

**HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS**



Prunes, to be properly cooked, should be stewed very slowly for at least two successive days. The prunes will come out whole, soft and tender, and with the richest, most delicious juice.

Lime water will sweeten jars and jugs which soap and water fail to cleanse. It is admirable for cleaning milk and nursing bottles.

When Washing Gloves.—If a few drops of olive oil are added to the water when washing chambray leather gloves, they will not become hard or stiff.

To remove the cloudiness which comes over highly polished furniture, wash it with a sponge and tepid water and rub it dry with a wet chamois wrung out of cold water. A dry chamois streaks the surface and does not remove the blur.

Tarnished table silver may be revived if placed in a quart of boiling water to which a good pinch of washing soda has been added. After boiling for a few minutes remove and dry thoroughly with a soft cloth.

Removing Paper From Raisins.—If the paper sticks to the package of raisins, place them in the oven for a few minutes and the wrapping may be removed easily. It will also cause the raisins to separate and fall apart.

Soiled Linoleum.—Grease marks and dirt can be removed from linoleum by washing with warm water to which a little paraffin has been added. Dry with a cloth and afterwards polish with a good floor polish.

A shiny coat collar can be cleaned by soaking with a cloth moistened with ammonia or vinegar.

When preparing shrimp for salad, put them in a bowl of water to which a tablespoon of vinegar has been added; drop in a lump of ice and let stand in the refrigerator for several hours before putting the salad together. You will find them greatly improved.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice added to the water in which eggs are poached will make them firmer.

**DO THIS 30 Minutes After Eating TO ALKALIZE EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS FAST**



**Quick Relief from Indigestion, Nausea and Headaches from excess stomach acidity this remarkable Phillips' Way.**

No need now to be afraid to enjoy the food you like. If you expect acid indigestion after meals, follow this simple routine.

Take two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia a half hour after you leave the table. Or, if you're not at home take two Phillips' Tablets, which have the same neutralizing effect.

This gives you a thorough "alkalization" just at the time excess stomach acids are developing...and does the job in a few minutes...no nausea or embarrassing gas, none of that uncomfortable fullness, or stinging "heartburn". You're surprised at how wonderful you feel.

The Phillips' Method may be a revelation and solve your problem once and for all.

When you buy, ask for and make sure you get the real Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Note the words "genuine Phillips'" on both bottle and Tablets box.

**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

**BEACONS of SAFETY**

Like a beacon light on the height—the advertisements in newspapers direct you to newer, better and easier ways of providing the things needed or desired. It shines, this beacon of newspaper advertising—and it will be to your advantage to follow it whenever you make a purchase.

**Prologue to Love**

By **MARTHA OSTENSO**

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**CHAPTER IX—Continued**

Linda Parr had turned large and wondering eyes upon the Laird. "It's probably not my place to speak, Mr. Dean," she ventured, "but the whole affair was quite accidental and we regret it quite as much as you do. We probably regret it more, since it was we who had to sleep out. On the other hand, young people are quite capable of taking care of themselves nowadays."

Autumn was amazed at Linda's sudden garrulity. At the quick glare of the old man's eyes, however, the girl ceased abruptly, and biting her lip, looked rather hopelessly toward Autumn.

"I'll not have my daughter's name bandied about the country as though she were a common strumpet!" the Laird roared, and brought his hands down resoundingly upon the arms of his chair.

Linda got to her feet with characteristic languor, and begging to be excused, left the room and went upstairs. Autumn surmised, with a cynical affection for the girl, that it was the desire for a cigarette that sent her off, rather than any marked distaste for the scene.

"You are carrying on quite unnecessarily, Father," Autumn observed quietly when Linda had gone. "It isn't good for you—and I'm surprised that you should treat such a simple situation so seriously."

"Simple? Simple?" Jarvis was almost inarticulate. "Have you no sense of decency, girl? You put yourself in a position where men engage in a brawl over you in a gambling dive—and you call that simple!"

"I have tried to explain to you, Father, that it was an accident," Autumn persisted. "We were miles from anywhere. What on earth were we to do, at three o'clock in the morning?"

The Laird drew himself up and his nostrils flared in the magnificence of his indignation. "You had no business being there—or anywhere else but in your bed at three o'clock in the morning. And I'll have no more of it!"

Autumn's eyes narrowed. She glanced sharply at Hector, who was slumped wearily in his chair. "What do you propose to do, Father?" she asked finally in a cold voice. "Keep me under lock and key?"

