

Prologue to Love

By
**MARTHA
OSTENSO**

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Lord, Autumn, what's come over you?" Florian reproached her. "You need a shaking up. I'll be out for you around eight."

"Will Lin be along?"
"Not on your life—not with me," Florian replied. "She has made other arrangements."

"Of course."
"Bruce is coming in to look after her. We'll make it a nice little four-some when we get together. Any objections?"

"None whatever," she replied lightly. "I'll be ready when you come."

When she mentioned the affair to her father and asked him if he would not like to come along, he drew down one shaggy eyebrow and elevated the other humorously.

"Me? Scarcely," he said. "But buy me a ticket—buy me a dozen. It's a worthy cause. You run along and enjoy yourself. It'll probably be the last spree for you in this part of the world. Put on your glad rags and show 'em what it means to be a Dean!"

Autumn laughed a little tremulously and kissed the serene and bristling eyebrow. "I'll do that very thing, Da," she told him. "Though you'd cast more glamor on the name than I can, if that's what you want, you old Roman!"

He tweaked her ear, and Autumn ran upstairs to dress.

Florian, turned out flawlessly in evening clothes, was waiting impatiently in the drawing room below. His quick flush as she came down to meet him, the silver web of her evening wrap on her arm, would have been sweet to the light vanity that had been hers in the day gone by. Now she heeded it only with a feeling of faint vexation. Florian came forward and lifted a cool and waxy corsage of white orchids from the small table near the door.

"Permit me, most beautiful!" he said, bowing elaborately from the waist. "And if you tell me you hate orchids, I'll make you eat 'em!"

Autumn laughed and brushed the delicate aristocrats with her finger tips. "Extravagant wretch!" she said, and fixed them to her gown. "They're beautiful, Florian. There. Thank you so much."

She did, as a matter of fact, detest orchids, and in her impatient days at Aunt Flo's she had never thought twice about spurning them. But that was before this curious possession of pity had come over her.

"You haven't seen father, of course?" she said as they turned to leave.

"I crashed the gates with Hannah's assistance," Florian said. "Is the Laird still peeved about the haystack episode?"

"No," she replied. "He has forgotten that, I think. But he has his bad days."

"Probably feels low about your leaving him so soon again."

"Scarcely that. He may be joining me in the fall."

They had got into Florian's car. "We're going to miss you like the deuce," he said.

"It's something to know I'll be missed, anyway," Autumn murmured.

Florian put out a hand and crushed her fingers within his own, then let them go and grasped the wheel. "Damn it!" he muttered. "If you would only listen to reason—"

The hall in which the dance was being held was packed when they arrived. Japanese lanterns and gay streamers festooned the ballroom and across the bobbing sea of faces came the giddy blare of a jazz orchestra. Autumn looked down from a balcony upon the throng, with heavy-lidded eyes behind which there was a searching glow.

"Some crand, eh?" Florian observed, standing close beside her. "Shall we go down at once and get our shins kicked? Or shall we wait awhile? They're using everything down there from the Ark gallop to the latest wobble of the rumba."

"Let us look on for a while first," she suggested.

As she spoke, her lashes swept low over her eyes. In the comparative freedom of the outer fringe of dancers, she had seen Linda and Bruce Landor. Above Linda's head, Bruce's eyes moved cautiously along the rim of the balcony, paused for an imperceptible instant as they met Autumn's, and moved on in indifference.

"There's Lin and Bruce," Florian said suddenly, "down there near the wall—to the right."

Autumn looked, pretending not to see at once. "I see them now," she said finally.

"You could pick them out of a million," Florian said admiringly. "They make the rest of the crowd look like also-rans. Let's go down and give them a little competition, Autumn."

"So you got here?" It was Hector Cardigan speaking at Autumn's elbow. She turned upon him a radiant smile and extended her hands.

"Hello, darling!" she cried throatily. "How gorgeous you look!" She seized the lapels of his dinner jacket and surveyed him with wide eyes. "Are you going to give me a dance?"

"You flatter me," Hector said in his courtly fashion. "Do you guarantee to bring me safely out of the melee?"

"She brings us all safely back—out of everything," Florian put in.

"Are you so afraid?" Autumn asked, as if she had not heard Florian's remark.

"Those young things down there—they terrify me," Hector said.

"And you a soldier!" Autumn bantered.

Hector smiled. "I was younger than I am now," he said. "And stepping all over one's toes was considered against the rules."

