## THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA.

seemed to quiver in the starlight.

But she stood erect before him, her

head flung back, her eyes blazing

"I'm playing - no game," she

He eyed her coldly. "Either you are playing a game tonight-or you were playing one night before last,"

panted. "Let me go back."

into his.

Prologue to Love MARTHA OSTENSO O MARTHA OSTENSO-WNU SERVICE

### **CHAPTER VI-Continued** -10-

Why had she and Bruce come toselves into two beings, each incom- the pantry. plete without the other? That was what she felt now, she thought wan- Florian's friends, and three or four ly-incompleteness. That was what others set up a chorus of greetshe would always feel whenever she | ings. thought of Bruce Landor. But that would never do! She must put that mutton man all the way from Cherone brief, unforgettable hour behind her forever, that hour she had spent alone with Bruce in the cabin.

Florian had been talking idly and she made a gallant effort now to listen to him. She owed him that, vited, and Linda drew him beside at least, since he was to serve a peculiar purpose now in her struggle to forget her love for Bruce.

"You've made a great hit with the family, Autumn," he told her. "Which is all to the merry, what?" "What?" she bantered.

He frowned at her. "Are you acy from the war to all such gath- dance," she invited. never going to be serious with me?" he asked gruffly.

even herself, she laid her hand on their glasses. his arm. "Do you want me to pretend that I'm serious?" she asked him.

"I'd rather have that than nothing," he replied.

"You are more easily satisfied than I am, darling," she said lightly. He stooped and tossed a stone into the middle of the pool. The water rippled outward like a sunburst.

"Is there someone else?" he asked after a long silence.

She looked directly at him. "Let's not be so solemn, Florian," she pleaded. "Didn't I hear you say life?"

"You did," he said laconically, "and I meant—just that!" He seized her suddenly and kissed her, then held her close while he smiled down into her eyes.

He followed her, and in a moment she began humming a little laughter. tune.

"Some day." he said, taking her arm as he came beside her, "you'll you cold little devil."

"Perhaps," she said with a short pation. laugh. "But in the meantime, dar- "Anyhow, it was sweet of you to ling, let's play together, if you have come all the way down so that I nothing else to do. It's so much could have an hour with you," she more fun." murmured.

together they went to the butler's blue cloud of smoke filled the room. pantry which was used by the famgether again? And why had some ily as a bar. Bruce paused on the dress, was perched on the edge of mischievous alchemy transmuted threshold and looked over the small the table, with Florian standing be- he asked. them from their own independent group of young people who were in side her. In a moment she lifted

"Hello, Landor!" called one of her eyes and turned to watch the

"Well, if it isn't the big wool and ning once more. ry Creek!"

"Hello, everybody!" Bruce grinned.

"Step up, Landor, and get close to the source of supply," another inher and waited while two glasses were filled.

A red-faced youth and a corn-colored blonde girl were perched side by side on the "bar," swaying to and fro and singing a hilarious and plied. not quite proper song that was a leg-

"Let's get out of here," Linda With an earnestness that surprised said as soon as they had received said equably. "Dance later."

She drew him away and started ment which he chose to ignore, Linfor the porch.

the crowd in the billiard room?" he bought a pile of chips and waited plied. "You see me tonight as I ventured.

erings.

"And lose you for the rest of the evening?" she retorted. "Not much! I'm going to hang on till I'm helpless. Are you going to put up with us for the night?"

"Impossible, I'm afraid," he replied. "Mother is much better, and I have a good nurse for her, anyway, but I've got to be on the job." Linda shrugged impatiently as something once about-contempt for they stepped out upon the shadowy porch. "The gods are a stingy crew," she said.

