

# With All My Love

by Mary Raymond  
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## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE (Con.)

Paula came into the room almost immediately. She wore a loose white satin robe, and her red hair was tumbled about her thin face, carelessly, but not unbecomingly.

She sat down in a chair across from Scott. Her melancholy eyes, lighted by some strange fire, were fixed on him.

Any suspicion Scott might have had that Paula had staged illness to bring him here, were gone. Paula's face was entirely without color. New lines, from suffering, were etched sharply about her mouth and eyes.

SCOTT said in a low voice, his eyes on the queer pricks of light in the somber pools that were Paula's eyes: "Paula, I know. It's ghastly, the trap you've gotten yourself into. Whoever started you on this road should be hung, but that doesn't help you any. You've a fight on your hands, but you'll get through it. You'll have to go away at once and be treated intelligently."

Paula said in a mechanical voice, forming the words as though she were talking in a dream. "By helping me, Scott, you mean getting rid of—" She didn't finish the sentence, continuing to stare at him vacantly.

"Yes, that's what I mean," Scott replied.

"You don't mean anything else, Scott? Yet you know how I feel toward you—" Her voice broke and she shuddered violently. Then she went on, "That's been a fight, too, Scott. It's been torture, feeling your indifference, knowing you had nothing in your heart for me. Seeing you slip away—utterly."

Scott's face was red. It was embarrassing to have a woman open her heart before you like that. To see her whole heart revealed in this naked fashion.

"Believe me, I'm sorry. Sorrier than I can tell you, Paula," he stammered.

"I've tried to stop caring," Paula whispered. "All this summer, when I'd meet some new man I'd say, 'He's really nicer than Scott.' I tried hard."

"Paula, you mustn't let yourself go like this. You're ill. All this will pass when you are well again."

Her eyes concentrated on him queerly. He wanted to get away, yet, in decency, he couldn't pull out at this moment.

Paula was apparently trying to get herself together. She laughed a little, but it was a laugh that sounded harsh in the silent room.

"I know, you are right, Scott. I must go away—far away. Where do you think I should go?"

Scott breathed easier. He said, "As far as treatment goes, you could get the same help here, but it would be almost impossible to keep your friends from finding out."

"No," Paula's voice was almost a whisper. "I want to go a long way off."

Scott said, "I'll let you know tomorrow. I want to think about it and decide on the best place for you."

Paula rose and Scott got to his feet also.

Paul said, "Wait a moment, Scott. Let me fix you a highball. We'll drink to victory—my victory!"

Without waiting for a reply, she walked swiftly toward the dining room. In a moment she returned

with a tray on which two small glasses sparkled invitingly.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

SCOTT lifted his glass from the tray. Paula was showing herself to be game, all right. She hadn't whimpered or made a plea for sympathy when he told her he knew the truth.

Then, like a flash, came the premonition. Was she, though? Could you trust an emotional woman in a state like this?

It may have been Paula's expression that warned him. There was a glow of triumph and tragedy in

her eyes. Scott dashed his glass and its contents to the floor. As quickly, Paula put her lips to her own glass, but Scott's hand shot out, knocking it aside. Paula crumpled, sobbing. They were jerking sobs that sounded horrible and pitiful.

Scott lifted her and called to Charlotte loudly. Together they worked swiftly. He was fairly certain that Paula had not swallowed any of the poisoned drink, but he could not take chances. They worked over her exactly as though she had taken a fatal quantity.

An hour later Scott talked frankly with Charlotte. There had been no need for explanations. Charlotte's horrified glance at the broken glasses and trail of liquor on the floor had told her the story.

It was Charlotte who located the poison tablets and dropped them into the fire, while Scott watched gravely.

Quicker by a sleeping powder, Paula at last dropped into sleep. Her face was pale on the pillow. A thin hand gripped the dainty lace coverlet convulsively.

Scott stayed quietly watching as she slept, waiting for any unnatural reaction. Across from him sat Charlotte, her eyes scarcely moving from Paula's face.

