

With All My Love

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
DANA STANLEY, divorced from her husband, DIL SCOTT STANLEY, is making plans to marry rich RONALD MOORE. NANCY, Dana's half-sister, has loved Dana hopelessly for years.
Dana had left her husband, believing he loved her. A LUG, Scott thinks Dana was tired of being poor.
He becomes a partner of the town's outstanding physician, DR. OSBORNE.
Dr. Osborne hears that Dana and Ronnie are to be married. He telephones Scott, who is out of the city.
Racing home to prevent the marriage, Scott's car crashes with another car that had taken a turn on the wrong side of the road.
The injured occupant of the other car is the city and grimly prepares to operate. He deals with a fellow physician to bring Dana to the hospital.
Dana hears of the accident and rushes to Scott, leaving Nancy to break the news to Dana. Dana makes Nancy to run away and marry him, and she agrees.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XLVII

THE roar of Ronnie's car brought Mrs. Cameron to the hall. A silent hall, heavy with the fragrance of flowers. "Ellen," she called, "look in the girls' rooms and tell me what you find."
Aunt Ellen, dressed in soft gray, which was reserved for state occasions, obeyed. Her voice quavered. "They're pretty much tumbled."
"Yes, I expected that! What are the girls doing?"
"They're not here, Agatha. Has Ronnie come?" Aunt Ellen hoped the guilt in her heart would not sound in her voice.
"He's come and gone," Mrs. Cameron said. "So far as I can see both girls are gone, too. You might as well come down. I have an idea we're going to eat dinner alone."

Aunt Ellen suspected so, too. She had heard the telephone earlier in the evening, and she had felt fairly certain that it was Scott calling. Then the voices of Dana and Nancy had reached her. She couldn't hear what they were saying until just at the last Dana's excited voice had risen—asking about the car key.
Hurrying steps and then the front door closing.
Dana had gone. She had expected her to go, but in a different way. She had pictured Scott coming and carrying her off, gallantly and daintily. But modern young people avoided embarrassment and trouble. If he had phoned Dana to meet him somewhere, that was doubtless the best way.
But what was Nancy doing? Had she and Ronnie gone chasing after the runaway Dana and Scott?

AUNT ELLEN'S blue eyes held an excited sparkle. Absently she dipped a powder puff into a box of scented rice powder and dusted her face.
Two very much dressed-up old ladies faced each other across a table centered by a bowl of yellow roses.
Anyway, Aunt Ellen was thinking, as she cut into her broiled chicken, it was nice to have the table look as pretty as this; the silver so bright and shining and the best damask on.
At least she was going to enjoy this good dinner and then perhaps she would clear her conscience.

Dinner over, Aunt Ellen prepared to unbuckle. "Agatha," she said solemnly, "I'm going to tell you something that will shock and hurt you. Dana's not off getting married to Ronnie."

"It wouldn't surprise me a bit, if she isn't," Mrs. Cameron said, her voice unexpectedly calm. "Some strange things have been going on in this house lately. All because Scott Stanley is the kind to jump walls. He never stays put."

Aunt Ellen swallowed hard, but said nothing.
"It was strange when you got up enough courage to leave the house today and let Scott know Dana was getting married."

"Agatha," Aunt Ellen stammered, her face crimson, "Agatha, I—"
"Yes, I know," Mrs. Cameron's eyes glinted with amusement. "You were sure Dana was going to ruin her life. So you took things into your timid hands and went out to warn Scott."

"Agatha!"
Mrs. Cameron raised her hand imperiously. "The strangest thing of all is that you didn't take things into your hands, as you supposed. You never would have gone, but you were sent off, Ellen, by another woman as romantic as yourself—a woman, heaven help me, who waited until she was 70 years old before she got romantic about anything!"

"Agatha, you knew? You don't care. You wanted me to go!"
"I do care. I'm a saddened old woman who has seen her hopes smashed and whose heart is troubled. But I'm human. I couldn't see my own flesh and blood suffer again. When I saw that silly grandchild of mine wasting away as her mother had done, grieving her life away—there wasn't anything else to do."

"So you said to me," Aunt Ellen mused, and then stopped.
"I said you should know a woman didn't love one man all the rest of her life. Because that's what Dana's mother did, what you did. It runs in the Cameron blood to be like that. And I didn't want another wrecked life on my conscience. I watched you leave the house from the window, Ellen. If you hadn't gone, I'd have gone myself."

AFTER a moment Mrs. Cameron chuckled a little. "And you thought you were fooling me!"
Aunt Ellen was smiling, though her voice had the sound of tears in it: "Well, well, Agatha, you do surprise me!"
"Surprise myself. Just an old fool in her dotage; having softening of the heart along with softening of the brain."
"Don't worry about me," Aunt Ellen said softly. "You and I have been happy together. And anyway, things are meant to be the way they are, I think."
The doorbell rang. Both old ladies started nervously.
The new maid came in holding a telegram in her hand.
"You open it, Ellen," Mrs. Cameron said. "I can't. I have an idea it's an impudent message from

No Romances



Wedding bells for Anne Shirley, youthful red-haired film actress, will not ring for at least five years. At her own request her contract with a major studio stipulates that Anne cannot marry during the five-year period it covers.

Flapper Fanny Says



A bank of snow is a deposit of liabilities.

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

BY BLOSSER

BY CRANE

BY MARTIN

BY COWAN