Prologue to Love MARTHA OSTENSO

She went and stood before it, ruf-

"You'd better get out of those

"Not really," she protested. "I'll

dry out here in a minute. I don't

want to hurry away to bed just yet.

Jarvis seated himself before the

"I've covered half the country-

side," she said, smiling at him. "I

it was lovely-in the sunset and-"

coaxed. "I'm in no mood for a

you unhappy-and you know it."

aren't you?" he said, by way of

"Aren't you coming, too?" she

"There's too much to do here,"

home when there's no call for it?

"I may not stay over Sunday,

then," Autumn replied. "I'm not

Jarvis smiled. "You don't care

he is. I've seen so much of his

kind during the past few years that

I'm not particularly thrilled any

"I can't say I'm sorry for that,"

the Laird observed. "They don't

Autumn turned and gazed into the

fire for a moment. She kicked a

half-burned stick into place and

"The fact is, Da," she said at

last, "I came back to you to get

a thing to anyone except those who

are cut out for it. And I wasn't cut

on that pattern, darling. I never

realized it so much as I did tonight

when I stood and watched the sheep

moving up the valley. It made me

"And so you stayed out all hours

in the rain just to cure yourself of

"No," Autumn replied softly.

didn't do that exactly. I knew you

wouldn't be home, so I rode on over

to the Landor place and talked with

you are not going to make a habit of

"You know what I mean, my girl.

don't want you going around with

"Damn it all," Jarvis burst forth,

"must I be cross-questioned by my

own daughter? Or isn't it enough

that I should give my opinion and

look to have it respected?" He

leaned forward in his chair and

we were in bed. Let's have no

Autumn did not move. She stared

at her father, aware that she was

fingers and strove to control her

"Da," she said, "I am not trying

to cross-question you-and I respect

your opinion more than the opinion

Bruce?" she asked abruptly.

a fit of the blues," he retorted.

changing the subject.

I like my own bed best."

much for the boy?"

more by the species."

amount to much."

lonely as the devil."

Bruce for a while."

mouth twitched nervously.

"Of what, Daddy?"

more of this tonight."

that," he said.

Bruce Landor."

asked him.

Florian."

anyhow," the Laird replied.

"Where have you been?" he

clothes," her father advised her.

fling her hair with her hands.

"They're wet."

It's so cozy here."

said, disgruntled.

scolding."

O MARTHA OSTENSO-WNU SERVICE

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 Norns," 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, thought to have killed himself. As soon as his mother sees Autumn she commands Bruce 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 there Autumn and he talk of their families. They agree that her mother and his father loved each other deeply—and that their love is the cause of present antagonism. Florian Parr, at the Castle for dinner, proposes to Autumn. She refuses him. The next day Autumn rides toward the Landor ranch. She meets Bruce in a herder's cabin.

CHAPTER IV-Continued

Bruce rose abruptly, strode to the open door and stood looking out. A thin, misty rain had begun to fall. He tossed his cigarette out into the wet darkness and kept his eyes upon the spark until it died. He turned where he stood and looked at her.

"Autumn," he said simply, "you have been living in a world where men who were skilled in the art have asked. made love to you. I know very little about that sort of thing. When I tell you that I've thought of nothing started out early and rode up the but you since that first night-I mean just that."

She looked at him gravely. "I rode over here tonight because I have thought of no one but you," she said softly. "But it hasn't frightened me."

"I've been thinking of one other thing, perhaps."

"I know, Bruce."

"Of course you do. We have talked about that. We will never know whether it was love that caused that tragedy twenty years ago. Perhaps no one knows."

"We do know they loved each other, Bruce."

"And we must settle between ourselves, once and for all, what bearing that has on our own lives. I have settled it for myself."

He moved back into the room and leaned against the table looking down at her. She returned his gaze for many moments without speaking. At last she got up impetuously and began to pace to and fro, her hands deep in the pockets of her coat. Bruce looked at her, and his muscles seemed to ripple all over his body. Her lithe, tempestuous motion back and forth across the room was like that of some beautiful, caged animal.

Presently she turned on him. "You and I have our own lives to live," she said vehemently. "It's absurd to think that we should be ruled by something that befell two people whom we can scarcely remember. They lived their lives as they wished

-I shall live mine, in my own way." He lifted one of her hands and kissed its soft palm. Then he took hold of her shoulders and turned her about so that she faced him. She let her head fall back and met his eyes solemnly.

"Autumn," he said. "My darling Autumn!"