Autumn and Florian laughed, and the three made their way down to the dancing-floor, the men on either side of Autumn, her arms drawn lightly through theirs. They stood chatting for a moment beside a great potted palm, and then Autumn waved back at Hector as Florian swept her away into the dance.

"The next one, Hector, remember," she said over Florian's shoulder. "I'll meet you in the lounge."

Hector nodded, but when she was out of sight he frowned. Bruce Landor had just come off the floor with Linda Parr. They strolled toward him, saluting him from some distance away as they approached. It

occurred to the old soldier then that Autumn's wish to dance with him had been merely a ruse. Her real desire was to avoid dancing with Bruce.

"Hullo, Hector!" Bruce said warmly as he came face to face with him. Linda, with a nod toward Hector, had been caught up by someone else and was already moving away into the crowd.

"Good evening, Bruce," Hector said with a stern smile. "You seem to be enjoying yourself."

"Immensely," Bruce replied with a promptness that brought a slight lift to Hector's eyebrows.

Hector toyed with the ribbon guard of his glasses. "The hospital ought to benefit from this," he remarked. "It's the best crowd I've seen for years."

"Everybody's here," Bruce agreed.

They stood for a moment and watched the dancers swirl past them.

"I think I'll get out of the crowd a bit," Hector said at last. "What would you say to a smoke, my boy?"

"I'd be all for it," Bruce replied.

"Let's go to the lounge, then," Hector suggested.

They made their way to a corner of the lounge where there was a measure of privacy and seated themselves in two chairs that made an angle facing the entrance.

"I haven't seen much of you lately," Hector said as he offered Bruce his cigarette case.

"I haven't been out much, except on business," Bruce replied. "I've had a busy summer of it, one way or another."

"Yes, yes, of course. I was sorry to hear about your prize Merinos. There was underhand work in that affair, eh?"

Bruce lit his cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke as he settled back in his chair. "I can't talk about it, Hector," he said. "It makes me want to fight when I even think of it."

"Naturally, naturally," Hector said. "The less you think about it the better, I should say." He smoked a moment in silence, then cleared his throat softly. "I understand you are going to lose your young neighbor soon," he remarked casually.

"You mean Autumn Dean?" Bruce said without a flicker of expression revealed to the shrewd look that Hector turned upon him.

"Yes."

"Lin told me tonight that she plans to go back to England," Bruce said.

"Next week, I believe. And you are letting her go?"

Bruce cast a quick glance at the old man. "I'm letting her go? I wasn't aware that I had anything to do with it," he said in an off-hand manner.

Hector smiled slowly as he looked at Bruce, then sighed reminiscently.

"The age of chivalry seems to have passed," he said, shaking his head.

Bruce gazed at his cigarette smoke with narrowed lids. "I don't follow you, Hector," he said. "I can't see what chivalry has to do with it when a girl takes it into her head to run off to Europe."

"Do you know, my boy," Hector replied, after a moment of silence, "I suspect that this younger generation they talk about so much nowadays—I suspect they're a pretty faint-hearted crowd compared with their fathers—or their grandfathers, for example."

"I'm not in a position to question you, Hector," Bruce said. "If your reference to the faint heart has anything to do with the fair lady—"

"Of course it has!" Hector put in. "In my day, if a young man had notions about a young lady, she wouldn't get a chance to run off to England and leave him in the lurch."

Bruce laughed lightly. "Hector," he said, "you're barking up the wrong tree, old boy."

Hector bristled immediately. "I don't bark—" he began, then halted abruptly and got to his feet. "Here comes Autumn herself," he said, his pleasure and annoyance making a curious gnome-like mask of his face.

For an almost imperceptible instant, Autumn paused in her approach to them. Hector saw her quick pallor and put out a hand toward her. Bruce rose and made a slight, formal bow with an ease that was disconcerting to Hector.

After a brief "Good evening!" to Bruce, Autumn turned at once to Hector.

"Our dance, Hector!" she announced. "Or haven't you finished your smoke?"

Hector waived her question and then drew himself up sternly. "You are planning to leave for England next Saturday, I understand," he said to Autumn.

"Next Saturday morning, Hector," she replied.

"I am inviting you two"—he said, and looked aggressively from one to the other—"to dinner at my house next Thursday evening. Will that suit you both?"

There was a silence in which Hector, the spectator, saw the clash of humorously blue eyes and clear, stricken, sea-green eyes. Bruce thrust one hand idly into the pocket of his coat and stood in a lounging attitude, looking pleasantly down at Autumn as he replied.

