

# Prologue to Love

By  
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## THE STORY THUS FAR

Lovely, independent Autumn Dean, returning home to British Columbia from abroad without her father's knowledge, stops at the home of Hector Cardigan, an old family friend. He tells her that she should not have come home, that things have changed. Arriving home at the "Castle of the North," she is greeted lovingly by her father, Jarvis Dean, who gives her to understand that she is welcome—for a short visit. Her mother, former belle Millicent Odell, has been dead for years. Autumn cannot understand her father's attitude, though she offers no reason for his mother's attitude. Autumn calls again on Hector Cardigan—this time to find out the reason for Mrs. Landon's outburst. From his conversation she inferred that Geoffrey Landon killed himself because he loved Millicent Dean, her mother.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

There was no mistaking Hector's meaning. He would say no more about it at present. On the other hand, his very manner was in itself a confession. Autumn's question had been answered. She had no desire to leave her old friend in an unpleasant frame of mind. She looked up at him and laughed.

"Hector, you old goose," she said, "I believe you are almost angry. After all, there isn't much that either of us can do about it now. Come along, darling, and show me your flowers."

In Hector's orderly garden at the rear of the cottage, blue flags stood tall and brave, cupping the sunlight. Autumn stared at them and tried desperately to check the shaking uncertainty of her own heart; it was in Bruce Landon's eyes that she had seen that same clean and gallant blue.

The moods which had attended Bruce Landon all day had been of two disconcerting extremes. In one moment he would be swept up to heights of emotion as he thought of how Autumn Dean looked at him on their meeting last night, the quick, shy veiling of those luminous gray-green eyes of hers, a concealment that had brought a strange throbbing to his blood. In the next moment he would be in the depths, remembering how she had been sent away.

When Autumn had gone, he had done his best to soothe his mother and dissipate the fears that had beset her wandering mind. When he had finally succeeded in getting her to sleep, he had sat beside her for a long time, reluctant to call the nurse from her room.

All his life, it seemed, Bruce Landon had been compelled to adjust himself in one way or another to his mother's humors. He had scarcely known a day at home that had not been marred by her variable temper that often flared up over the merest trifle. It had begun when he was eight—twenty years ago now—and very soon he had grown, in his pathetic boyish way, to understand that his mother's sudden outbursts were her only means of preserving her sanity after what had happened to his father, that dashing figure romantically and tragically limned in memory. She must have loved Geoffrey Landon with a singular and rather awful intensity, and Bruce could imagine the dreadful scene in the birch-hung gully recurring to her with cruel suddenness in the midst of some familiar task. He could imagine her lifting her eyes from her sewing or from her work among her flower-beds, and beholding again the stark verity of Geoffrey Landon lying face downward in the shallow, amber-clear creek, his head lying downstream and the white stones under the water there becoming red as sullen garnets. Out of his own young heart-break had grown a great pity and patience for her.

In all those twenty years Bruce had never heard his mother speak the name of Millicent Odell until she had spoken it last night. His memory of his father was on the whole very vague. But he could recall one afternoon in summer—it had remained with him like a vivid dream—when they had ridden together down the birch-filled gully where they had gathered pocketfuls of rounded pebbles from the creek and Bruce had used them in the sling-shot his father had made for him. He did not know how he had come to think of his father and Millicent Dean as friends, but somewhere in that dimly recollected past he had seen them riding together down some forgotten trail and his boyish fancy had clung to the picture so that he had rarely been able to think of them apart. He remembered, too, the day when Jarvis Dean's wife had died. He had forgotten the words his mother had spoken that day, but the bitter spirit in which she had spoken them had lingered with his curiosity concerning the relationship of the two women.

