

Prologue to Love

By
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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

Autumn selected a half-opened pink rose from a vase on her dressing table and drew it through the lapel of her jacket. The effect was chastely sweet, she decided. Well, one had to contemplate the trivial details if one kept going at all—especially when the important things of life seemed bent on one's undoing. Bruce Lander might just possibly call while she was away—no, no, there must be an end to such thoughts as that! She tightened her lips as she heard Hannah's voice calling her from the foot of the stairs. That had been Florian's car, then, that she had heard entering the driveway.

"I'll be down in a moment, Hannah," she called back, and hastily dabbed a powder puff to the shadows under her eyes.

She had almost convinced herself that she was gay when she descended the stairway and approached the drawing room door. On the threshold, she paused abruptly and checked the greeting that was ready on her lips. The young man who rose to meet her was not Florian, but Bruce Lander.

"Hello, Autumn," he said quietly as he came toward her. "I was afraid I might not find you at home."

She felt the wild, hot flush that covered her cheeks. "Why—Bruce! I had no idea it was you. I was expecting Florian."

In her confusion she knew, of course, that she had stumbled wretchedly there.

"I'll not stay more than a minute, Autumn," he said, with a diffidence that brought her a quick marveling of incredulity.

"Oh, please!" she breathed. "Sit down—until Florian comes, at any rate."

What on earth was she saying? She felt as if her wits had left her completely. What she had just said, in effect, was that he might leave the moment Florian arrived. But perhaps Bruce would not care to meet Florian—after their last encounter.

She seated herself and Bruce took a chair near her. Somehow she could not bring herself to glance directly at him in her sharp awareness of the distraught look on his face. Every instinct of her being, alive to his nearness once more, informed her that Bruce Lander had been suffering even as she herself had suffered.

"I had hoped you might come," she found herself saying, the words stumbling out recklessly.

He darted a quick look at her. "Had you, really? I—I wasn't sure you would care one way or the other."

"Oh!" She was not sure whether or not she had spoken. Her fingers twined tightly together in her lap. "I dropped over to say good-by, Autumn," Bruce went on. "Tom Willmar says you are planning to leave for England within a few days."

"I haven't set the time yet," Autumn replied. "It won't be for another ten days, anyway."

"I am going into the hills for a couple of weeks," he continued. "I'm leaving early in the morning. You'll probably be gone before I get back."

Her voice, when she spoke again, seemed to limp like some injured thing. "Oh," she said, "it was nice of you to come."

He opened his cigarette case and offered it to her. She was obliged to make her fingers rigid in order to control their trembling as she held the cigarette while Bruce lit it for her.

"I came, Autumn," he said at last, his voice strangely tense, "because I did not want you to leave with the feeling that—that we are not friends."

A desire to give way to tears almost overwhelmed her as she looked at him now and recognized what it meant for him to speak so frankly. She could have gone to him in that moment and wept in his arms.

"I have had no such feeling, Bruce," she said with some difficulty.

"I couldn't blame you if you had," he said. "I think I told you—one night—that we could not be friends."

She smiled at him but did not speak, smiled frozenly, in a silence that was unbearable.

"I wanted you to know, before you left, that we shall always be friends—because we must be. I had dinner with Hector the other night."

"He told me so," Autumn said.

"I heard the whole story—our whole story," Bruce went on, with evident emotion. "I wish you had told it to me before."

Autumn lifted her hands toward him slightly in a gesture of appeal.

"I wanted to tell you, Bruce, but you must know why I could not."

"I understand that perfectly, Autumn. I should have felt the same about it myself—and would probably have acted as you did."

She forced herself to look squarely into his eyes. "It has all been terrible—for both of us."

"Forget it, then," Bruce said firmly. "What's past—is past!"

As he spoke, a car drove up before the door and came abruptly to a stop. Bruce got up and walked toward the window.

"That must be Florian now," Autumn said.

"It is," Bruce told her. "I'll be on my way."

He came toward her and held out his hand. She slipped her hand into his and thought in swift panic that she was losing him now, forever.

"Did you mean what you said—that the past is past?" she asked him hurriedly, as Florian's footfall sounded at the door.

Before he could reply, Florian had hailed them from the doorway. Bruce drew back a step and Autumn turned to meet Florian, who was coming toward them, his usual easy self, his hand extended.