A dull flush lay like a sultry shadow on the old man's cheekbones. Autumn knew that her words had started the ripples of an old and cruel memory in the depths of his consciousness, and for a moment she was sorry for what she had said.

For some moments Jarvis did not reply to her question. Then, his mouth grimly set, he pronounced his ultimatum. "You will conduct yourself from now on like a lady—or back you go to where you came from! I'll not have the Dean name made the cause of drunken brawls in public dives!"

Autumn got angrily to her feet. In that moment, all the wretchedness of those long summer weeks came back upon her, those weeks of striving to tear the love of Bruce Landor from her heart, and instantly her regret for the pain she was causing her father retreated.

She confronted him now with wide, blazing eyes. "The Dean name!" she said. "That's what's behind all this! It isn't what will happen to me that you are thinking about. You know I can look after myself. I've done it for years without giving you anything to worry about. But the Dean name must be defended! It hurts your pride to see it defended by Bruce Landor. You have been living in the past so long that it's more real to you and more important to you than your own daughter. Well, let me tell you, Da—I don't give a damn for a name that needs defending. I've suffered what you will never know—ever since I came back—defending the Dean name. I can't go on—I won't go on! Let the name of Dean—"

The Laird was on his feet instantly, his huge frame trembling with emotion. "Stop it!" he cried. "Stop it! You've gone far enough. You've gone—far—enough!"

Autumn stood for an instant staring at him. He seemed to have gone suddenly feeble, defeated. He turned away from her and stretched his hand out to support himself by the mantelpiece. His body appeared to crumple forward, to sag and dwindle as though shrinking from a blow. In that moment Autumn's compassion for him rose again, and her impulse was to go to him and throw her arms about him in an effort to make peace between them. But Hector was already beside him and was waving her away. She turned silently and left the room.

Long after Linda was asleep in the room next her own, and the house stood in its dark silence, Autumn lay awake, turning over and over in her mind the restive thoughts that had had their inception in that disconcerting clash with her father. At last, unable to bear any longer the confining darkness of her own room where thinking had become a torment, she got up and put on a dressing-gown and slippers.

Noislessly, Autumn went out into the hall. Her father's wound, into

Pat, who slept on a mat outside the Laird's door, rose at her approach, but she caressed him reassuringly, and he flung himself down again and Autumn continued on down the stairs and out of the house.

She stole quietly to a secluded nook in the garden where, within the circle of flowering mock-orange trees, her mother's bronze sundial still stood on its low pedestal. Here the smell of roses lay in a still, dark pool of heavy sweetness; in the purple field of the sky overhead the stars leaned down, a white blur stooping to the fainter ribes of the white and yellow roses. Here Millicent Dean had counted out the days and nights of her last summer.

It was because of Millicent that old Hannah had kept the retreat unchanged; it held still the spellbound air of plaintive sanctuary.

Autumn seated herself on a bench beside the sundial and gathered her robe closely about her. A curious vacillancy seemed to possess her mind now, a receptivity to some strange reassurance, to some strong and calming influence that drifted in upon her from the sweet cloistered gloom of the flowery crypt that had been her mother's. A quieting affirmation was growing upon Autumn. Millicent Odell was living again, rising above her own tragedy and that of Jarvis Dean and Geoffrey Landor, and the poor, unhappy Jane. Autumn closed her eyes in the buoyancy of her spirit, where the knowledge had dawned that her love for Bruce was an inevitable and inexorable predestination of life that Jarvis Dean's opposition could neither change nor destroy.

She was startled suddenly out of her absorption by a sound behind her. Turning quickly, she saw Hector Cardigan standing within the dimness of the crypt.

"Hector!" she said softly. "What-ever brings you out at this time of night?"

He chuckled in an embarrassed way. "It isn't the first time I've prowled around here," he said in a low, oddly strained voice, "but it's the first time I've been caught at it."

She did not have to ask why he had come. Millicent lived for him here, as she was living for Autumn herself.

"I couldn't sleep," she told him, "—after that scene with father."

Hector came and seated himself on the bench beside her. "It was rather bad, wasn't it?" he said heavily. "But I think I warned you that your father would be difficult, though I had not foreseen—quite this, I confess."

"What am I to do?" she asked him.

"You will know that yourself—better than I can tell you," he replied.

Autumn plucked a blossom from a low-hanging branch and held it to her lips. "I love father," she said simply, "and I love everything I have come home to. I don't want to leave it."

Hector was silent for a moment. Then, as though he were talking to some third person who was present beside them, he said, "Autumn is in love with Geoffrey's son."