And now, after nearly twenty years, Jane Landon had once more spoken the name of Millicent Odell, with a bitterness and hatred that time itself had failed to vanquish. Of late, he knew, there had been something almost fanatical in the proud manner in which his mother had spurned Jarvis Dean, but Bruce had found some excuse for that in the haughty arrogance of the old Laird himself, who for years had lived almost as a recluse in his formidable turret house. Jarvis Dean's manner to the world in general had

been hostile, people said, ever since the death of his beautiful wife. If Bruce was perplexed at the Laird's stony refusal to acknowledge him even as a neighbor, there was at least some consolation in the fact that the dour sheepman treated everyone alike, granting each a sort of individual eclipse with the extraordinary power of his unseeing eye.

It was mid-afternoon, the light falling moist and sweet from the green of the hills into the curved valley where the Landon ranch seemed to hide in humility from its more magnificent neighbor, the domain of Jarvis Dean. The ancient weeping-willow trees drooped like a ceaseless lovely rain into their own dark and earthy shadow, and like a phalanx of green-tipped paint brushes the long avenue of Lombardy poplars stroked the sky, swaying in a whispered rhythm from the corals to the Landon ranch house. In the tiny patch of sunlight that lay like a gilded shield between the house and the somber poplars, Jane Landon's irises bloomed, purple, yellow, and then again purple, on each satin lip a brilliant sunny stain. Jane Landon's hands would probably never trim those beds again, Bruce thought as he strode down the walk leading from the house to the corals. The voices of the ranch hands, the bleat of sheep, the occasional barking of a dog, were rarefied to unreality through the blue filament of the air.

From the woolshed came the whir-r-r of the shearing machine. Two or three hundred sheep stood in the corral outside, a ranch hand running them into the shed as quickly as the signal came from within. These were the pick of Bruce's flock of more than three thousand; they were great three-year-old Merinos, their bodies richly wattled.

He went into the shearing pen, where the great tall hemp sacks were rapidly filling with wool. As the nervous sheep passed from the hands of the shearer, they were being caught by the brander, who gave each a smear from the branding brush. Bruce stood by and laughed at the ungainly look of a great-horned ram as, shorn of his magnificent coat and duly branded, he dashed to freedom.

When he had inspected the work and instructed his men, Bruce went out and made his way to the small pasture back of the poplars, where he whistled to his horse. When he had saddled him he mounted and rode off to the southward to visit one of his camps. He found the camp deserted. The flock, he knew, was grazing to the eastward, close to the edge of the Dean property. He caught sight of the sheep edging their way across the face of a hill. The herder was bringing them back to camp for the night.

Bruce rode out and circled to the rear of the flock, where he found his herder at work with his dog, bringing up the stragglers and keeping the sheep on the move toward camp. "We'll be ready for your bunch tomorrow, Ned," he told the man. "Right, sir! I'll start 'em in first thing."

Bruce ran his eye over the flock. "You've seen nothing more of that big coyote hanging around?" "I'm thinkin' y'll see little o' that one from now on," said the herder. "Them two shots I got at him day before yesterday come close to puttin' him away for keeps. But, since ye're askin', I did hear something this afternoon over on the Dean place. Seemed like it was down there somewhere near the Gulch—or beyond."

"You heard something?" Bruce asked. "It sounded like one o' them cats we get up in the hills sometimes—like a young-one cryin', it was."

"Did you go down to see what it was?" "I went as far as the Dean place, but I could hear nothin'. I heard it once or twice after then an' I could 'a' sworn it was a kid cryin'."

"When did you hear it last?" "Mebbe an hour back—after I started headin' for home. I thought I'd come out in the evenin', just to make sure."

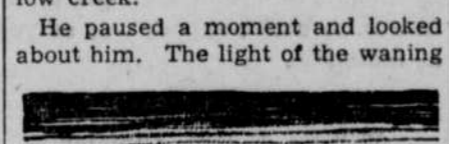
Bruce turned his horse about and looked eastward beyond the line that separated his own land from that of Jarvis Dean. "Perhaps I'd better ride down that way," he said, then bethought himself. When he had been very much younger, he had heard the men talk among themselves of the haunted gully known as Landon's Gulch. His herder had doubtless been loath to venture too far that way alone. "You're sure you heard a cry of some sort, Ned?" Bruce asked him.

"Oh, indeed I did, sir. As I say—like a young-one cryin', it was."