Scott said in a low tone, "I can trust you, Charlotte. No one must know of this—or the other. Soon we'll get Miss Paula away where she can be treated and cured."

"You can trust me, Dr. Scott," the housekeeper said. "She's like my own. You know I've been with her since she was 12 years old."

Scott remembered. He was thinking that Paula had never known real home life. Charlotte had been the maid of Paula's frivolous young mother, and had assumed full charge when the young mother died. Paula's father was somewhere, but he had been divorced by Paula's mother and remarried before her death. Paula's money had been inherited from her mother.

Poor Paula, Scott thought, compassionately, stretching out for happiness with her eager, restless hands. When it eluded her, she

had tried to smash things for both of them.

He was as certain as though he had analyzed the drink Paula had handed him that it also had contained poison. But he felt only pity for the distraught creature lying motionless on the bed, as though she were in that deep sleep of complete forgetfulness for which she had longed.

At dawn a nurse arrived to take charge. She, of course, must know of her patient's attempt at suicide to be on guard.

She would know the rest, without being told as soon as she had been on the case a few hours. But Miss Maddox was trustworthy, one of that gallant army in whom so many tragic truths are safely buried.

SCOTT let himself into the apartment and looked around. The place had a solemn air. Must be his own state of mind, he told himself. It was natural to feel that way after such an ordeal as he had been through.

He switched on a light in the bedroom and the tumbled, empty bed met his eyes. There was a note pinned to the pillow, with Dana's name affixed in a shaky scrawl.

Scott read the note, smiling grimly over its childish sound: "I'm going to Grandmother's to stay, Scott. I'm going while I can leave with some dignity. Please don't ask me to come back. I don't want to—ever. Dana."

His first wild impulse was to get Dana on the telephone to tell her what a darn little fool she was. And then get a cab and fetch her home immediately.

But it was 5 o'clock now. There'd probably be a commotion. Dana's grandmother was a Tartar, if he had ever seen one. No, it would be best to wait until Dana had calmed down. After some sleep, she would be sorry and probably call to apologize. She owed him an apology for her lack of faith and her attitude, which was certainly poor sportsmanship. She couldn't have known where he had gone. Even if she had suspected, she might have given him the benefit of doubt and waited for his story.

Gradually Scott worked himself into a rage. Dana had been fearfully unjust, she had been a poor sport, but he loved her. He loved her terribly. And he'd forgive her tomorrow.

She would be awfully sorry that she had failed him when she thought things over. Dashing back to her grandmother's the first time she got really angry with him.

In spite of these thoughts Scott was wretchedly unhappy. It was not until the light was streaming broadly into the room through the windows that he fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

Dana's grandmother had answered the doorbell. In the early morning shadows a taxi bulked. A taxi driver stood holding a suitcase. Dana's stricken eyes were lifted to Mrs. Cameron's.

"Here, I'll take that suitcase," Mrs. Cameron said, assuming charge. "Have you taxi money, child?"

"Yes, of course," Dana said. She paid the driver and he was off in the gloom.

"I've come to stay Grandmother," Dana said simply.

"Yes, I knew that." She scrutinized Dana keenly, noting her eyes, shadowed from fatigue and redeemed from weeping.

"Don't ask me why," Dana said, "because I won't tell you. It was unbearable and so here I am!"

There was a light of satisfaction in Mrs. Cameron's eyes. "I suspected you'd come to it, child. And I'm happy you had the gumption to realize it before you lost your beauty slaying in a kitchen."

"I didn't slave!" Dana cried impetuously. "It wasn't because Scott is poor that I ran away!"

"Whatever the reason, you've made the break. You must never go back to him."

"No," Dana said. Her heart was like lead. And yet it felt bursting with emotion. "I couldn't go back, Grandmother. I'd never have come if I hadn't realized I couldn't go on."

