Taro was so surprised to see a baby in the bundle that he had not said a word. He just sat still and looked astonished.

"Well, Taro, how is it with you?" said his father. "Would you like to keep the baby, too?"

"I'd even rather have him than a puppy!" said Taro very solemnly. And that was a great deal for Taro

to say, for he had wanted a puppy for ever so many weeks.

"So would I rather have him than a puppy," the father said; "ever so much rather."

Just then the baby puckered up his nose and opened his little bit of a mouth—and a great big squeal came out of it! You would never have believed that such a big squeal could possibly come out of such a little mouth. And he squirmed more than ever.

Then Natsu, the nurse, said, "There, there, little one! Come to your old Natsu and she will carry you to mother again."

"Let me carry him." Take begged.

"No, let me," said Taro.

But Natsu said, "No, no, I will carry him myself. But you may come with me, if you want to, and see your mother."

So Taro and Take and their father all tiptoed quietly into the mother's room and sat down on the floor beside her bed.

They sat on the floor because everybody sits on the floor in Japan. The bed was on the floor, too.

It was made of many thick quilts, and the pillow a little block of wood! We should think it very uncomfortable, but the twins' mother did not think so. She lay with the wooden pillow under her head in such a way that her hair was not mussed by it—instead, it looked just as neat as if she were going to a party. And it was just as nice as a party, because they all had such a happy time together watching the new baby.

Bot' Chan acted just like all the other babies in the world. First he got his fist into his mouth by accident and sucked it. Then he got it out again without meaning to, and punched himself in the nose with it—such a funny little nose, no bigger than a small button! Then he opened his mouth wide and yawned.

"See how sleepy the little mouse is," said the mother. "Run out and play now, my children, and let him rest."

Taro and Take left the room softly and went out on the porch. They sat down on the top step to talk over the wonderful thing that had happened.

Tomorrow—"Japanese Twins in the Garden."

WHY?—

Is the Negro's Hair Kinky?

Examination of the furs of different animals shows that those with straight-haired pelts live in the northern sections of the world, while those with curly, crinkly fur come from the warmer climates—just as those which have white hair come from the region of snow and ice and those with black or brown hair inhabit the more temperate climates. The reason for this is that fur of the northern animals is intended principally to keep the wearers warm, while the function of the fur of animals which live in tropical climates is to protect them from the direct rays of the sun—a result which is accomplished by the curls and kinks of the black or brown fur.

The hair of the human being is, of course, intended to serve the same purpose as the fur of the lower animals. The original habitat of the negro being Africa, it was necessary that he should have some protection from the heat, and this is provided by the twist in his hair which makes it an air space, much after the fashion of a double roof which tempers the rays of the sun and serves to keep his head cool even during the most intensely hot weather. The white, red and yellow races, which are accustomed to live in more temperate climates, are not faced by this necessity, for a heat-resisting head covering and their hair is therefore straight and lighter in color than that of the negro—while the Scandinavians and others who inhabit the colder lands approach more closely the white-haired animals of the north.

Tomorrow's question: Why do men's hats have small bows inside?

Seeks Kidnaped Child To Prevent Mother's Trial

Miss Robina Kammerer, 1114 Frederick street, left Omaha Tuesday night for Winnipeg, Canada, in an effort to find her brother, Charles, and his 3-year-old daughter, whom he is accused of spiriting away from his divorced wife. Her mother, Mrs. Julia Kammerer, is cited to appear in Judge Sears' court Monday to show why she should not be found guilty of contempt of court in aiding and abetting her son. If the child, which was awarded to its mother, Anna Kammerer, 2201 Vinton street, when the couple were divorced, is returned, procedings against the grandmother will be quashed.

Wanted to Take Oath on Blood of White Rooster

Louis Ahko, Chinese proprietor of a restaurant, lost his grate case yesterday, when Justice of the Peace Collins ordered him to pay Andreas Peterson $33.34 for the grates. Ahko contended that the grates were not good for broiling steaks. Peterson alleged they were cast to specification the Chinese furnished. Ahko sought to have the court administer a Chinese oath by using the blood of a freshly-killed white rooster. Justice Collins decided the Bible was sufficiently binding.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

What Mother Graham Thought of Dicky's Plans.

It isn't very often that I say anything, but this time I simply cannot keep silent."

My mother-in-law came into my room, her head up in what Dicky calls her "best Mary-Stuart-Going-to-Execution manner," the glint of battle in her eyes. If my eyes had been closed I would have known that she was armed for combat from her voice and her phraseology. The little speech with which she greeted me is one that always precedes her unfolding of any grievance, real or fancied, which she may have.

I wondered wearily as I turned toward her with what I tried hard to make a conciliatory manner of what fresh housekeeping indiscretion Katie had been found guilty. My mother-in-law, I believe, is genuinely fond of Katie, would be lost without her, but she can never realize that the old days of maids over whose heads could be held the threat of dismissal have fled forever, and it is a perpetual grievance with her that I hold the reins of discipline so lightly over tempestuous, garrulous, but loyal and efficient little Katie.