Autumn slipped forward and was in his arms, and Bruce was kissing her in a glowing dimness which seemed to have caught them both up from the surrounding shadows. The rain drifted in gently over the still depth of their kiss. It was a rain that left a light, glistening web over their hair, their eyes, a young rain that spun them into one indistinguishable passion.

"I love you, Bruce." Her voice was a stumbling whisper. "Terribly-so terribly."

Her lips moved softly over his eyes, over the line of his brown cheek where a hollow came when he smiled, and over his lips and throat. Presently Bruce placed his hands strongly upon her shoulders and studied her face.

"Enough to stand by me against them all?" he demanded gravely. "It will not be easy, darling-at first."

"I'm strong enough for anythingwith you, Bruce," she replied.

CHAPTER V

The Laird was still up, though it was already an hour past his usual bedtime. He had come back from town and had gone to his study to wait for Autumn's return. When he finally heard the door open downstairs, he was startled. The dead stillness of the house and the sleepy patter of light rain had drugged his senses so that any sudden sound would have disquieted him. But as placed his hands heavily upon the he got up and went to the door of arms, preparing to rise. "It's time the study, his heart throbbed so that he pressed his hand to his side and caught his breath.

In a moment Autumn was at the head of the stairs.

"Why. Da!" she exclaimed. "I thought you would have gone to bed | voice. long ago. You haven't been worried

about me, have you?" "It's late," he said. "I had begun to wonder what had happened."

of any other man alive. But when I ask you what you have against "Oh, I'm sorry, darling," she said, Bruce, I naturally want to know." coming into the study and throwing When he lifted his face after what off her jacket. "But I'm glad you're up. The fire feels good."

val, it was the face of a man grown incredibly old and worn. He passed his hand across his brows, and she could see that he was making an heroic attempt to speak.

Jarvis subsided into his chair, "I have nothing against the boy," he said at last. "But you know as well as I do that there are reasons why I do not want you to go around with him."

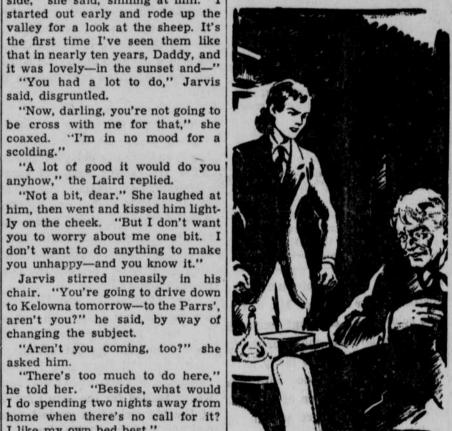
"I know what you have in mind, Da," Autumn replied. "I have thought about it, too - and I've talked to Bruce about it. Bruce cannot be held responsible for the fact that his father took his own lifeand I think it a little unfair that any stigma should-"

"Will you stop this talk!" her father commanded suddenly.

All Autumn's resoluteness surged up within her. "If you insist, Da," she said levelly. "I should prefer to talk everything over with you, but clenched hand relaxed upon the if I must order my life without coming to you-"

"Do you know that your mother and Geoffrey Landor were in love with each other?" His face was blanched as marble, and even his eyes seemed to have gone white with fury.

"I do, Daddy," she said in an even tone. "And I know that Geoffrey Landor probably shot himself be-



"Must I be cross-questioned by my own daughter?"

all-if the rest of them are like cause of the hopelessness of that love. Bruce and I talked about it tonight."

"You talked with him-about "He's all right, darling-for what that?"

> "We had to, Da," she told him simply. "Bruce and I are in love. I'm going to marry him."

The Laird had risen slowly from his chair, like some tremendous iceberg lifting its appalling shoulders above the frozen waters of the sea. "God in heaven!" he muttered, and then, completely and without warning, he crumpled back into his chair, watched the sparks go trooping up his chin fallen forward on his breast, his gaunt frame heaving convulsive-

Autumn flew to him. Kneeling on away from all that. It doesn't mean the floor, she threw her arms about

"Da-for pity's sake, what is it?" she pleaded, clinging to him.

He lifted one hand and placed it tremblingly upon her hair. His | ing. lips shook as he tried to speak, but

"Tell me, darling," Autumn urged. "What is it?"

the words would not come.

He swallowed as though he would strangle, and shook his head. "You -you can't marry him," he said thickly, and then his voice sank almost to a whisper. "Geoffrey Landor-did not take his own life."

She glanced at her father's face Autumn fell away from him, but to see what effect her words would her eyes were fixed upon him still have upon him. He gave no outas though in some terrible enchantward sign of having heard her exment. Realization came upon her in cept that his frame seemed to have

become rigid and one corner of his "Da-tell me-did you-do you mean that you killed Geoffrey Lan-He spoke to her at last, his eyes gazing steadily into the fire. "I hope

Her voice had been the merest whisper, coming remotely from her stiff lips.

