



# TWIN STORIES

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS

### Japanese Boys Have Lunch After Their Maneuvers.

"Now the war is coming! Now the war is coming!" shouted Taro. All at once Taro's soldiers began to run. The other soldiers ran, too. They ran straight toward each other and tried to get each other's flags.

"Take saw Taro wave his sword. 'On, soldiers, on!' he shouted.

Then there was a great mix-up of boys and flags. It seemed like a bundle of waving arms and legs and banners. Every boy was shouting at the top of his voice.

Take climbed right up top of the gate-post, she was so excited. She stood up on it and waved her arms. "Look at that child!" cried the mother. "She'll fall!"

Take was dancing for joy.

"There they come! There they come!" she cried.

Her father reached up and held her still. "Be quiet, grasshopper," he said.

Taro and his army were coming

the entire army. There were six boys in it.

"Fighting makes a soldier very hungry," Taro said.

Then his mother went into the house and brought out more cakes and more beans. The boys ate them all.

The army stayed at Taro's house and drilled on his porch until lunch-time, when they all went to their own homes.

After luncheon, Taro played with his tops. He had two beautiful ones. One was a spinning top.

He was spinning the spinning top when all of a sudden, there was a great noise in the street. He ran to see what was the matter.

There, almost right in front of his own house, was a real show! There was a man and a little boy

### Holding a Husband Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

How Dicky Was Oddly Put "In a Fix."

I wonder if every woman longs as I sometimes do to be able just for 24 hours to consider no one's feelings but her own, to act upon the first impulse which seizes her, regardless of the consequences. I sincerely hope this is true, for I should hate to feel that the emotion I felt upon hearing little Mrs. Durkee's exclamation had no counterpart in the experiences of other women.

For I had an almost irresistible impulse to take my little neighbor by the shoulders, shake her thoroughly, turn her out of the room

and lock the door after her. I had been harassed for days with the numberless wishes and queries of all the members of my family concerning our projected trip. To have little Mrs. Durkee's woes, real of imaginary, added to the ones I already had, seemed the traditional straw too much.

But, fortunately for the amenities of civilization, women generally are gilded with the ability to be social hypocrites, and I do not think I am an exception to the general rule. Therefore I hospitably drew two chairs forward, motioned my mother-in-law to one, and going up to my little neighbor put my arm around her shoulder and took down the handkerchief from her eyes with a firm hand.

In this ministering to her I found my irritation fast vanishing. I am genuinely fond of "Her Fluffiness," and long ago learned the lesson which all her family and friends know—that it is impossible to re-

main angry or even irritated a her for over a minute or two of time.

"Look here!" I said didactically, "crying isn't going to help whatever is the matter. So suppose you sit down here and tell me all about Rita Brown."

"Her Fluffiness" sank obediently into the chair I indicated, lifted her still lovely child-like eyes to mine.

"You are always such a comfort, Midge," she sighed. "But even you can't help me out this time. Let's be as stubborn as a mule, and Alfred just stands right there like an appointed idiot and backs up every word she says. I can't imagine what the girl can be thinking of. I should think she'd remember how taken Alfred was at the one time with that—th—oh, I can't find words strong enough to call her. I'd be arrested if I said them out loud. Well, there's one thing certain, if anybody thinks I'm going to travel south in the same drawing room with her they've just got two more things

coming, that's all."

"Margaret," my mother-in-law interrupted, with her eyes still full of suspicion. "Please close that window. It is exceedingly chilly in here. I am surprised that you have it open. I just closed the one in the bathroom. It was chilling the whole house, and here this one is wider open still."

I was panic-stricken at her words, for Dicky in his dash out of the room to avoid meeting her had counted, as I well knew, upon the open bathroom window as a means of getting into the house again from the veranda roof. If it had been shut before he reached it he must still be literally "cooling his heels" upon the veranda roof. I knew that he was rather sketchily attired in negligee shirt, trousers and slippers, and knew also that he was warm from dashing to and fro in the ridiculously futile movements which he in common with most other men call "packing." The danger of his

becoming thoroughly chilled was very real.

There was but one thing to do, however. I must get my visitors out of the room as soon as I could.

"Suppose you come into my room instead," I suggested hospitably, rising as I spoke. "The odor of moth balls was so strong in here that I simply had to open the window."

"Margaret! Have you taken leave of your senses?" demanded my mother-in-law. "Richard never uses moth balls and you know it. I agree with you that we ought to go to a warmer room, but if you are unwilling to heed my suggestion I shall certainly close this window before I leave. The room will be so chilly that he will take his death of cold."

She was between the window and me, and it was impossible for me to forestall her purpose. Despite my very real anxiety I could not help seeing the grim humor of her ac-

tion. She was making impossible the only chance her son had to keep from "taking his death of cold."

She walked to the window, and to my consternation, put her head out of it. I watched her, fascinated, wondering what she would do when she saw, as she must, her son standing outside.

I heard a little choking gasp of astonishment, which the next instant changed into a very creditable imitation of a cough. Then my mother-in-law drew her head in at the window and said with astonishing calmness:

"I don't know but you are right, Margaret. This room does smell abominably of moth balls. When you bring your head in from the fresh air you notice it. You'd better leave the window open, and we'll go down to my room."

"And you really ought to make Richard do something about Mrs. Durkee's reservations."

(Continued Tomorrow.)



## WHY?—

Are the Months So Named? (Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

The names of all our months, as we know them today, date back to the days of the Caesars, and several of them show the influence of the belief in the pagan deities who were supposed to preside over the destinies of time and space.

January is named for Janus, the two-faced god, in order to signify the idea that this month looked forward to the new year as well as back upon the old.

February takes its name from the Latin februa, to purify, because in that month ceremonies of funeral purification were held in Rome. March was called after Mars, the god of war—presumably on account of its harsh, blustery weather—while April was derived from the Latin aperire, to open, this being the period of the year when the earth opens its bounty to the world and trees commence to bud. May was named for Maia, the goddess of growth, and the three following months—June, July and August—perpetuate the names of three of Rome's famous men—Junius, Julius Caesar and Augustus Caesar.

As the Roman calendar originally began with March, the month which we know as September was the seventh, and owes its name to this fact—as do October, November and December, which were to be the earlier Romans the eighth, ninth and tenth months.

### Enormous Purchase Of Aluminum Ware On Sale Saturday Union Outfitting Co.

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Sale Prices Are Just About What You Would Pay for Ordinary Granite Ware.

Substantial savings over regular prices mark the Special Purchase Sale of High-Grade Aluminum Ware which the Union Outfitting Company places on sale next Saturday.

It is a sale that will enable every particular housewife to replace her Granite Ware that is always chipping with fine Aluminum pieces that will not rust or corrode—crack or scale—that is not affected by acids and is easily cleaned.

The purchase included Sauce-pans, Preserving Kettles, Tea Kettles, Rice Boilers, Aluminum Sets and other desirable pieces.

The savings are additional evidence of the ever-increasing Buying Power of the Union Outfitting Company, located just out of the High Rent District. As always, you make your own terms.

### Dandruffy Heads Become Hairless

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

### Most Unusual Brass Bed Values

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