I was in no mood for either conciliation or listening to complaints against Katie. The news of the arrangement by means of which Dicky and Edith Fairfax were to be best man and maid of honor at the wedding of Leila Fairfax and Alfred Durkee had upset me more than I cared to admit, and the way in which Dicky had broken the news to me, with his cutting reference to Major Grandland, had not helped matters any. My conscience was pricking me, also, for having allowed my temper to flare up in a caustic retort to his gibing. If I could have kept my lips closed, I was bitterly reflecting at my mother-in-law's entrance, I need not now be on the terms with my husband, which Dicky, in his good-natured moments, dubs the "pardon-me-for-disturbing-you-stage-of-a-scrap."

'Times Have Changed."

But if I had flared up at Dicky there was all the more reason why I should not allow myself to get in an altercation with his mother. So I reined in my temper with a jerk and shut the stable door tightly upon it.

"What is the trouble, mother?" I asked, trying to make my voice as sugary as possible. "Sit down, won't you? You look warm."

"No, thank you." Her tone held the icy note which told me that her mood was that of the martyr who must speak her mind for the last time before submitting her neck to the guillotine. "I can say what I have to say better standing."

I shrugged my mental shoulders. When Mother Graham announces that she can say things better in a standing posture it is time for the members of her family to "take to the tall timber," Dicky's invariable suggestion for a retreat. There was but one thing to do, wait quietly but attentively for the unfolding of her grievance.

"In my day," Mother Graham began after a long pause in which she was evidently reviewing the points of her address, "an invitation to the younger members of a family without the older people being included was an open insult. But times have changed, and I understand from to the Fairfax-Durkee wedding at Dundee. Mrs. Durkee was just over, so excited that her hair almost turned its real color again."

"My Own Opinion."

If I had wished proof of my mother-in-law's intense anger this reference would have clinched it. It is an open secret to all of us that "Her Fluffiness" indulges in the process of what she calls "touching up" her hair. She does it so artistically, Richard that you and he are going the foible. My mother-in-law intensely disapproves of the practice, but she likes her little neighbor so well that only when she is very angry does she refer to it.

I opened my lips to say that it was extremely unlikely that I should go to North Carolina with the wedding party. But my lips uttered entirely different words as my common sense touched my tongue.

"But, mother, I have heard Leila ask you repeatedly to her wedding."

"Yes, in what kind of a way? Merely perfunctory, she was sure of giving her cake and keeping it, too. I fancy I know the difference between the invitation she gave me and the one she gave you. Oh, I've heard her urging you!"

however, and it is really so becoming to her face, which has never lost its freshness, that we simply smile at it were not so really painful, this jealousy of Mother Graham of any attention shown to me which is not given equally to her. I have experienced it before. I suspected, however, that it was not so much the invitation to the wedding that she craved as the journey. My mother-in-law is like a child in her enjoyment of traveling. I think she would circle the globe if her strength and purse permitted. Her next words confirmed my suspicion.

"Of course, I can't expect you and Richard to think of me, but if you have the heart to go South when everything is so cold here and so lovely there, and leave that blessed child, Richard Second, behind, I shall have my own opinion of your selfishness."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

What Do You Know?

(Here's a chance to make your wits worth money. Each day The Bee will publish a series of questions, prepared by Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the public schools. They cover things which you should know. The first complete list of correct answers received will be rewarded by $1. The answers and the name of the winner will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your views and address in full. Address "Question Editor," Omaha Bee.)

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.

1. What Italian city has canals in place of streets?
2. What country is noted for its tulips?
3. On what river is Rome?
4. What is the main island of Japan?
5. How long is the Suez canal?

(Answers Published Monday.)

MONDAY'S ANSWERS.

1. Who is the present French premier? Alexandre Millerand.
2. Who is president of France? Paul Deschanel.
3. Who was the commander of the allied forces in the great war? Foch.
4. In what city is Westminster Abbey? London.
5. Where is the vatican? Rome.

Winner: Marian Kortright, Wayne, Neb.

I'M THE GUY!

By R. H. ALLIE.

I'M THE GUY who throws his cigar or cigaret ashes or pipe leavings on the floor.

Why shouldn't I?

I don't want them. I've got to throw them somewhere. That's as good a place as any.

What difference does it make anyway? Must I hold them till I get out? Or shove them in my pocket? Or search around for an ash tray or some other receptacle?

Why you object is beyond me. A fellow ought not be compelled to hang on to them or dump them into his pocket.

Anyway, they don't hurt the floor. The maid or the janitor can sweep them up without any trouble.

Besides they're good for the carpets, drive the moths out and put a shine on the nap.

If you object, that's your worry, not mine. Keep an ash tray handy, or a waste basket, or let me do as I please. So long as it suits me, it should you.

That's how I feel about it.