The old man's eyes became terribly revealed, as though some power had gone beyond his body and murdered his very soul. They were sud-"Have you anything against denly stark and desolate beyond any

need of words.

The brief interval that passed before Autumn heard her father's voice again seemed to encompass an aeon of torture. She sat facing him, her hands tightly clenched, sat | brother." waiting against eternity, hoping against hope, for words from him in two, the sparks cascading into that would dispel the horror that had the glowing embers. descended upon her. She saw his lips drawn back in a livid grimace against his teeth, as though the becoming angry. She clenched her thing he must tell were too cruel for utterance, too cruel to be transmitted from his own mind into the aw-

> Summoning her last reserve of courage, she leaned toward him and took his hands gently into her own.

ful silence of that room.

"Tell me about it, Da," she said. scarcely above a whisper.

Her touch seemed to restore the seemed to har an intolerable inter- life that had all but ebbed from his

gaunt frame. She saw him make an heroic effort to draw himself upright in his chair; she saw his hands pass across his eyes as though to clear his vision, and then the rigid lips moved in barely audible words.

"You're getting me, Geoffrey," he said softly at last. "After all these years, you're getting me!"

Autumn turned from him, her limbs unsteady beneath her, and hurried to the small cupboard in the corner. Her hands trembled as she poured a drink into her father's glass and returned with it. To her surprise, he was sitting erect and staring before him with brilliant, almost flerce, eyes, and color lay along each rugged cheekbone like a bright leaf. He ignored the proffered glass at first and Autumn seated herself on a chair in front of him and waited for him to speak while the silence seemed a grostesque din of the throbbing of her own heart.

When she could wait no longer, she placed the glass at her father's lips, and spoke softly. "Da-take this, darling."

Mechanically he took the glass into his own hand, and without removing his eyes from their gaze upon vacancy, he drained the liquor to the last drop. Autumn took the glass from him and saw that his arm of the chair.

"Thank you, my dear, thank you,"

"Let us talk quietly-and slowly, Da," Autumn said. "I shall understand."

She heard herself speaking, as though the words were coming through her from someone else, someone who had fortitude beyond fortitude, a stoicism she had never known.

His eyes rested upon her in a brooding gentleness. He seemed to be contemplating her, she thought with a qualm, from beyond death. She rose quickly, took a cushion which she placed on the floor at his feet, and seated herself with her head against his knees. So they sat, looking into the flames that licked at the great logs of the fireplace, while Jarvis unfolded the tragic past, sometimes stroking Autumn's hair, sometimes letting his hand fall in absent idleness upon her shoulder, as though he were communing with himself and had quite forgotten her presence.

She did not interrupt him while he talked, but sat gazing fixedly into the fire. It seemed to her as if each detail of his story were fantastically visible there.

"Your mother was a siren and an angel, Autumn," he said, "-as her mother had been in her time. Your grandmother's hunt breakfasts were the talk of the Okanagan-she had sent to England in the early days for hounds and hunters and brought them all the way 'round the Horn. Her daughter, Millicent, was even more lovely than she was. You must know this if you are to understand what I am to tell you about Long, the famous dressmaker. The your mother-and if you are to judge her kindly."

He paused, and into the monotony of his voice came a break.

"Every man who met your mother. Autumn, fell in love with her.' he went on. "It was so before our marriage-and it was so after our marriage. I never found that hard to understand-I had fallen in love with her myself. Nor was it hard for me to understand how she came to fall back somewhat into her ways of coquetry after we had been married for a few years. Men would not leave her alone. They could not, it seemed. She loved me-I have never doubted that. But I was many years older than she and she loved life and youth and gayety. I was too set in my ways, perhaps."

He sighed, and Autumn patted his knee affectionately without speak-

"There was nothing serfous in any of these - these 'affairs,' as she called them-and she always tired of her admirers as soon as the novelty wore off, and as soon as they began to grow serious. It was an innocent sort of vanity with her, which she indulged quite openly. She loved the admiration of men. but she loved even more to let the world about her see that she was being admired. She would have found no pleasure in any sneaking love affair that was carried on where others might not see."

He paused while the clock on the mantel struck the hour. It was midnight.

