

Prologue to Love

By
MARATHA OSTENSO

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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. 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. 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 meets Bruce in a herder's cabin. There they declare their love for each other, and determine to stand together against everyone who might come between them. Autumn tells her father that she is going to marry Bruce. She is aghast to see his reaction, and is agonized to hear him whisper that Geoffrey Landor did not take his own life. He tells her the story. Millicent, his wife, and Geoffrey Landor had fallen in love with each other. But Millicent would not break her marriage vows. Meeting Landor one day in a secluded spot, Jarvis Dean was forced to fight with him. Landor is accidentally killed by his own gun. Autumn knows then that everything is ended between Bruce and herself.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Autumn snatched hat and gloves from the chair and abruptly turned to the door.

Hector put out a hand. "Where are you going, Autumn?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"I'm starting for hell!" she retorted. "So long!"

He took her arm gently. "Won't you let me talk to you?" he pleaded.

"You had your chance to do that last week," she told him. "It's too late for that now."

She flung out of the house and ran to her car. In a moment she was climbing out of the valley on the winding trail that led to Kelowna.

The room into which the younger Parr girl led Autumn was cool and fragrant with roses. It had been done in pale green and ivory. A rug of fawn-color covered the floor.

"What a sweet room!" Autumn said as she glanced about her.

"I'm glad you like it," said the girl in a voice of careful indolence. "My room is there—next to this."

She pointed with her cigarette holder, a long magenta affair which she held poised in her right hand. Under her left arm she carried a silver mop which Autumn had already learned was a Belgian griffon.

The girl was a slender ash-blond, with eyes of a hazy violet, and lips that were brilliantly rouged.

The open doorway that led to the adjoining room revealed a mauve-toned boudoir that somehow seemed a perfect setting for the girl.

Autumn glanced at the room and then turned to pat the dog on the girl's arm. "What do you call him, Miss Parr?" she asked.

"His name is Koochook—which sounds a bit Eskimoish—but it's spelled C-a-o-u-t-c-h-o-u-c—which on the Ganges or somewhere means India rubber. And for God's sake, don't call me 'Miss Parr.' You'll scare everybody to death around here. My devoted parents tagged me with 'Melinda' when I was too young to have any opinions of my own. I get 'Linda'—but I prefer 'Lin'—if you don't mind."

"Rather not," Autumn replied. "I like it."

She saw that her bag had been brought in and unpacked, and her things laid out in orderly fashion on the bed.

"I had my faithful slave attend to your clothes," Linda said. "You'd like a shower, perhaps. The bath is on the left, there, between our rooms."

"Thanks," Autumn said. "I'd like nothing better."

Linda reclined on a chaise-longue, smoking, her dog on the velvet upholstery beside her, while Autumn undressed.

"You're a sort of cross between me and my sister Elinor," she said as she watched Autumn appraisingly. "Elinor is the horse of the family. That may have sounded funny, but I didn't mean any reflection on you."

Autumn laughed, won out of her depression somewhat, in spite of herself. "Where is Elinor?" she asked.

Linda waved a languid arm. "God knows. Probably down pruning the apple-trees—no, I guess it's not the season for that. Spraying them, maybe, or whatever it is they do at this time of year. Or she may be out shooting squirrels. She's a little odd, poor Elinor, but you'll like her."

"I'm sure I shall like all of you," Autumn said, a little helplessly.

"I'm not at all sure," Linda protested. "We're a bit touched, if you ask me. The stock is good enough, but something must have gone wrong in the breeding. The family takes itself quite seriously, too—except Florian and me. We spend most of our time laughing at the others—and ourselves."

"There's a saving grace in that," Autumn remarked.

"Can't say I blame him, either," Linda added. "You'd make a decorative sister-in-law."

The girl was part and parcel of all that Autumn had left behind her in Europe. Behind her mask of indolence there was a rapacity for living. Autumn knew her kind very well, though she was somewhat surprised to find it here.

"Are you in love with Florian, by any chance?" Linda asked suddenly as Autumn tossed her negligee about her shoulders and thrust her feet into her mules.

Autumn smiled. "I don't think so—not yet, at any rate," she replied.

"I might have known as much," Linda said. "The Parrs are such damned fools!" Her voice trailed away, as though it was too much of an effort for her to express her contempt for the breed.

