

# SALUTE TO Love

## CHAPTER ONE

THE men on the street of the little town of Shelby winked at each other when they saw Major Meed hitching his horse and phaeton in the public square.

"The old man's going to get lit!" one prophesied.

"Yes, the major's depending on old Dobbins to get him home to-night."

Ordinarily Major Meed drove an ancient coupe, sitting erectly behind the steering wheel his snow-white mustache and well-combed hair proclaiming him, a gentleman of the old school. His blue eyes would twinkle and his leathery, tanned cheeks would crease in pleasant wrinkles as he called greetings to friends along the street.

"Day, Judge!" he'd quaver in his sweetly husky voice. "Mighty good fishin' weather we're havin'!"

"Howdy there, Jim Scott! How's your sick bird dog?" He drove slowly and listened attentively to the answers.

TO ladies he was always especially courteous, their ages mattering not at all. Though he appreciated the fresh loveliness of the younger set, he was just as gallant in greeting Miss Cassie Drew, whose beauty had withered 40 years ago in the little "notion" shop where she spent her days. Every woman, young or old, somehow felt herself to be prettier, more charming and interesting after Major Meed had bowed to her and inquired solicitously about her health.

But when, as today, he drove the five miles to town seated in the old phaeton behind his small bay horse, he greeted no one. He was sad and downcast, thinking of his failures. He was about to get drunk.

Katherine Meed, the Major's 21-year-old granddaughter, was also in town today. Unaware of her grandfather's whereabouts she had driven in the family sedan and had stopped at a grocery store on Center-st to do some marketing.

COMING out of the store, Katherine stood on the sidewalk, looking up at the threatening sky, holding out an experimental hand to feel for raindrops. Her brown suit was two years old, but she wore it superbly, her lithe, well-built body giving it flair and distinction. A green felt hat, smart in its ageless way, was pulled over her hair. From beneath it her bronze-brown curls escaped, giving an effect of carelessness and childish disorder. Her bronze eyes matched her hair. "Exactly," some one once said, "as if cut from the same piece of silk." The girl's eyebrows were arched, but unplucked. When her wide lips parted in their quick, warm smile you saw that her teeth were brilliantly white, but not entirely even. There was about her something magnetic and natural and boyish. Something eager and intense. People called her Kate.

"Just a passing shower," she said with a smile to the little grocery clerk who was carrying out her bags to her car. "Did my sister remember to write down cream of tartar, Henry?"

"Yes, Miss Kate," he answered.

"But Miss Caroline forgot to say whether she wanted light brown or dark brown sugar, so I put in a pound of each."

"Smart boy," Kate said. "I'm going to the drug store now. Close the car window when you're through, please."

HE dashed up the street in the now briskly falling rain, her head ducked to miss the stinging drops.

She felt some one seize her arms and shake her sharply. She had run pell-mell into a handsome, black-haired, young man of about 25. While he pinned her elbows to her sides he laughed down at her.

"In a hurry?" he asked.

"Morgan!" Kate exclaimed, and with a smile she ran back to him.

She had been thinking of him steadily for almost an hour, wondering if she would encounter him somewhere in town. He was, in a way, her flane. In the parlance of the small southern town, he had "rushed" her for several years, and one night at a dance last June he had proposed to her and she had accepted.

"Why, no, I'm not exactly in a hurry," she told him. "I could be

persuaded to waste a little time, if that's what you mean."

"Then come on in here," he urged.

They were standing before a drug store. Retaining one of her elbows, he piloted her through the door, past the marble counter with its clustered imbibers and led her to the farthest table in the rear.

Kate, seated in a little booth, turned. "That's part of your fatal charm, Morgan," treating women like captured trophies. She thought, "I banter him as if I had to. Why can't I just remember we're engaged and relax?"

MORGAN PRENTISS smiled. "What do you want to drink, honey?"

She told him a limeade, and he instructed the waiter to "make it two." She thought, "He's going to ask to come out tonight. I'll ask him for dinner. I'll hurry home and make a cake." It was Friday, and they almost always dated Friday night. It was an old custom, begun when she was a day pupil at the boarding school in town.

Kate finished her drink and looked at her watch. She had no need for hurry, but she suddenly longed to be dashing off to some important appointment, leaving Morgan impressed and curious. However, she could think of nothing interesting to call her away. No civic enterprise needed her. No young men were pining for a sight of her. She had, a year ago at least, let them know that she was interested only in Morgan Prentiss. She had no other bridges. Morgan, strange to say, seemed not quite to have burned his

"Well," she said, rising, hating the prosaic excuse. "I must go back and finish my shopping."

She watched him crush out his cigarette, saw that he was going to speak. Waited. "Kate," he said, "how about my coming out Monday night? About 8?"

"Monday?" repeated Kate blankly. She had the dismaying feeling that a whole week-end had passed about her ears, raising bumps. "Why—why yes, Morgan," she answered. "I'm not doing anything at all Monday night."

SHE thought, "Maybe he's going out of town on business." But his next words corrected that.

"The Elwells have a visitor," he said, still not looking at her. "Eve's asked me for dinner tonight. There's something else planned for Saturday and Sunday—I'm not sure what, but Eve asked me to keep both nights open."

"Oh," Kate said. She felt her cheeks growing hot with anger. Quite inconsistently the anger was all directed against Eve Elwell. Eve knew how things were between Kate and Morgan Prentiss. She knew they were engaged, even though it had never been announced. Kate wore Morgan's fraternity pin in lieu of a ring, and she'd given up all her other beau's for him. This, to a Southern girl reared in Southern traditions, was the public mark of surrender.

With an effort, Kate smiled at Morgan. "Well," she said, "when

next Saturday

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BIG FOUR ROUTE

the college girls come home for vacation it livens up the old town considerably. This girl goes to Sweet Briar with Eve, doesn't she?"

MORGAN nodded. "Name's Barbara Lodge. From St. Paul. Quite a looker. She and Eve got in just about an hour ago. Eve was showing her the town before they went home to unpack."

"I guess they were in stitches over our rustic Main street," Kate remarked, with quick and thrusing intuition. "Eve always acts as if she's convulsing when she's showing it to a visitor."

"Well," said Morgan defensively. "Eve's been around, you know. The new postoffice couldn't possibly look as big to her as it does to the rest of us."

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torted quickly. "As if I could use my time any better than being with you!"

His eyes caressed her in the old way, and her heart lifted again. She thought, "He's just the same, of course. I mustn't be possessive. He's got to be agreeable to Eve on account of their fathers."

"Don't forget Monday night," he reminded her.

"Oh no, I won't!" she replied eagerly. Too eagerly! She wondered later as she started the car for home.

Over in the public square she saw a familiar old bay horse hitched to a familiar phaeton. "Granddad's in town," she murmured in faint surprise. But the significance of the conveyance did not reach her. She was too deeply engrossed with thoughts of Morgan Prentiss.

(To Be Continued)

## DELAY DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL BUILDING

Dedication of Building A of the Indiana World War Memorial has been postponed from Armistice Day until an undetermined date next spring, it was announced today following a meeting yesterday of the board of trustees. Several persons

scheduled for participation will not be able to take part until that time, announcement said.

Frank H. Henley, board secretary.

said the building will be opened this winter. It includes offices, exhibition rooms, meeting rooms and an auditorium.

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