Prologue to Love MARTHA OSTENSO

O MARTHA OSTENSO-WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

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.

CHAPTER I-Continued

"What a lovely thought," Autumn observed eagerly. "But was Grandmother Odell such a heart-breaker, Hector? I have never been told much about her. For that matter, they either-and I have always wanted to know-" Her voice faltered and she shrugged her shoulders as if to dis-

miss the subject. Hector took the bell from her respect for hearts."

Autumn leaned back, resting her elbows on the mantelpiece behind her, and glanced up at him diffidently from beneath her lashes. "Even mother?" she asked.

He swung the bell just perceptifrom infinity. Hector did not reply at once.

"You knew mother very well, didn't you?" she prompted him. "She couldn't have been more than ten years younger than you."

"Millicent Odell-" It might have been the wine he had had, Autumn thought, but it seemed to her that for an instant he was quite oblivious of her presence. His narrow, brown face with its myriad fine seams glowed as though he were listening ardently to the music of that name, the name of her mother, twenty years dead. Then he glanced down at the bell once more. "I have fashioned a little conceit about this bell, Autumn. Perhaps you would like to know what it is."

"Do tell me. Hector." He smiled boyishly. "It is like the Odell women. Its beauty casts a spell over a vast distance. Its music echoes and reechoes into eternity-and haunts you forever. It

power is blackest magic." Autumn clasped her hands and laughed with delight, although an incomprehensible tremor stirred within her. "You were meant to be a poet, Hector-not a collector of antiques," she said gayly.

has an elfin soul, my dear, and its

The doorbell rang and Hector went quickly to answer it. Autumn's luggage had arrived.

Autumn Dean reined in where the road curved out to a steep incline above the town, and looked back down upon the diamond-studded valley she had left. When she was a little girl she had thought of the town of Kamloops by night as a jeweled brooch lying on a bed of black velvet, the river a ribbon of dim silver festooned about it. The miles slipped away behind

her, and now she recognized the features of her father's land, the beginning of those thirty thousand acres that led sheer up into the dusk of the southern mountains, and spread fan-wise to the river on the north. There on one side of the trail was the somber promontory now, that jutted out like a monk's cowl above the abandoned copper mine, and on her right the grassy trail that led through ghost-gray hummocks of sage up a steep hillside and down again to the sheltered valley where the lambing corrals were. She paused to listen for a moment, and across the dim solitude came the lonely tinkle of a sheep bell. The sound carried her poignantly blingly about her and held her for a back to her childhood, when she had ridden her pony on spring evenings such as this-the Laird's disapprovmost a whisper, the defenseless al notwithstanding-to visit old Ab- voice of a sleepwalker. solom Peek, the faithful herder, where he tended the lambing ewes. At the sweet thrust of memory her eyes filled with tears. She shook the reins and followed the trail westward along the valley.

Here, at last, was the little schoolhouse, with its pile of seasoned firewood, its pathetic little outhouses. and its elfin host of memories that lurked in every shadow and danced before her under the pale light of the stars. What had become of that troop of boys and girls with whom she had romped in the days when she herself had been one of them? The Careys and the Cornwalls, the Lloyds and the Murrays? Just there, under that dark pine, young Larry Sutherland had washed her face with a handful of the first snow of the year. And here young Sandy Cameron had fought with Bruce Landor who had elected himself her champion-though she had been a mere slip of eight or nine years at the time, and Bruce had been five years her senior-Bruce Landor, whose father had shot himself down there in the little ravine that ran through the northern end of the Dean acres. She had often thought of Bruce, the prise you." wistful-eyed young dreamer, always had won the respect of the country- That's why.'

side. It was ten years since he | had bade her a rather lofty and had been thirteen then, and had be reason enough for anything." wept despondent, little-girl tears at the departure of her hero who had outgrown her. Before his return for the summer vacation, she herself had been despatched, protesting, to

England. Three miles beyond, she came to the massive pillars of field stone that stood at the entrance to the Castle of the Norns. The name still suited the place as it had done when have never spoken much of mother, she was twelve years old, her fancy steeped in ancient lore. Her father had been pleased with the name she had chosen for that odd pile with its curious gray stone turrets and parapets, the like of which had probahands and held it thoughtfully on bly never adorned another ranch his palm, stroking the satiny tex- house in all the world. Uncharitature of its semi-spherical upper half | ble people in the community had with his eloquent fingers. "The Odell called it "Old Dean's Folly," but women," he said slowly, "had small Autumn had adored it from her earliest memory.

