When Brown Meets Brown

By MARY MORISON

Henry Brown stood looking out at the falling leaves on Stuyvesant square. He was feeling rather temperamental as he watched the season dying before his eyes. The thought of all the nice things he had missed during the summer haunted him—he wished he had gone in for more tennis and golf, that he had not spent so much time indoors. His mood was one of pleasant melancholy rather than actual unhappiness, and the sharp discordant ring of the telephone was a distinct jar on his nerves.

"Yes, hello," he answered, trying to remember that the voice with the smile wins.

"May I speak to Miss Brown?" asked a man at the other end of the wire.

"There is no Miss Brown here; I am Mr. Brown," answered Henry.

"I want Miss Henrietta Brown, 11½ Stuyvesant square," persisted the voice.

"Well, the name's all right, and the address is all right, but the gender's all wrong. What's the answer?" Henry was annoyed but interested.

"No, no," came through the receiver, "it's not a joke. Miss Brown has just moved in on the second floor."

"Oh, well," said Henry, "you have the wrong number. I'm on the first floor," and he rang off.

He returned to his stand by the window and muttered to himself about the nuisance of having been born with a name like Brown. "A feminine shadow on the next floor," he exclaimed. "Well, it's a queer little old world we live in."

From that day on there was no doubt as to the presence of Miss Henrietta Brown upstairs. He grew to hate the telephone—for whenever it rang it always seemed to be for Henrietta. People seeing his name in the book just took it for granted that "Henry" must be a mistake and substituted "Henrietta;" and apparently everybody in the world knew and wanted to talk to her. His apartment became a sort of receiving station for her parcels and callers. And Henry, without having ever seen the lady or heard her voice, took an ardent dislike to her.

One morning, while the chill November wind howled through the square outside and the steam wouldn't come up, Henry felt that insult was being added to injury when a large drop from the ceiling above fell with a gentle splash into his coffee cup. A leak from Henrietta's apartment! At last he had a definite cause for complaint and up the stairs, three steps at a time, he went to tell her a few homely truths. He gave her bell a vicious push—and the door opened.

Henry first thought that he was dreaming—that nothing as pretty and dainty as the apparition that greeted his eyes could be real. And when the vision spoke and said "Good morning" in that indescribable way usually only attributed to the heroines of fiction, he forgot the stored-up resentment of weeks, he forgot the telephone calls and the parcels—he even forgot his manners and stood there staring, speechless.

"Did you want to speak to me?" continued the lady, smiling at his very apparent discomfiture; and then struck by a sudden thought: "But perhaps you are looking for Mr. Henry Brown in the apartment downstairs. People often come up here first before they know the wild ways of an apartment house with two Browns in it." Merriment radiated from her as the rays from the sun.

Henry gulped. "No; you see, I am Henry Brown."

"Oh," said Henrietta, holding out a friendly hand. "What can I do for you? Won't you come in?"

Henry entered, explaining as he came. "I just ran up to see if I couldn't be of some assistance to you. There seems to be just a tiny leak in your kitchen—and perhaps I could fix it up for you in a minute. The janitor, of course, doesn't get up as early as this!" He spoke in a jocular manner, but his head was swimming with a sense of his own unworthiness and utter abasement for the cruel things he had said and thought about Miss Henrietta Brown.

Henrietta laughed in the most joyous way in the world. "Thanks awfully," she said. "But it wasn't a leak at all, you know. I just forgot to turn off the water when I ran down to the corner to buy a paper, and when I came back the kitchen looked like the Mediterranean. Wasn't it too stupid of me! I hope, though, it didn't ruin a rare Chinese print or a first edition of yours!" At the idea of such a catastrophe she looked so bewitchingly contrite that if Henry had had any lurking animosity left in his system, it would have vanished before such a picture of beauty in distress.

"Perish the thought. I keep such things out of the kitchen on purpose," he assured her, his really very nice eyes gazing with discreet admiration into hers. "It just cooled off my coffee for me."

"How perfectly dreadful," gasped Miss Henrietta Brown. "Of course you're going to let me give you another cup, or I'll never forgive myself. Sit right down here, please." And before he knew it, she had a cup of steaming fragrant coffee before him, with three lumps of sugar on the side and exactly the right amount of cream.