They sat together on the porch swing and sipped their drinks. Bruce did his utmost to contain his impatience and contribute a civil share She looked at him with cool re- of conversation, but in spite of himflectiveness for a moment, then self he found his eyes roving anxdrew away from him and turned to- jously toward the lighted hallway. ward the house. "I think we had He paid no heed to the two or three better go back," she said quietly. couples who were near them on the porch, or to their confused talk and

Linda moved close to him and pressed her shoulder under his arm. Her naive boldness was familiar to not treat a kiss from me so light, him now, and he was scarcely aware of her nearness in his own preoccu-

He smiled at Linda in assent, and | the ball as it struck the fins. A thin Autumn, in a diaphanous silver her eyes and looked at Bruce. He

waved to her, but her response was a fleeting smile that was bland and expressionless. Then she withdrew

game as Timothy set the ball spin-Bruce was suddenly possessed of

an impulse to lay hold of her and carry her bodily out of the room. But at that moment Linda placed herself directly before him and be-

gan to tug at his lapels. "Snap out of it, Bruce Landor!" she said. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing's wrong, Lin," he re-"Let's go into the other room and

wheel now that we're here?" he

With a little moue of disappoint-

da pressed forward to the side of "Don't you think we'd better join the table and looked on while Bruce if that's what you mean," she re-



he told her. Her lips quivered over her clenched teeth. "You can judge for yourself," she replied. He stepped toward her and seized her wrist. "Do you-mean that?"

She released her wrist with a violent jerk. "Don't touch me-don't touch me!" she cried and shrank from him.

Her voice was a shrill whimper, not loud, not the voice of one utterly beyond control. An incomprehensible pang smote Bruce, a pang of pity, of complete bewilderment. "Autumn," he said, "what's be-

hind all this? I have a right to know." "Right?" Her laughter was al-

most a sob. She crossed her arms over the shimmering bodice of her gown, and her hands clutched spas-He looked distractedly down at the modically at her smooth, quailing subtle smile of Linda's crimson lips. shoulders. Beneath her arms he could see the vehement rise and fall of her breast. Her russet hair fell back from her forehead, and her eyes were so dilated as they "How about taking a crack at the flared into his face that she had the look of a person blind. He drew back from her.

> "You are not yourself, Autumn," he said calmly.

"I was not myself the other night, really am-as I intend to be from now on. Ask your mother what I am-she knows what's in the blood." She made to pass him and he

stepped slowly aside. "As you will," he said quietly. He stood in the darkness and watched her as she walked toward the house. When she had gone in, he made his way around to the front of the house and entered by way of the portico.

In the hall he met Linda. "Let's dance, Lin," he said, before she could speak to him. "Or

do we hunt up that other drink?" She looked up at him and smiled slowly.

Some such thought must have moti-"I believe you're coming out of vated the minds of our modern fabyour trance," she said, and drew ricists when they announced for fall him with her toward the butler's and winter 1939-1940 a revival of the pantry. quality-kind old-fashioned silks such

### CHAPTER VIII

silks if you will, for some of the May had passed, and June-and silk weaves so chic and so fabricnow it was July, the month of the fine that are considered high-style wild-rose. Within its fortress of today but tell the story over again mountains the valley lay besieged of sterling-worth bengalines, failles; by a torrid heat. likewise traditional ottoman silks

Just a fortnight ago, after a day and grosgrains, also stand-alone such as this, Jane Landor had died moires and taffetas that make music quietly and unexpectedly in her

That visit with Hector had been a

Bruce was thinking of that after-

noon with Hector now as he climbed

# New Elegance in Current Mode Calls for Quality-Kind Silks

New Elegance in Current Mode







the horrors of modern war. Holowynge-Well, you've done it. I've never seen anything so horrible.

### There Had Been Others

They were sitting in close embrace.

"First love," he said, "is best. Don't you think so?" "Yes," she answered, "but I'm

very pleased to have got you."

### No Compromise

Mrs. Chubbwitt (employing new maid)-Now, as to your evening out, I'll meet you half way . . . Maid-Thank you, ma'am, but I'm not afraid to come home alone.

### An advertisement says: "Cut your tailor bill in half." What's the use. He'd send another.

In His Own Right Store Manager - What's your

name? Young Applicant-Scott. Store Manager-And your first

name? Young Applicant-Walter.

Store Manager (smiling)-That's a pretty well-known name. Young Applicant (proudly)-It ought to be. I've been delivering, groceries around here for two years now.

### The Parting

"So that's the end of our romance," he sighed, having ex-plained that he had lost all his money.

"Darling, I love you just the same," she said. "I shall always love you, even if I never see you again.'

### Need for Haste

Mistress-Mary, go to the library at once and see if they have the book "How to Remain Beautiful."

crepe luncheon dress, designed for Maid-Yes, ma'am; and shall I the new corseted lady, is shown to say that it is urgent? the right. It speaks eloquently in

favor of fabric treatment. Note the Hollywood Notes: They married self fabric pleated ruffle on the bod- and divorced soon after words.

