Quickly Made Dolls For Late Gift Choice

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

HERE is a boy and a girl doll that you can make quickly. The body is two tubes of material made of fabric stitched together to simulate socks and shoes and then stitched, turned and stuffed as indicated at the left of this sketch. The head is a two-inch ball of cloth covered first with cotton and then with tightly stretched cloth sewed in the back as in steps 1 and 2. The wig is made as in step 3.

The diagram shows how the tubes and the head are sewn together. Sew across the top of the

legs to make the doll jointed. Sew the arms down and the tips of the feet up as indicated. Sew clear through the head when adding the bead eyes about half way between the top and bottom. This shapes the cheeks. A few stitches in red make the mouth. The pleated skirt is cut straight. The trousers are slightly shaped in the crotch. The sweaters are made from the striped tops of children's socks.

NOTE: The 10 cent edition of Sewing Book No. 4 is now 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.

Our Greed

The great error of our nature is, not to know where to stop, not to be satisfied with any reasonable acquirement; not to compound with our condition; but to lose all we have gained by an insatiable pursuit after more.—Burke.

HE KNEW HER WELL ENOUGH TO TELL HER

Alkalize quick with these mint-like tablets the instant you feel acid indigestion distress.

The old days of embarrassment are gone! Now at the first sign of "acid indigestion" distress—quick, take 2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets that you carry right in your pocket or purse.

It's wonderful that each of these tiny peppermint flavored tablets contains all the good alkalizing benefits of a full teaspoonful of liquid Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, known the world over for its fast action in relieving "gas", nausea and stomach upsets from excess acids.

Don't risk embarrassing yourself and others. Just be sure to get a box of genuine *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia Tablets today and carry them with you always.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

Great Unknown

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Sir Henry Taylor

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

Prologue to Love

By MARTHA 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 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. 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 reason for his mother's attitude. Autumn calls again on Hector Cardigan—this e to find out the reason for Mrs. Landor's outburst. From his conversation inferred that Geoffrey Landor killed himself because he loved Millicent Dean, r mother. Meanwhile, Bruce Landor rides to the spot where his father's ody 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.

—9—

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 silvery mop which Autumn had already learned was a Belgian griffon. The girl was a slender ash-blonde, 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 slavey 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.

"You're the only thing Florian has ever taken seriously—except polo," Linda observed, blowing smoke rings. "The poor boy is hit—and hit hard."

"Oh, nonsense!" Autumn laughed coolly.

But she colored as she felt Linda's scrutiny change to a mobile, slow sort of approval

"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.

"Time has nothing to do with it, my dear," Linda observed, her lids lowered in a resigned fatigue. "It happens—or it doesn't happen—and that's all there is to it. It happened to me in a minute. It won't happen to him in ten years—so far as I'm concerned."

She remained standing at the window until Autumn had finished dressing, and was ready to go down.

"All set!" Autumn announced.

Linda turned from the window and gave her an appraising look. Autumn was dressed in a simple white 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 out 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 nacre 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.

"He's adorable."

"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 flush 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 nattily 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 bounders!" 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 steeples of delphinium, and white fountains of spirea. Autumn involuntarily drew her breath at the tumbled 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.

(CONTINUED)

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Pattern No. 8587 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch fabric for the dress; ¾-yard for panties. To trim with two rows of braid or bias fold requires 8½ yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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