To sit opposite a lovely girl at the breakfast table and watch the fire behind her make all sorts of fascinating little lights and shadows on her hair was a new and intoxicating sensation to Henry Brown, who had led a bachelor existence now for almost 30 years. It suddenly occurred to him how—well—dreary was the ground floor apartment and how crabbed living alone can make a man.

"I have often wondered what you were like," said the girl, leaning her chin on her hands. "I've talked to lots of your friends over the telephone, and I've opened two boxes of collars marked for H. Brown, and delivered here by mistake, and feel that I really know a lot about you." The smile she gave him showed two perfect rows of teeth and two small, but unmistakable dimples at the corners of her mouth. "I'm afraid some of my friends may have bothered you—and you may have been getting my hairpins and handkerchiefs. I do hope I haven't been a frightful nuisance!"

"I should exclaim not," exclaimed Henry, earnest conviction in his voice. "Why, I've always considered it a pleasure to forward to you anything that came my way. I hope the hairpins were not—er—out of order by the time they reached you!"

"Quite the contrary," Henrietta returned, "they were in perfect condition."

The clock on the mantelpiece struck nine o'clock daintily—and reminded Henry that the day was Monday, and the office some two miles downtown. He rose with a sigh and held out a big hand to Henrietta.

"Thanks for the coffee; it was a thousand times better than the one I almost had downstairs. And please let the water run over again tomorrow—I want awfully to see you again."

Thus Brown met Brown. And it was a distinct relief to the telephone company, to the boys who left packages, and to the postman who brought letters, when Miss Henrietta Brown became Mrs. Henry Brown and the first floor apartment acknowledged its permanency as a receiving station for the family.

Call Him Just Angell.

All the clever things of commencement week do not at once find their way into print. A good many Yale men are telling of Mr. Taft's delightful speech at the Wednesday luncheon. He said a lady friend asked him how to spell and how to pronounce the name of the new president. "Is it pronounced Angle?" she inquired. "No, madam," he replied, "angles are acute and right, but they are also obtuse; and he doesn't come in under that description." As to spelling, Doctor Tod was asked whether he spelled his name with one or two "d's," and he said he spelled his name with one "d," the same way God spells his name. "As for the new president, Angell," he spells his name with two "l's," but he pronounces it the same as Michael and Gabriel.—Hartford Courant.

May Bury Infernal Machine.

An infernal machine menaces the village of Villahe Havay, in France. A message from Mons states that as it has been impossible up to the present to release the torpedo of 100 kilos which the Germans launched at Villahe Havay, and which, without exploding, became embedded in the soil to a depth of 15 meters, it is intended to make another attempt this time with an electrical apparatus, which will allow the workers to carry out the operation at a distance. If this does not succeed the torpedo is to be encased in a thick layer of concrete in order to safeguard against the possibility of a catastrophe, as, if the torpedo exploded, it would destroy the whole village.

For the Mentally Backward.

Special schools for the mentally backward, and open-air schools for children of tuberculous tendencies seem to be a quite natural development, but more curious and surprising is the idea of a school for disease carriers. This is the plan proposed for segregating children found to be carriers of diphtheria infection. Cultures taken of the children of the Ross schools in California showed the germs of this disease in 22 per cent and separating these children from others is suggested as a safeguard. Members of the school shown by the occasional culture tests to be no longer carriers of infection would be released to the regular schools.

Flies and Milk.

Take your choice between flies and milk; the energy a cow uses when badly pestered with flies can't go into milk production.

Machines Are Success.

The milking machines have proven themselves a great success wherever they have been given a fair trial.

Calf Takes Milk Often.

Under natural conditions the calf takes its milk frequently and in small quantities.

Stanchions for Calves.

The best plan is to tie the calves in small stanchions during the feeding. By this means each calf gets its proper amount and cannot interfere with the feeding of others.

Provide Ample Water.

Provide hogs with all of the clean drinking water they want. Water is cheap.

Push Pigs on Pasture.