Autumn hurried off to take her shower. When she returned, Linda was sitting where she had left her.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said as she set about dressing.

"Don't hurry," Linda replied lazily. "No one hurries around here. Florian will probably be gnawing his nails if he isn't getting tight. But it'll do him good to wait. I was terribly sorry, by the way, that I couldn't go to your dance. Florian said it was a great success."

"He told me you were disappointed," Autumn said. "I was sorry, too."

"I had a bum ankle that day. Came home late the night before and tripped over a rubber hose somebody had carelessly left on the lawn."

"We had the whole countryside there," Autumn told her.

"So Florian said. Bruce Landor didn't turn up, I understand."

Autumn started at the mention of Bruce's name. She turned away from Linda to pick up a garment from the bed, fearing that her face might betray the quickening of her heart. "His mother has been very ill," she said evasively.

"I know. She's been dying for a year. I believe nothing keeps her alive but sheer cussedness. She knows Bruce will have a chance to get around as soon as she's gone."

"You know Bruce—pretty well?" Autumn asked.

"As well as he'll let me," Linda replied. "I called him up again today to see if he couldn't possibly come down. Earlier in the week he was afraid he'd be too busy, but he said today he'd try to make it tomorrow night."

"He told me you had invited him," Autumn said. She wondered if Linda would note the unsteadiness of her voice. "And he seemed very sorry that he couldn't get down in time for the game."

Although her attitude was casual enough now, what she felt was something verging on panic. Bruce had told her that he could not go to Kelowna. And now—if he came here, it would be primarily because of her.

"You've known him all your life, haven't you?" Linda pursued with an interest that was agonizing.

"We went to school together."

"He told me so," Linda sighed. "Why didn't you fall in love with him?"

Autumn's hands trembled as she drew on her stockings. She got up and went to the dresser where she could see Linda's face in the mirror. The girl was stroking her dog idly.

"It probably didn't occur to me," Autumn observed with straightened lips.

"It occurred to me the first time I saw him," Linda said. "And no other man has meant a damn to me since."

"There's lots of time yet, Lin," Autumn told her.

net dinner gown, with turquoise drops at her ears.

"You're lovely," Linda said simply, and slipped her arm through Autumn's as they went together to join the others.

On the portico Florian met them with tall frosted glasses in his hands and led Autumn to one of the high-backed, deeply cushioned bamboo chairs. "I thought you'd never come back," he said. "I knew I shouldn't have let you get into Lin's clutches. From now on you're mine."

He went and got his own glass and returned and seated himself cross-legged on the floor at her side.

"How lovely this is!" Autumn murmured, as her gaze drifted over the tessellated valley.

"It has never been really quite perfect before," Florian said in a voice that was flushed with a sort of urgency.

Autumn lowered her lids in the quick pain the words brought her. She bit her lips in vexation at her own feeble will, her inability to put Bruce out of mind, cleanly and definitively. She must play up now or be lost, she thought desperately.

"You are too free with your compliments, Florian," she said wearily. "You mustn't turn my head."

She looked across at Linda as she spoke. The girl had seated herself on the porch swing, her shapely legs hoisted above her and her feet



"I didn't mean any reflection on you."

braced against the chain upon which the swing was suspended.

"You might turn it and look at me," Florian ventured.

"Don't let him fuss you, Autumn," Linda said. "He always gets complimentary on a couple of silver fizzes."

Autumn smiled and looked out upon the panorama that lay below them. The Colonial mansion of the Parrs stood on a bluff overlooking the long crystalline mirror of Lake Okanagan. From the columned portico one could look down, in spring, upon a sea of bloom, the white, pink, and deeper pink froth of thousands of fruit trees in flower, apple, peach, cherry and pear. And beyond the rosy naere of the orchards lay the long blue shaft of the lake, vanishing behind misty headlands on the north and south. Here, in the ample security of their well-being, the Parrs had lived for years, a lusty, swift-living and pleasure-loving family whose brilliant exploits had become colorful legend in the countryside. It was the boast of J. Elliot Parr that at the age of sixty he could still show his son Florian a point or two at polo, and that a fencing foil was still sweet in his hand. Certain people with a spiteful turn of mind might say that it was not surprising that Mrs. Parr had given up the ghost long ago, but that was neither here nor there so far, at least, as the younger generation of Parrs was concerned.