"Thursday will suit me, Hector."

"Why, certainly, darling," Autumn said breathlessly, turning to Hector. "How sweet of you! Shall we dance now?" She took Hector's arm and led him away.

Bruce watched them go, then smiled as he seated himself.

Poor old Hector, he thought wryly. Making a last gallant effort! And how gamely she had taken it! Came right back at him, her eyes flaming in rage. Oh, well—what the devil! He buried his cigarette angrily in the earth of a potted plant that stood near at hand, then got up and strolled out, the leisurely figure of a young man who had no scar on his spirit.

The evening was no more than half spent when Autumn begged Florian to take her home. She pleaded a headache—from the noise and the heavy air of the place, Florian protested, but finally agreed. They found Linda and together arranged for one last night at the Parr hunting lodge before Autumn should leave them. Autumn would drive up from home and meet them at the lodge. The day was set and the girls kissed each other good night. For once, it seemed, Autumn was more languid than Linda.

Fifty miles southward, and ten more off the straight trail to Kelowna, was the distance that Autumn must go to the Parr hunting lodge. She had left home early to attend to some business in Kamloops and to assure Hector that she would be on hand for his dinner party on the following evening. It was a matter of indifference to her that Florian would be at the lodge, too, but the thought of meeting Linda warmed her heart. It would be difficult to say good-by to her. In her frivolous, unselfish way Linda had shown her more unconscious sympathy than she could ever guess.

It was barely dusk when Autumn drove her car in through the rustic gate that led to the lodge. She got out promptly and glanced about, anticipating that Linda and Florian would be on the lookout for her.

"Hello!" Florian came hurrying toward her from the doorway of the lodge.

He took her gloved hands in a firm grip and stood looking down at her with a strange, inscrutable smile.

"Hello, Florian!" she returned, her voice a little unsteady. "Gosh, I've been driving like a fiend!"

"Go on in," Florian told her and gave her shoulder a little squeeze with his hand from which she shrank with instinctive uneasiness.

He jumped into the car and drove it hurriedly into the garage cabin. Autumn started toward the lodge, but Florian caught up with her and opened the door for her to enter. Within the large room, familiar to

her now with its antlered heads projecting from the walls, its bear and cougar skins scattered about the floor, its deep stone fireplace, its properly rustic but comfortable chairs and deep divan, its buffet littered with bottles and glasses which would be an eternal adjunct to any furnishings of the Parrs—there was not another soul but herself and Florian.

Autumn turned upon him. "Where's Lin?" she demanded.

Florian had closed the door. He was leaning against it now, his hands thrust nonchalantly into the pockets of his corduroy jacket. His blond head shone in unruly picturesqueness against the stained glass surface of the door. His dark eyes smiled at her, half closed in contemplative pleasure.

"Lin came down with tonsillitis this morning," he told her.

"Why didn't you telephone me, then?"

"We did, but you had already left home."

"Why didn't you have Elinor come along with you?" Autumn demanded, vexed at Florian's manner.

"Lord, Autumn, don't get all worked up over nothing," he replied. "Elinor doesn't go out with me. Besides, isn't it all right this way?"

"You know it isn't—as well as I do," she told him.

He took a step toward her with easy indolence. "Don't be a simpl!" he said. "Give me your things."

Autumn looked at him coolly, surveying him hostilely as he regarded her with his smile of assurance.

"Certainly not," she said. "I'm going back home right now. You know I wouldn't have come if I had known you were to be alone here."

She moved toward the door, but Florian grasped the shoulders of her loose automobile coat and pulled it off her.

"Don't be such a fool!" he said. "Now that you're here, sit down and be pleasant about it. I'm not so old-fashioned as to make any assaults on your virtue, if that's what's on your mind. My God, I had to come up here to tell you, didn't I?"

"Now that you've told me—I can go," Autumn replied.

"You're not going to get out of here till we've had a drink and a bite to eat. After that you may do as you please."

Autumn seated herself and took a cigarette from her case. She lit it and sat without speaking while Florian carried her coat to a closet and hung it up. When he came back he poured a couple of drinks at the buffet, one of which he handed to Au-

turn. Then glass in hand, he stood before her and laughed sardonically.

"So little Autumn was afraid her Florian was going to stage a regular old-time, knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out scene, eh?" he observed.

"I wasn't afraid," Autumn told him.