THEIR voices brought Miss Carewe and Nancy. Aunt Ellen patted Dana awkwardly. Dana knew she was sorry for her, and she suspected that Aunt Ellen was sorry for Scott, too.

It was hard to know how Nancy felt. Her dark eyes looked wisely into Dana's. Her voice was cool and calm. "So you've left Scott! That's that. Now we've got to make the best of it. I don't believe Scott would want you back, anyway, after humiliating him."

(To Be Continued)

## Fur Designs Tend Toward Greater Individuality



Two-skin silver fox scarf (left), cut circular so it fits like a collar around the neck and hangs to the knees in front.

A wide-pointed throw of Russian ermine that assumes individual cape lines for formal wear.

## Naive Gowns With Sophisticated Accessories Mark Resort Styles

Times Special

MIAMI, Jan. 6.—After teetering for weeks between the exotic and the tailored, designers apparently have decided that resort fashions, like lovely ladies, have their moods and are indulging their whims accordingly.

At least 70 per cent of the after-dark frocks in early collections stepped forth with tailored tops and slim skirts suggesting trousers. Those appearing at holiday festivities in this resort capital leaned to feminine frou-frou with bouffant skirts of tulle and pleated chiffon or the new and lovely marganza.

But, out of a medley of swirling tulle, trailing chiffon and rapturous organza, one salient fact emerges. Artlessness is the password to sartorial inner circles. But it is artlessness with its tongue in its cheek. At the annual New Year's eve

## A Day's Menu

BREAKFAST—

Baked apples filled with cooked cereal, cream, crisp broiled bacon, toast, milk, coffee.

LUNCHEON—

Cream of corn soup, toasted crackers, grape and cream cheese salad, rye bread with caraway seeds, queen of puddings, milk, tea.

DINNER—

Breaded veal cutlets, browned parsnips, creamed carrots, asparagus salad, prune cake, milk, coffee.

ball at the Miami Biltmore Country Club, regarded the occasion for introduction of gowns that establish the styles, socially prominent maids and matrons were definitely naive creations touched off with sophisticated accessories.

## Naive Creations Popular

One paradoxical gown was of sky blue chiffon with a worldly scarf of wine color. Another frock of flesh pink marganza went suddenly sophisticated with coral hued ruffles. On the other hand several sequin gowns designed for cosmopolites veiled their glittering glamour behind ethereal scarfs of tulle.

Showing the same inclination to follow the mood of the wearer, beach clothes this season run the gamut from little girl naïveté to oriental exoticism. Making its first Florida appearance in Orlando, the wide, wide skirt of fishnet is the newest sun and sands conceit. Such skirts are very exotic, and wholly entrancing.

## Exotic Dresses for Beach

Giving the girl with a yen for the exotic still further leeway is the new harem beach dress, frequently accompanied by bracelets, anklets and hair binder of tiny colored sea shells.

Antithesis of the fishnet skirt and harem dresses, flannel slacks, tailored like a man's and shorts of bed ticking are having a wide vogue. Gray slacks with very bright shirts make a dashing combination and gay bolero jackets of flannel, jersey or rough linen often accompany them. Many of the smart young things who loiter on the sands of the Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club are tying fishnet or gaily printed kerchiefs over their curls peasant fashion.

For those rare daytime hours when feminine resortdom isn't busy sun-tanning on the beaches, linens, silks with a woolen texture and featherweight tweeds for the cooler days are worn much. The color range is wide, a washed-out lavender verging on orchid, a cool greenish ice-white, coral, plumbeous and mulatto-brown are established as the smartest hues for 1936 southern season, which means that the North will be wearing them next spring.

All in all the sartorial song of the season seems to be "Anything Goes."

BY GERTRUDE BAILEY

PRECIOUS furs like Russian ermine, Eastern mink and sable, have been worked in new ways this season.

If you saw the furs at the opera opening you are aware that formal fur capes this year are longer, like the five tiers of white fox or the skin length of silver fox. You saw that the skins made a design in the way they were manipulated.