She straightened herself involuntarily against the weird sensation that had come over her.

"Is it so evident as that, Hector?" she said.

"The past is repeating itself," he said. "My eyes are not too old to see that."

"It is the past that has come between us, Hector—between Bruce and me," she said.

Hector leaned forward and patted the back of one hand against the palm of the other. "I shall have something to say about that, my dear, when the time comes that I must."

Autumn stared at the ghostly blur of a heavily flowered white rose bush. "If you had told me all you knew—when I first came home," she said, "we might have been spared much of what happened tonight."

Hector drew a deep and unhappy breath. "You forget, my child, that there is such a thing as loyalty still left in the lives of some of us," he said. "If I did not tell you everything I knew, it was because I could not tell it."

"It doesn't matter, after all," she said. "It is too late now."

"On the contrary," he replied, "it is still too soon."

Autumn shifted impatiently. "How long must you hold your silence, then?" she asked him.

"Until I can hold it no longer," he replied.

A slight wind stirred in the tree above them, and a shower of white petals fell on the grass at their feet.

On the following morning, when Linda telephoned to the Landor place with the intention of paying Bruce a visit during the day, the foreman, Andrew Gilly, informed her that Bruce had gone to Vancouver on business and would not be back until the end of the week.

"So that will be that!" Linda observed, stretching herself on the couch in the sunlit drawing room and opening a volume of French verse which she had brought down from Autumn's room.

gone to Vancouver filled Autumn with an unaccountable loneliness and impatience that annoyed her as she thought of it. She knew now that throughout the weeks of their estrangement, the mere fact that he was always there, just a few miles from her, had been a comfort to her, and that in the depth of her consciousness she had never really relinquished the hope that somehow, somewhere, they would come together again.

Autumn sat at the piano and played softly while Linda read. Jarvis had left the house immediately after breakfast, deep in the solitude of one of his unapproachable moods. Hector had returned to town, and the girls had been alone ever since.

Suddenly Linda tossed her book across the floor. "What a fine old maid I'm getting to be!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter now, Lin?" Autumn asked, turning from the piano.

"It's a bad sign when a girl begins to live vicariously in erotic poetry," she said.

"At least, it saves one a lot of trouble," Autumn remarked.

"And leaves you where you started. There's a little satisfaction in



"I don't know what you are talking about."

trouble, at any rate. It has the shade of variety in it, if nothing else. I'm dying of nothing to do, Autumn. You can at least work up a good fight in your own family now and then."

Autumn stared moodily at the floor. "I'm not particularly proud of that," she said. "It was rather a mess—the whole affair—innocent as it was."

In her preoccupation with the new evidence she had had of her father's strange fixation, she was scarcely aware of what she said. But Linda must be given no inkling of the shadow that lay over her mind.

"I'd love a mess," Linda commented dreamily, "so long as I could have Bruce Landor to champion me. You're an unappreciative wench, Autumn."

Autumn got abruptly to her feet and went over to the window and stood looking out into the garden, where she had experienced so strange an exaltation the night before. Now, in the spread of the midsummer morning, she knew that that almost supernatural assurance of the night in the garden had been a delusion. There was nothing for her to do but carry on, for her father's sake as well as for Bruce Landor's.

"How can you be anything but head over heels in love with him, Autumn?" Linda asked.

"I? With whom?"

Linda clicked her tongue in exasperation against the roof of her mouth. "With whom? You know very well whom."

Autumn did not turn from the window. "You're getting positively tedious, Lin," she said mechanically.

Linda rolled over on her stomach and looked narrowly at Autumn's straight back. "Do you know what?" she said at last. "I honestly believe you've been in love with him from the very first."

"You must have your own reasons for thinking so, Lin," Autumn evaded.

"I have, my dear. In the first place, your cutting-up doesn't ring true to me. I cut up because I like it. But you—you don't like it."

Autumn turned and walked to a table, picked up a magazine, and seated herself. She thumbed the pages slowly. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said indifferently.

Linda reflected for a moment. "Well—you have no heart in it. You're absent-minded—and you're downright inattentive at bridge." She paused and looked at Autumn. "My dear," she said at last, "you're in love—or I'm a mental defective."

Autumn reached across the table and helped herself to a cigarette.

"You're a dear imbecile, then, Lin," she smiled carelessly.

"I'm a fool in more ways than one," the girl replied. "But even a fool may have eyes. Why don't you cut Florian and his gang? You're not in love with the boy and you never will be—and you're bored to death with his friends."

"Not all of them, Lin."