"I'll go down and take a look," said Bruce and rode away. At the entrance to the ravine, Bruce swung his long body out of the saddle and walked slowly into the birches, letting his horse wander off to nibble the sweet young grass. On a little rise of ground he stood and listened. The shimmering air held a sad stillness; even the coquetish young leaves of the birches drooped in a melancholy quietude.

He had been standing there only a moment when from somewhere deep within the birches came the tiny bleat of a lamb. Bruce knew it could not be one of his own flock. Ned was too experienced a herder to permit any of his wards to stray. Besides, the sound had come from well within the land of Jarvis Dean. The responsibility was not his and yet—he stepped down from the rise of ground and strode through the birches till he came to the creek. He followed the shallow stream downward until he came at last to the fatal spot which he had marked years ago and which he had visited occasionally during the summers that had come and gone since his boyhood—the spot where the sheep-herder had found the still form of Geoffrey Landon lying in the shallow creek.

He paused a moment and looked about him. The light of the waning



"I hope you will try to forget what happened last night."

afternoon was a pure amber sprayed with lacy leaf-shadows. Here it was, and on such a day as this, that Geoffrey Landon had last looked upon the world he had loved. He lifted his eyes suddenly at the sound of a child's whimper. Only a few yards away, half-hidden behind the shining birches, a small boy was leading a lamb at the end of a rope. At first he could not believe his eyes. But when he called and the boy turned his face toward him and began to cry, Bruce knew him at once. It was the young son of Tom Willmar, Jarvis Dean's foreman. In a moment he had the boy in his arms. "Why, Simmy! Where did you come from?" he asked.

Simmy buried his face on Bruce's shoulder and sobbed. The lamb promptly lay down in the fern that grew beside the water. Bruce laughed as he hugged the boy close. "Where in the world do you think you're going, Simmy?" he asked.

"I want to go home," Simmy sobbed. "I want to go home." "Sure you do. Come along, son, and I'll take you home," Bruce comforted him.

He caught up the lamb under one arm, and carrying the boy on the other, made his way quickly out of the birches and whistled to his horse. Almost at the same instant he heard a woman's voice call from the hilltop to the northward and looking up he saw Autumn Dean riding toward him. He hailed her and waited until she had come down to him and had dismounted beside him.

"Where did you find him?" she asked Bruce. "Down there in the gully. He looked as if he was getting ready to put up for the night."

"Simmy, you little imp!" Autumn said, stretching her arms out for him. "Come to me, darling." Bruce surrendered his charge and stood by, the lamb still in his arms, while Autumn wiped the boy's eyes and cheeks with her handkerchief and kissed him to still his crying. "Don't cry, darling. Autumn will take you back home." She looked at Bruce. "Could anything be sillier?" she said and laughed. "That's Mo-mo you have in your arms. The men told Simmy that they were going to dock Mo-mo's tail this afternoon and Simmy just wouldn't stand for it. He ran off to hide Mo-mo in the hills. He must have been gone for hours before anyone missed him."

"How did you know where to look for him?" Bruce asked. "We have young Dickie to thank for that. After all hands had made

a frantic search about the place, Dickie confessed he had seen Simmy go away in this direction and I rode out at once. The men are scouring the hills. I had no idea he would have come so far."

"It was sheer luck on my part," Bruce told her. "One of my men was over this way and told me he thought he had heard a child crying. I took a run over and—"

"Simmy, you little idiot!" Autumn scolded the boy. "We might never have found you. If it hadn't been for Bruce—"

She cuddled the youngster and smiled over her shoulder at Bruce who stood watching her. "Send the reward to Ned, my herder," he said.

She set the boy on his feet and drew a sigh of relief as she looked down where the birches stood along the creek. Abruptly and disquietingly out of the obscure weave of the past, a pattern, a color, stood out vividly before her. This was the gully she had visited years ago against her father's desires.

"I used to come down here often," she said. "I still do—sometimes," Bruce replied slowly. She was sorry then that she had spoken. A wistfulness had come into Bruce's eyes that caused her to turn away.