This new trend for greater individuality in the designing of furs implies finesse on the part of the one who pays the furrier. It assumes that the woman who gets a fur wardrobe, including a mink coat, a sports fur and a fur scarf.

A two or three-skin sable scarf is adored by every woman, short

or tall, but a two-skin silver fox scarf—especially if the skins are full and luxurious as they should be—takes a tall woman to carry them smartly.

There is one new circular treatment of a two-skin silver fox that makes it fit like a collar at the neck and makes it extra long, again for the tall girl—not the short girl, please.

We sketched an ermine cape, too, just in case she has enough daytime furs. This one is really made like a wide throw, only when it is draped over one shoulder the shape is definitely that of a cape with a deep point in the back, and the skins running diagonally to achieve a wider shoulder line and a smaller waistline—quite an achievement in fur.

## News of P.-T. A. Groups

School 1. 2:30 Wed. Miss Gertrude Thumler, Technical High School dean of women. "Meeting Changing Standards." Piano selections, Mrs. Lawrence Hays.

School 3. 2:30 Wed. The Rev. Ellis B. Hay, "Safeguarding the Next Generation." Songs, Mrs. Mary Storms, accompanied by Mrs. Roland Schwieler.

School 8. 3:15 Wed. Dr. Mat-thew Winters, "Health of Children." Health playlet, pupils.

School 22. 3:15 Wed. K. V. Ammerman, Broad Ripple High School principal, "Need of the Hour." School 37. 3 Wed. Carey D. Jacobs, attorney, speaker. Music, WPA recreation division.

School 41. 2:30 Wed. Miss Emma Colbert, Butler University teacher. "The Relationship Between Home and School." Music, 8-A chorus.

School 43. 1:45 Wed. Dr. Louis H. Segar, "Some Newer Attitudes Toward Child Health." Martin Marks, pupil, piano solo.

School 44. 2:15 Wed. Miss Jenna Birks, Y. W. C. A. "What Does Your Daughter Think of You?" Exhibit, second grade pupils' silhouettes.

School 47. 3:15 Wed. Sgt. Edward F. Moore, Indianapolis Police Department safety division, talk. Musical program.

School 49. 2:45 Wed. Mrs. Katherine W. Pierce, "The Value of Beauty Appreciation to Character Building."

School 51. 2:30 Wed. Motion pictures on Alaska and Yellowstone Park.

School 53. 3 Wed. School 57. 3:15 Wed. Miss Helen Pearson, "Social Service in the Public Schools." Music.

School 58. 3:15 Wed. Mothers' Chorus and Junior High School orchestra, program.

School 61. 2:30 Wed. Fels Expression Class, play, "Reference Required."

School 62. 1:30 Wed. William A. Evans, city schools director of publication, talk. Junior High School boys' glee club, songs. Two playlets, primary grade.

School 69. 2:30 Wed. Miss Hazel McCollum, "The Home; the Court." Mrs. Lucille Hallam, violinist; Miss Betty Schellschmidt, cellist, and Mrs. Norris Strickland, pianist, program.

School 72. 3:15 Wed. H. G. Knight, School 34 principal, educational talk. Music, School 34 pupils.

School 77. 3 Wed. The Rev. Richard Millard, "English Experiences."

School 85. 3:15 Wed. Guest day. Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, speaker.

School 91. 2:30 Wed. Mrs. Curtis A. Hodges, "The American Home." Misses Louise Crabb and Betty Jean McCamcy, accordion duet.

## Rush Party Is Given

Second of a series of rush parties was held by Beta Delta Chi Sorority yesterday at the home of Miss Gertrude Hartman. Mrs. Maynard Schoch and Misses Virginia Hildebrand, Mildred Rugenstein, Jane Hickman and Nadine Rodgers were guests.

## Jane Makes Defense of Her Beliefs

Firing Married Women Won't End Troubles, She Tells Critic.

If you disagree with the opinions published in this column, but your ideas in a letter, which will be published if it is interesting.

