

Loose Milk

By DORA MOLLAN

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Mrs. Browning placed a severe straw sailor on her head and snapped the elastic under the heavy coils of her brown hair. Then she buttoned her trim tailored suit, carrying on at the same time a conversation with her daughter, who was dressing in the next room.

"A morning like this makes me wish some kind fairy would change this stiff chapeau into a sunbonnet and this suit into an old dress and sweater; then if she would transform my bag into a rake and whisk me away to Stonehill—oh! what's the use of wishing? But I can just smell that brown earth! (Cheerily, Rena: Only two months more of grinding the elements of Latin into those filthy-gibberish girls' heads! Well—with a sigh—"We'll have oyster stew for dinner; don't forget, Rena, to run over to the store and get a quart of loose milk. I have examination papers to correct and won't be home early."

Rena, left alone, completed her toilet and hurried out. She didn't have far to go, as her school was only three blocks away. On opening the street door a warm puff of air struck her in the face.

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put, and good-natured gray eyes, looked on. "Oh, mother!" Rena exclaimed, laughing, "this is Mr. Morse. I was just returning from the store with the milk and I ran straight into him turning the corner. Most of the milk landed on his coat, so the least I could do was to offer to clean it off."

Mrs. Browning shook hands with the young man. He told her he was spending a short vacation in the city. "You don't need to tell me you're from the country," she said; "your color gives you away. Sit down and tell us what the country looks like this time of the year. We were long gone only this morning to be there. We own a little house at Stonehill, upstate, and we hope some day to be able to buy a few more acres and start a market garden. It's our pipe dream."

Morse hardly waited for Mrs. Browning to finish speaking. "That's my work, market gardening! Just at present I'm managing a millionaire's farm out in Westchester county, but I've saved money enough to buy a place of my own, and I'm on the lookout for one."

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HOW GLUE MAY BE KEPT SO THAT IT WILL ALWAYS BE FIT FOR USE.

—You buy a bottle of glue, remove the tin cap, use some of the glue, and then replace the cap. In a week you wish to use the glue again. The cap sticks, and because it does not fit properly, the glue has hardened by evaporation. Your fingers become smeared and if you are putting a slipping or a letter the glue becomes a nuisance.

FIRE AIDS GROWTH OF PINE

Why Land That Has Been Burned Over Is Best Growing Place for the Long-Leaf.

Fire seems to favor the growth of the long-leaf pine, according to the observations of E. F. Andrews reported in the Botanical Gazette. Of two neighboring plots of ground on Lavender mountain, Georgia, separated by a ravine, both densely overgrown with weeds, one contained five long-leaf pines and the other four. The former was burned over, and soon after the fire it was found that 84 long-leaf pines, previously invisible on account of the weeds, were now in undisputed possession of the tract.

IMPOSSIBLE FICTION

The pretty young wife, passing the shop window display of new spring hats, turned her eyes in the opposite direction and passed on, refusing to stop to notice them.

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WHY Frenchmen Kiss Each Other on Both Cheeks

The kiss, which appears constantly in Semitic and Aryan antiquity, as in the Book of Genesis, "The Odyssey" and in Herodotus' description of the Persians of his time kissing one another, and which is still prevailing even among men in France and the Slav countries, seems to be unknown over half the world, where the prevailing salute is that of snuffing or smelling, which belongs to the Poly-nesi-ans, Malays, Burmese and other Chinese, Mongols, etc., extending thence eastward to the Eskimo and westward to Lapland, where Linnæus saw relatives saluting by putting their noses together.

BOON TO MAKERS OF CIDER

How the Delectable Apple Brew May Be Kept Sweet for an Almost Indefinite Time.

Sweet cider, rendered commercially possible the year around by concentration, looms up as a beautiful oasis in the arid desert of national prohibition, and opens a profitable outlet for windfall apples, say the specialists of the bureau of chemistry, United States department of agriculture.

How Some Obtain Free Meal

Trial by taste is the rule on the market in Aleppo, Syria, where the dealers in the market stalls offer loaves of bread, bowls of soured milk, basins of stew, cooked potatoes, roasted meats, boiled vegetables, cakes, nuts, etc., writes Capt. Alan Bott, R. A. F., in Harper's Magazine. An intending buyer digs finger and thumb into some steaming dish, fishes out a piece of meat and eats it. Then he either buys it or passes on to another stall, following the same process. After tasting the various offerings the taster can sometimes eat a full meal. The merchants, however, have a keen sense of perception, and differentiate between legitimate buyers and those seeking free feeds, handing out kicks promiscuously to those of the latter type.