She checked her horse to a walk as she rode up the gravel approach between the tall pines. A light was fear or mere perplexity? Autumn discernible now in the east tower of the Castle. Her father's study was there, and he himself would probably, and the eerie threne of it, a bly be seated now in his deep leathvanishing wraith of sound, caught at | er chair, lost to his surroundings in her throat. It might be the mingled the pages of one of his old and betears and laughter of a ghost heard loved books. Except for the subdued glow of the light in the spacious hall



"I tell you it's me, darling!"

the house was in darkness. Old Hannah, the housekeeper, who had been Autumn's nurse, would have gone to bed long since.

Now from within the house a dog barked-once, twice, a deep-throated and ominous sound. Autumn hurried up the steps and glanced through the heavy glass panel of the door. Her father's great Irish wolfhound was coming down the staircase with his loping, magnificent gait. She tried the door, found it unlocked, and entered.

Old Jarvis Dean, his heavy briar stick in his hand, was coming slowly down behind the dog. At the first sight of her he let his cane fall and supported himself with one hand on the shining black balustrade. The other moved slowly across his

Autumn rushed up the staircase. "Hello, Da!" she cried, and flung her arms about his stooping form. "Don't faint, darling, it's really me! Down, Pat, you jealous old thing!' "God bless my soul!" Jarvis ex-

claimed. "What's this, what's this!" "I tell you, it's me, darling!" Her father placed an arm tremmoment without speaking. Presently she heard his voice, a voice al-

"Autumn-my little Autumn!" She thrust him back from her, laughing with excitement. "Oh. Daddy-let me look at you!"

He stooped and picked up his cane, then turned and took a couple of steps up the stairway. His great voice resounded in the hall. "Hannah! Hannah! Come down!" He beat his cane sharply on the stairs. "Hannah, I say!'

The old woman's voice responded from above, breathless from excitement. "I'm coming, I'm coming. What in the world has happened?' "Come down, you dunderhead.

and see for yourself!" He turned to Autumn and put his fingers to his lips to warn her against crying out. Then he began walking uncertainly down the stairs, Autumn moving before him, her voice vivid and young in the austere silence of the lofty hall.

"Oh, Da! I can't tell you what it means to be home again." She turned upon him suddenly and threw her arms about him once more. "I didn't say a word to you about my gether and I-" coming, darling, because I-I didn't want you to know. I wanted to sur-

a little sad because of the tragedy lie to me, you young brat," he that had befallen him, and of his warned her, with enough humor in fort. "You have come and you will daughter was grown up and would spirited mother, who had struggled his eyes to take the sting from his have to stay -for a decent length of not be spoken to as if she were no along somehow and ruled the Lan- words. "You didn't tell me about time, anyhow-or people will have more than a child. But there would dor ranch with a fierce will that it because you knew I'd forbid it. something to wag their damned silly be time for that.

Autumn kissed him and laughed. 'What difference does it make, you grown-up good-by when, at eight- dear rascal! We belong togethereen, he went away to college. She and we belong here. That ought to

"Reason? Reason? There is no reason in anything you do. You're a women! But go into the room there | ing you, Hannah?" and get some light on you so I can see what you look like."

Autumn turned from him and skipped toward the doorway that opened into the drawing room. She pushed the button on the wall and the long room became flooded with a pleasant amber radiance. Autumn clasped her hands as she stood still for a moment, her senses possessing the room, making its simple harmonies her own again.

Jarvis seated himself before the white marble fireplace, where a pink glow slumbered in the violet-colored ash. From a tiny, lemon-hued satin settee opposite. Autumn looked at him. His long, bony hands were clasped above his cane, his leonine head jutted forward, and there was in his eyes a naked look of-was it did not know.

A hideous feeling came upon her that this was not her father at all who sat facing her, but some grotesque old changeling with a demonridden soul. His eyes burned as he searched her face, his massive hands clenching the arms of his chair.

A tremor took possession of her so that her shoulders quivered involuntarily. She twined her fingers tightly together and bent forward. "Tell me-what is wrong?" she

The old man's body seemed to sag, chair. "Your mother's hair-burnished as October," he said absently, then lifted his head slowly. 'Nothing is wrong, my child, noth-

the room.

"Hannah!" The woman halted suddenly, her hand clutching at her breast. She eyed Autumn incredulously, then drew her breath in a quick gasp. Autumn hurried toward her and put her arms about the bowed shoulders.

"Hannah-don't you know me?" The only immediate response was a sob that shook the old woman's cent.

frame as she clung to Autumn. 'My baby-my baby!" Hannah

ken and incredibly old. Autumn drew her close and dearment remembered from her childhood, "Hannah, Hannah! Little

old Muzzy-wuzzy!" Jarvis Dean drew himself up ponderously in his chair. "Come, now!" he thundered. "There'll be time enough for that! Put the kettle on the fire and make us a pot of tea."

Hannah drew away and Autumn patted her affectionately on the shoulder. "Yes, Hannah, make us to talk. I'm never going to leave home again."

The old woman pattered away to the kitchen and Autumn sat down again on the satin settee.

"So you are counting on staying here.' her father said. "If I have to turn sheep and run

with the flock, Da," Autumn laughed Jarvis Dean's head sank forward on his chest. "Were you not well

enough off with your aunt, then?" he asked her. "I have nothing against Aunt Flo. She has always been lovely to Da.

'What brings you home, then?" Jarvis Dean's voice was deep, his breathing labored.

"I'm fed up with all that meaningless existence-and this is my home." Autumn's voice quivered and broke at the realization of the fantastic heartlessness of the situation. Bewildered and appalled and crushed, she struggled to regain control of her voice. "Do you mean -you really don't want me here, Da?" she asked.

The old man shifted uneasily in his chair. "Here? What kind of a place is this for a girl like you?" he demanded.

Autumn's eyes darted helplessly from one object in the room to another, as though she were seeking refuge from the overwhelming and cruel stupefaction that had come upon her. "Why-whatever can you have against my being here-I can't believe-"

Her father held up his hand with a peremptory gesture. "What did I tell you in England last Christmas when you wanted to come back here with me?"

"I never believed that you really meant that I couldn't come back. Why, it's-it's the most unreasonable thing I've ever heard of. We've always had such wonderful times to-

Jarvis Dean rose abruptly to his great height and the anguish in his face wrung her heart in amazement He looked at her sternly. "Don't and mystification. "Let's talk no more about it," he said with an eftongues about. I'll not have them

saying things-about the Deans." A change came over him, so swift and brilliant that the horrible thought swept through Autumn that perhaps he had, for the agonizing period just past, been mentally deranged. His head, with its smooth waves of white hair, rose proudly, a half mocking smile played about his stern mouth, but his eyes were wistful as he came toward Autumn

with his hands outstretched. She got up quickly and put her arms about him, beating back the tears that threatened. "Poor old Da!" she said softly. "I should never have come if I-"

"Enough of that! You are here." woman, and the devil himself is in He turned from her. "What's keep-

"I'm coming directly," Hannah replied querulously.

The old man shook his head slowly. "She's about done, that one," he muttered. "She's more misery to me than she is help, but there's nothing I can do about it. I can't kick the old dunderhead out at her time of life.

"The more need you'll have for me about the place, Da," Autumn observed archly.

Her father turned on her brusquely. "It'd be a poor creature that couldn't get along better without either of you," he told her.

"That'll be enough of that fool talk for this night," said old Hannah as she entered the room and came toward them bearing her loaded tray.

Autumn laughed and placed a small table before the fireplace as her father sank once more into his

CHAPTER II

Jarvis Dean stood before the great windows in the hall, looking out upon the world where the light of early morning was aflame above the spires of the pines. He moved away once and called up the stairs to assure himself that Autumn was getting ready for the ride she had insisted on taking with him into the sheltered ravine where the lambing was in progress. When she replied, exhausted, into the depths of his he strode back to the window and looked out upon the softly lighted mosaic of the world that was his. As he stood, weary and haggard from a sleepless night, it came to him that it had been better had he The sound of Hannah's footfall on | sold it last winter when he had had the stairway broke the moment's a substantial offer for it. Why had spell and Autumn got up as the old he not sold it? He was getting old. housekeeper hurried nervously into Pride, pride! Pride and vanity. Vanity of possession, of power, of triumph! Yes-that had been it-triumph! The triumph, as he had thought, of his own conscience over a catastrophe of twenty years ago. That was why he had stayed on here, stubbornly, bitterly, when his world had seemed ready to crash about his ears after the death of Geoffrey Landor, and then-Milli-

Ah, Millicent, forever loved, for peplum effects done in a conservaever lost! Her slender red smile. said at last, her voice thin and bro- red still as she died in fever, red in the undying love of another, slender in hatred of himself, seemed to soothed her with little words of en. pierce the brooding east now as he stared at it with vacant eyes.

"Fool, fool!" he muttered to himself. "I might have known-I might have known!"

He turned as Autumn, dressed for the ride, came down the stairs. "Let's go!" she sang out, and stood before him slapping her boots

with her quirt. Two horses stood before the door Jarvis Dean's big black and Hecto some tea. We'll have days and days | Cardigan's hunter. In a momen

they were in the trail and heading eastward over the way that Autumi had come the night before. They were on their way to visi old Absolom Peek at his camp in

the ravine. When they turned a last from the main trail and took : winding path that led toward the camp, Autumn remembered roundabout and more picturesque way to the place, down through gully where a tiny creek ran and where the white birch grew in a dense wall up either slope. Landor's Gulch it was called locally, partly because one-half of its length market the boundary between the Landon and the Dean acres; partly, too, be cause it was down there beside the creek among the birches that the body of Geoffrey Landor had beer found years ago by one of his own men. The years had dimmed the details of that tragic story, though they had served only to deepen the legendary color that invested it Years ago, old Hannah had told Au tumn that sheep herders had encountered Geoffrey's ghost among the white birches there, of a moon lit night in spring, and had heard his voice calling to his sheep-dogs when the wind came up from the river Autumn had all but forgotten the legend, but its memory smote her now as she drew rein and turned "Come on, Da!" she called. "Let's

her horse toward the gully. go down this way." Jarvis drew up short and looked

at her. "There's quicksand along that creek," he replied. "Don't you remember?"

lightest beige and cinnamon tones Autumn laughed. "Come on! I to vibrant copper tones, with speused to find gold pebbles down there. cial emphasis on browns from light I want to see if there are any left.' to dark. Paris plays up these colors Jarvis exclaimed under his breath. both in fabrics and in furs, and then "Damn it, my girl, I have no time to carry out the color scheme in for such fooling! Are you riding with perfect harmony adds amber jewelme or are you not?" ry. The revival of amber will prove Autumn held her horse for a mowelcome news to women who dress

ment in perplexity, then followed her father along the trail of his own choosing. One of these days, she thought to herself, it would be necesyoung woman pictured. sary to warn Jarvis Dean that his

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Look Is Given to Autumn Styles by Bustle Silhouette

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



fashions for fall and winter has caused. Immediately, at the mere suggestion of bustles being revived in modern styling, came visions of the amusing monstrosities we of this day have come to associate with the "has been" fashions of the long ago.

As a matter of fact the bustle motif that has succeeded in giving to contemporary fashions such a decidedly new look is far and away from the antiquated bustle of our ancestresses. A more accurate way of expressing the bustle theme as is today, is to speak of it as back-fullness, to achieve which designers are most ingeniously introducing clever drapes, bows, and tive manner.

The emphasis given to back-fullness in current styling has opened avenues of thought to designers, in consequence of which the dresses and coats and jackets shown in the season's collections have taken on in entirely different and refreshing note of interest. With the new backullness the simple black dress that s heralded as a perfect autumn 'first" becomes a model of hightyle distinction.

The various treatments of the back-fullness theme as demonstrated in the illustration conveys the nessage that there are back-'ullnesses and back-fullnesses being nterpreted throughout the mode, with not necessarily any two being ılike.

See the afternoon dress of voguish velveteen shown to the left in the picture. It shows clever manipilation via the peplum method. The

Amber in Fashion

Featured colors this season in-

clude a series that ranges from

with distinction. Note the attrac-

tive bracelet, necklace and clip of

amber as worn by the fashion-wise

For Slim Lines

To give slim lines to your dressy

fur coat, long-haired and bulky furs

are being combined with bands of

all types of material.

spectator sports dress centered in the group, of lightweight woolen, modifies its peplum fullness to a conservative degree.

The sheer black afternoon dress to the right has a wide sash technique which arrives at back-fullness in most pleasing fashion. The hat, designed to complement the bustle silhouette of the dress, has its own bustle, which goes to show that milliners are also subscribing to the bustle theme.

In the inset a pretty evening formal again illustrates the prevailing idea of bustle effects. The bustle is detachable, to be worn at will. Stiff, crisp silk taffeta yields beautifully.

This matter of back-fullness is not confined to dress design. The new coats have had to be tuned to the bustle-like fullness of the gowns over which they must be worn. In consequence many of the smartest coats of the season are styled with that thought in mind. Some take on fullness at the waistline; others are made with lines that flare from neckline to hem at the back. Unfurred dressmaker coats of this type, made of fine broadcloth or velvety surfaced woolens, rank at the height of fashion. With them a separate fur piece is inevitable which is met in the revival of long fur boas and stoles that recall quaint fashions such as our revered grandmothers

Reaction to the new bustle vogue is seen in the revival of stiff, handsome silks as they so successfully yield to bouffant drapes and bows. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Satin-Top Jacket

Dress for Autumn

For a neat practical dress of ac-

credited style, a dress that will

serve admirably for immediate

wear, and that will start the season

The 3 R's of a Motor Oil:

Strange Facts

Prying Railroads

In the early days of the rail

roads, travelers often aroused sus-

picion and station agents frequent-

ly asked them personal questions.

But the Liverpool & Manchester

railway went further. Up to 1837

this road made each passenger fill

out a ticket application that not

only asked his name, address and

the purpose of his trip, but also his age, occupation and place of

In "The Westphalian Last Sup-

per," a stained-glass window in

St. Mary's cathedral in Soest,

Westphalia, Germany, Christ and

His disciples are depicted in their

customary places at the table, eat-

ing Westphalian ham and pumper-

nickel and drinking Westphalian

Scattered throughout England

are some 400 "camping coaches,"

or remodeled railroad cars, in

which about 50,000 persons each

year spend their summer vaca-

tions. The coaches, permanently

located on beautiful country sid-

ings, accommodate private par-

ties of from 4 to 10 and cost from

\$10 to \$25 a week, which includes

Soil erosion, now ravaging a

large part of the world on a scale

unparalleled in history, is believed

to have formed about a million

square miles of new desert in the

Voltaire Born Arouet

The great French poet, drama-

tist and philosopher known to the

world as Voltaire, was Francois

Marie Arouet, born in 1694, the

son of Francois and Marie Mar-

guerite Daumart Arouet. At the

age of 24 he was imprisoned in the

Bastile for writing verses that dis-

pleased the regent of France. Dur-

ing this imprisonment he changed

his name to Arouet de Voltaire.

But as time passed the "Arouet"

was dropped and he became

known simply as Voltaire.

beer and kuemmel.

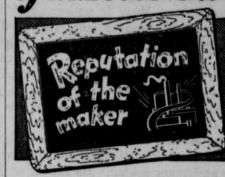
linen and tableware.

past 25 years.-Collier's.

birth.

Home Products

Desert Increase



Quaker State Motor Oil has a background of over half a century of scientific refining . . . is recognized by car owners, the world over, as the quality lubricant for automotive use.



Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil is refined exclusively from the finest Pennsylvania crude oil. All impurities are scientifically removed. Each drop of oil is pure, heat-resistant lubricant ... assuring maximum reliability.



When you use Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil regularly, you are free from worry about motor troubles due to sludge, carbon or corrosion. Your car will run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.



are trimmed with satin this year. Sweater Collars

In Great Variety

The combining of satin with other

materials is significant fashion

news. Topcoats as well as dresses

changeable blouses.

Bengaline and faille are fall favorites for neckwear. There is a little satin and there are taffeta ruffled collars and full three-quarter Bishop sleeves with wrist frills that are to put on over a sleeve or with short sleeves to give a new juvenile look to a plain dress.

There are deep cuffs with double rows of box-plaited ruffling, deep Dutch collars with the same finish. Bibs are still shown and sweater collars are imperative both for the school girl and the older woman. This fashion gives a clean, fresh, laundered look to our woolly outer knits that make them seem feminine and less casual.