Dear Jane Jordan—In publishing a mother's letter where she complained of married women working, you had better read that letter again and you will be convinced that she is not looking for work as you are trying to make your readers believe.

I read the letter and she signed it. "A Mother Who Are Looking for Work." If you would only use a 2-year-old child's judgment, you could tell by the tone of her letter that she is not looking for work in the factory, store or office.

first, because she believes in taking care of her family instead of placing her children in the care of a single girl, with business training, at starvation wages, and second, because her husband is not one of those spineless so-called men who permit their wives to take a single girl's job.

If our employers would give the single girl a chance, the married women would be forced to take care of their children themselves instead of entrusting their care to some one else, and I think part of our crime problem would be solved.

Our employers and public officials, some of whom are at the head of our charity organizations, are doing all in their power to force the well-regulated family out of existence. If conditions do not change, our next generation will be composed of nothing but morons. Do you think parents are helping their children when they permit them to lead a life of ease and give them the idea the world owes them a living? Now let's see if this letter will be printed as written.

EDWARD J. KIRCH.

Answer—The letter which came to me was signed "A Mother Looking for Work." The words "of children" were not in the signature. I thought at the time that the signature was inconsistent with the theme of the letter and said so.

Now, we know that the mother does not want work for herself, but for her children, and I am glad to make the correction. I am sorry that I could not print all of your letter, which is too long for the space.

The fact that married women work is so small a factor in the unemployment situation that I feel you have given it far more weight than it deserves. The heat of your conviction makes me suspect that your feeling against married women in business arises from other sources than distress over the unemployment of single girls.

For one thing, married women in business outrange your masculine concept of the man as breadwinner and the woman as home maker—a pattern which has served the human race well under different social conditions.

To be sure, some troublesome problems have arisen in homes where men feel deprived of their masculine supremacy by wives who worked; but other women would not have been able to afford marriage at all except for their wives' earnings.

Each problem is so individual that no general move like forbidding jobs to married women will solve the problem in every home, prevent crime, put the unemployed to work and insure the best care of the children. The fact that a woman is the mother of a child does not necessarily mean that she is the best possible person to care for it. Sometimes she is the worst.

Working mothers do not give their children the idea that the world owes them a living any oftener than mothers who do not work. That fallacy has little to do with the mother's employment or lack of it.

In reasoning you do not hang the right effects on the right causes. Change is upsetting to most of us, but we are powerless to prevent it, and if we are unadaptable, we are out of luck.

HINTS OFFERED ON WAYS TO FIX KALE

Kale may be prepared in a number of ways. One popular method is to boil the leaves with bacon, much the same as turnip tops and mustard.

It may also be boiled separately or creamed. In buying, it is well to remember that kale of good quality is usually of a dark or bluish-green color.

Plants with wilted or yellow leaves should be avoided, unless they can be trimmed without too much waste. Some kale has a bronzed or brownish look. While it may not be attractive to the eye, the flavor usually is not affected.

The bronzed color is usually the result of cold weather during the growing period.

Complete with Trim, Shampoo, Set, Ribbon, etc.

