

Serial Story, Exclusive to "The Listener"

# ALL THIS, and HEAVEN TOO

Warner Brothers-First National Film Version, starring

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER

Based on the novel

by RACHEL FIELD

Serialized by HARRY LEE

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** *Mademoiselle Henriette, governess in a titled Parisian family, is tried for the murder of her employer's wife, and acquitted. Through the aid of a young American preacher, Henry Field, she secures a position as teacher of French in an exclusive New York girls' school. Her pupils discover her past and taunt her with it. Her impulse is to leave but Field urges her to tell her story to her scholars, thereby demanding their respect. They listen breathlessly as she tells of crossing the stormy Channel to France—of meeting the Duke and Duchess de Praslin and their children—and of the insane jealousy of the Duchess.*

## CHAPTER II.

THE ever-changing mania of Madame la Duchesse was again in the tearful stage. "Don't, don't leave me, Theo!" she sobbed, "I must talk to you! If I promise never again to torment you with my anger and unreasoning mistrust of that—that woman—won't you try to love me as you once did! Please, please, Theo! I beg of you!"

The Duke, already late for an appointment at the House of Peers, and exasperated beyond measure by his wife's vagaries, left the room without replying. It maddened her. "Oh, how I hate him," she shrieked, "how I loathe him!" A black-robed figure glided from the shadows, a thin hand caressed her hair. "Have patience, child," the Abbe Gallard murmured, "and you will be rewarded!"

The fragile Raynald had developed a heavy cold, but in spite of the objections of Mlle. Henriette, the Duchess took him for a drive in the chill spring air. Such a desperate illness ensued that the doctor ordered windows closed and room darkened and the Duchess summoned the Abbe Gallard to administer the last rites of the Church.

The garden was in bloom and Mlle. Henriette took it upon herself to open the windows and let the child see the sunlit world. The Duchess stormed, but Raynald, as if by a miracle, got well.

During the sickness of Raynald his sisters had been sent to Corsica to the home of their grandfather, the Marechal Sebastiani, and now the boy was to be sent there. Madame la Duchesse, in another mood, sent a letter to the governess, enclosing a brdoch, "May this small token," the missive read, "ask your indulgence toward one who has been too cruelly hurt to inflict like pain on another."

Mlle. Henriette hastened to the great lady to thank her.

"You know, I presume," the Duchess began icily, "that the Duke and I are going to Corsica this afternoon!" She said the words, "the Duke and I," gloatingly, then added apologetically, "Of

course, Mademoiselle, any mother has a right to come first in her own house, with her own children, and surely with her husband!"

"Truly, Madame, no other thought has ever been in my mind, and I assure you I will be more careful in the future!"

"The future," sighed the Duchess, "ah, yes . . . who knows!"

THE Duke did go to Corsica with his wife and son. In a few days, however, he came back to Paris with the boy, and with Louise, who ostensibly had a toothache. Louise had often begged her



CHARLES BOYER, co-star of the film  
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father to take her to the theatre, and since Mlle. Henriette, finally confessed that she herself had never seen the great Rachel act—the Duke insisted that she go with himself and Louise.

When King Louis Philippe bowed to them from his box, Louise was in a state of wild elation. The King, Rachel, the theatre, the crowds, the orchids, Father, Mlle. Henriette. It was almost too much to be true!

Mlle. Henriette, who had gone against her better judgment, was horrified to read in the morning paper:

"The fact that the Duc and Duchesse de Pr . . . have not appeared in public for some time has given rise to rumours of dissension between them . . . The Duchesse is understood to be in the South for her health . . . The Duc's box was not without its feminine adornment, however, for, beside his daughter, he was accompanied by a very attractive Mademoiselle D . . . who is said to be a governess. The King, who was present, was seen to smile and bow at them. Was this, we ask, a sign of royal approval?"

MADAME LA DUCHESSE in a state of blind fury at reading the papers at once left Corsica for her Paris home—and with her came her aged father, the Marechal Sebastiani—Abbe Gallard, her confessor—and her younger children, Isabelle, Berthe and Raynald. On their arrival the children rushed happily to their beloved Mlle. Henriette, who shortly after was summoned to the gloomily magnificent chamber of the Duchess, where she was sternly confronted by the lady of the house, her father, and her priest.

"Ever since you have come here," the Duchess began with baleful eyes and voice, "you have carried on a deliberate campaign to steal away from me everything I love! But, oh, that you dared plan this latest insult! That while I was away you flaunted your hold over my husband in public, for the King and all Paris to see!"

"Please let me speak for myself, Madame! I resent this slander as much or more than you do!"

"Do you realise what this slander, as you call it implies?"

"It is all too clear . . ."

"I admit nothing, Madame. If you don't choose to believe me, you must believe facts—in this house, which is infested by Mme. Maillard, and your other spies, my every movement is known." Here the Duchess was called from the room and her ancient father insisted that should the governess go, it would only give credence to the ugly gossip. He said that from then on his daughter and son-in-law would be seen together oftener, until the rumours died away.

Mlle. Henriette agreed to stay but as she came out she heard the frenzied voice of the Duchess. "And it is not enough that you humiliate me at home, without doing it in public? Is it not enough that she is my children's governess, without making her your companion?" As Henriette hurried past she heard the voice now shrill and pleading. "Have pity on me, Theo! If you have done this to punish me, believe me I am well corrected! Come back to me."

Mlle. HENRIETTE was in her room in a tumult of agitation and packing to leave, when the Duke appeared, his handsome face drawn and haggard. "Mademoiselle," he said desperately, "you mustn't go!"

"You shouldn't come here now, Monsieur! There is already enough trouble."

"I beg of you to remember the children . . . Raynald who owes you his life, Louise, Isabelle, Berthe, who have learned to trust you!"

"They are young—they will forget," she answered in passionate defence. "There are some things that it is useless to fight against, Monsieur, and one of them is another woman's jealousy! She hates me! It will be better for all of us. She will be happier! And perhaps, in time, you and she—"

"Never."

"She loves you, Monsieur."

"What kind of love that drives me to madness!"

"I shouldn't have presumed to speak of love at all, Monsieur. I have no right, and I ask you to forget it . . ."

He pleaded in the name of the children and she consented to stay on.

(To be continued)