### CHAPTER VII

side a score of others that were parked on the graveled roadway at Linda said. "I think it was befor a moment listening to the sounds against Timothy. Poor Florian has of revelry that issued from that taken an awful tumble for Autumn." great lighted mansion on the bluff. He smiled to himself, wondering how Autumn would be getting along with Florian's delightful pack of young life. He's potty!" hoodlums. Florian would undoubtedly be in fine fettle himself, Bruce Bruce observed. thought, after his team's victory in Kelowna that afternoon. Bruce was sorry he had missed the game, but they fall hard, darling." She paused, he had heard about it on his way through town.

It was of Autumn herself, howev- it off together beautifully." er, as someone entirely apart from the others, that he was thinking with a quickened heart-beat as he mounted the steps of the Parr portico, hat in hand, the cool night wind blowing gently across his hair. A half dozen dim figures were hidden among the shadows on the porch believe it, even then. You're blind, as he stepped to the door where he stood for a moment and listened to the babble of voices from within. "Oh-Bruce!" a voice called from

a corner of the porch.

Linda came gliding swiftly toward him out of the shadows and slipped a hand within his arm.

"Hello, Lin!" he greeted her. "Are you passing me up on purpose?" she reproached him.

He looked down at her and smiled enigmatically. "Not likely. I didn't see you. How's the little girl friend?" he asked, patting the hand that lay on his arm. "You're looking lovely as ever."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm topping! Bored to death, thoughuntil this minute. I've been watching for you all evening. Come on in. The crowd is down in the billiard room playing roulette."

"Who is here?" he asked as they entered the house.

"The same old disgusting crowd." she told him. "Everybody trying to work up the usual Saturday night jag."

A servant took Bruce's hat and topcoat and Linda slipped her hand again into the crook of his elbow and drew it close to her. "It was sweet of you to come," she said. "How've you been?"

"Fine, thanks," he replied, and realized at once that his voice sounded a bit hurried. He straightened his tie with an anticipatory excite- and looked eagerly over the crowd. hedge of honeysuckle, he was dezvous, and who flocked to their ment he had not felt since he was a In the middle of the room a roulette breathing heavily. She backed away hunting lodge in the mountains near boy. Somehow, quite unreasonably, he knew, he had expected Autumn to be the first to greet him on his arrival.

"Let's have a drink together," Linda suggested. "I've been wait- little ivory ball. Above the hum of "What sort of game are you playing for you to share my first one of voices could be heard the snapping ing, Autumn?" he demanded. the evening."

"I'm sorry I didn't get down for the game." Bruce returned in a matter-of-fact tone. "I hear Florian Bruce Landor drew his car up be- gave a good account of himself." "He played the game of his life," the rear of the Parr house and stood cause Autumn laid a bet on him

> Bruce smiled to himself. "Serious?" he asked. "The most serious thing in his

"Florian has been potty before."

"I believe it's the real thing this time, though. When the Parrs fall, but Bruce did not offer a reply. "I think she likes him, too. They hit

"I'll never believe Florian is in love until I see it with my own eyes," he said. He harbored a warm feeling almost of pity for Florian as he thought of him.

"You'll see it tonight, then," Linda assured him, "though you won't my dear, quite blind."

"I think I know the signs," he declared.

Soft dance music began drifting out to them now from the radio in the drawing room, and presently the couples seated about the portico disappeared within doors. Linda and Bruce were left alone.

She turned her face impulsively up to him, and he was shaken out of his abstraction by the imploring look in her eyes.

"You don't know the signs," she whispered, "or you couldn't be so cruel to me."

"Cruel?" he asked.

"Cruel-because you are so kind," she said, and her voice seemed to him to be almost a stifled sob. Bruce flushed. "Good Lord, Lin!" he protested. "You can't blame me for being kind to you. I'm awfully

fond of you, girl." "Fond-" she said wistfully. "That's it-damned fond!"

He laughed awkwardly and stood on-let's go in and pick up Florian." "I'd rather have another drink,"

she told him. "Nothing more for me," Bruce answered as he took her arm and doors and into the sunken garden. started into the house.