Pushing pigs on pasture pays profits to the persistent person.

POULTRY

CONSTRUCTION OF HENHOUSE

Location Is Important to Secure Convenience, Good Drainage and Right Exposure.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If your poultry is to be healthy, comfortable, contented, it will be necessary to provide a house having plenty of fresh air (but no draft), dryness, sunlight, and space enough to move around without trouble. No particular style of house is adapted to any section of the country. One that gives satisfaction in Maine is likely to do all right in Texas or California, but, quite naturally, more openly built, and consequently less expensive houses will serve in the South.

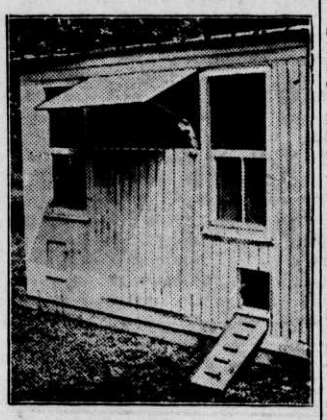
Good drainage, so that the floor and yard will be dry, is indispensable, which means that the site should be chosen carefully. Don't set the house in a pocket or a hollow where cold air settles. Try to remember, too, before you decide the question of location that the site will have much to do with convenience in management. A house that isn't easy to reach is likely to receive less care and attention than if it had been built with this idea in mind.

You can keep more birds on a small floor area under the colony plan than with the intensive system, where the colony plan is used in a mild climate, and the hens have free range most of the year. Colony houses on runners, holding 30 to 75 hens, are about as large as can be moved easily, but larger numbers can be kept in one flock in a long house. Flocks of 60 to 150 are well adapted to the average conditions for producing eggs. Large numbers require less labor, fewer fences, and a lower house cost than small flocks, but there is greater chance for disease, and the individual hen receives less attention.

The cost of housing poultry depends upon many conditions, such as price of lumber, style of house, amount of floor space allowed to each bird, and so on.

Roosts usually are placed next to the end or back walls, 6 to 10 inches above the dropping boards, which should be 2 to 2½ feet above the floor. All the roosts should be on the same level; otherwise the birds will crowd and fight to get on the highest roost. Scantling 2 by 3 inches or 2 by 4 inches, with the upper edges rounded off, will do for roosts with either the wide or narrow surface up. Allow 7 to 10 inches roost space to the fowl, according to the size of the birds. Roosts should be placed 15 inches apart, but the outside ones may be within 10 inches of the edge of the dropping boards.

Nests may be placed under the dropping boards, on partition walls, or in any convenient place where they do



Small Colony House on Government Farm at Beltsville, Md.

not take up floor space, and should be arranged so that the birds can get into them easily. They should be 12 to 14 inches square and 12 to 16 inches high, with a strip about 4 inches high on the open side to retain the nesting material. Provide one nest for every four or five hens. Trap nests are essential for any careful breeding work, and you can learn all about these in Farmers' Bulletin 682, A Simple Trap Nest for Poultry, which you can get upon application to the division of publication of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Houses of solid concrete are cold and damp, but concrete blocks may be used with good results. Hollow tile makes a very good poultry house, and it can be bought in some sections at a price which compares favorably, durability considered, with wood. This construction is well adapted to incubator cellars and brooder houses, or to any buildings requiring double walls and good insulation. All kinds of wood are used, but anything used for outside construction should be well seasoned, otherwise the shrinkage will cause cracks in the walls.

LIMITED MARKET FOR GEESE

Specialists Say Fact Must Be Considered Before Undertaking to Raise Them.

The market for geese is not so general as for chickens, a fact which specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture say should be considered before undertaking to raise them. The demand and the price usually are good in sections where fattening is conducted on a large scale.

THE FIREFLIES

ONE night when the fairies came scampering out to play at the last sound of the last stroke of midnight they found their queen talking with a moonbeam fairy.

Instead of joining in the revels as was her custom, she kept on with her chat with the little silvery fairy who seemed to have much to tell her.

All the heltering, skeltering little winds were tumbling over one another in a game of tag with the Dust Fairies, and the Water Fairies were flying hither and thither playing at hide and seek.