"Not long after you were born," he continued, "Geoffrey Landor came here from the Old Country and bought the ranch that lay next to mine. We had been boys together in England. He was younger than I-a sort of ne'er-do-well who had married a woman of his own age who thought she might make something of him, I think. She had written to me and it was on my advice that they left England and came here to settle. I was as anxious to bring him around as if I'd been his

One of the great logs broke softly

"Geoffrey was restless and reckless and full of charm. Millicent fell in love with him-and he with her. It was a new kind of love for her, but I mistook it for another of her brief infatuations. I knew it was different when it dawned on me that she never made anything of him when they were in public together. Discretion-that was new in Millicent. And then one day she told me-confessed that Geoffrey had won her heart."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THIS

WEEK

This business of new ships, and

how good a risk they may be on

sub-infested seas, is decidedly in

He is a native of Canon City, Colo.,

game" match between the Army

and Navy in 1900, a gridiron hero.

and thereafter a successful concili-

ator in the long-drawn-out army

His suavity and persuasive-

ness are always effective, as

when he invited some C. I. O

pickets of the maritime commis-

sion into his office and talked

them into good humor. He suc-

ceeded Joseph P. Kennedy as

chairman of the commission in

February, 1938. He's in a crit-

ical goal-keeper's spot just now,

WORD comes from Paris of the demobilization of Lucien Le

Back to 'Grace, swirl and free-

cry as a designer. This isn't that

kind of war, and perhaps the French

think they are wasting his talents

the best things that M. Le Long

does. In the last war, a shell

blew him out of a trench into

the dressmaking business. Se-

verely wounded, his hearing im-

paired, he borrowed \$2,500, em-

ployed 50 midinettes and seam-

stresses, married the cousin of

the late Czar Nicholas of Russia,

and ran his business up to a

daily gross intake of 1,000,000

francs, employing more than

1,000 women. He took with him

into the business a Croix de

Guerre and two citations. He

had been a liaison officer with

Brisk and businesslike, although

still boyish-looking, he says the hap-

piest day of his life was when he

freed women from tubular gowns.

He has visited this country frequent-

ly and is widely known and popular

here. His is one of the most inter-

esting of all "between war" careers.

--

THIS department gets word from

a Washington ringsider that Dr.

William M. Leiserson, summoned by

the President several months ago

Dr. Leiserson the National

Loosening Knots Labor Rela-

In Labor Tieup tions board,

ing swift progress and that, just as

a matter of war preparedness, the

outlook for labor-employer peace is

much better. Previously a member

of the national mediation board.

he was appointed to the labor board

to succeed Donald Wakefield Smith,

center of bitter controversy. He is

said to have greatly clarified and

expedited procedure under the Wag-

He is one of millions of Amer-

ican citizens who in late years

have seen their native countries

taken prisoner. Born in Estonia,

he was brought to this country

when he was a small child. At

the University of Wisconsin, he

was schooled in economics. He

obtained his doctorate at Colum-

bia in 1911 and made his career

in Wisconsin in various state in-

dustrial, employment, labor and

"legalistic" solutions of labor prob-

(Consolidated Features-WNU Service.)

workmen's compensation posts.

ner act.

lems.

to unscramble

has been mak-

Allenby in Palestine.

However, soldiering is one of

as a soldier.

and everybody is satisfied.

and navy athletics row.

his department.

FARM WHO'S Topics **NEWS** WARS SELDOM

HELP FARMER

Expert Advises Adherence To Crop Schedule.

By Dr. V. R. WERTZ By LEMUEL F. PARTON

Regardless of whether or not the NEW YORK.—Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the mariarmies of the world decide on stepping up the pace of war, many time commission, says the proposed American farmers are willing to try safety belt around our shores is a a gamble which appears to be a "nice idea," losing proposition unless economic Our 'Sub' Zone but seems to laws are repealed by mass hysteria Is 'Nice Idea,' concede nothof the world's inhabitants. Says Adm. Land ing more. He wonders what would seem apparent from facts available to the rural economics dewill happen when "somebody sticks partment of Ohio State university. his nose inside the zone."

It may be possible that mathemat-Admiral Land's opinion is that of ics are blown out the window when a technician and expert on obwars occur but it is a matter of trusive noses, particularly those of historical record that numerals submarines, and, to be more exhave their old values when wars plicit, German submarines. He got end. The farmers who are betting the Navy cross for his work in detheir judgment against statistics are signing and building submarines in the farmers who are abandoning the World war, in which he served their planned crop schedules to plant as commander of the construction an unusual amount of wheat this corps, and, in 1919, he turned in a fall and coming spring. searching technical study of what