"Come along, Simmy," she said quickly. "We've got to get you back home."

"I'll go along with you," Bruce suggested. "You won't be able to manage alone."

"Thanks, Bruce," she said, and got into her saddle at once. When he had seated the boy before her, he lifted the lamb and mounted his horse, and in a moment they were riding slowly up the hillside on the way to the trail that led back to the Dean ranch-house.

"I hope you will try to forget what happened last night, Autumn," Bruce said when they had gone a little way in silence. Autumn turned to him and smiled reassuringly. "One doesn't try to forget such things, Bruce," she replied. "One tries to understand them."

"That's better, of course," he said. "I am sorry it happened." "It couldn't be helped. It was I who insisted on going down. Besides—I think I'm glad rather than sorry."

"I can't quite see that," Bruce protested. Autumn was silent for a moment before she replied. Finally she turned and looked squarely into his eyes. "You and I, Bruce, have grown up together—without knowing much about ourselves. I lay awake last night wondering why your mother should have hated mine for twenty years or more. I think I have learned the reason. I spent an hour today with Hector Cardigan."

"Hector?" "Yes. Has it ever occurred to you that your mother's bitterness comes of—"

She hesitated and Bruce spoke up. "Of jealousy?" "Do you think it possible that the two—your father and my mother—may have been in love with each other?"

Bruce's eyes were straight before him as he replied, "I have never thought of either of them—without the other."

There seemed to be nothing to be said after that. They rode forward together, aware of a deep and silent understanding that was more than words. Once Autumn permitted her eyes to move quickly over his strong brown hands and along his arms to the powerful curves of his shoulders. And once he turned and saw that her rippling hair had come loose from its knot at the nape of her neck and had fallen deliciously about her rose-blossomed cheeks. Her hair must be a sort of auburn, he thought, but in the low sun it had tints of plum color. He found himself thinking that she had deep-sea eyes—mermaid's eyes, luminous gray-green. He wanted to tell her so, but forebore.

And just then a rider came racing toward them across the range. It was one of Jarvis Dean's men who had been searching for the lost Simmy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## More Gay Plaids and Stripes This Season Than Ever Seen

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



OF ALL the enthusiasms taking the world of fashion by storm this season, there is none that exceeds the mad rush that is now on for gorgeously gay plaids and stripes.

The showings in plaids and stripes includes types for every occasion, informal or formal. When you want informality, the biggest daytime hit of the season is the richly colorful wool clan plaids and if you are a connoisseur on plaids you can get clan patterns and colorings that are authentic. Robin Hood reds, forest greens, golden yellows, radiant browns and heather tones mingle in one grand splurge of gay color that makes merry throughout the whole program of fashion this season and we mean just that for everything from hats to bags, gloves to wear with coat suits and entire costume ensembles is being made of plaid (or stripes if you please) this season.

As to formal evening occasion, have you seen the gorgeous metal-threaded silk and wool stripes that are being made into jackets, blouses and skirts for dine and dance wear? If not, the joy of anticipation is yours. The newest dinner dresses contrast fabrics and colors after the manner shown to the right in the picture. In this instance the skirt is of yellow jersey, topped with a jacket-blouse of yellow metal cloth horizontally striped in exotic greens and orange, and stripes of glittering gold weave.

A strikingly beautiful dinner gown is pictured below to the left. The shirtwaist top is of lustrous black velvet. The long flared skirt of sheer wool is plaided in brilliant tones of gold, green, cyclamen and

deep wine. Two large buttons conspicuously enhance at the waistline. Which reminds us that designers are very enthusiastic in regard to ornamental buttons, either large and colorful like these, or veritable jewel pieces in their settings of colored stones.

