me out," Ronnie said. Nancy thought Ronnie was being brave. Ronnie is being awfully brave. You would think he would storm and look crushed and hopeless. Or humiliated at any rate."

Ronnie walked toward the door slowly. Very slowly. Nancy couldn't bear to see him go. If there were only something she could say to cheer him up. Maybe he would tell him up a bit to know the truth about Dana running off so without leaving even a message for him. Surely she should tell him. But no words came.

Ronnie turned then, looked at Nancy and came back-taking both of her hands. "If you had been ditched by a girl an hour or so before you were to marry her, what would you do?" he asked in a tense tone.

"Marry another girl, I guess," Nancy said.

"That's what I've been thinking," Ronnie said.

"You were?" Nancy's voice was breathless.

"Yes, only I don't know any girl who would marry me right off."

Anybody would, Nancy said. Ronnie smiled a little. But he didn't know anyone who would. His hands tightened on hers. There was a strange intensity in his voice.

"There's me!" Nancy cried.

And then a wave of color washed over her face. If her hands had been free, she would have covered her face in an agony of shame. She had proposed to Ronnie. Threw a herself right at his head. And now he would turn her down coldly and firmly and she would never hold up her head in life again.

Ronnie was saying in a queer voice. "That's a mighty big idea. Nan. It's generous of you to try to save my face. Your idea is that tomorrow when Dana is back with Scott and you and I are married, nobody will know what it was. They won't be able to make up their minds whether it was Dana ditched me or whether I fell in love with you and ditched Dana. The honors will be shared evenly divided. That's what you were thinking, is that?"

Nancy didn't reply for a moment. Ronnie had it all figured out this way. Maybe it would be best to let him believe it. Then it didn't want to go ahead. He wouldn't feel so embarrassed about saying so.

"Don't think you have to marry me, Ronnie. Just because I suggest it."

Ronnie spoke almost cheerfully. "I'm going to take you up on it, Nancy. Can you leave at once? Perhaps you could take along some of Dana's clothes. Hurry will you? I'm afraid we may have a hard time selling the idea to your grand mother."

Nancy ran up the stairs. This was a dream. A foolish dream. It couldn't be possible that Ronnie was willing to marry her. Even though he was only marrying her to escape humiliation. It was still wonderful.

It might be weak and cheap to do this. But when the desire of your heart was offered you, it wouldn't be human not to accept it.

Nancy found the traveling cases neatly packed, closed. Dana's new hat was on the bed and her new coat on a hanger. Dana had worn her old coat. Somehow, Nancy felt that had been intentional. Dana hadn't wanted to go to Scott in clothes bought for her marriage to another man.

With trembling fingers, Nancy put on the smart, small hat, slipped into the coat and quickly made up her face.

She was going to be married. In clothes that didn't belong to her. To a man who had believed until 10 minutes ago that he was marrying her sister. But nothing mattered. Her heart was leaping wildly, happily. Somehow, the lucky star that had been so far away at her life was hovering over her to night.

(To Be Continued)

DORRIS ITEMS

DORRIS, Cal.—Tom Samuels nearly chopped his finger off with an axe and Dr. Gray sewed it on again.

Jack O'Kane, S. P. signal maintainer of Mt. Hebron, is in the S. P. hospital in San Francisco.

Mrs. Ella B. Silvers is in San Francisco visiting.

Enack Israelson with his mother, Mrs. Neils Israelson, and Chester Chaster, a brother-in-law, left Wednesday for the Bay cities for a visit and will bring Mrs. Enack Israelson home.

The Dorris box factory has lengthened the number of hours of each shift. The ten-hour shifts went into effect Monday morning, January 13.

Hebert Allen Jameson, three-months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Jameson of Tennant, passed away at the Weed hospital Tuesday, January 14, after having been at the hospital nine days suffering from pneumonia. The baby was born in Dorris, October 20, 1935. Interment was made in the Weed cemetery Thursday afternoon.

At the regular meeting of the Dorris Township club Tuesday night, the following officers were elected: president, W. J. Evans; vice-president, Ale Skoog; treasurer, S. F. Warren; secretary, Grace Mitchell.

Delegate to Roseville, January 26, W. J. Evans.

A card party preceded the meeting and the high prize was awarded to Mrs. Bertha Kaudy, while the men's high was awarded to Arvid Linholm. The prizes went to Mrs. J. Carr and R. Wallis.

Flapper Fanny Says



OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



THE UNEXPECTED



JAKE HOOPLE, THE BENT TWIG OF THE FAMILY TREE

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