"Hello, folks!" he greeted them. "Great to see you again, Autumn! And you, too, Bruce! How's the big sheep man? Gosh, I haven't seen you for an age!"

"The last time we met—" Bruce began, but Florian interrupted him. "Say, the last time you spoke to me—you had murder in your heart."

"I admit it," Bruce said with a smile.

"You're great on that defending-a-woman's-fair-name stuff, Bruce. You'll get a reputation if you're not careful. You looked ready to kill

me that night—kill me with your two hands, as they say in the thrillers."

"I know I was," Bruce admitted. "I owe you both an apology for what I thought that night."

"Don't spoil it, now," Florian admonished him. "You know, you really should have lived in the days when knights were bold—and all that rot—when running a man through was just part of the day's work."

He laughed at Bruce and then turned to Autumn. "Give us a drink, Autumn. I'm as dry as an old salt mine."

"Sorry I can't stay with you and join in one," Bruce said. "I've got to get into the hills first thing in the morning and I've got a lot to do before dark."

"Sorry," Florian replied. "I was hoping you might have you down at the ranch for a little party this weekend. Autumn is coming down to help us celebrate her going away. In fact, Lin told me she intends to telephone you tonight about it."

"I'd like to go," Bruce assured him, "but I can't put off the trip another day. Tell Lin for me, will you? I'll not be home to take her call."

"You're not leaving tonight?"

"No, but I'll be staying up at the cabin in the ravine tonight," Bruce replied. "I have some work to do up there on some new corrals I'm putting in."

"Well, business is business," Florian observed, "and I've had enough of it to last me for a month. How about that little drink, Autumn?"

"I'll say good-by, then," Bruce said, and gave Autumn his hand once more.

Autumn held his hand for a moment without speaking, then turned away as Bruce started for the door.

"Call me up when you come out of the hills," Florian suggested as Bruce waved him a farewell.

"Right!" Bruce replied and was gone.

Florian turned to Autumn as the door closed. "Come along, darling—one drink and we'll hit the trail."

Autumn brought the ingredients and permitted Florian to mix them. He kept up an incessant chatter concerning his trip to Vancouver and the scores of small interests that had occupied him since their last meeting. Autumn did her best to listen but found it impossible to keep her mind on what he was saying.

When at last Florian filled the glasses and handed one to Autumn, she sipped it once and then set it aside.

"Come on, darling," Florian

urged. "We'll have to be making tracks."

She looked at him. "I can't go with you, Florian," she told him.

"What!"

"I'm sorry," she replied, "but something has come up—since you telephoned. I've got to stay here tonight."

Florian was puzzled. He knew from her manner that there was no use in urging her to come with him. She had made up her mind.

"That's rough on me," he said, "but you've become a woman of affairs, and there isn't much I can do about it, I suppose."

"There's nothing anyone can do—about me," she said, "except myself."

Florian was silent for a moment. Then he helped himself to another drink and lifted it in his hand, regarding it thoughtfully. At last he looked at her over the rim of the glass.

"You know, Autumn," he said slowly, "I have a hunch you will not go to England at all."

"I don't know, Florian," she admitted.

"You don't want to go," he told her.

"You know I don't."

"I thought as much," he said, lifting his glass. "Well—here's luck!"

Autumn lifted her glass and drank with him. When she set it aside once more, she got to her feet.

"You are going to stay for dinner," she announced abruptly, and in spite of his protests she went to the kitchen to confer with Hannah.

The sound of Florian's car on the highway was still audible to Autumn as she hurried to her room and began removing her white linen suit. She changed quickly to her black riding clothes and fastened a bright green scarf about her throat, her hands trembling with an unaccountable excitement.

Her flight down the stairs and out of the house brought from old Hannah a mere despairing click of the tongue. She had long since given up the struggle of trying to cope with the vagaries of her young mistress.

The sun had gone and the new moon had cut a barely perceptible silver curve in the pale sky as Autumn mounted her horse and turned him westward. She was glad, shamelessly, that her gaze fell full upon it, and neither over her right shoulder nor over her left.

Beneath the serene dome of evening the mountains had drawn into their blue secrecy. The drowsy murmur of the range drifted toward her and overwhelmed her senses with its prophecy of fulfillment.