If there is a school-faring maiden who has not turned plaid-minded this season during this epidemic of plaids now sweeping through fashion realms be it known that she is certainly an exception to the rule. When you see such eye-compelling outfits as that shown above to the right in the illustration one readily understands the reason why such a fuss and furor is being made over handsome wool plaids this fall. This most attractive daytime frock fashioned of fine Scottish clan wool plaid was selected for illustration from among a flock of gorgeous plaids displayed at a prevue showing of autumn and winter fashions presented by the Style Creators of Chicago. It is typical of schoolgirl choices this season.

Had you thought of a Roman striped wool jacket to wear with different skirts, of dark monotone wool? The biggest argument we can make in favor of such a selection is the stunning style pictured above to the left in the group. Here is an example of the effective way in which designers are working out color alliances. Under this Roman striped wool jacket this lady of high fashion wears a chartreuse blouse of silk crepe draped from a demure neckline and rendered uneven at the waistline by a black serpentine belt. The plain skirt is of black wool.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Metal Cloth



Again metal cloth for the cocktail or dinner gown becomes first page news. The picture shows a flattering mode carried out in gold lame. The naive of the smocking on the sleeves is offset by the luxurious clips of topaz and diamonds at the top of the midriff girdle. Not only does fashion spotlight gowns made entirely of metal cloth as in this instance but equally in favor are jacket blouses worn with velvet skirts.

### Porcelain Chains Scoring Success

With pottery and china jewelry scoring such success, it has been only a short step to the use of porcelain for their chains. Thin plastic links rather than metal for necklaces and bracelets are sometimes opaque and sometimes transparent and will not tarnish as some metals do. They are, of course, much lighter than metal, and add the finishing touch to the whole scheme of lightweight jewelry.

### Three in One New Design in Coats

Something startlingly different in fur coats for next season is the three-in-one design. It is made as a jacket, skirt and sash. When the jacket and skirt are worn together, they make a full length coat, with the sash for a belt. The jacket can be worn separately, as can the skirt, which, combined with the sash, forms a cape that will do for evening wear.

### Winter Blues

Last fall, and many preceding falls, saw you tucking away until spring all of your blue clothes. This year that will not be necessary, for navy blue is to be worn while the snow falls; and winter blue, a new shade, will be worn as an accessory color with black.

### In Good Style

Costume suits, the jackets of which are allover-braided, are exceedingly good style.

## Smart Invitations To Sew Your Own

IF YOU take a large size and want to have your afternoon dress fit with the perfection the smart silhouette demands, send for 1830. It's very easy to work with, and is carefully detailed to give you the uplifted bustline and narrow hips that are essentially important to a slenderizing effect. It will be lovely made up in thin wool, flat crepe or sheer velvet, with a gleaming brooch or clip at the plain V neckline.

Three Styles in Aprons. This practical pattern, 1829, really gives you three apron styles, because the pinafore part is perforated so that you can make it



two ways, and both ways are thoroughly protective and useful, with buttoned straps, crossed in the back, that won't slip off. Both pinafores and the little tie-around have a pretty flare. Make these of linen, gingham, lawn or batiste, and tuck two or three sets away for gifts, too.

The Patterns. No. 1830 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material with long sleeves; 4 1/2 yards with short.

No. 1829 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires, for No. 1, 1 1/4 yards of 35 inch material and 8 yards bias fold; for No. 2, 1 1/4 yards of 35 inch material and 2 yards of pleating; for No. 3, 1 1/4 yards of 35 inch material.

New Fall Pattern Book. Special extra! Send today for your new Fall Pattern Book with a stunning selection of a hundred perfect patterns for all shapes and sizes. Save money and know the best satisfaction of personally-planned, perfectly-fitted garments by making your own frocks with these smart, carefully cut designs. You can't go wrong—every pattern includes a step-by-step sewing chart to guide beginners. Price of Pattern Book, 15c.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

### Thrift of Time

Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams; and that waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning.—W. E. Gladstone.

## FEEL GOOD

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. **Nature's Remedy** If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Get a 5c box of NR from your drugist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today. **NR TO-NIGHT**

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### Use of Things

Even the best things ill used become evils; and, contrarily, the worst things used well prove good.—Bishop Hall.

## Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste. Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use **Doan's Pills**. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS