

Prologue to Love

By MARTHA OSTENSO

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 Norms," 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 named Millicent Odell, has been dead for years. Autumn cannot understand her father's attitude, though gives him to understand that she is home for good. She has grown tired of life in England, where she lived with an aunt. Her father gives a welcoming dance at the castle. Autumn meets Florian Parr, dashing, well-educated young man of the countryside. Late in the evening Autumn leaves the dance, rides horseback to the neighboring ranch where she meets Bruce Landor, friend and champion of her childhood days. He takes her to see his mother, an invalid. His father is dead, and Autumn, she thought to take her away, that death follows in the wake of the Odells. Autumn is both saddened and perplexed. Bruce, apologetic, can offer no reason for his mother's attitude. Autumn calls again on Hector Cardigan—this time to find out the reason for Mrs. Landor's outburst. From his conversation she inferred that Geoffrey Landor killed himself because he loved Millicent Dean, her mother. Meanwhile, Bruce Landor rides to the spot where his father's body was found years before. There he meets Autumn, who, leaving Hector, was searching for a lost child. Bruce had found the child, and then Autumn and he talk of their lives. They agree that her mother and his father loved each other deeply—and that their love is the cause of present antagonism.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Even old Hannah had slowly re-adjusted her whole psychology with Autumn as the center and controlling force of the new order. That, no doubt, was what irritated him. He could never have admitted to himself that anything or anyone in the world could have usurped his place in this house that had sheltered him for almost a quarter of a century. Nor was the girl conscious of what she had done—he would say that for her. She would be the first to protest that he was still master in his own house and his word was law. She was loyal, if loyalty could be said to exist in the hearts of these young irresponsibles, and she was affection itself. He had loved the girl devotedly during the years she had been away from him, but the feeling he had for her now that she was back had grown so deep that the tears started to his eyes now as he thought of her.

Just now he was more resolved than ever that they should quit the country. He had seen Autumn Parr in the company of this young Parr. There was a nincompoop, if ever there was one. What was wrong with a man like old Elliot Parr that he could breed nothing better than a hare-brained numbskull like Florian? The race must be going to the dogs! And what could a girl like Autumn see in him? He wasn't even thoroughly a bad one—he was a mere nothing! Why in the devil hadn't the girl found herself a decent husband long ago? He blamed her Aunt Flo for that. Flo never had been one you could count on. Well, he would have no daughter of his mate with Florian Parr—much as he admired Elliot.

A cold chill passed over him as his thoughts turned to Bruce Landor. Jarvis had seen Landor and Autumn riding home together last night after that fool affair of the lost Willmar boy. What was getting into people that they couldn't take care of their own brats any longer? Damn it all, parents nowadays had no sense of responsibility. Well, he would look after his own, at any rate. If he was called upon to do so, he would tell Autumn emphatically that the Deans and the Landors belonged to different worlds and they would stay where they belonged. If that wasn't enough, he would go further. He would—but why get so wrought up over a mere hypothesis?

He got up quickly at the sound of a motor coming to a halt before the house. He tossed his half-smoked cigar into the fireplace and stepped to a small cupboard that stood back in one corner. He poured himself a sizable drink of his favorite Scotch blend and held it for a moment toward the sunlit window before he drank it. He closed the cupboard and went to his room on the same floor. He would have to brush up a bit before going down to dinner.

Florian Parr filled the two glasses a second time and handed one to Autumn. He was well pleased with himself. He had spent a large part of a beautiful Sunday afternoon in the company of Jarvis Dean's daughter and had watched her as she swung her car dizzily over trails he had never traveled before. He had listened to her gay chatter and had done his best to contribute his own share of small talk about London and Paris and the men and women that belonged to the world he had left when his father had made it plain that if he wished to remain in it any longer he would have to pay his own bills. It had been a delightful outing—almost like a visit with an old friend.

He had thought Autumn beautiful when he had sat beside her during their ride but he had never seen anyone quite so ravishing as the girl who stood before him now and lifted her refilled glass. She was gowned in a coolly glowing white satin that clung the length of her body and flared out almost to the floor; small tips of green pumps peered out from below the white, and at her throat on a platinum chain hung a large single emerald, her father's gift, she had explained, on her twenty-first birthday.

He raised his glass toward her and smiled. "You may drink to what you please," he said, "but I'm toasting the queen of the Upper Country!"

"Queens are becoming so old-fashioned, Florian," she countered. "I am not flattered."

"My error," he apologized with a slight bow. "I'll compliment on the Princess—they're still in style, aren't they?"

"Expatriated," she observed.

"Good enough," he said, and drained his glass eagerly.

Autumn sipped her cocktail and took a cigarette from the box on the low table that held the shaker as its tray.

"You know," Florian went on, setting his glass aside, "I can't help thinking of you as carrying on the legend of your forebears—your mother and her mother. They must have been lovely creatures to have given life to such traditions as they have handed down."

"Lovely," Autumn said, "and flaming."

"Lovely—and flaming!" Florian repeated. "My father has told me about your mother, especially. You must be very like her."

"I know very little of my mother," Autumn replied, "except what I have been told."

He came and stood beside her, erect and confident in his manner. His eyes were narrowed as he looked down at her.

"You will find me very abrupt at times, Autumn," he said. "I have learned it simplifies matters very often to speak one's mind. I have been thinking about—us."

"Us, Florian?" Autumn smiled. "I'd almost swear you were going to propose to me."

"But I am," he said. "I believe you and I were made for each other."

She laughed lightly. "Why, Florian—what a quaint idea! I don't believe those words have ever been used before!"

"They may have been," he admitted, "but never more appropriately. We both come from adventurous stock. There is something untamed in both of us. We are both—gamblers. But I've never been more serious in my life. I want to marry you."

Autumn could not doubt his seriousness. The knowledge made her thoughtful. "Florian," she said, "you really are a dear." A perverse humor seized her. "Suppose I tell you that I'll think it over?"

"Excellent!" he replied, placing an arm abruptly about her shoulders. "You are permitting me to hope, then?"

She laughed up at him. "Not at all Florian," she said. "I am in effect—refusing you."

His serious mood vanished suddenly. He was actually amused at the situation. He chortled and stepped back from her. It was the first time he had ever really proposed to any girl in earnest—and she thought she was turning him down! Jarvis Dean's girl at that, with a background as iniquitous as sin! It was that background that lent piquancy to his quest, after all, and besides, by the Lord Harry, he was crazy about the girl!

Presently his amusement subsided and his lips drew to a thin, petulant line.

"I'll give you time to think about it, Autumn," he said, striving to carry it off with a gay, inconsequential air. "When we are alone again, I'll tell you how I love you."

"And how do you love me, Florian?" Her tone was gently mocking.

Florian stepped toward her again and grasped her wrist. Autumn was amazed to see that his face had gone suddenly pale.

"Don't be a little fool!" he said. "You know when you've met your equal—in nerve—in contempt for life. You are going to marry me, Autumn, because we see—eye to eye."

He released her and walked away as Jarvis Dean's footstep was heard descending the stairway. Autumn turned to greet her father.

"Come along in, Daddy!" she called. "Florian has just been proposing to me."

Jarvis Dean's face lighted with a smile as he entered the room. "He'll be safe enough so long as you don't accept him," he said.

"I think it was the cocktails that did it," Autumn laughed.

"A good dinner will fix that," said the Laird, giving Florian his hand. "How are you, my boy?"

"Topping!" Florian said, as their hands crossed. "I hope you have no objection to my proposing to Autumn. I really couldn't help it, you know."

"None whatever, sir. It's my opinion that she has had some experience in the business. She ought to be able to look after herself by this."

"Rather," Florian drawled. "She managed the affair quite nicely, I should say. Can I help you to a cocktail, sir?"

"No," Jarvis replied, "I'm a serious man and have too much respect for my stomach, thank God, to punish it with such infernal concoctions."

Florian laughed and filled his own glass. "Father sends you his respects, sir," he said, "and would like to see you when you can take a day off."

"And I'd like to see him, too," Jarvis replied, seating himself.

"I have asked Autumn down for the polo game next week-end," Florian went on. "Perhaps you could find the time, sir—"

"Not yet, not yet," Jarvis replied. "It's a busy time of the year for me. Besides, you youngsters will have more fun without too many old codgers hanging about."

His big white head was thrust forward in its characteristic way as though he were eager to show an interest in the plans and projects of these youngsters while his mind and his obscure spirit remained withdrawn, remote. Autumn had seen the deaf and the blind make that same piteous effort at sociability.

"Now, Daddy!" she rebuked him. "You're just fishing. You want us to assure you that you are the best-



It was the note of the Basque bell.

looking and most fascinating gentleman in the Upper Country, and that no party would be complete without you."

The tapers of the Laird's infrequent smile lighted for a brief moment of pleasure in his eyes.

"I could go—perhaps," he admitted. "I'll see how things are in a week's time. I'd enjoy a day with Elliot Parr."

Old Hannah stepped into the doorway and announced dinner.

An hour before sunset the sky had been overcast, with a purple caravan of thunderheads in the west; the thrumming of insects and the humid, flower smell of the air presaged rain. On a grassy hill-top ten miles eastward from the Castle, Autumn dismounted from her horse and let the animal graze while she stood and looked into the valley below.

On the slopes that streamed into the valley like smooth reddish cascades in the low sun, more than seven thousand head of sheep moved in bands, twelve hundred to a band. At dawn the herders had started them from home on the trek up into the mountains to the very margins of the eternal snows, in the relentless, lonely quest for grass.

Now, from the hillside directly opposite her across the little valley, a crow's flight half-mile away, came the limpidly sweet note of a bell. It seemed to Autumn that the sound was almost visible, floating like some silver bubble within that rosy dome of silence, lingering and vanishing into the infinity whence it had come.

It was the note of the Basque bell.

A fancy had seized her that morning while she had watched her father's men preparing for their departure. Only a week before, there had come to the ranch a youth of nineteen or twenty whose appearance had been so bizarre that the Willmar children had gathered around him with frank curiosity. He had come from the soda mines up north, and was seeking employment as a herder. He was slight of build, not over medium height, and on the back of his head he had worn a shapeless homespun cap, set so that a twine-colored mop of hair started out abruptly from beneath its peak. He had worn a short, tight-fitting coat, a jerkin, Autumn had supposed it was, also homespun and of a faded pea-green, so inconspicuous in the sleeves that the red joints of his wrists stuck painfully out from be-

neath them. Under the jacket he had worn a checked shirt and where the jacket gaped aside, suspenders of a brilliant green drew his three-bar trousers almost up to his armpits, leaving his bare shins exposed. He had worn hobnailed boots, and had carried a birch stick over his shoulder, at the end of which a gray bundle had been securely lashed.

The Laird out of the kindness of his heart, and probably a whimsical humor, had given him employment as old Absolum's helper. His name, they had discovered, was Clancy Shane, but Jarvis Dean had jocularly nicknamed him "Moony."

On a sudden impulse, Autumn had gone back into the house and brought out the Basque bell. She had entrusted it to the keeping of Clancy Shane, who had secured it to the wether of his flock. And now, from the opposite hillside, came the pure sound of the bell, singularly innocent across the hollow distance.

The sound turned her thoughts again to Bruce Landor, who had scarcely been out of her mind during the past week. She thought of their meeting at Hector Cardigan's, when she had gone to fetch home the bell, and of her telling him about Hector's conceit concerning it. There was something in the sound of the bell now that brought the lovely wraith of her mother before her out of the nebulous glamor of the past. This had been Millicent Odell's world, the world of the pioneers and the subtle architects of empire, and now in turn it was her world. Suddenly she was glad, glad with all her heart that she was back home where life had meaning, where life was a profound harmony.

She pulled a bit of bloom off a sage bush and began to pick it to pieces with her fingers. There had come upon her a revelation that dismayed, frightened and exalted her. She stood for a moment looking down into the valley where the shadows were beginning to deepen, then, impetuously flinging away the shrub which she held, she mounted her horse again and rode westward toward the Landor ranch.

Bruce Landor sat before the rough plank table in the herder's cabin in the ravine. The place was deserted now, the men having gone to the hills the previous day. The lamp stood lighted on the table before him. He had put the place in order and was ready at last to leave for home. He drew together the papers on which he had been idly speculating, making estimates of his returns from the season's shearing, and noting the increase over last year's gains. The season had begun auspiciously. He swung quickly about in his chair as a slight sound came to him from the door.

Autumn Dean stood there in her black riding habit, a russet scarf at her throat, the dim light casting little facets on her brown leather boots. Her hair was in her hand, and her hair had blown free. Her face was a glowing cameo against the outer darkness.

"Am I intruding?" she asked, entering almost hesitatingly. "One of your men told me I should find you here."

Bruce got up hurriedly and drew out the other chair. A flush had mounted to his brows, and as he stood for a moment uncertainly before her, he drew his hand diffidently back across his hair.

"You certainly aren't intruding," he said. "I was just wasting time—with figures. But wherever did you come from?"

She seated herself and tossed her hat upon the table.

"Out in the hills," she said. "We had an early dinner, and I took a ride out for a look at the sheep. The men left for the range this morning. The evening was so soft and cool—I just couldn't go indoors. I came deliberately to see you after I got back. You see—I'm a bold woman, Bruce!"

"I'm glad you are! I've been as lonely as hell tonight. With the men all gone—"

"Loneliness is in the air, I guess. The sound of that darn bell did for me."

"Bell?"

"That bell I got from Hector, you know. I gave it to a young Irish lad that father hired last week."

"You mean you sent that Basque bell of Hector's into the hills? You'd better not tell Hector that."

"Oh, I don't know. I think Hector would understand. That bell wasn't meant to hang in a drawing room."

"But it's such a precious thing—out on the range all summer—"

"It will come back. It's charmed. Anyhow—I like the idea."

Bruce lit a cigarette and Autumn, watching him, thought how well-shaped and brown his hands were.

"May I have one?" she asked.

"Sorry," he apologized. "You see, in spite of myself, I still think of you as the little schoolgirl I used to know."

"The one you fought for?" she asked as she accepted a light.

"The same," he replied.

"You'll have to get over that, Bruce," she told him. "I'm very much grown up."

"Perhaps I'm afraid of getting over it," he said bluntly.

"Why?"

"Because—as a woman you've been in my mind constantly ever since I saw you again that first night." Bruce leaned forward slightly and looked directly into her eyes. Her glance fell slowly, and a line of quick pain appeared between her brows.

"And that frightens you, Bruce?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Separate Fur Pieces Go Well With Bright Wool Costumes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS is the season of gracious lady fashions. To be sure, casual, sportsy dress has its rightful place in the picture, but the clothes that center the present fall and winter costume pageantry proclaim the dawn of a new era of elegance that calls for painstaking planning and individualized styling, reflecting dignity, high tone and the exquisitely feminine throughout costume design.

First and foremost the accent is on fabric elegance. To the handsome materials that fashion demands this season add color enchantment rife with autumnal beauty. Embellish the entire with lavish and luxurious fur and you will have envisioned the picture as heralded on the style program for the coming months.

Never has there been a more entrancing display of woolsens. Not only are the various weaves, especially tweeds, superbly colorful within themselves but the ingenious and intriguing ways in which designers are working out contrasts and blends is adding infinite color fascination to current modes.

Then, too, fur treatments are so varied and so unusual as to be almost spectacular from the standpoint of originality and versatility. If you have been treasuring a bit of handsome fur now is the time to bring it out.

Especially smart this season are separate fur pieces such as the detachable plastron of soft gray squirrel that gives flattering effect to the

dark coat shown to the left in the picture. Plastrons of fur, such as here pictured, are definitely new. Most of them reach only to the waistline, but in some instances they extend all the way down the front.

The fur hat has become an outstanding theme among milliners. With it you are supposed to carry a matching muff as you see below to the left in the group. This stunning twosome is fashioned of handsome fox. Wear it with the new suit or your best long cloth coat for your dressiest moments.

A luxurious stole of light colored lynx dresses up the beige wool coat to the right. Rich brown accessories are worn. The halo brim of a cinnamon colored felt hat is graced with a long brown veil. The fact that fur stoles have been revived this season is of untold style significance.

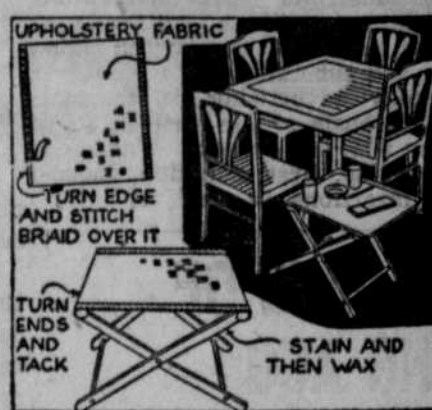
Pictured to the right below is a delightful example of fur and fabric alliance. The action-free long jacket is of beaver-dyed cone with bright wool plaid lining to match the dress and hat. With the football season in full swing a costume of this type comes into its own with a flourish. This type of jacket suit is ideal for autumn wear and the beauty of it is the fur coat can be worn with any dress or suit.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Handy Small Table Made of Camp Stool

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

HAVE you ever wished for a small, low table that would appear again when you were through with it? Have you ever thought it would be nice if Father's ottoman could be folded up and put out of the way when not in use? Or perhaps you have unpacked a suit case in a guest room and wished for something



other than the bed; on a chair or the floor to put it on during the process?

A camp stool plus a tray to fit the top makes a very satisfactory small table to place beside a game table or to set up for your books or mending basket by your favorite chair. But be sure to dress it up so that it will look its best either when in use or when folded up and placed in some out of the way corner. A remnant of material and some upholstery braid will do the trick. Stain and wax are suggested for the base as paint might be marred in folding the stool.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Spears has prepared for our readers a booklet containing 32 useful and practical suggestions for beautifying the home; with step-by-step directions clearly illustrated. To get one of these useful booklets, just send name and address, with 10 cents in coin to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Cranberry Maple Syrup Pie.

1 tablespoon flour
1 cup maple syrup
2 cups fresh cranberries
Pie pastry

Line an 8-inch plate with pastry. Sprinkle flour over bottom crust and add maple syrup. Top with whole raw cranberries. Cover with pastry, press edges together and brush top of crust with milk. Bake in hot oven, 400° Fahrenheit—about 40 minutes.

Boundary Markers

Between the United States and Canada, the 3,100 miles of land boundary are marked by 5,483 monuments, or an average of one every 2,985 feet, while the 2,400 miles of water boundary are identified by 2,530 reference marks, or an average of one every 5,009 feet.—Collier's.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an effective laxative. Sugar coated. Children like them. Buy now!—Adv.

All in Time

No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.—Tennyson.

Why Let Yourself Get Constipated?

Why endure those dull headachy days due to constipation, plus the inevitable trips to the medicine chest, if you can avoid both by getting at the cause of the trouble?

If your constipation, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, the "better way" is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. This crunchy toasted breakfast cereal is the ounce of prevention that's worth a pound of emergency relief. It helps you not only to get regular but to keep regular, day after day and month after month, by the pleasant means you ever knew.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

Ignorant Belief

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand.—Montaigne.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too-frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Black Is Stylish



Lace for Evening Meets With Favor

No matter what silhouette he follows, whether pencil slim or very full, Molyneux's newest collection of evening dresses shows a decided favor for lace. Lace is combined with velvet, satin or wool, or it is used simply and severely alone. One gown has a black lace bodice with pink ribbon shoulder straps and a satin skirt made full with godets applied with narrow lace insertions. For a coat and dress costume he reverses the usual combination of a heavy coat over a light dress and makes a long loose coat of violet lace to be worn over a dress of violet wool.

Tone-on-Tone Hint Favored for Fall

Very new and as yet exclusive, but bound to develop into an important vogue is the effective tone-on-tone-on-tone effects which are to be seen this fall. The idea is to carry out the entire costume in several tones of the same color. The new grape of blackberry color works out beautifully, and brown that goes dark for the jacket, lighter for the skirt, still lighter for the tie girdle and lightest of all, even unto a pale beige tint, is the blouse. Greens, wines and any of the dark colors yield effectively to the tone-on-tone theory.

Red and Black Is New Hat Fashion

A bright red bird with outspread wings atop a black felt hat spells "style" in capital letters. A huge red velvet bow on a black draped turban offers another approach to high style, this season.

With your black daytime frock wear a stunning red suede belt. A red suede blouse with your knitted black suit will prove equally as style assuring.