Florian's dog, a copper-colored Irish setter, came bounding up the steps and laid his head wistfully on Autumn's lap.

"You dear old fellow!" she said, pulling the dog's sleek ears. "How friendly he is!"

"Case of—loved by me, loved by my dog," Florian said, getting up and setting his glass aside. He proffered Autumn his cigarette case.

"What's his name, Florian?" Autumn asked, helping herself to a cigarette.

"Tantivy," Florian told her.

"You may have half of him," Florian replied, "whenever you say the word."

"I wish someone would bargain for half of Elinor's hound," Linda remarked. "Lord, how I hate that beast!"

"Has Elinor got one, too?" Autumn asked.

"She has," Florian told her. "It's an English bull and he eats anything—very fond of griffons."

As he spoke, Elinor came up the slope from the orchards, her lugubrious-faced bulldog at her heels. She was dressed in khaki breeches and flannel shirt, and her short, dark hair hung raggedly about her

head. She had striking dark eyes and a full, irregular mouth, and there was a certain shyness in her manner that won Autumn to her immediately. She shook hands briefly with Autumn.

"So this is Autumn Dean," she said. "I'm so glad you've come to see us."

"Thank you," Autumn replied. "I'm very glad I was invited."

"Where's Tim?" Linda asked. "I saw him drive up several minutes ago."

"He's talking to father in the garage," Elinor replied. "They'll both be here in a minute or two. Isn't anyone going to offer me a drink?"

"Meaning me, of course," Florian said, filling a glass and handing it to her.

"They manage things with bad grace around here, where I'm concerned," Elinor said, with a fleeting smile at Autumn. "You'll have to overlook that."

"You're scarcely human, dear," Linda remarked, stretching her arms and yawning.

"I have my points, though, darling," Elinor observed as she took a generous gulp from her glass. "I can at least tell a Shropshire ewe from a Macintosh red. Lin thinks a bobtail flus is a breed of dog."

She laughed at Autumn, drained her glass and went into the house to prepare for dinner.

"Filthy!" Linda flung after her as she disappeared.

"Blame yourself for it," Florian said. "You always get the worst of it when you run into Elinor. Here's Dad and Tim."

The two men came up the steps as he spoke. J. Elliot Parr was a tall, slightly florid man, his hair thinning a bit, his chest thrust out in the determined effort to defer an inevitable corpulence. He was dressed in white ducks and a polka-dot tie, a handkerchief bordered with polka-dots natively pointing from his breast pocket. He greeted Autumn with a vigorous handshake.

"Well, I'm damned if this isn't a pleasure!" he boomed. "So this is Millicent's girl! Well, well—and a fine young filly she is, too. Eh, Florian?"

"Don't I get in on this?" asked Timothy.

Autumn took the hand he held out to her and met frankly the searching gaze he bent upon her. He was a heavy-shouldered, darkly good-looking man with eyes in which there was a constant and aggressive search.

"Don't be afraid of him, Autumn," Linda piped up. "He was divorced last year for preferring blondes."

"Shut up!" said Florian agreeably.

"I'm not narrow-minded," Timothy assured Autumn. "My only kick against the world is that there are too many good-looking women in it, regardless of coloring. A man can't get around to them all."

"Timothy does his best," Linda jibed from her place on the swing. "But what did your pater mean by keeping you tied up over there in the Old Country all these years?" the elder Parr enquired.

"He probably thought it was for my own good," Autumn returned. "But I'm awfully glad to be back home again."

"Hell, yes! I should think so!" Elliot declared heartily. "There's no room over there for a girl like you. You want space to move around in, eh?" He turned away to enter the house. "Well, make yourself at home, my dear. Your mother had many a good time in this house."

He disappeared through the doorway as he spoke and Timothy took up the conversation as he poured a cocktail and seated himself.

"Well, I've laid a substantial bet against your chances in the game tomorrow, Florian," he said. "Alex Campbell seems to think you ought to win."

"Alex is a wise bird," Florian retorted. "We ought to nick them for a margin of three goals, at least."

"Not with young Hutchinson back in the line-up," Timothy argued. "He'll ride you into the ground."