In the doorway to the billiard room, Bruce stood for a moment wheel had been set out upon the billiard table, and Timothy Parr was run, but he snatched her hand and

acting as croupier for the evening. pulled her back roughly to him, The crowd about the table was closely knit, their eyes intent upon the that she was forced to face him.

of chips and the staccato clink of The silver sheath of her dress

sleep. Bruce's sorrow had been "I'm topping! Bored to death though-until this minute." eased somewhat by his melancholy realization that she was spared fur-

for the next flip of the ivory ball. ther pain and misery from an illness from which there could be no When Timothy reached for the spindles again, Bruce placed three chips recovery, but his grief at her passon squares and offered a handful to | ing had been none the less deep and Linda. lasting.

"I'm not lucky," she demurred. He turned again to the table and Dean since that night in May when waited for the ball to drop into the he had gone to the Parrs' and had slot. While he waited he noticed a encountered in her a mood which had left him bewildered and harshort, plump man who had had too much to drink pushing his way to assed every time he recalled that miserable occasion. Only once since the edge of the table beside Autumn. that night had he spoken to her. He He could not help seeing that Autumn's hands were clenched on the table edge. Florian stepped between her and the boisterous guest and steps to the door, Autumn had come the game went on.

Autumn stood on a gilt chair beside the crowded table and tossed she had seen him from within and chips on thirteen and black. She with him. knew that she swayed occasionally: Florian, standing below her, supdoleful affair. The old soldier had ported her with an arm about her slender hips. Now and then she ran been having words with Jarvis Dean's daughter-of that there could her fingers through his hair and Florian turned his face up to hers be no doubt in Bruce's mind. Hecwith an intense and meaningful look. tor's grumpy mood had refused to She lost again on thirteen and yield to Bruce's efforts at facetiousblack, and as her laughter pealed ness. In a moment the old man out she looked up to see Bruce Lan- had burst forth in a voice full of dor standing beside the table, his distress. "It's that girl! There's no arms folded, his eyes toward the talking to her!"

"Why get so worked up over it?" broad French windows that stood open on the other side of the room. Bruce had asked. "Why talk to Within her a dull voice repeated her?" Even as he spoke, Bruce had over and over again, "I must not known that his comment had been see him-I must not see him!" He | a defensive one. And then Hector had looked at turned his head slowly toward her

now, his mouth drawn up in a quiz- him for a full minute without speakzical smile so that the deep furrow ing, his wrath cooling gradually, his appeared in his cheek. That furrow droll smile coming. "There's little in his lean brown cheek, which must to choose between a young fool and have been a dimple when he was a an old one-save for a trifling dischild-she had kissed his cheek just parity in years," he had said, and

there, in an infinite tenderness, only had poured a couple of drinks from two nights ago. She felt a terrible the decanter of wine on the table. vertigo all through her being, a sudden collapse of all her defenses. The feeling lasted for only a moment, back into his car and started off however. When he looked at her along the increasingly difficult trail. again she was able to smile with

a hard, vivid carelessness. And then the short plump man concerned, if Autumn's reputation lurched toward her, lost his balance. and fell heavily against the chair on to him. And Bruce supposed it did. which she was standing, clutching Hector Cardigan had looked after up, lifting her to her feet. "Yes, I Florian in a desperate attempt to am-damned fond of you, Lin. Come right himself. It seemed that be- anxiously as if he had been her fore she had reached the floor, Bruce was there, had caught her up and was carrying her out of the con- freely among the gossips of the com-

fusion through the open French She beat against his breast and her escapades with the Parrs, Florsobbed frantically for release. When | ian in particular, and with such othhe put her down at last behind a from him as though to turn and Kamloops for week-ends. They had plenty of fuel for their gossip, and Autumn had apparently been setplacing her against the hedge so ting a deliberate match to it. As

old Hector had said, the girl wasn't giving a tinker's dam what they said about her.

ice, the wide corselet belt and with their rustle of real honest-to other fetching styling details. goodness silk. Centered in the trio is a striking

as were the pride and the joy of our

ancestresses. Call them heirloom

When you come to analyze the present situation, the re-incarnation in current fashion of the elegant "lovely lady" fashions so characteristic of the early Victorian and Edwardian periods, we of this generation just naturally have to think He had seen very little of Autumn