"I'm the single exception, my dear—and I'm catty as the devil. I could have cut your pretty throat that night when Bruce hauled you out of that mess in the billiard room and carried you into the garden. Fancy any man doing that for me! And I could have cheerfully put poison in your coffee yesterday morning when Florian told us that Bruce had taken it upon himself to defend your honor against Curly Belfort. In this day and age, my dear! Any man I have ever known would die laughing before he could bring himself to do as much for me. But you—you take it out in nursing a grudge."

"Lin, you're positively idiotic!" Autumn protested.

"I know it—I know it! But there's one particular kind of idiot that I am not—and never intend to be. I am not the kind that goes on forever when I know there's no hope for me."

Autumn laughed dryly and got to her feet. "Let's take our ride before it gets too warm," she suggested.

Linda stretched in sinuous luxury and rose from the couch. "Which—being interpreted—means, for heaven's sake, lay off!" she said, and went with Autumn to prepare for the ride.

On the following morning, Bruce Landor's foreman drove his car in at the gates of the Castle. Linda Parr had departed for home only an hour before, and Autumn was cutting roses in the secluded recess of the garden. It was no usual thing for Bruce Landor's foreman to visit the Dean ranch, and a swift shock of apprehensiveness for Bruce passed through her. She gathered her flowers together at once and went to the house.

In the yard before the door, Bruce's foreman was talking with Tom Willmar. Autumn hesitated for a moment, but at an odd glance from Tom she stepped down and approached the men.

Andrew Gilly turned his cap awkwardly about in his hands as she came up to him. His expression was one of utter distraction.

"Good morning, Miss Dean," he greeted her. In a fleeting moment of intuition, Autumn felt that there was something vaguely resentful in his attitude toward her.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilly," she returned with a smile. "Has Bruce come back from Vancouver yet?"

The question had slipped from her tongue before she had time to think of what she was saying.

"No," Gilly replied, "he hasn't. And I'm in no hurry to see him, either. I'll have very bad news for him when he comes."

"Bad news? What has happened?" Autumn asked.

Tom Willmar cleared his throat. "Gilly found over thirty of his sheep dead in the pasture this morning," he told her.

Autumn clutched her flowers tightly in hands that had gone suddenly cold. "Not—his prize sheep—the Merinos he was experimenting with?" she asked breathlessly.

"The same," said Tom Willmar. "Poisoned, they were. Poisoned with strychnine in the salt trough."

"It'll come near to breaking the boy's heart," Gilly observed in a voice that was shaken with agitation.

"Oh!" Autumn felt an abrupt stricture in her throat that made further speech impossible.

"I come over to see if you folks had had any trouble," Andrew Gilly went on, "but Tom tells me there's been none of it here."

"No," said Tom quietly. "There's been a bit of vetch about that's—"

"Nature had no hand in this," Andrew interrupted. "It was a sneak that did it—and he must 'a' crawled on his stomach during the night to get to the trough or the dogs would've been at him."

"Have you any idea who did it?" Autumn asked faintly. It seemed to her that her heart had sunk entirely out of her body.

The man had the sensibility to avoid her eyes. He looked away, but the expression that came to his weathered face was one of bitter fury.

"I have my own opinion," he said significantly, "and I think I'm not far wrong. I think the boy will agree with me, too. Though a lot of good that will do either of us. There's no proof—not a whit!"

Autumn knew that he was thinking. "You suspect Belfort, don't you, Mr. Gilly?" she asked bluntly.

He gave her a direct look from eyes that were angrily misty. "You can make a shrewd guess," he said. "There's no doubt in my mind—and that's something more than a suspicion."

Tom shook his head. "It'll be a tough job to get anything on Curly Belfort's gang," he remarked. "Gosh, what a shame!"

Autumn stood for a moment helplessly trying to beat back the tears that sprang to her eyes. Then, her emotions collapsing within her, she turned and fled into the house.

As she did so, Jarvis Dean came slowly up the path from the corals, Saint Pat at his heels.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**FARM TOPICS**

**'PILOT' PLANTS HELP INDUSTRY**

**New Uses Sought for Agricultural Products.**

By **DR. W. W. SKINNER**

Pilot plants form an important part of the program for research on the industrial uses of farm products at the four regional laboratories now under construction by the bureau of agricultural chemistry and engineering. Pilot plants at these laboratories will do for industry very much the same kind of work that the "demonstration farms" have done for farmers—supply practical evidence of the value of new methods and processes.