Bruce had told Florian that he would not be at home. He would be in his cabin. She turned from the trail and rode over the hills straight in the direction of the ravine. As she came to the white birches and looked ahead, she saw the cabin among the trees, almost hidden in the dusk. There was no light in the window, and her heart fell at the thought that he might not be here, after all. If he had already gone—

She rode up the narrow trail and dismounted among the birches, leaving her horse to graze as she approached the door. She did not knock, but pushed the screen door quietly open and stepped within.

Bruce was on his knees in the middle of the floor, packing a heavy box with supplies. He looked up quickly, then got to his feet and

Three Theories Advanced for Name 'Dixie'

The history of Dixie as a nickname of the South is obscure. Three theories have been advanced to explain its origin, but none of them is supported by historical or etymological evidence, declares a writer in the Indianapolis News.

The first and most probable regards "Dixie" as a Negro corruption of Dixon in Mason and Dixon's line, the popular name of the dividing line between the North and South.

M. Schele de Vere was inclined to accept this theory. In "Americanisms: The English of the New World," which was written in 1871, he says:

"It came first into use when Texas, a new state that had joined the Union, was believed to be an Eldorado, where colossal fortunes could be made in a short time; and thousands went there, alone or with their slaves, to begin a new career and accumulate treasures. Negro melodies used the shortened term, and from them 'Dixie' passed into common use, as the name of the happy, abundant South."

The second theory, which is more popular but less probable, derives the term from a planter named Dixie or Dixey, who is said to have owned a large number of slaves on Manhattan island before slavery was abolished in New York. Dixie, according to the story, was very kind to his slaves and they loved their master dearly, but his diminishing fortune compelled him to sell many of them as laborers on the rice plantations of the South. These slaves sang and chanted melodies praising their old master and his plantation, which they called

"Dixie's farm" or simply "Dixie." If this theory is correct, "Dixie" originally referred to the North, which is improbable in view of the fact that in the early songs the term expresses a yearning for the southland. The third theory, which also lacks etymological support, derives "Dixie" from the French word "dix," meaning ten, which was printed on \$10 notes issued in the old days by the Banque des Citoyens de la Louisiane on Rue Royale in New Orleans. These bank notes, it is said, were popularly called "dixes" by the English and Americans and the bank was known as "Dixie's bank." In time, according to the story, the term was extended to the entire South.

Regardless of which one, if any, of these theories is correct, two things seem clear: Dixie did not at first refer to the South, and it originated among the Negroes to whom it was at first almost synonymous with paradise or a land of bliss. It was not appropriated by the southern states until just before the Civil war, when it was popularized by Daniel Decatur Emmett, an actor and song writer, who was born in 1815 at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. He was author of the song "Old Dan Tucker," and in 1859 he wrote a Negro minstrel entitled "Dixie's Land or Dixie." This piece was written for Bryant's minstrels and was first sung at the Mechanic's hall in New York, N. Y.

"Dixie" was played at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, Ala., on February 18, 1861, and was adopted by the Confederates as their war song.

facéd her in the shimmering gloom of the place. She retreated a step and leaned her back against the frame of the doorway.

For a moment neither spoke. Then he stepped toward her.

"Autumn!" he said, his voice quick with excitement.

"You did not answer my question—this afternoon," she said.

"What question?" he replied.

Autumn strove to speak but her voice failed her. Bruce came and stood looking down at her.

"What question?" he repeated.

"Did you mean it—when you said—the past is past?"

"I meant—just that!" he told her.

"Forever?"

"Forever—and ever!"

She looked at him for a moment before she spoke again.

"And you told me once—that I should never come here again," she said, smiling up at him. "Did you mean that, too?"

The slender furrow deepened in either cheek as he leaned toward her.

"I meant that, too," he said. "I meant it—then."

She caught her hat suddenly from her head and flung it across the room.

"I'm here!" she said. "That's why I've come."

(THE END)

Phonetics of Egyptians Revealed in Documents

Egyptian, a tongue heard from before the days of the pyramids down to the Middle Ages but unspoken for the last 900 years, is giving up the secrets of sounds familiar to Tutankhamen, Moses and his followers and Cleopatra, through research in Coptic documents at the University of Michigan.