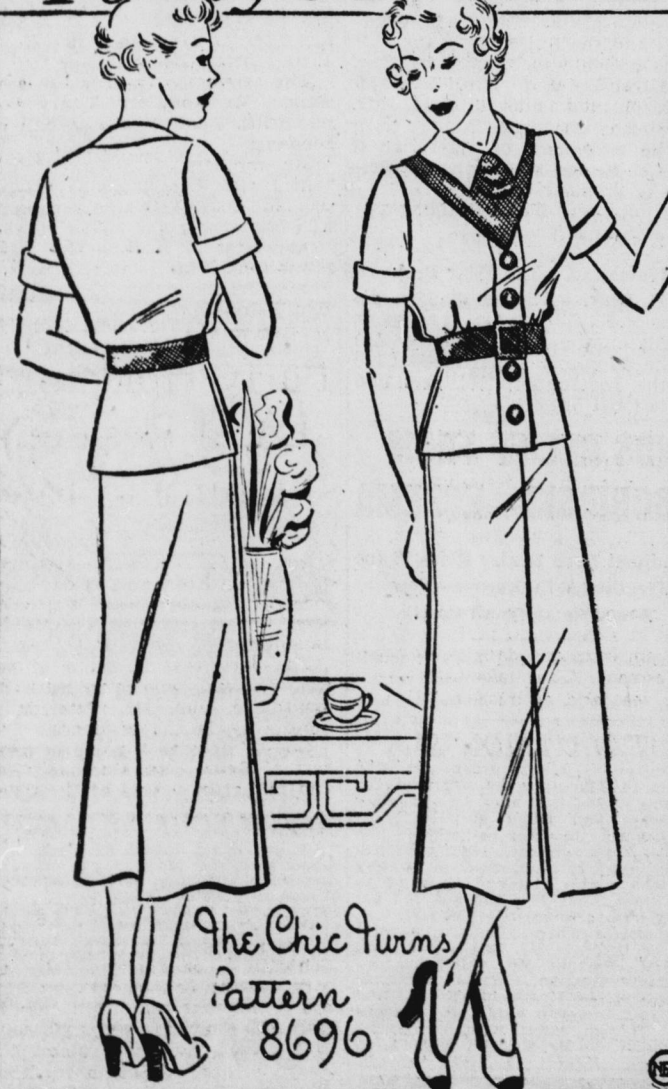
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## Today's Pattern



The Chic Fur Coat Pattern 8696

THE attractive scarf and belt in contrast and the button trim give the frock its chic look, which is carried out in the lines of the skirt and the shirtwaist design of the blouse. Make of cotton, silk or sheer wool. Patterns are sized 14 to 20 and 32 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch fabric, plus ½ yard of contrast.

To secure a PATTERN and STEP-BY-STEP SEWING INSTRUCTIONS, fill out the coupon below.

THE WINTER PATTERN BOOK, with a complete selection of late dress designs now is ready. It's 15 cents when purchased separately. Or, if you want to order it with the pattern above, send in just an additional 10 cents with the coupon.

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## BID AS YOU WOULD PLAY

Today's Contract Problem

How would you bid this hand at duplicate bridge? Can seven no trump be made, as well as seven diamonds?

♠ A K 8 4 2  
♥ 5  
♦ K 7 6  
♣ J 5 3

♠ Q J 10 9  
♥ 6  
♦ 10 8 4 3  
♣ 9 4 2

♠ 5 3  
♥ A K Q 2  
♦ A Q 10 5 4  
♣ A K

All vul. Opener—♠ Q  
Solution in next issue. 30

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. MCKENNEY  
Secretary American Bridge League

BOLD bidders must be good card players. If you are a weak card player, naturally your bidding has to be very conservative.

The better cards you play, the more fun you can have in the bidding, as an optimistic bidder often finds himself in a rather difficult contract.

Only one pair arrived at a six spade contract on today's hand at the recent national championship tournament, but since the declarer was a player who thought before carelessly playing his cards, the contract was made.

After you follow the way the hand was played, you will be in-

clined to say the hand really is not difficult.

The Play

East's opening lead was the king of hearts, and when it held he shifted to the jack of diamonds. This trick was won in dummy, and a small club was led to declarer's jack. The seven of hearts was ruffed in dummy with the nine of spades, and the ten of clubs returned and won with the queen.

Now the jack of hearts was ruffed with the ace of spades. Dummy's jack of spades was cashed, followed with the ten of spades. This was overtaken with the queen and now all declarer had to do was to lead his king and eight of spades and discard dummy's eight and four of diamonds.

All the trumps now picked up, the remainder of dummy's tricks were good.

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South West North East

1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass

3 ♣ Pass 3 ♣ Pass

6 ♣ Pass Pass Pass