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KINGS AND QUEENS AND "PLAIN FOLK" THANK RED CROSS

Secretary Lansing Urges Public "To Maintain the Efficiency" of the "Greatest Mother"

Testimonials from Kings and Queens and from men and women of national and international reputation are pouring into National Headquarters of the American Red Cross, besides commending the organization for the work it did in the war, these letters point out the importance of continuing Red Cross activities and urge the American people to respond promptly to the appeal of the Third Roll Call for memberships.

Why Called "Links"

How many enthusiastic golfers spending most of their leisure time on the "links" know that it is a term of Scottish origin which meant an entirely different kind of land than they originally used to designate a stretch of land covered with short grass and stubble which lies between the high point of the coast and the waters in parts of the Scottish seaboard.

How Mine Fires Are Stopped

Coal-dust floating in the air in clouds is just as likely to cause explosions in coal-mines as fire-damp, and there are three ways of overcoming the danger. The commonest method is to use water to lay the dust. Then there is the plan of rendering the dust non-inflammable by mixing with it ordinary rock-dust. This is done by applying a coating of the rock-dust to various parts of the mine, and the plan is very effective. Another way is to set up a trough filled with rock-dust in various parts of the mine. When an explosion occurs the dust is automatically thrown from the troughs to the floor of the mine, and the cloud of incombustible dust filling the air at this point stops the passage of the burning coal-dust.

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WITTY FLASHES

- Its Sort. "Here are the boys in the pantry squabbling over the remnant of pie." "Ah! a regular piece conference." Explained. "It is said that a man never marries his ideal." "No; the trouble is that he is not his ideal's ideal." A Good One, Too. "What is the main thing Belle has on hand this fall?" "I think it is an engagement ring." Past Power. "I can give you a few wrinkles about keeping young." "That is just what wrinkles won't do." A Gentle Hint. He—"I never eat lobsters myself, Miss Gwaine." She—"I'd think you'd feel like a cannibal if you did." Deceiving Appearances. "Is this the weather building?" "No; why do you ask?" "Because I noticed it had storm doors." Geel. "Is she a classical player?" "Most classical what is. She can play Beethoven in jazz." The Wrong Expert. "My doctor sent me to a dietician to build up." "Why didn't he send you to an architect?" Sure of It. "Is that lovely color of Miss Ella's her own?" "Yes, indeed. She always pays cash when she gets it." Proper Classification. Dyer—"Does Wild like music?" Rye—"No; only popular songs and jazz.—Life. Her Class. "I caught her pussyfooting around my room the other day." "The old cat!" Rather Twisted. "You can believe anything Albert tells you." "I am glad to learn he is such a voracious young man." Naturally. "How much ought this blonde wig to sell for?" "Oh, it ought to bring a fair price." Rather. "What is your estimate of Brown?" "He's a liar and a thief." "That's rather a rough estimate." Tell It to Them. "Money isn't everything in this life." "Try to convince the profiteers of that, will you?" Heading Him Off. "Why did you give that tramp the dime?" "For not telling me a hard luck story." Quite Suiting. "What kind of an apartment did the singer get?" "Some kind of a suite thing in a flat." A College Belle. "She said she'd like to see any man try to kiss her." "Did you call her bluff?" Incongruous Prospect. "That hum of an actor is going to star." "Well, I must say, he stands a fat chance." Strange Fact. "A aviation fights seem to be popular in conversation." "Yet it is a subject over most people's heads." His Art. "He certainly is an artist in concocting drinks." "I see; an artist in still life." Rechristening Demanded. "And they call that stuff moonshine!" exclaimed the man who was more inquisitive than wise. "That's the name it goes by in these hills." "You ought to rechristen it. It tastes like bottled sunstroke." She Knew a Way. A Terre Haute school was trying hard to get a new flag for one of the rooms. The children were denying themselves candy and other luxuries in order to bring their pennies to school to add to the flag fund. But little Pearl had not brought any. "My mother gets my candy for me," she explained her delinquency, "so I can't bring that money. But I'll tell you what I will do, teacher. I'll not give anything at Sunday school next week and bring that penny to put on our flag."—Indianapolis News. Apomrb. "I understand Mr. Gracolin spent \$50,000 educating Miss Maye Gracolin." "Was the money wasted?" "Not entirely. Since Miss Gracolin returned from an expensive finishing school she has been able to hold her own quite handsly with a traffic policeman."—Birmingham Age-Herald. Too Much Enthusiasm. Wife—"Henry, do you think me an angel?" Hubby—"Why, certainly, my dear; I'm very enthusiastic. I think all women are angels!" "You needn't be so enthusiastic as all that!"