"As a matter of fact, I really should do something about it," he went on. "Come to think of it, you've succeeded in making a fool of me all summer."

"I see," said Autumn. "You'd like to get even. I didn't credit you with being vindictive."

He flushed darkly. Then a pathetically boyish and disappointed look came over his face, so that for a moment, in spite of herself, Autumn felt sorry for him. Perhaps it had been unsporting of her to play with him all summer when she had known from the first how he had felt about her. Florian threw himself into a chair and sat with his hand shading his eyes.

"No," he replied slowly, "you've got me wrong, Autumn. I'm not saying anything about what I would do if I could. But—not against your will, my dear. I admit I was glad when Lin found she couldn't come out. I was glad of this chance of being alone with you. I was silly enough to think that perhaps—alone with me for the last time—you might relent a little."

"I'm sorry, Florian," she said wearily. "I have tried to make it clear from the first that we could never be more than friends."

"You have your reasons for that, no doubt," he said. "Am I so—so absolutely impossible?"

Autumn sighed and turned her eyes to the window. "I seem to have made a mess of things, all around," she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bolero and Princess Types Compete for Style Prestige

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



NO MATTER the elegance of fabric, no matter the color glory of the material, no matter the perfection of detail, no matter whether it cost a plenty or less if your dress or your coat or your suit be not figure flattering then all is lost insofar as allure or smart appearance is concerned. Yes, indeed, we are hearing a lot these days about "lines" and "hips," wasp waists and the new corseted silhouettes.

From the figure-flattering standpoint there are two types that stand out definitely in the mode this season, namely the bolero costume and the form-fitting dresses and coats that are cut a la princess. The difference between the two is that the dress or suit with a bolero possesses the magic to make figures that are not a hundred per cent perfect look up to par, while to wear a princess successfully one really must have a good figure.

If in doubt, there is no safer, saner choice than a bolero ensemble. To define the bolero theme is a big order, for it expresses itself in infinite moods ranging from tailored types made of utilitarian wools to afternoon types starred with sequins or more or less embroidered even into whimsical affairs that are all aglitter with jeweled embroidery, strict trim, filmy lace that tones to formal evening wear.

Most practical is the tailored bolero dress or suit made of a sheer wool weave or of a silk-and-rayon crepe, or of the now-so-smart faille or bengaline. Such a dress-with-bolero or skirt and bolero will prove the better part of a wardrobe within itself. You can wear different

blouses and change the entire appearance of your costume from day to day. The suit may be simply tailored or the bolero can be handsomely all-over braided.

At the smartest places you see bolero costumes similar to the model pictured to the left in the group. Sheer wool or silk crepe in a chosen pastel tone, a skirt rippling to a wide swirling hemline, a blouse that looks like a froth of tinted lace, a bolero that bespeaks youth in its every line thus the story of this charming costume is told. The lace blouse worn with this bolero twosome reminds us that the foreward coming from fashion headquarters is that the dainty lace-trimmed or all-of-lace blouse is scheduled to reach a new high in fashion next spring.

Princess coats and dresses are all the style this winter. In coats the classic double-breasted form-fitting princess type of wool coating or richly colorful tweed is an acknowledged favorite. As to the princess dress, style-alert debutantes and girls of high school age have fallen in love with the simple classic such as is centered in the illustration. Describing this model, it is a black bengaline coat dress, suitable to wear from morn to night. The form-fitting princess lines are cut with purpose to achieve the chic skirt fullness that develops a wide flaring hemline. The dress is further styled with sailor collar and a row of gold buttons at the front closing.

If you are young, slim, svelte and alertly fashion-conscious, tie a ribbon in your hair and wear a form-fitting princess dress like the one pictured to the right in the group. Buttons down the front make this model do the most for the typical junior figure. The gored, hemmed skirt flares gaily. And the four little embroidered and edged in val-typé cotton lace pockets!

Sequin-Trimmed



Sequins flash at you from the most unexpected places this season, the latest idea being to trim the black jersey frock in glittering bands done in white and gold sequins as you see pictured. The gown has the new long sleeves, a high neck and open back that buttons only at neckline and waistline. These new "coverup" fashions are the smartest of the season. Note that the fullness is brought to the front in the skirt.

Call for Glitter

Brings Up Metals

In harmony with the call for glitter in fashions this winter is the return to favor of metal weaves for dinner gowns for cocktail frocks, and especially smart is the blouse of rich lame to be worn with the velvet afternoon suit or with the long formal skirt at evening functions.