> The idea that prevails this season is fabric elegance for dresses styled with atmost simplicity, depending on accessories for dash and allure. High value is put on skillful fabric treatment in drapes, shirrings, pleating and self-fabric details.

had called on Hector Cardigan one It is a very silk-conscious group afternoon and as he mounted the we present in the illustration herewith. A great favorite with French hurriedly out, passing him with a designers is pure silk jersey which face strangely white and with only a they say, and they prove it in the swift word of greeting. He knew lovely creations they turn out, has

had rushed away to avoid talking no peer when it comes to sculptural

are of outstanding style importance. It's fortunate you'll be if you have stored away among heirlooms some of the gorgeous jeweled buttons that

once were fashionable and are so again. Glorify your evening coat with these buttons or your blouse or your "bestest" afternoon dress. In conclusion just a word about

jersey (preferably black) daytime

dress in your collection you are los-

ing out on a lot of pleasure and com-

fort. Choose dark or black jersey

for practical afternoon wear and for

your loveliest formal let it be of

white silk jersey sculpturally draped,

adding gold accents to make it su-

A draped and shirred green silk

evening ensemble developed of

handsome silk white faille, for faille,

such as our grandmothers treasured,

is again a favorite silk. Note the

brief peplum that flares from the

new lowered waistline of the basque

premely beautiful.

the stunning jacket tailored suits that are made of black bengaline silk or faille. These silk classics register among the topnotch fashions of the day.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.

**Turbans in Colors** 

Milliners are designing adorable little velvet turbans, bright with color, to wear with fur coats this winter or to crown smart dinner gowns with glory. These little fantasies of velvet are often allover shirred or are formed of myriads of little corded loops. Some houses are showing them in that old-time favorite, old gold. ' Others exploit them in teal blue to ensemble with silver jewelry set in blue stones, and as for eyedazzling red, there's nothing smarter than a red hat with a black dress.

In fact these cunning velvet turbans have gone on a gay and festive color spree. The fireman-red velvet types make you "stop, look and listen" but you'll love these startling reds just the same. With dark furs they are simply perfect.

Most of these flattering little hats have a snood to cover the coiffure at the back, and it's "mighty like a rose" that some of them look being often a huge pour of velvet in flower color, posed jauntily low over the brow.

# Suits Are Favored In Newest Modes

Suits are important in the new mode and include both dress and jacket and skirt and jacket combinations. Short, fitted, peplum jackets and long fitted jackets are both in the picture. Many are furred and worn with fur muffs, hats and umbrellas whose handles are covered with the same pelts. Smartest coats, both cloth and

furs, are fitted and flared. Many cloth ones are so liberally trimmed with pelts that they seem about half fur. Persian lamb, beaver, seal, leopard, fox, marten and mink are all used.

Suiting Her

Mrs. Smith-I'm tired of the way you always say my house, my garden, my car, my son-my everything. Why can't you say our? And what are you looking for in the wardrobe?

Mr. Smith-Our trousers.

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

Still Schoolboys Nations are but enlarged schoolboys.-Froude.

**CLOTHESPIN** NOSE Got a cold? Get two-way relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throw -then, as it melts, releases coo menthol vapor. Your brea carries this to clogged nas passages, helps open you LUDEN'S 5¢ Menthol Cough Drops

There Are Bounds He that sips often at last drinks it up.



Tes Remedy If you think all act alike, just all vegetable sick headach Without Risk get a 25c box of NR

Get NR Tablets today. R TO-NICHT

WATCH VOU can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean

money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants

who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices. THE SPECIAL



The old fellow had reason enough to be distressed, or at least gravely in the countryside meant anything the girl from her earliest years as godfather. And Autumn Dean was getting herself talked about rather munity. People in Kelowna and in Now that it's "ship aboy" in the Kamloops were busily recounting air, as well as by sea, designers are making a feature of air-travel fashions. Victor Stiebel, noted London ers as made the Parr home a ren-

designer, is among the first to turn attention toward creating airship wardrobes. For daytime needs in his clipper wardrobe he designs this handsome and practical suit. In this instance rabbit's hair crepe of napthalated wool is intricately tailored into a slim straight model with rows of self-colored stitching. A mist green hat tops the suit to perfection.

**Air-Travel Suit** Whimsical Velvet

jacket. The novel square buttons in terms of fabric elegance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)