But after a while they began to wonder what the Moonbeam Fairy was

telling the Queen, and when she beckoned to them, as she did just then, they ran to her side eager to listen to what the little visitor was saying.

"It was last night that I decided to tell you about them," the Moonbeam Fairy was saying, "for I did not know before how lonely they are."

"How would you like some new playmates?" asked the Queen when the fairies gathered around her. "Moonbeam Fairy has been telling me about the Star Fairies who watch us all down here and want to visit us at night and join in our revels."

"They are very bright little creatures," said the Moonbeam Fairy, "but they are very lonely for you. See, even the Moonbeam Fairies run down on the earth at night and they have no one up there to visit.

"So I stopped on my way home last night to chat with them awhile and it was then they asked me if I thought the Queen would take them into her big family and let them run down the Moonbeam path with us each night to the earth."

"What do you say, my children?" asked the Queen. "Shall we welcome the Star Fairies into our family?"

"Oh, yes, dear Queen, let them come," said all the little Fairies, clapping their hands and dancing about their Queen; "and why not send for them tonight while the Moonbeam path is bright and then they will not trip coming along?"

"Very well," said the Queen, "tell the Star Fairies that I will welcome them for the summer months. That is when we have our gayest revels."

So the little Moonbeam Fairy hastened away to tell the lonely little Star Fairies the good news, and down they came flickering and twinkling with joy over their good fortune.

All this happened a very long, long time ago, and if you have any doubt about this story being a really truly true one watch the stars smiling up in the sky as the Star Fairies fly hither and thither during the summer for though we mortals call them fireflies, the Earth Fairies call them their friends from far-away Land, the Star Fairies.

WELL, dat frien of mine wot no feela good lasa week gotta plenta more trouble now. He been dead for tree, four day alla ready.

I dunno wot's matter, but he gotta some kinda trouble weeth da stom. Everyday he tella me he no eata ver mooch. I tella heem ees greata stuff eef he can do dat so moocha he like.

I feegure eef he no eata ver mooch he no gotta mooch expense for da leeving. Tree meal everyday costa me dolla feefaty cent for da beefsteak. And righta when da guy feegure out system for beata da high costa for leeving da son-of-a-gun go dead. I tink eef he keepa da stom on da bum leetle while and no eat he gotta plenta money.

But he keeka too mooch bouta da pain een da stom. Da physish geeva heem da pill and he no feela so good. Nexa day he go see da chiroprac and he gotta fight weeth dat guy when he puncha hees back.

Da chiroprac say da physish maka meestake and da physish say da chiroprac dunno somating. So wot my frien can do for da pain een da stom?

One day he gotta deesgust and go veesit da hospeetal. Dat place tella heem he gotta have da operash eef he wanta feela good. So he taka da operash and een few day he begin feela swell. He no gotta da pain and he say he gonna go home leetle while.

But jusa before he gonna leava dat place he getta da bill. He geeva one look at da bill and go dead. Mebbe he feegure would take alla hees life for pay da expense so he go dead righta queek and cutta da bill down. I dunno.

Wot you tink?

Blood to Spare.

Persons with high blood pressure, if otherwise perfectly healthy, are excellent donors of blood when this is needed for transfusion. And the resultant loss of blood may save the life of a man or woman of 60 by preventing apoplexy.

All Privacy Goes.

If that X-ray contraption for taking pictures through walls works, the gold fish won't have much on us for privacy.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Viola Dana

Perhaps out of consideration of the feelings of her parents, Viola Dana, the dainty star, waited until she was quite grown up before going on the stage. Her first public appearance—she made her debut as a dancer—did not come, therefore, until Miss Dana was fully five years old. She was born in Brooklyn; has two sisters, both on the screen—Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath.

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

CHILDREN'S MANNERS

Whatever you do, do wisely and think of the consequences.—Lester Romanoun.

THE minute a child begins to eat with the assistance of its own small hands, the first lesson in table manners must begin. There is little excuse for the disgusting table manners of some children. They are due, really, to the fact that the mother or other caretaker finds it less trouble to let the child search aimlessly for its small mouth than to insist that it locate it daintily, surely and without experiment.