These farmers give two reasons German submarines had done and for believing that extra acres of what they might do in the next war. wheat will be profitable; first, rapid The spirited little admiral, a increases in grain prices occurred immediately after this war began: cousin of Charles Lindbergh, has most important business on and second, wheat prices started uphand just now, with something ward in 1916 and continued to rise like \$400,000,000 staked out for until pegged at a bonanza figure. building a merchant marine. Such increases as may occur in

grain prices are no more than the farmer deserves, but it is doubtful if the planting of a markedly increased acreage of wheat is the proper method to add dollars to born in 1879. After his graduation the 1940 farm income. Several from Annapolis, he did postgraduate reasons present themselves for work in naval architecture. Football has engrossed him almost as much harvest next year will be profitable as the navy. He was the garrison for its producers. finish star of that famous "crap

The chief reason is that the granaries of the world already are bursting with the largest stocks of wheat that have been known since records were kept. The world price of wheat in Liverpool last July was the lowest on record since Queen Elizabeth ruled England.

A second reason for doubting the advisability of increasing wheat acreages in the United States is that consumption of wheat does not increase in time of war although prices may rise if supplies fall to normal or below. Any unwarranted rise in wheat and flour prices in the United States is certain to be met by resistance from consum-

Local Seeds Best

government puts him back on the Seeds from trees in the backyard job designing Lucien Le Long gowns. "Grace or along a neighbor's fence are likely to produce better trees than those Swirl, Freedom' dom' has been from distant places, says R. W. Graeber, forester of the North Carohis rallying lina State college extension service.

The reason for this, Graeber explained, is that trees must be thoroughly adapted to the climate of the planting site. Seed of even the same species gathered at great distances from the planting location cannot compete with the home-grown prod-

uct. Sooner or later, the State college forester said, a variation occurs in the size of the seedling trees and in their survival, usually in favor of the home-area seedlings. Local seed are considered to be those obtained within a hundred miles of the planting site and with a difference in elevation of not more than 1,000 feet.

Soil-Erosion Is Now

Nation-Wide Problem Although "man-made" soil erosion increased year by year in this country as settlers moved west, it was not until 1933 that the problem was attacked on a nationwide scale. In that year the soil erosion service, now the soil conservation service, was or-

ganized. During the past six years, 175 demonstration areas have been established in 45 states and Puerto Rico, the service says in a current statement. Erosion control work is going forward under technical supervision of the service near more than 350 CCC camps. Hundreds of individual farms are being replanned for soil conservation in co-operation with state extension services.

Over the country as a whole the soil conservation service demonstration program includes co-operative agreements with nearly 70,000 land-holders and covers more than 12 million acres of privately owned land.

Deer Problem

In a number of eastern states.

the excess high population of whitetail deer is proving to be a serious problem to the farmer. Pennsylvania has erected many miles of deer-proof fences. Michigan is now experimenting with electric fences to keep deer from damaging crops, He personalizes and particularizes the National Wildlife federation reeach case and sees no hope in ports. One Michigan farmer, given permission to kill trespassing deer, shot 14 in one field, then quit in disgust with the deer still coming.

New and Important Easy-to-Do Fashions

IF YOU take a large size, then 1835 is a pattern you'll thoroughly enjoy, and make up time and again. Excellent for housework, with darted, unconfining waistline and deep armholes, it is so neatly tailored and smart looking that you can receive your supper guests in it, too, and wear it for shopping and runabout. For home wear, make it of gingham



or percale. For street wear, choose thin wool or flat crepe, and omit the pockets.

Pleats Are Smart.

If you spend most of your hours in an office or at college, then a dress like 1814 is a joyful necessity. It's blithe, tailored, becoming and youthful, with box-pleated skirt and button-front bodice, finished with a crisp little collar to doubting that unusually large wheat | keep it always fresh and new-looking. Make it up in plaid wool or in bright-colored jersey-or in both. It's too good a design to make up only once!

The Patterns.

No. 1835 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 41/8 yards of 39-inch material; % yard of contrast; 21/2 yards bias fold or braid.

No. 1814 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3% yards of 54-inch material; ½ yard contrast.

New Fall Pattern Book.

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

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

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



FAITH

THE present world situation is showing us that men cannot leave God out of account and retain their faith in the dignity of human personality and the sacredness of human liberty and human life."—Bishop William T. Manning.

Here is Amazing Relief of ditions Due to Sluggish Bow

natures Remedy at alike, just try all vegetable law so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating andable relief from sick headaches, bilious Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fall Ges Miles and the purchase price. Get NR Tablets today.

WNU-U

43-39

Officious Charity I trust no rich man who is officiously kind to a poor man .- Plautus.

> Watch Your Kidneys Help Them Cleanse the Blood

of Harmful Body Waste

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 nct lect. 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?