"You haven't a chance, Florian," Linda put in. "I have two bets out against you."

"Keep it up, you bouncers!" Florian laughed. He leaned toward Autumn. "It's a rule of the house. They bet against me to keep the luck on our side."

Autumn looked at Timothy and gave him a supercilious smile in return for the challenge in his eyes.

"I'd like to put ten dollars on Florian's team, even money," she suggested.

"O. K.," he said. "I don't know anyone whose money I'd rather take."

Autumn listened while the talk centered on the fine points of the game, and strove to be attentive to it. Presently a Japanese, whose face was an obliquely discreet mask, appeared in the doorway and announced dinner.

The sun had already set when they left the table and drifted out again to lounge about the porch.

Florian took Autumn's arm and led her down the crude stone steps into the sunken garden, which was a forgotten wilderness of flowers and fern and tangled brambles. Here were meadow rue, moss pink, forget-me-not and roses, tall blue stepples of delphinium, and white fountains of spirea. Autumn involuntarily drew her breath at the tumbling beauty of the garden. At the extreme end of it a spring trickled over mossy stones and formed a honey-colored pool in the early twilight.

Smart Neckwear With Simple Foundation Dress Is 'Style'

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



WHEN you go shopping keep repeating over and over to yourself these words—"simple foundation dress of fine sheer wool, flattering seductive neckwear to add the sweetly feminine touch." Follow this style formula and you can't go wrong in matter of smart apparel selection.

You see it's this way, current fashion is in a be-a-lady mood and it follows as the night the day that when it comes to ladylike dress lovely seductively feminine neckwear is inevitable. So, apropos of present fashion trends, the paragraphs following, together with the accompanying illustration, will carry the message of what's showing these days in the way of delectable collar and cuff sets, sports scarfs and jewelry to wear with the new dress of bright sheer wool.

Did you know that a cunning collar made of lustrous gold kidskin is one of the newest neckwear notes? Well it is! See the "darling" one shown above to the left in the illustration. This little two-bow gold kid collar worn as it is with a sheer wool, moss green dress, is the sort that dolls you up in the twinkling of an eye. And isn't the little Sally Victor sweetheart toque with its velvet applique hearts winsome? We think so. By the way, speaking of gold kidskin, you can buy little bows of it to wear in your hair or clip to your pocket, or anywhere it

shows off to the best advantage. Venice lace revers, snow white and starched to crispness and with lovely Val edging, as illustrated to the right at the top, give the perfect answer to what to wear with your stylish basic wool frock. A diamond brooch and a suede bustle hat complete the accessory ensemble.

A demure collar and cuff set of handsome Venice lace, finished with a pique fold, as pictured below to the left, with your neatly styled daytime frock label you as "a lady" anytime. The gold clip and the massive finger ring, the visor shaped hat with its gold ornament are also fashion highlights.

Fresh and crisp is the Venice lace collar and cuff set with its embroidered pique flowers as shown below to the right. It will give added dash to your new wool dress. Wear it with a corded felt toque with velvet binding as pictured.

As to the monochalant plaid scarf of fine, soft, pure wool, centered in the illustration, take note that the ends are pulled through a gold ring set with catseye.

Jewelry! It's too stupendous a theme to unfold in words. So we are simply inviting you to take a look at the fetching necklace centered above in the group. This decorative costume jewelry piece is of gold with gold and a pearl pendant set in blue cloisonne.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Velveteen Vogue



Velveteen is regarded as one of the smartest fabrics in use this season. Everything that can be made of velveteen is being made of velveteen. It is so satisfactorily workable and comes in such fascinating colors and now that designers have taken up the idea of velveteen they are playing it up for all it is worth. The two-piece afternoon dress shown is of royal blue velveteen, at the top stitched in Chinese red and closed with silver buttons. The heart-shaped felt chapeau is also in Chinese red. This jacket can be worn with different skirts.

War Creates Novel Styles in Britain

The war has already killed the bustle and the crinoline and all the eccentricities of dress that marched in their wake.

These may be revived later when the men returning from the front demand that women shall be 100 per cent feminine, but for the moment the whole trend of dress is to be "sensible." Subdued colors, outfits that clash up with khaki uniforms, high collars and long sleeves (even for evening frocks) have replaced the frills and flounces of the last few months.