Milliners report a big demand for exotic looking turbans of metal cloth draped in oriental fashion, these to match the gowns or blouses or jackets with which they are worn. These flattering turbans look stunning with winter furs and women who like to dress for occasion are playing up the idea of the metal-draped turban for all it is worth.

Metal jackets that button with jeweled buttons are definitely good style for evening worn with the black velvet or crepe formal skirt.

Bright Red Leads

The Color Parade

Bright red triumphs in the color realm. Bright red for your hat, your scarf, and a spectacular turn of affairs is bright red gloves worn with your dark furs.

Bright red jackets top dark skirts day and evening, the more formal ones scintillating with glittering embroidery. Young girls love the new long red capes or coats if you prefer, that are so swank for evening wear. Sometimes brass buttons add to their glory.

Corduroy and Wool

Bright corduroy and printed wool are combined in a comfortable ankle-length dinner dress for informal dining at home.

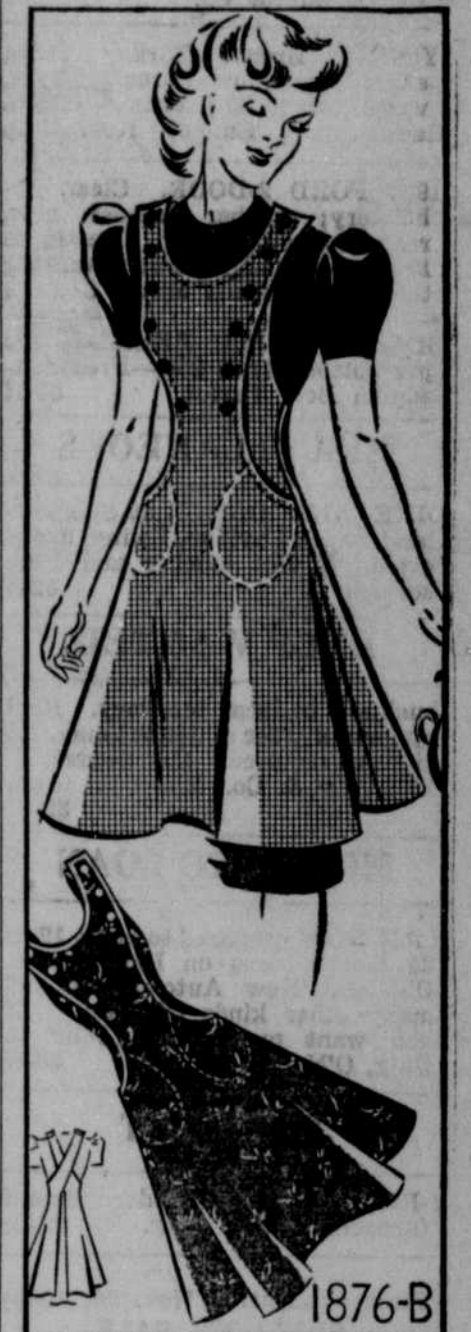
Mantlet

Mantlet is the newest name for the waist length evening jackets of fur with attached hoods.

Practical Pinafore That Will Stay Put

THIS pinafore apron (1876) will be a great favorite with everybody in the sewing circle—it's the most useful kind you can have! It goes on in a jiffy—not even a sash to tie! It covers both the top and the skirt of your dress thoroughly. It won't slip off the shoulders. It has two capacious patch pockets that you will find mighty handy.

Buttons and bright piping give it a gay touch; it's prettily small at the waist and flared at the



skirt. Best of all, it's so easy to make that you can turn it out in a few hours. Send for the pattern today, and make half a dozen aprons like this, so that you'll always have one ready to put on, fresh and clean. It's nice for gifts and club or church sales, too. Make it of gingham percale, chintz or linen, in cheerful prints or plain colors.

No. 1876 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44. Size 34 requires 2 3/4 yards of 35-inch material; 2 yards bias binding to trim.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of pattern, 15 cents (in coins).

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The Spoken Word

Far more effective (than books) is the spoken word. There is something in the voice, the countenance, the bearing and the gesture of the speaker, that concur in fixing an impression upon the mind, deeper than can even vigorous writings.—Pliny the Younger.

666 relieves misery of Colds fast! LIQUID - TABLETS SALVE-NOSE DROPS

Worthy Action

Count that day lost, whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done.—Stanford.

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 are sometimes 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!

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