While many of the writings of the Egyptians have been preserved from the past, on stone and papyrus, the spoken language was replaced by Greek during the years of Greek and Roman power. It was revived later and as Coptic it persisted until the Tenth century. Scholars have been able to translate the written language with exactitude, but have never been able to do more than guess vaguely at how the tongue of the pyramid builders sounded when spoken.

The clues to the Egyptian spoken word are being traced at the University of Michigan by Prof. William H. Worrell, specialist in Coptic. "Copt" is the name now applied to the Egyptian people since their adoption of Christianity, although Christianity is not at present the dominant religion of Egypt. Centuries ago, while Egyptian was still spoken, these people developed a method of writing Greek in Egyptian, for everyday practical purposes and to translate Greek religious texts.

To do this the Copts took the Greek alphabet, added six Egyptian sounds and used the combination as a Coptic alphabet to transcribe the current language of the time. In his detective work for forgotten sounds Professor Worrell uses the science of phonetics, which tells what sounds may be formed in the human mouth and throat and how, and a broad study of all the dialects of Coptic Arabic and Greek both of the present and as they were spoken and written in ancient days. By starting with sounds used today in related languages, closely observing spelling variations and words borrowed from other tongues, it is possible to trace individual sounds backward in time by processes now known to be scientifically accurate, finally arriving at forms silent for centuries.

Star Dust

★ 'The Bat' Again
★ Jane Has Preference
★ To the Bitter End

By Virginia Vale

THE President's son plans to give us a mystery picture—made from one of the best mystery plays ever written—as the first release of his Globe Productions. It's "The Bat," by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, and has everything that a thriller should have. It was filmed by Mary Pickford's company in 1926, and done again, as "The Bat Whispers," in 1931. Norman Foster will direct the new version.

Hard on the heels of her scrap with Warner Brothers over her refusal to appear in "Married, Pretty and Poor," Jane Bryan showed the studio that she preferred to be married, pretty and rich—she announced her engagement to Justin W. Dart, who is general manager of a drug firm.

Mickey Rooney may rank first at the box offices of motion picture theaters in this country, but in Great Britain and Ireland he comes second, with Deanna Durbin pushing him out of first place. She was not among the first ten in this country.

If you are devoted to the story, "The Light That Failed," you'll like the picture version, which sticks to the original, even to the unhappy ending. If it's Ronald Colman, rather than the story, who's responsi-



RONALD COLMAN

ble for your interest in the picture, you'll enjoy it hugely, for he gives an excellent performance.

So do Walter Huston, Dudley Digges, and Ida Lupino. Miss Lupino has had a hard time of it in Hollywood; she was put into ingenu parts and kept there; now that, at last, she has been given a chance to show what she could do with a real role, she had made the most of it.

Hers is rather like the one in "Of Human Bondage" that established Bette Davis as a dramatic actress. Miss Lupino's performance is good enough to do as much for her. No longer can she be thought of as just one of those pretty blondes who are so numerous in the picture-making metropolises.

If you're interested in the present activities of former radio favorites, here's news of some of them. Jimmy Melton is now known as James Melton, and is a concert singer. Morton Downey wound up his summer engagement at the World's fair and followed it with an equally successful one in a Hollywood night club. Singin' Sam is making money by making recordings.

Jessica Dragonette makes occasional appearances on the air—and when you see "Gulliver's Travels" you'll hear her voice. Vera Van, Leah Ray and Annette Henshaw have retired.

Gene Autry, the singing screen star who is Public Cowboy No. 1, heads a new western series from "The Double M Ranch" over the Columbia network each Sunday. Incidentally, did you know that Gene was discovered by the beloved Will Rogers? Rogers stopped at a small town in Oklahoma to forward his syndicated column; Gene, the telegraph operator, was singing a western ballad. Rogers advised him to capitalize on his talents—and a little more than a year later Gene Autry was a popular radio and recording artist.

Del Courtney, who features Candid Camera music over NBC, has borrowed an idea from the movies in his presentation of "previews" of his forthcoming programs. Before concluding his broadcasts, he plays a few bars of some of the new tunes to be featured on the next program. It's a novel idea, and will probably be widely copied by bandleaders who don't hesitate to imitate their more successful brethren.