For the hour of the raid has been designed the "air raid siren suit"—a form of super workman's overall combining slacks and tunic. Step into it, zip it up and you can hop out of bed and remain in cold and drafty places looking smart.

The suits are made in warm woolly material and are becoming.

Gorgeous Handbags For Autumn Season

You can't "get by" with an ordinary handbag this season. Even the bag you carry with your daytime tailors will have subscribed to some sort of fancy stitching, or shirring and will show a novelty touch in its mounting.

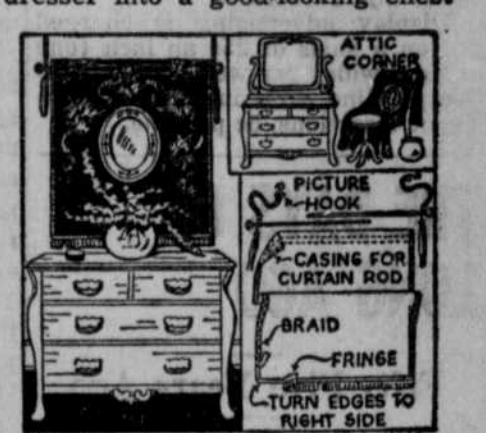
As to bags with dressy afternoon costumes you will want one of the dressmaker types of mousseline, not plain tailored but with a fussy little pleating or a jewel mounted frame, or something to give it the feminine touch. Newest thing is the handsome black velvet bag carried with the velvet hat to match. Mayhap it will have a rhinestone clasp, for glittering rhinestone accent is latest fashion. Evening bags are gorgeous—glittering sequins, brocades, ostrich feathers, rich embroideries and all that sort.

Climb to the Attic Brought Possibilities

By **RUTH WYETH SPEARS**

THE bride came home, but not to weep on Mother's shoulder. "There are too many bare spots in our house," she said; "and I want to rummage in your attic." "You are welcome," replied Mother, "but you will find no antiques—nothing there but junk."

A golden oak dresser; a fish bowl; an old portier; a chromo in a wide gold frame; and an old piano stool; were carted away. Varnish remover and plain drawer pulls transformed the dresser into a good-looking chest



of drawers. A glazier put a mirror in the oval gold frame. Those are dusky pink branches in the fish-bowl—lovely against the rose-red brocade hanging. The diagram shows how the hanging was made from a part of the portier. The edges were finished with dull gold colored braid and fringe; and it hung with matching cord, tassels and an ordinary curtain rod. What became of the stool and the mirror will be told next week.

NOTE: Readers who are now using Sewing Books No. 1, 2 and 3 will be happy to learn that No. 4 is ready for mailing; as well as the 10 cent editions of No. 1, 2 and 3. Mrs. Spears has just made quilt block patterns for three designs selected from her favorite Early American quilts. You may have these patterns FREE with your order for four books. Price of books—10 cents each postpaid. Set of three quilt block patterns without books—10 cents. Send orders to Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York.

Wren Had Last Laugh On Critical Councillors

Sir Christopher Wren, builder of St. Paul's cathedral, and many other famous churches, was partly responsible for the Town Hall of Windsor, in 1686, but the good councillors had misgivings about his work.

They complained to him that the big hall had no pillars to support it, and despite Wren's assurances that it had been designed that way and was safe, demanded that supporting pillars be placed in position.

Wren agreed to do so, and had four pillars erected. But some years later it was discovered that the pillars came one inch short of reaching the ceiling.

LOST YOUR PEP?

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Stagnant Bowels. Nature's Remedy. If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this. It is a vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Get a 25-cent box of NR from your druggist. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Without Risk. If you are not satisfied, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Make the test—then if you're not satisfied, return the box to us. Get NR Tablets today. NR TO-NIGHT

Learning and Thought

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.

Have You Acid Indigestion?

St. Joseph, Mo. — Mrs. Laura F. Wren, 1317 S. 15th St., says: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives me a splendid appetite and helps to relieve gas on the stomach and stomach upsets due to excess acidity. It has been of great benefit to me and to members of my family." Buy it in liquid or tablets from your druggist today.

Another's Secret

I may give to one I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine to give.—Philip Sidney.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of its satisfactory use. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

BE CONTINUED