A very small child can be taught to eat nicely. Teach it that spotted bibs are beneath contempt. Patiently show it how to hold its spoon and cup, and help it to eat slowly. The lesson is a hard one for the teacher as well as for the child. But perseverance is the only way. And once the child has learned to eat daintily, the slovenly ways of untrained children when they are eating will be as distasteful to it as you would find them in a grown person.

Remember that children ape the manners of their elders. For this reason the greatest care should be used in the choosing of nursemaids, governesses or any one else who comes in constant contact with the child. Many well known men have talked, when excited, to their dying day in the brogue or burr of their childhood nurses.

And who can doubt that much of the gentleness of character and strength of spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson were inspired in him by the dear old nurse to whom he dedicated his "Child's Garden of Verse?"

The imitative method is the easiest whereby a child may acquire its manners. The small boy who adores his gallant father seldom forgets to take off his hat and stand in the presence of women. The small girl who looks up to her mother with affection is the pattern of loving courtesy to her father. Children often affect the graces of their elders in a most laughable way. But don't laugh at them. They will outgrow this priggishness. It is only a case of their imitative acquisition of manners.

It is the vogue of the day for small girls, up to the age of ten or twelve, to curtsy when they meet their elders. After that they, like small boys, stand and shake hands. It is also proper for children to be quiet and unobtrusive when they are in the company of grown-ups.

Some of the set rules of children's manners, like these, they cannot learn by imitation. But if they are courteous, thoughtful and happy they will take an interest in acquiring these little superficial manners that will make their acquisition easy.

How It Started

THE UMBRELLA.

THE modern umbrella is a lineal descendant of the gorgeous canopies which slaves carried to shield the royalties of old from the sun. The folding umbrella, to protect against rain was not generally used till about 1752. Even then it was an object of ridicule. James Hanway, who died in 1786, is credited with being the first Englishman habitually to carry an umbrella. The modern steel rib was invented by Samuel Fox in 1852.

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"DIFFERENT FROM, THAN, TO."

IT IS quite common to hear or read sentences containing the word "different" followed by from, and never by than or to. One hears, "Yours is a very different case than his," whereas the proper form is "Yours is a very different case from his." One hears also, "I have heard your story, and John's is different to it;" correctly, "John's is diffeernt from it," or "differs from it." The Standard dictionary says that the use of different to is an undesirable English colloquialism.

The word "different" denotes distinction or contrast (indicated by the use of from), while comparison is shown by than; thus, "My hat is different from yours, but your hat is better than mine."

A LINE O' CHEER.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

SELF SERVICE.

IT MAY be true, that ancient wheeze—
The Moon is made of Verdant Cheese,
It may be true, as some do say,
The Stars float in a Milky Way—
But this I know, for all man's sputter,
The Earth is built of Bread and Butter,
And those who want to get their share
Must ready be to do and dare,
And not sit down and idly wait
To have it brought them on a plate.

YANKS FEED 15,000 STUDENTS

American Association Also Aids 1,300,000 Children in Polish Districts.

Warsaw.—Fifteen thousand university students in the main educational centers of Warsaw, Lemberg, Cracow, Lublin, Posen and Vilna, are being fed one meal a day by the American relief administration of the European children's fund this summer. Warsaw has five kitchens devoted to serving food to 3,224 students, the other towns having smaller numbers.

The Polish ministry of approvisation has been assisting in this work, having furnished the American relief workers with 180,000 pounds of potatoes at 50 per cent below market price. Government authorities of Posen made an out-and-out gift of 20,000 pounds of potatoes to be used locally in the student feeding.

The students benefiting by this special provision are over seventeen years old. In addition to this task the relief workers are feeding more than 1,300,000 children in Poland up to the age of seventeen years.

Frogs Fall in Showers.

Gibraltar.—During a thunderstorm here recently, a shower of frogs fell on the North Front. Thousands of these small hopping creatures were to be seen in the hedges and aroused much curiosity. Seven years ago a similar phenomenon occurred and later a shower of sand covered everything with a pink deposit.