ODDS AND ENDS—The New York Film Critics picked "Wuthering Heights" as 1939's best picture. . . . It's a little more than twenty-six years since Cecil B. DeMille, Samuel Goldwyn and Jesse Lasky began filming "The Squaw Man," the first motion picture made in Hollywood. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Arthritis May Be Result of Three Factors

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

I CAN remember as a boy an older brother telling me of a wonderful drug that would "cure" rheumatism.

The new drug was acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin). It does not cure rheumatism but does relieve pain and the spasm or tightness that aggravates painful conditions.

A few years later it was discovered that infected teeth and tonsils caused rheumatism and it was felt that with the cause known, and then removed, rheumatism would be soon a disease of the past. "Chronic arthritis (rheumatism) counts more victims than tuberculosis. While not as fatal, it may be quite as disabling."

Instead of just the one cause, focal infection—infected teeth, tonsils, sinus, middle ear, gall bladder, intestine—there are three ways in which arthritis may be produced. One is from without (injury or strain); another is from within (infection). The third combines these two, the effect of strain on a joint damaged by disease resulting in a vicious circle. Other factors entering into the cause of arthritis are gland conditions and lack of vital elements in the food. Still more subtle or difficult to find is an inherited inferiority of joint tissue.

I am quoting from an article on treatment of arthritis by Dr. Bernard Fantus and Eugene F. Traut, in the Journal of the American Medical Association. As these many factors—injury, infection, lack of necessary food elements, inherited tendency, changes in climate, emotional disturbances and others—may be causing arthritis, all must be taken into consideration in the treatment.

Factors to Consider. For a long time, the usual treatment of arthritis was to remove all infected teeth, tonsils and gall bladders, as they were believed to be the entire or whole cause. Today, while they are not believed to be the whole cause or, in some cases, even a part of the cause, they are removed just the same in order to build up the general health of the patient. By improving his general health, his resistance is increased. It is in improving his resistance to infection that has set up the new diet method of treating arthritis.

"The diet should, in general, be low in carbohydrates—starches, especially as to concentrated, refined starch foods such as white flour, corn starch, rice and sugar. If patient is very thin, more fats—butter, cream, egg yolks—may be eaten. One serving of meat, eggs or fish is allowed daily.

Appendicitis Pain May Be Varied

AS IT seems to be the general opinion that the pain in appendicitis must be in the lower right side of the abdomen, many health writers, including myself, try to remind readers that the pain "usually" starts up near the stomach, then gradually shifts down to the appendix and stops there. It might be well, therefore, to learn that while the pain usually starts high in the abdomen, in a number of cases it starts elsewhere.

Dr. Gordon Murray, Toronto, in Canadian Medical Association Journal gives an analysis of 1,000 cases of appendicitis whose records in the Toronto General hospital have been carefully studied. In this group, the proportion of appendicitis in the male was four to one in the female. Abdominal pain was the first symptom in 80 per cent. The situation of pain was (1) general cramps in abdomen, 75 per cent; (2) right lower part of abdomen (appendix region), 10 per cent; (3) above the stomach proper, 7 per cent; (4) umbilicus or navel region, 2 per cent; (5) at side of abdomen, 2 per cent; (6) underneath the stomach, 2 per cent.

Pain Area May Vary. It can thus be seen then that the pain in appendicitis may start from various parts of the abdomen, as in only 10 per cent did the pain start in the appendix region. However, in all cases whether the pain started high up, low down, or at the side of the abdomen, in 100 per cent of the cases the pain finally shifted to the region of the appendix. The pain was crampy at first, but frequently became less severe, leaving a dull aching sensation in the appendix region.

Aside from the pain and its location, other symptoms mentioned are: Loss of appetite was an early symptom; vomiting occurred early and in about 90 per cent of the cases; nausea was present often. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Where There's a Will Things Usually Get Done!

The teacher was examining the pupils in arithmetic. "Now," he said, "I'll give you one more sum. If a cat falls down a bottomless well, and for every two feet it climbs up, it falls down three, how long will it take to get out?" One boy took a slate, and after filling both sides with a mass of figures, asked for another. "Good gracious!" snapped the teacher, "haven't you the sense to see the cat will never get out?" "Don't be in a hurry, sir," replied the boy. "There's plenty of time and heaps more slates. If you wait long enough, I'll bring the little beggar out in Australia."

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Weaving on Life's Loom. We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.



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