The new laboratories are planned to carry new discoveries through the doubtful stage where manufacturers who depend on profit for their existence are often unwilling to venture. Often the laboratory proves that a certain process is chemically possible on test-tube scale. A manufacturer, however, wants to know whether it will work as well on a large scale, what the quality of the product will be, what raw materials and transportation costs will be, the expense for labor, and the price at which the product will have to sell to find a quantity market. The pilot plant stage supplies definite evidence on these questions. Production goes on a semi-commercial basis. The research workers and engineers iron out the kinks in practical procedure. The pilot plant is large enough to give a definite line on costs, quality, and marketing problems.

Experience in starch making from sweetpotatoes is an example of pilot plant guidance. In the experiment the pilot plant tests have led to the operation of a co-operative plant that this year will handle the product of 4,000 acres.

**Government Scientists Advance Farm Studies**

Government scientists are busy studying every conceivable angle of agriculture with a view to making farming more profitable and life in America more abundant for the people. Some of their studies look foolish to the layman, and some of them may be futile. Some of their findings are not yet of any use to man, but neither were the discoveries made by Franklin about electricity of any use to man at the time he made them. When asked "Of what use is it?" Franklin's reply was—"Of what use is a baby?" Down in West Virginia, government chemists are trying to find out how to make red apples redder. After paring the red coloring from bushels of apples, they found out what the red color is, and have isolated it in pure form. The pigment is called iodein and belongs to a group of plant pigments known to chemists as anthocyanins. Now they are spraying leaves, fruit, and branches of trees with various chemicals, injecting chemicals into branches, applying materials to the soil under the tree spread, and binding, girdling, and defoliating at different times and in varying degrees to see if apples can be artificially colored, rather than to depend upon Nature's way of doing the work.

**Farm Facts**

Foot and mouth disease serum has been developed in Denmark. The new serum apparently renders cattle immune to the disease for at least a year. There are three known types of foot and mouth virus, however, and it is not yet known whether the serum will protect against all three.

The 62,000,000-acre planting allotment for United States wheat to be harvested in 1940 is nearly 2,000,000 acres more than was harvested in any year of the World war. The average acreage harvested in 1916 and 1917 was slightly over 50,000,000 acres, as compared with the present planting allotment of 62,000,000 acres.

If hog-feeding methods recently adopted by Paul Halsey, of McLean, Ill., become universal, we may soon be eating peppermint-flavored pork chops or wintergreen spareribs, says the Country Home Magazine. Mr. Halsey, whose brother runs a candy truck, last spring arranged to purchase all stale candy to feed to a late spring litter of pigs. The hogs thrived so well on their sugary diet that they weighed an average of 287 pounds when sold a few months ago.

Both exercise and sunshine are essential for good strong-bodied calves. Calves can get their vitamin D directly from the sun if they are allowed some exercise in the sunshine.

Iowa restaurant owners recently agreed "to increase the use of lard in their respective establishments and urge upon all others engaged in the preparation and serving of food the desirability of using lard instead of substitutes." Pork raisers greeted this news with pleasure.

**Children Will Love These Cuddle Toys**



Pattern 2291.

Cats and pups are the best of friends in this collection of cuddle toys, each made of just two pieces from scraps of material. Pattern 2291 contains a pattern of 4 toys; directions for making; materials required.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

**Strange Facts**

**Buddha Statues Lead Printer's Passion**  
**Bull's Penetration**

Throughout the world, statues of Buddha far outnumber those of Christ. In China and Japan, particularly, millions of them, varying greatly in size and shape, fill temples, courtyards, caverns and public and private gardens. It is not unusual to find 10,000 small Buddhas carved in the walls of a remote and abandoned cave.

Found unconscious in the street, a young Hungarian printer stated that, jilted by his girl, he had set her full name and address in large type and swallowed the lot.

A clock which, it is claimed, will go forever, has been produced by a Swiss firm. It depends on atmospheric variations to wind its main-springs. A change of a few degrees in temperature keeps it going for two or three days.

The penetrating power of a bullet sometimes depends more on its type and target than on its velocity. During tests in which pointed bullets were fired into moist sand, the penetration was 10 inches at 50 feet, 14 inches at 300 feet and 16 inches at 1,500 feet.—Collier's.

**Guard Your Thoughts**

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

**FEEL GOOD**

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels

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

**Folly of Anger**

Anger is a stone cast into a wasp's nest.—Malabar Proverb.

**666** relieves misery of Colds fast!  
LIQUID-TABLETS  
SALVE-NOSE DROPS

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**BARGAINS**

—that will